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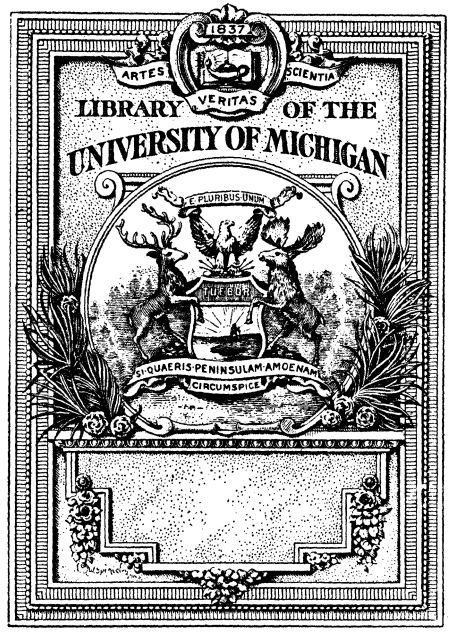

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

FOR

MEN AND WOMEN

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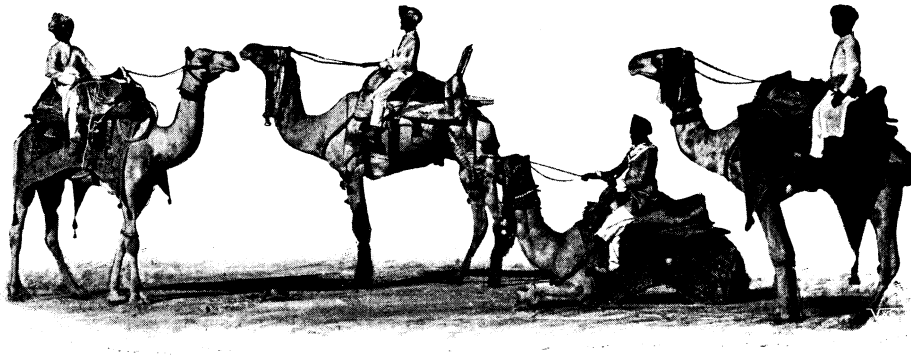

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THE STATE CAMELS OF THE MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

THE PASTIMES OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

BY THE LATE SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.*

CURIOSITY is often felt by those desirous of understanding India, as to the ways whereby her princes and chiefs pass those gilded existences which seem so full of romance and picturesqueness to the Western mind, but are not much comprehended by it. To many in the outside world the splendour and luxury of these Asiatic kings and princes are supposed to form daily realisations of the Arabian Nights. Others, who know what a change has come over the land under the *Pax Britannica*, and how dull must ofttimes be the lives of these feudatories, wonder rather by what means they can pass their time, and imagine, justly enough in many instances, that an Indian palace must frequently be a veritable castle of indolence and *ennui*.

As in everything else, the truth lies in the usual average which governs human affairs. There are still Indian courts almost as stately and dazzling as those of the times of Akbar or Sivaji, and also many, especially among the minor potentates, where the months and years weigh sadly upon the shadowy holders of ancient authority. If the tributary State be a leading and powerful one, the royal or princely life will be busy and spacious enough to fill any career and, set in a gorgeous Eastern colouring, never wanting in grace and display. There will be ceremonies, processions, pageants, reviews, all that out-of-door brilliancy and indoor magnificence which Asia loves. But even in smaller States and in the little kingdoms which, like broken pieces of mosaic, survive the transformations of modern India, Indian princes must find something to occupy their leisure, and it may not be without interest to speak a little upon this subject.

In the bygone days all India's princely life took its chief glow from the red sun of war. Every rajah was a soldier and led his levies, few or many, in war or foray; and when he did not fight for his own land, allied himself to some puissant lord. All that is over now; but the cities and places of Central India everywhere bear signs of the "good old times." As an Indian ballad runs—

> Now the swords and the spears are still;
> God will have it, and God knows best.

Riding through such a part of India as the Deccan, you still notice the thick and tall walls of mud round each village, with towers pierced for the bowmen and spearmen, and the cressets for the war-beacon over the entrance. At the gates of the towns there are cunning covered ways and recesses where an expected enemy could be caught as in a trap, and the massive teak doors will be armed with sharp iron spikes, thickly clustered, protruding six inches. Your native servant would respectfully hide a smile if you asked him why. Every Hindoo boy and girl knows that this was in order to prevent war-elephants from butting in the great folding gate-slabs with their massive foreheads. Not even elephants will ram six-inch spikes. A city like Agra or Allahabad will still have a girdle of ramparts round it like ancient Troy or Rome, and every fort and palace its deep-cut ditch.

These tokens of the warlike age remain, with many others, but India herself has gone

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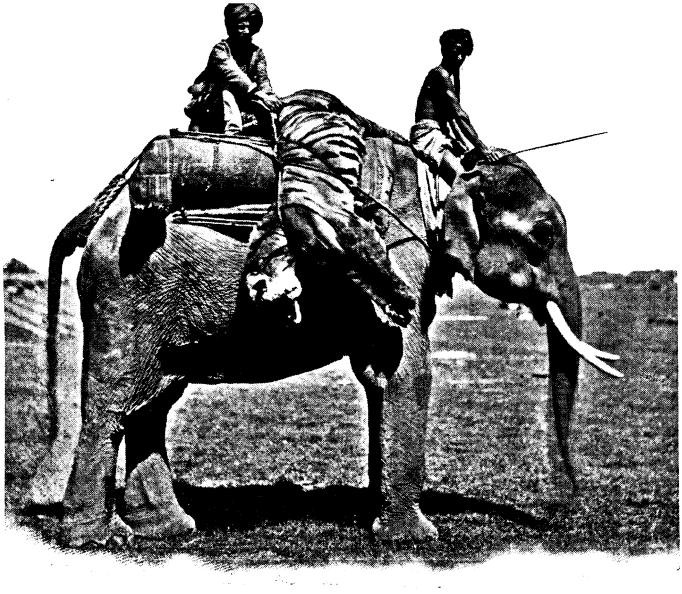
to sleep in the shadow of the British Raj, and it is only the larger Dependencies which keep up armies and still practise even in play the royal sport of war. The fighting "stuff" is there as ever. Nowhere may you see war material more gallant, cavaliers firmer in the saddle or surer in their sword-



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AFTER A TIGER SHOOT.

grip than such as are still recruited, as loyal auxiliaries of King Edward VII., to the standards of Scindia and Holkar, of the Gaekwar and the Rajpoot princes; of the Nizam, the Sikh lords, and the princes of Mysore. But such military luxuries are mainly confined to maharajahs of "many guns."

It is the custom in India to mark and honour the rank of a native magnate by the number of cannon fired off in salutation of him when appearing abroad on public occasions. The maharajah of seventeen, fifteen, eleven, or nine guns still rides amid the smoke a magnificent military commander; and very splendid he will look in the ancestral coat of mail and helmet upon his richly caparisoned Arab, with its dyed mane and tail and gilded hoop. And many an hour of the days of such a one will still be taken up with what Easterns love—the

Pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war.

But the rajah of a few guns, or of none at all, who may still, however, be sprung from royal lines incredibly ancient, if not, indeed, descended from the Sun and Moon, and who may still, though but a petty ruler, draw the revenues and more or less control the destinies of a country as large as Belgium or Holland, with a couple of million subjects, can no longer play very much at soldiering. He will have his body-guard, his matchlock men, and a few *sowars*, but no artillery or camps of exercise. Yet even in the minor Principality, there is likely to be State business to do every morning. The Rana, or Thakoor, or Nawab, or whatever may be his title, has often plenty to transact in his *diwan-khana* with suits, claims, land disputes, social offences, and the like; and in these new times no very grave injustice done here could escape the knowledge of the reserved but observant Resident. But there is not much tendency to this. The people like the decisions of their natural chiefs, who are, themselves, often reasonably conscientious; and it was in the justice-room of a noted Rajpoot prince that I saw painted up, in golden Persian letters from Sâdi, the verse which says—

One sigh from him who is unrightly punished
Goes to the ear of God and shakes His throne.

Yet sooner or later the cases are finished, the *durbar* is ended; the scribes have shaken the sand over the last edict, the clerks have put fresh betel-nut in their mouths, and "his Highness" also is a free man for the rest of the burning day.

To what shall he betake himself? Naturally to such things as belong to the old pastime of war. Lord Curzon has lately shown once more his high sagacity and sympathy with this passion of the princes by taking measures to open an Indian Cadet Service to the royal scions of India. Never was a project wiser on one side or more welcome on the other. Many a noble palace will see less of gilded discontents when its inmates are frankly admitted to fellowship with the best of our own officers.

But this is for times to be, and for the moment we have left our young Indian prince quit of his trivial State duties and bored to

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INDIAN PRINCES AT POLO.

death in his opulence and leisure for some pastime. First there will be the stables. Every court has its stud: some on a grand, some on a modest scale; some with thousands of more or less high-bred horses; some with only a slender but well-chosen string. The Persian Gulf is the chief source of supply for such Arab blood as you will see there. Merchants bring over the desert steeds in sailing buggalows from Bushire and Oman, and very lean and woebegone the importations look, standing after the sea voyage in the dealers' stalls at Bombay and Kurrachee. But blood and good points shine through the ragged coats, and the horse that looks so dear at a thousand rupees blossoms out after a month or six weeks, with plenty of sugar-cane and barley and good grooming, into a lovely and superb animal.

Allied also to war, and highly congenial to Asiatic tastes, is the game of polo, widely revived of late at all the Indian courts. Polo, of course, was an Indian game from time immemorial. It was played from beyond the frontiers through the Punjab down to the Ganges when Alexander the Great made his invasion, and the poems of Hâfiz and others are full of allusions to the long bat and the

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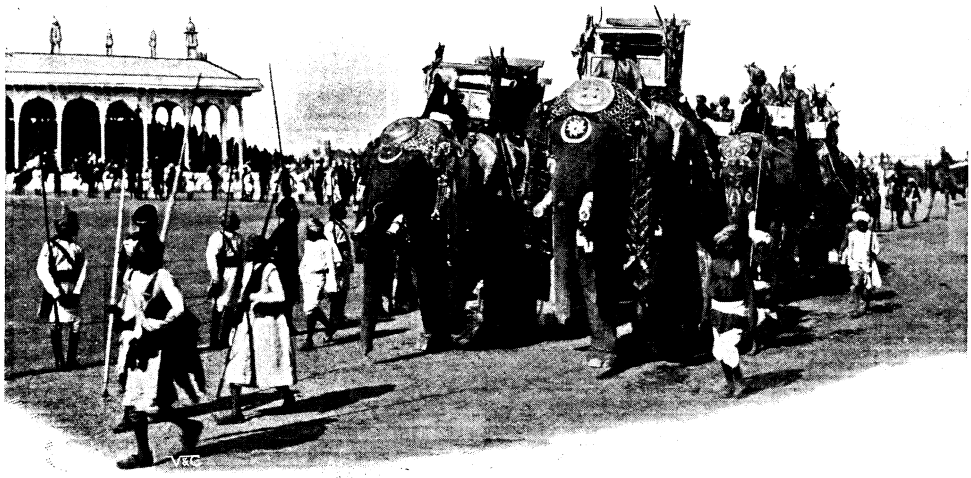

Photo by] [*Johnston & Hoffmann.*

THE MAHARAJAH OF JAIPUR IN STATE AT THE DELHI DURBAR.

flying ball. English polo is a finer and more elaborated sport than the old Persian type, but the native princes, as a class, hold their own famously in the royal game. Most Indian magnates breed polo-ponies now for special use at the exciting sport; and even English jockeys might learn something new about riding if they saw Kupoortala or Puttiala on an exercise morning, with their royal great-toes stuck in a ring for stirrups, and white, fluttering robes, lift the ball out of a *mêlée* with whistling *chogun*.

They play also a purely Indian game, called Dilli-dandé, which is an ancient kind of cricket. The name signifies great stick and little stick, and the score is made by runs, styled *jagu*, the smaller stick being struck by the larger one. The strokes have names, derived from different parts of the body; and simple though it seems, much skill and practice are necessary to render even a Hindu successful at the game of Dilli-dandé.

Hunting always was and will be a favourite pastime of the East. It is true that little or no sport is carried on by Indian princes in the saddle, with the exception of pig-sticking. For twenty years and more I myself have not killed any living creature, and never shall again; but I must confess, in a whisper, when I think of old days in the jungle, that riding the wild boar with the spear is certainly the crown and glory of all venatics. A Buddhist himself might be betrayed into the fascinating delight of that charge for the first spear when the morning breaks in grey and gold over the plain, and the bamboo thicket parts to the angry rush of the big tusker. Horses must be specially trained for this pursuit also, as well as for polo, and the young maharajah will show you some which know every trick of the wild pig, and take high joy themselves in the chase.

Then, too, you must ride to go a-hawking, a form of *shikar* still much practised in the north of India; and you must go on horseback, also, if you will hunt with the cheetah, as many an Indian prince loves. Ofttimes in the streets or courts adjoining the palace of some Indian rural capital you will observe these curious beasts, the hunting leopards, lolling in the sun upon a *charpoy* or native bedstead, lightly tethered, and tame as great cats. By the side of their keeper, perhaps only a boy, they stretch their satin coats in the glare—gold and white, with spots and rosettes of brown; little, round, feline heads; thin flanks; soft, milky dewlaps; and eyes green as new-cut emeralds, implacable, devilish, for ever blinking death and destruction; and long, red tongue which licks all round the velvet muzzle in search of one last drop of blood. The old-fashioned rajahs like the sport afforded by these beasts, which are thus petted and fed round about their walls. It has in it a good many of the elements of old wicked and brilliant wars. Early in the dawn the beast is taken, hungry and keen, strapped to a village cart. The prince and his party ride aloof with hunting-stirrups and bridles which will not jingle, and

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plain native dresses, while the keeper and the driver wear the striped blankets of peasants. Presently the rising sun shines on the glossy backs of a herd of antelope—black bucks—leaping and circling as they go to feed. The keeper shifts the head of his cheetah in the proper direction and softly withdraws its hood, while he loosens and holds ready to slip the leathern collar. The great cat blinks, yawns, licks its whiskered lips, and gazes languidly round the horizon, for a time discerning nothing. Suddenly, as if an electric wire had made circuit in its heart, he also sees! the whole lithe body quivers, the bristles on the neck stand erect, but the beast crouches flat as a stone to the cart, straining meanwhile at the keeper's hand. The cart must now draw judiciously nearer, the curve of its course is insensibly contracted. It creaks closer and closer, but the shy, beautiful antelopes have as yet observed nothing more alarming than a country cart with two blanketed men and some horsemen beyond, probably on local business. They are, of course, carefully kept to windward. But by this time you can see the rings on the big bucks' horn, and the cheetah, choking himself on the leash, lets it be known that the spot and the distance will suit him. Sliding off the side of the cart soft as water, and flattening himself to the earth as he makes for the low bushes and worms like a snake into their shadow, he has crawled in three deadly minutes under the grey stone beyond the *nullah* where the herd will pass. And then as a veer in the wind carries the smell of death, or some crow or jungle creature sounds an alarm, the black buck knows too late there is danger. But while he gathers himself to start, the cheetah has flashed like lightning over the intervening space, leaped on his shoulder, while the prince and his suite gallop up, and the keeper tempts the great cat's jaws from

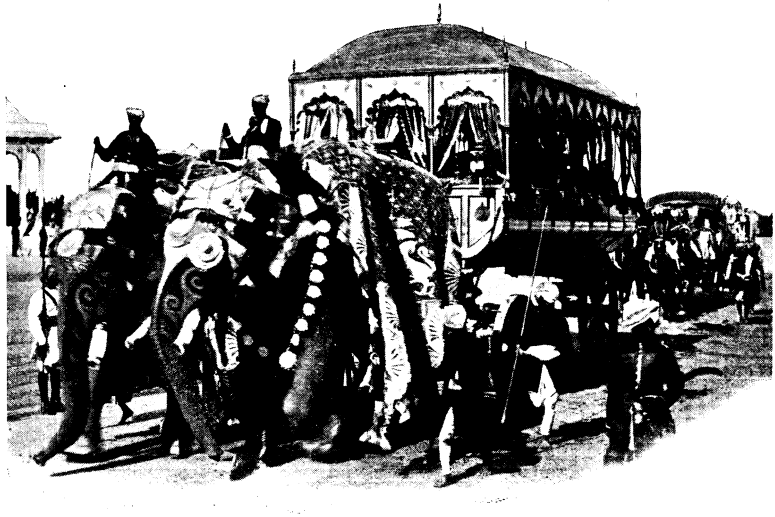

Photo by] [*Johnston & Hoffmann.*

THE MAHARAJAH OF REWAH IN HIS STATE CARRIAGE.

Photo by] [*Johnston & Hoffmann.*

STATE ELEPHANTS OF THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR.

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its victim with a piece of raw meat which is carried for that purpose. By this trick the creature is withdrawn, remuzzled, and strapped again in the cart.

In the hot weather there will be in most parts tiger-shooting. It must be in the torrid season, when the pools and tanks are dried up, the jungles bare, the soil so burning that the tiger lies hidden, afraid for his soft feet, and nigh to the only water. For this royal sport trained elephants would be necessary, and they are expensive animals to keep. That is a sort of warfare again; the mahouts spiking their brutes along, with the beaters on either flank, and the *tom-toms* and fireworks in front; and presently through the yellow grass, striped just like himself with bars of gold light and dark shadow, slinks the murderer of the forest, whose time has come to pay for the cows and women and children he has killed. This is the royal way. I never knew a rajah who had our patience to sit on a fork of a tree or in a *machan*, and wait all night over the carcass of a buffalo or goat for a chance tiger. They like to have the big game driven past a stand specially constructed, and there are in India attached to the palaces many *shikargahs*, or hunting-grounds, where this arrangement can be carried out as from a screen in grouse-driving.

In old times, and in some parts even to-day, a pastime of a questionable kind was derived by their Highnesses out of the *jauwar-khana* attached to many of their palaces. This was the wild-beast place, fitted up with dens and cages for various jungle animals, and having in the middle an arena strongly walled, wherein combats could be carried on between them, sometimes with men. In former days these domestic gladiatorial shows were often as luxurious and as brutal as those of ancient Rome, since no expense was spared by selfish and vicious princes in collecting and training ferocious creatures, and arranging the savage contests between these, pitted in pairs, or matched against human combatants.

All these sports, very often shameful and worse than shameful, are chiefly matters of the past. A healthier spirit has come into fashion, partly from the example of British gymnastics, and partly through the better intelligence and education of the native chiefs.

In the same enclosures wrestling-matches used to take place between the *palwans*, and various trials of strength or skill, some of which are still greatly in vogue. But western influence has crept in here, and of late years the rajahs and maharajahs have taken quite enthusiastically to croquet, badminton, and lawn-tennis, in which they acquire a singular skill. But, indeed, whoever has seen Prince Ranjitsinhji bat at Lord's, or the Indian *sowars* ride at tent-pegging and polo, will well understand that there is nothing which the Asiatic eye and hand cannot master. A charming afternoon comes to my recollection when I had the honour to assist in a game of lawn-tennis played with the Maharajah of Bhaonagar, in Kattiawar, and two of his principal ministers. The match was fought by his Highness and the middle-aged Indian statesmen in their flowing robes with equal spirit and gravity, although it was comical to note from time to time the ball striking awry the purple turban of the Chancellor, or suddenly hiding itself in the crimson silk folds which covered the bosom of the Master of the Ceremonies.

These are some among the outdoor pastimes of our Asiatic magnates, and are often watched with eager pleasure by bright eyes belonging to those graceful shadows which—

With glint of satin and glitter of gold—

may be seen flitting behind the lattice-work of the galleries which run in daintily carved marble and alabaster round the courts and gardens of those picturesque palaces. Shadows are all that can be seen, since Hindu and Mohammedan ladies of high rank preserve the closest seclusion from youth to old age, never showing their faces to any men except their husbands and near relations.

This custom of the *purdah*, which only dates from the Mogul Invasion, has become inveterate, and is most strenuously maintained by the Indian ladies themselves. It yields to no exigency; it is relaxed for no emergency. Dining one day at Jeypore with the accomplished English doctor of the city, he was sent for abruptly from our table to give advice in the case of the Queen, who had been suddenly taken ill. He told us on return that although for seventeen years an intimate friend of the Palace, he was led blindfold into the sick chamber by the Maharajah, and saw nothing of his illustrious patient but a slender jewelled hand extended outside a large bag of silk.

I had myself important business once to transact with a Mahratta princess, who claimed large estates and desired to interest me in the matter. In a long interview I became well convinced that a most intel-

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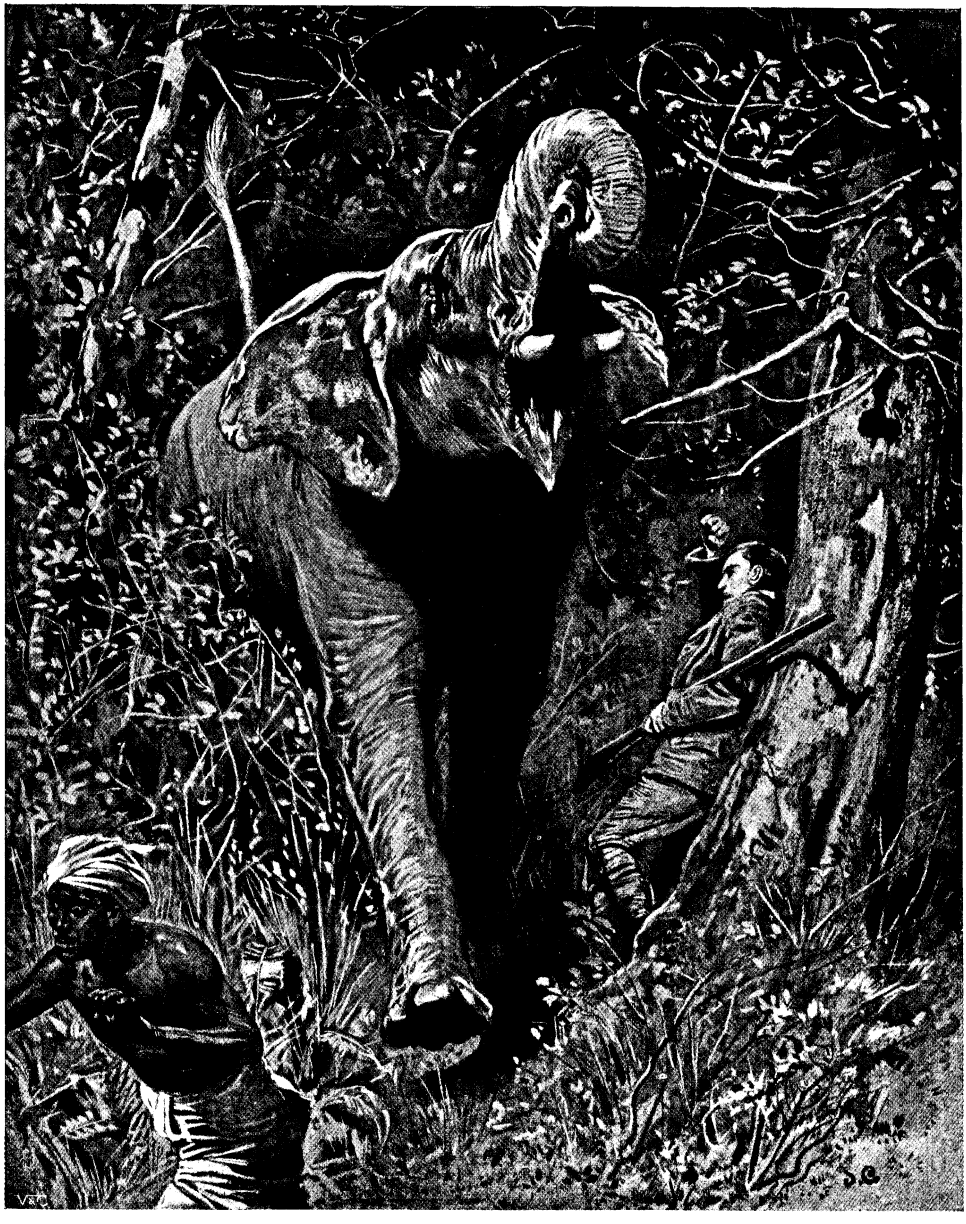

AN INCIDENT IN AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

ligent, high-minded, and gracious lady was behind the *purdah*, and our talk did not fail to bear fruit; but all I ever saw of her Highness from first to last were two small toes, jewelled and stained with henna, incautiously peeping from under the fringe of the curtain.

In the indoor life of these palaces, amusements are many and various, depending mainly upon the personal character of the occupants. The serious among them take pleasure in the reading of the ancient Sacred Books, in which, indeed, some are no mean proficients. To such a class, Hindu and Mussulman, we owe a great debt for the preservation of Indian learning and of most of the beautiful manuscripts which are shown at the palaces. Princes, not less cultivated but of lighter dispositions, will amuse themselves in the reading and singing of Persian

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tales and poems, in which their women also bear a part, spending a good deal of their time with the strings of the *sitar*, except when boxes arrive from Europe with new fineries, or the Court jewellers send in for inspection their latest *trouvailles* in rubies, pearls, and diamonds. Moreover, the Indians are very fond of chess, which, indeed, originated with them, and play many other games of skill, of great antiquity and ingenuity. Last of all, there is ever the *nautch*, the immemorial dance of India, which is so puzzling and ofttimes dull to the Western eye, but which, when understood, fascinates, soothes, and satisfies.

Perhaps the greatest contrast in national life is offered by comparing a ballroom in London, Paris, or Boston with the *nautch* dance which takes place so often in the great hall or banquet-room of an Indian palace. All attempts on our side to reproduce Eastern dances, or scenes like those described, fail by forgetting the gravity and governed art, the repose and latent fire of the East. Even to pace a minuet, or take part in a cotillon, our dancers must have the whole floor of a ballroom. The *bayadere* who entrances the evening hours in an Indian palace court could dance from sunset to midnight upon a plantain leaf.

"PADDING" A TIGER ON AN ELEPHANT.

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THE HYMN FOR THOSE AT SEA

"Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!"

From a drawing by Harold Percival.

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THE KINGDOM OF EXILE.

By Justus Miles Forman.*

THE Marquise swept into the breakfast-room from the gardens, and her brother-in-law rose from his omelette with a smothered groan—for he was gouty—to accomplish a bow of ceremony.

"You grow more beautiful each day," said he, kissing the fingers of the Marquise. "You are the most beautiful woman in France."

"I was sixty years old on my last birthday," said the Marquise haughtily. "You amuse yourself." But the pink deepened a bit in her cheeks, for all that. "Is the post arrived?" she demanded.

"There were no letters," said he.

"But the newspapers," she said quickly, —"the *Matin*, the *Figaro?*" And then, at something she saw in the old gentleman's face, the pink faded slowly from her cheeks, and her knees seemed all at once to weaken under her, so that she sank into a chair beside the table and stared at him.

"The—Lucanian affair, Henri?" she said in a little, faltering half-whisper. "It is—settled?"

"Alas! it is settled," said the old gentleman, and shook his head. "It is settled in the only possible fashion. Lucania becomes a Russian province—in effect. The situation is wrapped up in much language."

"And——" said she, "—and Louis—the King?"

"He left Czerin yesterday," said the old gentleman. "It is said that he is going to Paris."

The lips of the Marquise quivered, and one great tear ran down her cheek.

"Poor Louis!" said she. "What is there for him to do? Where can he go? He is an old man, Henri, and none too strong. Oh, a dethroned king is such a pitiful thing!"

"The Emperor," said her brother-in-law, "will probably give him a palace in Vienna. He can end his days there in peace."

"Not Louis," she said very positively. "He would never do that. He has a certain pride. What would be his standing in Vienna? He has been a king! His ancestors were kings before the Hapsburgs had a name."

Then, after a little silence, she looked up to meet the eyes of the man across the table, and the flush had returned to her smooth cheeks.

"If he comes to Paris," said she, "he shall come here. I have a right to it. We have been life-long friends. He shall come here for so long as he will. Oh, Henri, a crownless king is such a pitiful thing!"

The old gentleman across the table stared.

"Mother of Heaven!" said he. "The thing is impossible!"

The Marquise smiled.

"It—it's not proper!" he sputtered. "You'll be alone here, Aleine. I must go to Carlsbad for my gout. It's not proper. There would be a scandal."

"We're past all that, my friend," said she gently—"scandals and the rest. Louis is five-and-sixty, and I'm an old woman. Besides, I'm a widow."

"That is just the point!" insisted the man. "You *are* a widow. People will talk."

But the Marquise rose, shaking her head

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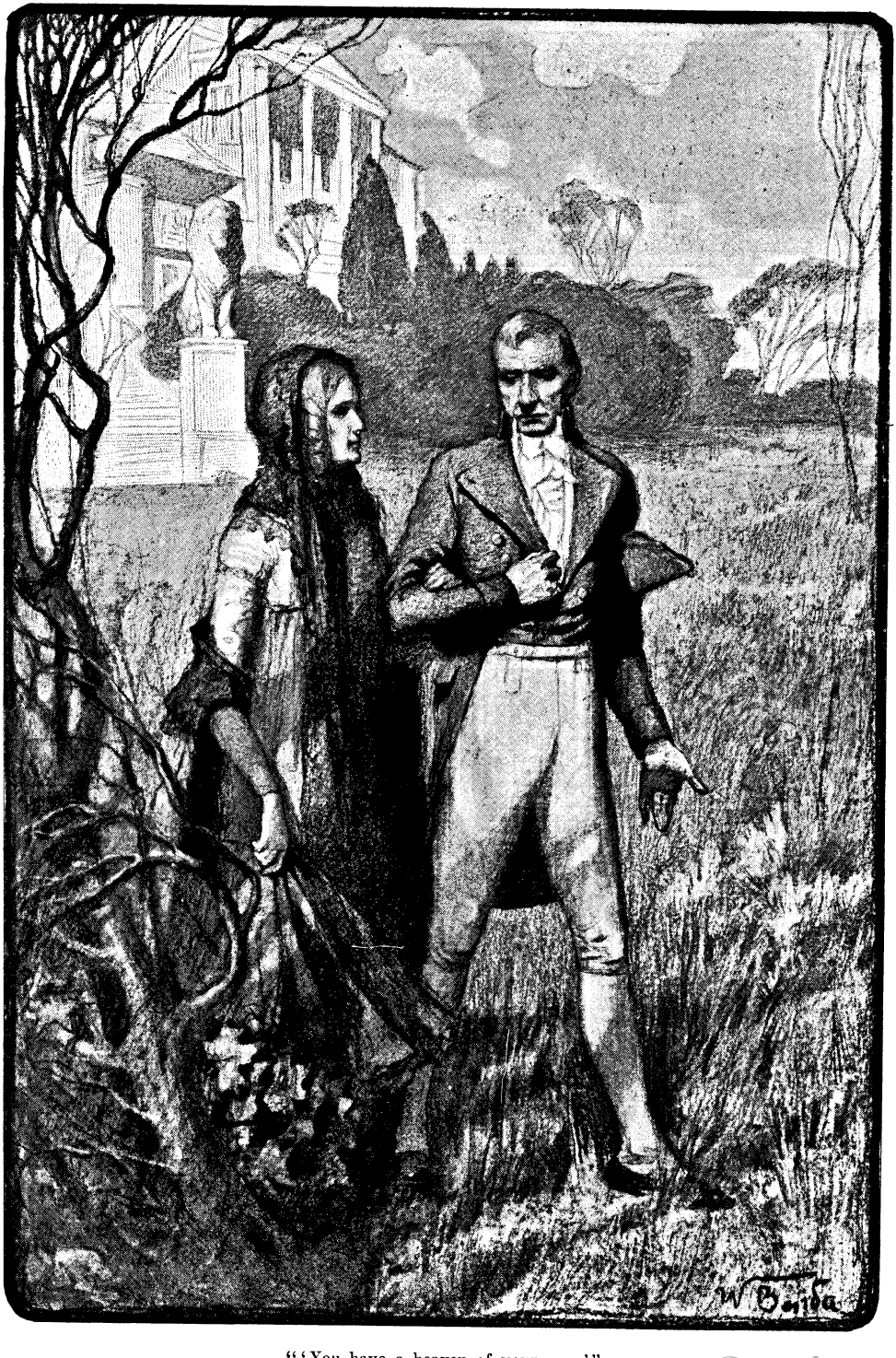

"'You have a heaven of your own.'"

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with a little, odd smile, and moved across the room towards the windows which gave upon the terrace.

"A crownless king is such a lonely thing, Henri!" she said. "He shall come here."

And a week from that day he came. He came quietly, with no ostentation nor show of rank, for he brought but a bodyservant and one gentleman. The Marquise received him in her great hall. She gave a little, low cry and caught her breath sharply when she saw his face, how grey it was and lined and worn, and how his shoulders drooped, and how feeble his walk had become. It seemed to her that he had all at once grown very old—broken.

She would have knelt to kiss his hand, but the ex-king cried out sharply: "Aleine, Aleine!" and bent his white head and kissed her hand instead, and the hand of the Marquise shook under his lips.

Later, she led him out to the long, south terrace, where, standing, one looked over lawns and gardens to the Loire at their foot, and, beyond the river, to wood and village, and blue hills against the sky. There was sunlight, a bit dimmed, morning sunlight not too warm, and there was a little breeze that bore up from the gardens with a scent of roses.

The man who was no longer a king stood beside the marble balustrade of the terrace, and his grey face worked and twisted.

"You are very peaceful here, Aleine," said he. "You have a heaven of your own, barred from the world. One should grow old happily in this Paradise of yours."

"There are things, Louis," said the Marquise, smiling a bit sadly, "that one cannot bar out from even this Paradise of mine." And there grew in her eyes, the while she watched his worn face, where grief lived, a great passion of womanly tenderness—of anger at those who had wrecked his life, of pity for the wreck, of a sort of beautiful sympathy such as a woman only may bear.

"Let us call it *our* Paradise, Louis," she said, and smiled again—"your haven from the world as well as mine. We're two lonely old people, *mon roi*, who have no one but each other to claim. You must stay with me a long time."

The ex-king turned to her with a gay, little, deprecatory laugh, and he lifted hands and shoulders.

"Dear lady, dear lady!" he cried. "Figure to yourself the scandal! Think what your world would say!"

"I have no world, Louis," said the Marquise. "I have outlived it." And she laughed.

"You echo Henri's alarm," said she.

"Henri?" he questioned. "Ah! your brother-in-law, the present Marquis! He is away?"

"In Carlsbad," said she. "Henri is gouty, poor dear!"

The ex-king raised his face to the summer breeze and sniffed its burden of roses.

"You offer me something very sweet, good friend," said he and sighed. "But I must not wrong you by accepting it. You are too peaceful here, too happy, too content, to bear easily the intrusion of such a storm-battered vessel. I'm a derelict, Aleine, dismasted, rudderless, aimless—a king without a kingdom. Oh, my lady, a crownless king is a pitiful thing!" He did not know that the Marquise had said just that of him a week since—

"If I could have died in battle!" he cried bitterly. "If I could have gone down fighting! If I could even have abdicated—given my crown to another stronger man for my country's good, and watched her prosper under his rule! I have no country. There is no longer a Lucania. A crownless king!" he cried again under his breath, and he moved restlessly up and down the flagstoned terrace before the Marquise, smiting his hands together.

"What is a crownless king? One man too many in the world! He fits into no niche—an embarrassment to his friends, a troubler of precedence wherever he goes! A skeleton at every feast."

"Louis, Louis!" cried the Marquise, and went to him, halting him in his walk, and put her two hands upon his arm.

The man who had been a king looked into her eyes for a long time, and a queer half-sob broke from him.

"Oh, loveliest of all!" said he at last, "you do not change with years."

They went down from the high terrace, down between borders of box and across lawns of velvet where tiny fountains spouted, and they came to a Greek pavilion set about with lilies, and at the very foot of the rose-gardens they came to an arbour shaded from the sun, cool and green and odorous. Somewhere out of sight in the thicket, water splashed. A moss-grown sundial stood near, and there were seats and pillars of marble, very ancient.

"You do not change with years," said the ex-king again when they had seated themselves, but his tone and bearing had altered,

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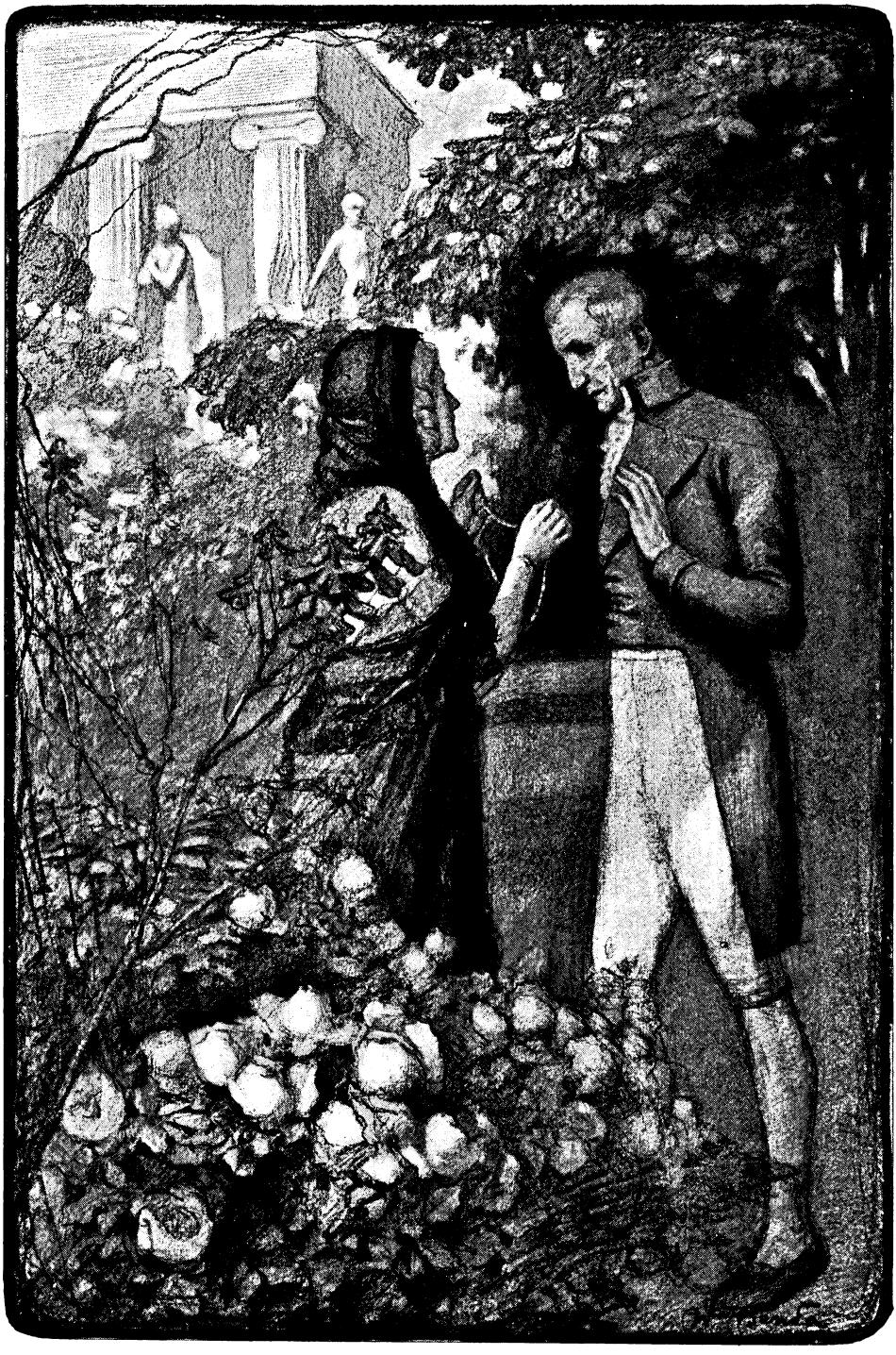

"'While you were a king I could not tell you.'"

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so that even his bowed shoulders seemed squarer; and a bit of colour had come into his grey cheeks, and, one would say, a rakish gleam to his fine eye. He had been a *beau* of renown in his day—even for a Balkan king.

"You grow young, Aleine," said he, "while I hobble towards the grave."

The Marquise rose and achieved a curtsy. If it was with pain, she gave no sign of it. Indeed, her cheeks were rosy,

"Oh, your Majesty," she sighed, "will you never have done with flatteries? Not till your last breath, I'll swear. Oh, Louis, Louis, look at my white hairs! 'Young,' forsooth!"

"I'm looking at your *beaux yeux*," said the uncrowned king, "and at your rose-leaf cheeks, my lady, and at your girl's waist, and at——"

"That will be far enough to look," said the Marquise hastily. And the ex-king crossed one knee over the other with chuckle of ribald mirth.

"I don't believe your hair is white," he persisted. "I believe you powder it."

"Louis, Louis!" cried the Marquise, with crimson cheeks. But her laughter was near to tears, for she knew so bitterly well what his gaiety covered, and her heart ached for him.

"For your pretty speech," said she, "you shall have—what would you have, *mon roi?*"

"The rose," said the old man, "that you pulled when we came down through the gardens—the rose you are wearing in your bosom." But as the Marquise leaned nearer to him to put the rose into his buttonhole, her fingers trembled oddly—as when he had kissed them, and the ex-king's little fit of gaiety seemed all at once to leave him, so that his eyes turned once more sombre and deep and very tragic.

Two tears rolled down the furrows of the ex-king's face, and he dropped his head into his hands as he sat leaning forward, elbows on knees.

"Oh, my lady!" he said in a whisper—"my lady, you waken in me something long buried and forgotten! I'm too old a man to be stirred so, my lady." His hand dropped behind him on the marble seat and found her hand, and they sat a long time silent, staring across the gardens and the flashing river beyond, to the blue hills.

"I wonder," said he at last in a musing tone, "why you have never married again, Aleine. You have been a widow for more than thirty years, have you not?—ever since I first knew you."

"Marry—again?" said she in a little amazed whisper. "*I* marry? Oh, no, no! I have never wished to marry again. I have never thought of it."

"I am curiously glad," said the man who had been a king. "I do not know why, but I am glad. Possibly because I should have been robbed of your friendship all these years—— And I," he went on after a time, "I have been unwilling to marry again, too, though they wished me to. We are old, and our lives are behind us, Aleine. We may tell the truth now, I think. I did not willingly marry Victoria. You know why, for I told you many years ago about the little girl in Campania whom I had loved. So, when the Queen died—when Victoria died ten years ago, I could not bear to go through it all again, for I have never forgotten—Her. They say that old men forget, that a boy's love comes to seem to them strange and alien and trivial. Perhaps I am not yet old enough, for it is still fresh to me."

He ceased speaking, and for another long time they sat silent. Then—

"So we are two lonely old people together, as you have said," he went on. "Neither of us has kith or kin. For me—I have not even a country, not even a home. . . . It would be very bitter without you, my lady," he said, and smiled sadly down at her.

But the Marquise, meeting his eyes, looked into them for several moments, and she seemed to be weighing in her mind something of import.

"Louis," she said in a strained tone, and halted to steady herself, "Louis, do you remember one evening at Court, thirty years ago—one evening when the music had got into your head a bit and you were a bit low in your mind? Do you remember asking me if you might kiss me once, and telling me why—telling me about the poor music-teacher's daughter whom you had loved when you were the Crown Prince, whom you had lost, but never forgotten? Do you remember telling me that I looked like her, and that you wished to kiss me once, pretending to yourself that I was the little girl in Campania?"

"Yes," said the ex-king, in a shaking voice. "Oh, yes, yes!"

"Do you remember, Louis," said she, telling me about the locket you had given the little girl in Campania, with the royal arms carved upon one side of it, and how she had asked what the arms meant?"

"Yes," said the man. Oh, yes, yes!"

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"I let you kiss me once, as you asked," said the Marquise. "You were to marry the Bavarian princess the next month; but at that time you were not married, and I was a widow, so I let you kiss me once, and after you had gone I sat there in the winter garden gripping my hands till the nails cut me, setting my teeth with the fiercest effort a woman can make to keep silence, to keep from telling you, as I ached to do, what you must not know."

The Marquise rose to her feet, and the ex-king, trembling a little from he knew not what, rose also, staring into her face. And the Marquise put a hand into the bosom of her gown and brought out a thin gold chain which seemed to encircle her neck, and at the end of the chain was a flat gold locket very beautifully chased with the arms of a certain royal house.

"Aleine!" cried the man who had been a king. "Mother of Heaven! Aleine, Aleine!"

His voice ran up almost to a scream and broke and played strange tricks. But the Marquise, pale and shaking, stood before him trying to smile.

"Yes, Louis," said she, "it is true. While you were a king I could not tell you. Now I may. It is true." Her knees weakened suddenly under her so that she sank down once more upon the old marble bench, and the ex-king, careless of age and stiffness, threw himself upon his knees before her and dropped his head in her lap, sobbing.

"Oh, loveliest!" he cried. "Oh, most wonderful! Oh, queen of all the world, that such things can be true! Oh, heart of my body, to find you at the last! Dearest, dearest, will you marry me?"

The Marquise, laughing softly through her tears, laid her cheek upon his white head and kissed him.

"Oh, Louis!" she said, "we are old and full of sorrows, and we have not much longer to live; but such as we are, we belong to each other. Such as I am, take me, if you will, my king. The world will be very sweet with you beside me."

FIRELIGHT AND A LOCKET.

WHEN the day's work is done, and the weary wit's dozing,
In the firelight I settle me down
To peep in a tiny gold trinket, enclosing
The daintiest face in the town.

I think, as I hold (like an eager magician)
This face to the ruddy fireshine,
That never a lover could summon a vision
Of maid as delicious as mine.

And dream, in the spells of the dear dainty midget,
Of a season that sparkled and flew
With a maid who in fantasy, frolic, or fidget,
Was ever adorably you.

Thus I linger awhile with the firelight around me,
In memory's happy domain,
And dream of an old sunny season that bound me,
And long to be in it again.

Yet if, from the depths of the flames evanescent,
A soberer vision should rise,
I can dream of the future as well as the present,
For I know by the light in your eyes

That if you will be near me, while Time, the postilion,
Doth gallop us over the track,
I shall laugh and grow old with you, maid in a million,
With never a wish to go back.

W. J. LANCASTER.

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Mrs. Thistleton's Princess

by Anthony Hope

THE Great Ones of the earth do not come our way much down at Southam Parva. Our Member's wife is an "Honourable," and most of us, in referring to her, make express mention of that rank; moreover she comes very seldom. In the main our lot lies among the undistinguished, and our table of precedence is employed in determining the dividing lines between "Esquire," "Mr.," and plain "John Jones"—a humble, though no doubt a subtle, inquiry into the gradations of Society. So I must confess to feeling a thrill when I read Mrs. Thistleton's invitation to dinner at the Manor. Thistleton is lord of the manor—by purchase, not by inheritance—and lives in the old house, proceeding every day to town, where he has a fine practice as a solicitor (Bowes, Thistleton, and Kent) in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mrs. Thistleton and the children (there are eight, ranging from Tom, nineteen, to Molly, seven, so that the practice needs to be fine) are, however, quite country-folk. Indeed Mrs. Thistleton comes of a county family—in a county situated, I must not say judiciously but perhaps luckily, at the other end of England from ours; distance prevents cavil in such matters, and, practically speaking, Mrs. Thistleton can say what she pleases about her parental stock, besides exhibiting some highly respectable coat-of-armoured silver to back her discreet vaunts. Mrs. Thistleton is always discreet; indeed she is, in my opinion, a woman of considerable talent, and the way in which she dealt with the Princess—with the problem of the Princess—confirmed the idea I had of her.

The mention of the Princess brings me back to the card of invitation, though I must add, in a minor digression, that the Thistletons are the only people in Southam Parva who employ printed cards of invitation—the rest of us would not get through a hundred in a lifetime, and therefore write notes. The invitation-card, then, sent to me by Mrs. Thistleton was headed as follows: "To have the honour of meeting Her Royal Highness the Princess Vera of Boravia." Subsequent knowledge taught me that the "Royal" was an embellishment of Mrs. Thistleton's—justifiable for aught I know, since the Princess had legitimate pretensions to the throne, though her immediate line was not at this time in occupation of it—but never employed by the Princess herself. However I think Mrs. Thistleton was quite right to do the thing handsomely, and I should have gone even without the "Royal," so there was no real deception. All of us who were invited went: the Rector and his wife, the Doctor and his wife, old Mrs. Marsfold (the Major-General had, unfortunately, died the year before), Miss Dunlop (of the Elms), and Charley Miles (of the Stock Exchange).

From what I have said already it will be evident that I am no authority, yet I feel safe in declaring that never was etiquette more elaborately observed at any party—I don't care where. One of Thistleton's clients was old Lord Ogleferry, and at Lord Ogleferry's he had once met a real princess (I

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apologise to Princess Vera for stumbling, in my insular way, into this invidious distinction, but, after all, Boravia is not a first-class Power). Everything that Lord and Lady Ogleferry had done and caused to be done for the real—the British—princess, Thistleton and Mrs. Thistleton did and caused to be done for Princess Vera; uncomfortable things some of them seemed to me to be, but Thistleton, over the wine after dinner, told us that they were perfectly correct. He also threw light on the Princess's visit. She had come to him as a client, wishing him to recover for her, not, as Charley Miles flippantly whispered to me, the throne of Boravia by force of arms, but a considerable private fortune at present impounded—or sequestrated, as Thistleton preferred to call it—by the *de facto* monarch of Boravia. "It's the case of the Orleans Princes over again," Thistleton observed, as he plied a dignified toothpick in such decent obscurity as his napkin afforded. This parallel with the Orleans Princes impressed us much—without, perhaps, illuminating all of us in an equal degree; and we felt that Charley betrayed a mercantile attitude of mind when he asked briefly—

"What's the figure?"

"Upwards of two million francs," answered Thistleton.

I think we all wished we had pencil and paper; the Rector scribbled on the *menu*—I saw him do it—and got the translation approximately accurate. Imagination was left to play with the "upwards."

"How much would you take for it—cash?" asked sceptical Charley.

"The matter is hardly as simple as that," said Thistleton, with a slight frown; and he added gravely: "We mustn't stay here any longer."

So we went upstairs, where Her Royal Highness sat in state, and we all had a word with her. She spoke just a little English, with a pretty, outlandish accent, but was not at all at home in the language. When my turn came—and it came last—I ventured to reply to her first question in French, which I dare say was a gross breach of etiquette. None the less, she was visibly relieved; indeed she smiled for the first time and chatted away for a few minutes quite merrily. Then Thistleton terminated my audience. He used precisely this expression. "I'm afraid I must terminate your audience," he said. Against any less impressive formula I might have rebelled; because I liked the Princess.

And what was she like? Very small, very slight, about half the size of bouncing Bessie Thistleton, though Bessie was not yet seventeen, and the Princess, as I suppose, nineteen or twenty. Her face was pale, rather thin, a pretty oval in shape; her nose was a trifle turned up, she had plentiful black hair and large dark eyes. In fact she was a pretty timid little lady, sadly frightened of us all, and most of all of Mrs. Thistleton. I don't wonder at that; I'm rather frightened of Mrs. Thistleton myself.

Before I went, I tried to get some more information out of my hostess, but mystery reigned. Mrs. Thistleton would not tell me how the Princess had come to put her affairs in Thistleton's hands, who had sent her to him, or how he was supposed to be going to get two million francs out of the *de facto* King of Boravia. All she said was that Her Royal Highness had graciously consented to pay them a visit of a very few days.

"Very few days indeed," she repeated impressively.

"Of course," I nodded with a sagacious air. Probably Her Royal Highness was due at Windsor the day after to-morrow; at any rate, that was the sort of impression Mrs. Thistleton gave.

"I wonder if the money's genuine!" said Charley Miles as we walked home.

"Is she genuine herself?" I asked.

"Well, there's a girl corresponding to her description, anyhow. I went to the club to-day and looked her up. Ought to be Queen, too, if she 'ad 'er rights. (Here he was quoting.) Oh, yes, she's all correct. But I wouldn't care to say as much for the fortune. Wonder if old Thistleton's taken it up on commission!"

"I hope she'll get it. I liked the little thing, didn't you, Charley?"

He cocked his hat rather more on one side and smiled; he is a good-natured young man and no fool in his own business. "Yes, I did," he answered. "And what the dickens must she have thought of us?"

I couldn't reply to that, though I entertained the private opinion that I, at least, had made a good impression.

So much for the introduction of the Princess. And now comes, of necessity, a gap in my story; for the next day I went to Switzerland on my annual holiday, and was absent from Southam Parva for two full months. Not seeing the English papers during most of that period, I was unable to learn whether Her Royal Highness Princess Vera of Boravia had proceeded from the

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Manor House, Southam Parva, to the Castle, Windsor, or anywhere else.

II.

SHE had not, as a fact—and a fact which came to my knowledge even before I reached my own threshold. I stepped into the train at Liverpool Street, fat, brown, and still knickerbockered. In one corner of the carriage sat Thistleton, in another Charley Miles.

"Not seen you for a day or two, old chap," said the latter genially.

I nodded and sat down opposite Thistleton, who welcomed my reappearance in a few well-chosen words. I reciprocated his civility with inquiries after his family, and finally, before taking up my paper, I added—

"And your distinguished visitor? The charming Princess? Have you any news of her?"

At the same moment I happened to catch Charley's eye. It was cocked at me in a distinctly satirical manner. For an instant I feared that the Princess had run off with the spoons, or annexed Mrs. Thistleton's garnets (we all knew them) to enrich the Boravian diadem. But after the briefest pause—which was a pause, all the same—Thistleton answered—

"She is still with us, and very well indeed, thank you."

He cleared his throat, opened the *Globe*, and said no more. Charley's eye drew me with an irresistible attraction; it was still cocked at me over the top of the *Evening News*. But he made no remark, so I fell back on my own organ of opinion, and silence was unbroken until we had passed the station immediately before Beechington—we alight (as the Company puts it) at Beechington for Southam Parva. Then, when there were just three minutes left, Thistleton glanced at Charley, saw that he was busy with his paper (the "racing" corner, unless I'm mistaken), leant forward, and tapped my knee with his gold eyeglasses. I started slightly and accorded him my attention. There seemed to be a little embarrassment in his manner.

"By the way, Tregaskis," he said, "you remember I told you that I was engaged on certain—er—delicate negotiations on behalf of our guest?"

I nodded. "About Her Royal Highness's private fortune?"

He nodded. "They involve," he proceeded, "approaches to the present King in—er—an amicable spirit—more or less amicable. We have thought it well that for the present—provisionally and without prejudice—Her Highness should employ a designation to which her claim is absolutely beyond dispute. By a disuse—temporary, perhaps—of her proper style, she may smooth certain—er—susceptibilities, and so render my task easier and give us a better prospect of success. Our guest now prefers to be known as the Countess Vera von Friedenburg."

I nodded again—it was the only safe thing to do. Thistleton said no more, save to express a hope (as he got into his wagonette) that they would see me soon at the Manor. Charley and I started together to walk the long mile from Beechington Station to Southam Parva; the cart was to bring my luggage. We had covered some half of the distance when Charley pushed his hat well over his left ear and ejaculated—

"Rum go, ain't it, Treg? What do you make of it?"

"Her being still here, you mean?"

"Yes; and the business about her name. For a fortnight she was Her Royal Highness. Then she was Her Highness for three weeks. And for the last three she's been Countess Vera von Friedenburg!"

"Thistleton gave what appeared to me an admirable reason."

"I don't believe he'll get a *sou*, not if he offered to endorse the cheque 'Sarah Smith.' Is it likely they'd part?" By "they," I understood him to mean the Court of Boravia.

"I'm sorry for her, then."

"So am I, and for old Thistleton too. He's out of pocket, I expect, besides losing his comm. And there she is!"

"The Princess?"

"The Countess, you mean." His smile was sardonic.

"Yes, there she is," I agreed, not very helpfully, however.

"Rum go!" he added, just as he had begun, and then fell to whistling the ditty of the hour. He made only one more remark, and that fell from him just as we parted.

"Ta-ta, Treg," said he. "Old Thistles (he had an objectionable habit of abbreviating names) has got a tidy practice; but there are a good many mouths to fill, eh? And no comm.! Ta-ta!"

Was it really as bad as that? The thought made me uncomfortable. Poor girl! The title that had filled our mouths would not fill hers. And her descent in

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rank had been remarkable and rapid. Her fall in public esteem had, as I soon found, kept pace with it. The word as to her style of address had gone round. She was "Countess Vera" now. Mrs. Marsfold said: "Poor Countess Vera." Miss Dunlop's accent was less charitable: "Susan Thistleton's Countess" was her form of expression, and beneath it lay an undoubted sneer at the Princess's pretensions. Boravia, too, was spoken off with scant respect. "Really a barbarous place, I'm told," said the Rector. "They call their kings kings; but of course——!" He shrugged his shoulders, without, however, indicating what title the Boravians might, in accordance with British standards, appropriate to the person who had the doubtful good fortune of ruling over them. In fact they—and I don't know that I am altogether entitled to except myself—all felt a little hot when they remembered the high-mightiness of that dinner-party.

I took advantage of Thistleton's kind intimation and called on his wife. It was a fine autumn afternoon, and, while we sat in the drawing-room and talked, I looked through the open windows on to the lawn. Countess Vera sat there, surrounded by the four youngest Thistleton children — Gladys, Myra, Molly, and the boy Evanstone (Mrs. Thistleton was a Miss Evanstone). The Countess and the children all held books in their hands, and snatches of the French tongue fell on my ear from time to time.

"'I'm afraid I must terminate your audience.'"

"It's really very perplexing," said Mrs. Thistleton, "and it's difficult to do the right thing. I'm sure you credit us with wanting to do the right thing, Mr. Tregaskis?"

"I'm sure you'd do the right and the kind thing."

"The money she brought over is quite exhausted. Mr. Thistleton has spent a considerable sum in getting up her case and presenting it to the Boravian Court. His efforts meet with no attention—indeed with absolute contempt."

"They're not afraid of her?"

"Not in the least. And here she is—literally without a farthing! And hardly a gown to her back—at least, hardly one suitable for——" She broke off, ending: "But what do you know about gowns?"

"Rather a remarkable situation for a princess!"

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"If she would let us beg for her, even! The Government might do something. But she won't hear of it. Then she says she'll go. Where to? What can she do? If she won't beg, she'd starve. We can't let her starve, can we? But times aren't good, and—— Oh, well, I must give you some tea. Would you mind ringing?"

I obeyed. Merry laughs came from the children on the lawn.

"The kids seem to like her," said I, for want of better consolation.

"She's very nice to them. She's helping them with their French." She caught me looking at her and blushed a little. I had not seen Mrs. Thistleton blush before. Suddenly the plan came before my eyes. There was no need to blush for it; it seemed to me rather great—rather great, perhaps, on both sides, but greater on Mrs. Thistleton's. "It gives her a sense of—of doing something in return, I suppose," Mrs. Thistleton went on.

The maid brought in tea.

"Is nursery tea ready?" Mrs. Thistleton asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then send the children upstairs and tell the Countess that tea is here."

"Yes, ma'am."

Soon the Countess came—as small, as slight, as dark as ever, even more timid. I rose as she entered; she bowed nervously, and, going to the table, busied herself with making the tea. Mrs. Thistleton lay back in her armchair.

"Sit down, Mr. Tregaskis," she said. "You like making tea for us, don't you, Countess?"

"Yes, Mrs. Thistleton, thank you," said Countess Vera von Friedenburg.

But I didn't sit down—I couldn't do it. I leant against the table and looked an ass all the time she made tea.

III.

THE next chapter, or division, or what you will, of this small history may be very short. I write it with two objects, which seem to me to justify its appearance, in spite of its fragmentary character. In the first place, it serves to exhibit the final stage of the descent of the Princess—the logical conclusion of the process which was begun when Thistleton dropped "Royal" from between "Her" and "Highness" in the train from Liverpool Street to Beechington. In the second place, it exhibits Mrs. Thistleton's good sense and fine feeling for the suitability of things. You couldn't have princesses—nay, nor countesses—about the house in that sort of position. It would have been absurd.

So here it is. I seldom give even small dinner-parties; such gatherings annoy my cook. But about a month after my return, I got leave to have four or five friends, and I bade to my board the Rector and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Thistleton. If for no other reason than to "balance," I said in my note to Mrs. Thistleton that I should be exceedingly pleased if Countess Vera von Friedenburg would do me the honour of accompanying them. Perhaps that was a mistake in taste. I meant no harm, and I don't think that Mrs. Thistleton intended to rebuke me; though she did, I imagine, mean to convey to me a necessary intimation.

"DEAR MR. TREGASKIS," she wrote, "Mr. Thistleton and I are delighted to accept your very kind invitation, and we shall be charmed, as always, to meet our dear Rector and Mrs. Carr. I am told to thank you very sincerely for your kind invitation to our young friend, but Fräulein Friedenburg agrees with me in thinking that during my absence she had better stay with the children.—Yours very sincerely,

"SUSAN THISTLETON."

Fräulein Friedenburg! Even her particle—her last particle—of nobility gone! Fräulein Friedenburg! Her Royal Highness——! Let us forget—let us and all Southam Parva forget!

It was not unkind of Mrs. Thistleton. It was right and suitable. Who should not come out to dinner, but stay and mind the children? Who save Fräulein—Fräulein Friedenburg? It would have been a ludicrous position for Her Royal Highness Princess Vera of Boravia. Leave it to Fräulein Friedenburg!

So, as Fräulein Friedenburg, she passed into our ordinary lives, and out of our ordinary thoughts, as it is the way with things when they become familiar. Mrs. Thistleton's courage and talent had saved the situation—and her own face. The Princess was forgotten, and the Thistletons' nursery governess little heeded. Who does heed a nursery governess much?

But one night, as I turned over the atlas looking for something else, I came on the map of Boravia and saw the city of Friedenburg set astride the great river, dominating the kingdom, a sentinel at the outposts of

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"'That's my home.'"

Western Europe. If Divine Right were not out of fashion, the key of that citadel should have been in the hand which ruled exercise-books for the Thistleton children. For a few moments after that I went on thinking about the nursery governess.

IV.

So Fräulein—she soon came to be called just "Fräulein"—was not at my dinner-party; but two or three weeks later I had a little talk with her. I went up to the Manor one afternoon in October, seeking a game of croquet with Bessie Thistleton—such are our mild delights at Southam Parva—but found the whole family gone off to a Primrose League bazaar at Beechington. Only Fräulein was at home, said the parlourmaid; and Fräulein was visible in the garden, sitting under a tree, turning over the leaves of a big book. I used the privilege of a friend of the house, strolled out on to the lawn, and raised my hat to the—I mean to Fräulein. She smiled brightly and beckoned to me to come and sit by her; her words were beyond reproach, but her gestures were sometimes obstinately un-Fräuleinish, if I may so express myself. I sat down in the other deck-chair and said that it was very fine for so late in the year.

She made no reply and, raising my eyes to her face, I found her looking at me with an unmistakable gleam of amusement.

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"Do you think this very funny?" she asked.

"I think it's deplorable," I answered promptly.

"It's very simple. I owe Mr. Thistleton two hundred pounds. I do this till I have worked it off."

"How many years?"

"Several, monsieur."

"And after that?"

"The children will grow up."

"Yes. And then?"

"Mrs. Thistleton will give Fräulein Friedenburg a good character."

"Meanwhile you work for nothing?"

"No. For clothes, for food, to pay my debt."

"And how do you like it?"

That question of mine, which sounds brutal, was inspired and, as I still believe, excused by the satirical amusement in her eyes; our previous meetings had shown me no such expression. Her answer to the question had its irony too. She turned over a dozen pages of the big book and came on a picture. She held the book out to me, saying—

"That's my home."

I looked at the picture of her home, the great grim castle towering aloft on the river bank. A few centuries ago the Turks had fallen back beaten from before those giant walls. Then I glanced round Mrs. Thistleton's gentle trim old garden.

"I think you've answered my question," I said.

She closed the book with a shrug of her thin little shoulders and sat silent for a moment. The oval of her face was certainly beautiful, and the thick masses of her hair were dark as night, or the inside of a dungeon in her castle of Friedenburg. (I liked to think of her having dungeons, though I really don't know whether she had.)

"And is it for ever?" I asked.

She leant over towards me and whispered: "They know where I am." An intense excitement seemed to be fighting against the calm she imposed on herself; but it lasted only a moment. The next instant she fell back in her chair with a sigh of dejection; a listless despair spread over her face; the satirical gleam illuminated no more the depths of her eyes. The veil had fallen over the Princess again. Only Fräulein sat beside me.

Then I made a fool of myself.

"Are there no men in Boravia?" I asked in a low voice.

This at Southam Parva, in the twentieth century, and to the governess! Moreover, from me, who have always been an advanced Liberal in politics, and hold that the Boravians are at entire liberty to change the line of succession, or to set up a republic if they be so disposed! None the less, in the Thistletons' garden that afternoon, I did ask Fräulein whether there were men in Boravia.

She answered the question in the words she had used before.

"They know where I am," she said, but now languidly, with half-closed eyes.

That I might be saved from further folly, from offering my strong right arm and all my worldly goods (I was at the moment overdrawn at the bank) as a contribution towards a Legitimist crusade in Boravia—Fortune sent interruption. The family came back from the bazaar, and most of them trooped into the garden. Charley Miles was with them, having joined the party at the *fête* on his way back from town. As they all came up, Fräulein put the big book—with its picture of her home—behind her back; I rose and walked forward to greet Mrs. Thistleton. In an instant Charley, passing me with a careless "Hallo, Treg!" had seated himself by Fräulein and begun to talk to her with great vivacity and every appearance of pleasure—indeed of admiration.

I joined Mrs. Thistleton—and Bessie, who stood beside her mother. Bessie was frowning; that frown was to me the first announcement of a new situation. Bessie was grown up now, or so held herself, and she and Charley were great friends. Charley was doing remarkably well on the Stock Exchange, too, making his three or four thousand a year. I remembered that Thistleton had thrown out a conjecture to that effect in conversation with me once. As the father of a family of eight, Thistleton could not neglect such a circumstance. And Charley was a good-looking fellow. The frown on Miss Bessie's brow set all this train of thought moving in my mind. The fact that, the next moment, Miss Bessie swung round and marched off into the house served to accelerate its progress.

Mrs. Thistleton cast a glance at the couple under the tree—Charley Miles and Fräulein—and then suggested that I should go with her and see the chrysanthemums. We went to see the chrysanthemums accordingly, but I think we were both too preoccupied to appreciate them properly.

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"'Fräulein, an answer!' she cried.

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"It's a very difficult position in some ways," said Mrs. Thistleton suddenly.

It was so difficult as to be almost impossible. I paid my compliment with absolute sincerity. "You've overcome the difficulties wonderfully," I remarked. "I never admired your tact more. Nobody thinks of her at all now, except just as Fräulein."

"I have been anxious to do the right thing, and she has improved the children's French." She did not add that the liquidation of Thistleton's bill by services rendered was a further benefit. We cannot be expected always to remember every aspect of our conduct.

"But it is difficult," Mrs. Thistleton went on. "And the worst of it is that Bessie and she aren't very congenial. With an ordinary governess—— Well, the only thing is to treat her like one, isn't it?"

"Does she object?"

"Oh, no, never. But I can't quite make her out. After all, she's not English, you see, and one can't be sure of her moral influence. I sometimes think I must make a change. Oh, I shouldn't do anything unkind. I should ask her to stay till she was suited, and, of course, do all I could to recommend her. But Bessie doesn't like her, I'm sorry to say."

By this time we had walked past all the chrysanthemums twice, and I said that it was time for me to go. Mrs. Thistleton gave me her hand.

"You don't think me unkind?"

"Honestly I think you've been kind all through, and I don't think you'll be unkind now. The situation is so very——"

"Difficult? Yes," she sighed.

I had been going to say "absurd," but I accepted "difficult." I would have accepted anything, because I wanted to end the conversation and get away. I was surfeited with incongruities—Mrs. Thistleton, Bessie, Charley Miles, and, above all, Fräulein—set in contrast with the picture in the big book—with the castle of Friedenburg frowning above the great river, waiting for its mistress, Princess Vera; the mistress who came not because—I couldn't get away from my own folly—because there were no men in Boravia! "Absurd" was the right word, however.

V.

THE next few weeks developed the situation along the lines I had foreseen, but endowed it with a new wealth of irony, so that it became harder than ever to say whether we were dealing with tragedy or with farce. The women of the village took arms against Fräulein. Mrs. Marsfold, Miss Dunlop (of the Elms), even the Rector's gentle wife, became partisans of Bessie Thistleton's and demanded the expulsion of Fräulein. Only Mrs. Thistleton herself still resisted, still sought after the kind thing, still tried to reconcile the interests of her family with the duty she had undertaken towards the stranger within her gates. But even she grew weaker. They were all against her, and Bessie had the preponderating word with her father now. In fine, there was every prospect that, even as the Princess Vera was banished from Boravia, so Fräulein Friedenburg would be expelled from Southam Parva.

And why? She had designs on Charley Miles! That was the accusation; and it was also, and immediately, the verdict. She wanted to catch Charley Miles—and that three or four thousand a year which by plausible conjecture he was making on the Stock Exchange! The Princess was now utterly forgotten—she might never have existed. There was only the designing governess, forgetful of her duty and her station, flying at game too high for her, at the most eligible match in the village, at the suitor (the destined suitor) of her employer's daughter, at prosperous Charley Miles of the Stock Exchange! The human mind is highly adaptable, and the relativity of things is great. These two conclusions were strongly impressed on my mind by the history of Fräulein Friedenburg's sojourn in the village of Southam Parva.

Charley had the instincts of a gentleman and was furious with "the old cats," as he called the ladies I have named, with a warmth which for my part I find it easy to pardon. Yet his mind was as their minds; he was no whit less deeply and firmly rooted in present facts. He may have been a little afraid of Bessie, perhaps in a very little committed to her by previous attentions. But that was not the main difficulty. That he was in love with Fräulein I believed then and believe now; indeed he came very near to admitting the fact to me on more than one occasion. But he was a young man of social ambitions, and the Thistletons stood high among us. (I began by admitting that we do not dwell on the highest peaks.) Mr. Thistleton's daughter was one thing, Mr. Thistleton's governess another. That was Charley's point of view, so that he wrestled with erring inclination

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and overthrew it. He did not offer marriage to Fräulein Friedenburg. He contented himself with denouncing the attempt to banish her, for which, after all, his own conduct was primarily responsible. But I found no time to blame him; he filled me with a wonder which became no less overwhelming because, in regard to present facts, it was in a large measure unreasonable. In truth I couldn't stand firm on present facts. The walls, the towers, the dungeons of Friedenburg, and the broad river running down below—these things would not leave the visions of my mind. They stood in obstinate contrast to Charley Miles and three or four thousand on the Stock Exchange.

One evening—it was a Monday, as I remember—Charley came to see me after dinner, and brought with him a copy of the *Morning Post*, an excellent paper, but one which, owing to the political convictions to which I have already referred in connection with my feelings about the lack of men in Boravia, I do not take in. He pointed to a spot in the advertisement columns, and, without removing his hat from his head or his cigar from his mouth, sank into my armchair.

"Mrs. Thistles has paid for six insertions, Treg," he said.

I read the first "insertion."

"A lady strongly recommends her German nursery governess. Good English. Fluent French. Music. Fond of children. Salary very moderate. A good home principal object. Well connected. — Mrs. T., The Manor House, Southam Parva."

Well connected! I looked over to Charley with some sort of a smile. "The good English is, of course, all right?" I said.

"Isn't it an infernal shame?" he broke out. "She won't stay a week after that!"

"It may bring an engagement," said I.

"Look here, do you think it's my fault?"

"I'm glad she says Fräulein is well connected."

"Do you think it's my fault? I—I've tried to play square—by her as well as by myself."

"I don't think we need discuss the Princess."

"Hallo, Treg!"

"Good Heavens! I—I beg pardon! I mean—why need we talk about Fräulein's affairs?"

"I was talking about mine."

"I see no connection."

He was not angry with me, though (as will have been seen) I had lost my temper hopelessly and disastrously. He got up and stood in front of the fire.

"I hadn't the pluck, Treg, my boy," he said. His voice sounded rather dreary, but I had no leisure to pity him.

"Good Heavens! do you suppose she'd have looked at you?" I cried. "Remember who she is!"

"That's all very well, but facts are facts," said Charley Miles. "I didn't mean to make trouble, Treg, old boy. On my honour, I didn't." He made a long pause. "I hope I shall be asking you to congratulate me soon, Treg," he went on.

"Ask me in public, and I'll do it."

"That's just being vicious," he complained, and with entire justice. "Bessie's a first-rate girl."

"I'm very sorry, Charley. So she is. She'll suit you a mile better than—than Fräulein."

He brightened up. "I'm awfully glad you do think me right in the end," he said. "But I'm a bit sorry for Fräulein. She'd have had to go soon, anyhow—when the children got a bit older. She'll get a berth, I expect."

"No doubt," said I. "And I'll congratulate you even in private, Charley."

"You're a decent old chap, but you've got a queer temper. I don't above half understand you, Treg." He hesitated a little. "I say, you might go and have a talk with Fräulein some day. She likes you, you know."

"Does she?" The eager words leapt from my lips before I could stop them.

"Rather! Will you go?"

"Yes. I'll have a talk with Fräulein."

"Before she goes?"

"She'll go soon?"

"I think so."

"Yes, before she goes, Charley."

With that, or, rather, after a little idle talk which added nothing to that, he left me—left me wondering still. He was sorry for Fräulein, and not only because she must go forth into the world; also because she had not been invited to become Mrs. Charley Miles! He conceived that he had made a conquest, and he didn't value it! His mistake of fact was great, but it shrank to nothing before the immensity of his blunder in estimation. I could account for it only in one way—a way so pleasing to my own vanity that I adopted it forthwith. And I'm not sure I was wrong. The veil had not been lifted for him, and he had no eyes to see

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through it. For me it had been raised once, and henceforth eternally hung transparent.

"That's my home." She had looked in that moment as if no other place could be.

Now, however, she was advertising for a situation, and I speculated as to how much of the truth Mrs. Thistleton would deem it wise to employ in justifying that sublime "Well connected."

VI.

I SAW her the next day but one—on the morning when the third "insertion" appeared in the *Morning Post.* Bessie Thistleton had told me, with obvious annoyance, that there had been no replies yet. "Governesses are really a drug, unless they have a degree, in these days," she had said. "Where is she? Oh, somewhere in the garden, I think, Mr. Tregaskis."

So I went into the garden and found her again under the tree. But her big book was not with her now; she was sitting idle, looking straight ahead of her, with pondering and, perhaps, fear in her great dark eyes.

She gave me her hand to shake. I kissed it.

"Nobody will kiss my hand in my next place," she said.

"Why in heaven do you do it?"

"I can't beg; and if I did, I don't think I should receive." She leant forward, resting her hand on the arm of the chair. "We don't know who I'm to be," she went on, smiling. "Nobody but Mrs. Thistleton could carry it off if I confessed to being myself! Who shall I be, Mr. Tregaskis?"

I made no answer, and she gave a little laugh.

"You like to go?" I asked.

"No. I'm frightened. And suppose there's another Mr. Miles?"

"The infernal idiot!"

"He's wise. Only—I'm amused. They're right to send me away, though. I'm such an absurdity."

"Yes," I assented mournfully. "I'm afraid you are."

She leant nearer still to me, half whispering in her talk. "I should never have liked him, but yet it hardly seemed strange that he should think of it. I'm forgetting myself, I think. In my next place I wonder if I shall remember at all!"

"You have your book and the picture."

"Yes, but they seem dim now. I suppose it would be best to forget, as everybody else does."

"Not everybody," I said very low.

"No, you don't forget. I've noticed that. It's foolish, but I like someone to remember. Suppose you forgot too!"

One of her rare smiles lit up her face. But I did not tell her what would happen if I forgot too. I knew very well in my own mind, though. I was not trammelled by previous attentions, nor was I making three or four thousand a year.

"You'll tell me when you go—and where?" I asked.

"Yes, if you like to know."

"And will 'they' know too?"

She looked at me with searching eyes. "Are you laughing?" she asked, and it seemed to me that there was a break in her voice.

"God forbid, madam!" said I.

"Ah, but I think you should be. How the present can make the past ridiculous!"

"Neither the past ridiculous nor the future impossible," I said.

She laid her hand on my arm for a moment with a gentle pressure.

"We have an Order at home called The Knights of Faith. Shall I send you the Cross some day—in that impossible future?"

"No. Send me your big book, with the picture of the great castle and the broad river flowing by its base."

She looked at me a moment, flushed but the slightest, and answered: "Yes." Then, as I remember, we sat silent for a while.

That silence was waste of time, as it proved. For, before it ended, Mrs. Thistleton came bounding (really the expression is excusable in view of her unrestrained elation) out of the house, holding a letter in her hand.

"Fräulein, an answer!" she cried.

We both rose, and she came up to us.

"And it sounds most suitable. I do hope you don't mind London—though really it doesn't do to be fussy. A Mrs. Perkyns, on Maida Hill—nice and high! Only two little children, and she offers—— Oh, well, we can talk about the salary presently."

That last remark constituted an evident hint to me. I grasped my hat and gave my hand to Mrs. Thistleton.

"Good news, isn't it?" said she. "And Mrs. Perkyns says she has such confidence in me—it appears she knew my sister Mary at Cheltenham—that she waives any other references. Isn't that convenient?"

"Very," I agreed, and I turned to Fräulein.

"You're to go the day after to-morrow if you can be ready. Can you?" asked Mrs. Thistleton.

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"'No. Boravia isn't Southam Parva. I am not afraid!'"

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"I can be ready," Fräulein said.

"In the morning, Mrs. Perkyns suggested."

"I can be ready in the morning." Then she turned to me. "This is good-bye, then, I'm afraid, Mr. Tregaskis."

"I shall come and see you off," said I, taking her hand.

Mrs. Thistleton raised her brows for a moment, but her words were gracious.

"We shall all be down to wish her a good journey and a happy home."

I made up my mind to say my farewell at the station—and I took my leave. As I walked out of the front gate, I met Thistleton coming from the station. I took upon myself to tell him the news.

"Good," said Thistleton. "It ends what was always a false, and has become an impossible, situation."

How about poor Mrs. Perkyns, then? But I did not put that point to him. She was forewarned by that "Well connected." As I walked home, I pictured Thistleton putting up a board before his residence: "Princesses, beware!"

VII.

It was no use telling me—as the Rector had told me more than once—that the same sort of thing had happened before in history, that a French *marquis* of the old *régime* was at least as good as a Boravian princess, and that if the one had taught dancing as an *émigré*, the other might teach French verbs in her banishment. The consideration was no doubt just, and even assuaged to some degree the absurdity of the situation—since absurd things that have happened before seem rather less absurd somehow—but it did not console my feelings, nor reconcile my imagination to Mrs. Perkyns of Maida Hill, "nice and high" though Maida Hill might be. On the morning of Fräulein's departure I rose out of temper with the world.

Then I opened the morning paper, and there it was! In a moment it seemed neither strange nor unexpected. It was bound to be there some morning. It chanced to be there this morning by happy fortune, because this was the last morning on which I could help, the last morning when I could see her eyes. But it was glorious. I am afraid it sent me half mad; yet I was very practical. In a minute I had made up my mind what she would want to do and what I could do. In another five minutes I was on my bicycle, "scorching" to Beechington with that paper in one pocket, and a cheque on the local branch of the London and County Bank in the other. And humming in my ears was "Rising in Boravia!" "Rumoured Abdication of the King!" "An Appeal to the Pretender!" Then, in smaller print: "Something about Princess Vera of Friedenburg."

I hoped she would get away before the Thistletons knew! Very likely she would, for by now Thistleton was in the train for town, and he picked up his *Times* at the station; the family waited for it till the evening.

From the bank I raced to the station, and reached it ten minutes before her train was due to leave Beechington. There she was, sitting on a bench, all alone. She was dressed in plain black and looked very small and forlorn. She seemed deep in thought, and she did not see me till I was close to her. Then she looked up with a start. I suppose she read my face, for she smiled, held out her hand, and said—

"Yes, I had a telegram late last night."

"You've told them?" I jerked my thumb in the direction of the Manor.

"No," she said rather brusquely.

"You're going, of course?"

"To Mrs. Perkyns'," she answered, smiling still. "What else can I do?"

"Wire them that you're starting for Vienna, and that they must communicate with you there. Ah, there are men in Boravia!"

"And Mrs. Perkyns? I should never get another character!"

"You'll go, surely? It might make all the difference. Let them see you, let them see you!"

She shook her head, giving at the same time a short nervous laugh. I sat down by her. Her purse lay in her lap. I took it up; the Princess made no movement; her eyes were fixed on mine. I opened the purse and slipped in the notes I had procured at the bank. Her eyes did not forbid me. I snapped the purse to and laid it down again.

"I had a third-class to London, and eight shillings and threepence," she said.

"You'll go now?"

"Yes," she whispered, rising to her feet.

We stood side by side now, waiting for the train. It was very hard to speak. Presently she passed her hand through my arm and let it rest there. She said no more about the money, which I was glad of. Not that I was thinking much of that. I was still rather mad, and my thoughts were full of one insane idea; it was—though I am ashamed to write it—that just as the

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train was starting, at the last moment, at the moment of her going, she might say: "Come with me."

"Did it surprise you?" I said at last, breaking the silence at the cost of asking a very stupid question.

"I had given up all hope. Yet somehow I wasn't very surprised. You were?"

"'This Room was Occupied by Her Majesty the Queen of Boravia on the Occasion of her Visit to the Manor House, Southam Parva, 27th of June, 1902.'"

"No. I had always believed in it."

"Not at first?"

"No; of late."

She looked away from me now, but I saw her lips curve in a reluctant little smile. I laughed.

"I don't think my ideas about it had any particular relation to external facts," I confessed. "I had become a Legitimist, and Legitimists are always allowed to dream."

She gave my arm a little pat and then drew her hand gently away.

"If it all comes to nothing, I shall have one friend still," she said.

"And one faithful hopeful adherent. And there's your train."

When I put her in the carriage, my madness came back to me. I actually watched her eyes as though to see the invitation I waited for take its birth there. Of course I saw no such thing. But I seemed to see a great friendliness for me. At the last, when I had pressed her hand and then shut the door, I whispered—

"Are you afraid?"

She smiled. "No. Boravia isn't Southam Parva. I am not afraid!"

Then—well, she went away.

VIII.

MRS. THISTLETON is great. I said so before, and I remain firmly of that opinion. The last time I called at the Manor, I found her in the drawing-room with Molly, the youngest daughter, a pretty and intelligent child. After some conversation, Mrs. Thistleton said to me—

"A little while ago I had an idea, which my husband thought so graceful that he insisted on carrying it out. I wonder if you'll like it! I should really like to show it to you."

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I expressed a polite interest and a proper desire to see it, whatever it was.

"Then I'll take you upstairs," said she, rising with a gracious smile.

Upstairs we went, accompanied by Molly, who is rather a friend of mine and who was hanging on to my arm. Reaching the first floor, we turned to the left, and Mrs. Thistleton ushered me into an exceedingly pleasant and handsome bedroom, with a delightful view of the garden. Not conceiving that I could be privileged to view Mrs. Thistleton's own chamber, I concluded that this desirable apartment must be the best or principal guest-room of the house.

"There!" said Mrs. Thistleton, pointing with her finger towards the mantelpiece.

Advancing in that direction, I perceived, affixed to the wall over the mantelpiece, a small gilt frame, elaborately wrought and ornamented with a Royal Crown. Enclosed in the frame, and protected by glass, was a square of parchment, illuminated in blue-and-gold letters. I read the inscription:—

This Room was Occupied by Her Majesty the Queen of Boravia on the Occasion of Her Visit to the Manor House, Southam Parva, 27th of June, 1902.

"It's a very pretty idea indeed! I congratulate you on it, Mrs. Thistleton," said I.

"I do like it; and 'The Queen's Room' sounds such a nice name for it."

"Charming!" I declared.

"Why didn't you put one in the little room upstairs too—the room she slept in all the last part of the time, mamma?" asked Molly.

Well, well, children will make these mistakes. I think it was very creditable to Mrs. Thistleton that she merely told Molly to think before she spoke, in which case (Mrs. Thistleton intimated) she would not ask such a large number of foolish questions.

So Mrs. Thistleton has a very pleasant memento of her Princess. I have one of her too—a big book, with a picture of the great castle and the broad river flowing below. And in the beginning of the book is written: "To him who did not forget—VERA."

The description still applies.

CASTLE MEMORY.

THE mists on Castle Memory
Are gathering dense and grey,
The shadow-folds drop eerily
To hide the drifting day;
By dimming gate and fading wall,
I hear the hungry falcons call,
And the restless palfreys neigh.

The marsh mist rises, weird and wet,
And clings mid-turret high,
But on the western parapet,
Against a dusky sky,
Dressed all in white a maiden stands,
Waving a scarf with wistful hands
To a true knight riding by.

It is the shadows' midmost hour,
Dead night draws bolt and bar,
The blind mist wraps the topmost tower
—Oh! Castle faint and far!—
But see! the snowy, slant moonbeams
Are gown for her, my dame of dreams,
And her face is in yon star!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

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THE MASTER OF GOLDEN POOL.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.*

ONE shore of the Pool was a spacious, sweeping curve of sward, dotted with clumps of blue flag-flowers. From the green fringes of this shore the bottom sloped away softly over a sand so deep and glowing in its hue of orange-yellow as to give the Pool the rich name by which it was known for miles up and down the hurrying Clearwater. The other shore was a high, overhanging bank, from whose top drooped a varied leafage of birch, ash, poplar, and hemlock. Under this bank the water was deep and dark, a translucent black, with trembling streaks and glints of amber. Fifty yards up-stream a low fall roared musically; but before reaching the fresh tranquillity of the Pool, the current bore no signs of its disturbance save a few softly whirling foam-clusters. Light airs, perfumed with birch and balsam and warm scents of the sun-steeped sward, drew over the Pool from time to time, wrinkling and crowding its glassy surface. Birds flew over it, catching the small flies to whom its sheen was a ceaseless lure. And huge dragon-flies, with long, iridescent bodies and great, jewelled, sinister eyes, danced and darted above it.

The cool, black depths under the bank retained their coolness through the fiercest heats of summer, because just here the brook was joined by the waters of an icy spring stealing down through a crevice of the rocks; and here in the deepest recess, exacting toll of all the varied life that passed his domain, the master of Golden Pool made his home.

For several years the great trout had held his post in the Pool, defying every lure of the crafty fishermen. The Clearwater was a protected stream, being leased to a rich fishing-club; and the master of the Pool was therefore secure against the treacherous assaults of net or dynamite. Many times each season fishermen would come and pit their skill against his cunning; but never a fly could tempt him, never a silvery, trolled minnow or whirling spoon deceive him to the fatal rush. At some new lure he would rise lazily once in a while, revealing his bulk to the ambitious angler—but never to take hold. Contemptuously he would flout the cheat with his broad flukes and go down again with a grand swirl to his lair under the rock.

It was only to the outside world—to the dragon-fly, and the bird, and the chattering red squirrel in the overhanging hemlock—that the deep water under the bank looked black. To the trout in his lair, looking upward towards the sunlight, the whole Pool had a golden glow. His favourite position was a narrow place between two stones, where he lay with head up-stream and belly about two inches from the sandy bottom, gently fanning the water with his parti-coloured fins, and opening and closing his rosy gill-fringes as he breathed. In length he was something over twenty inches, with a thick, deep body tapering finely to the powerful tail. Like all the trout of the Clearwater, he was silver-bellied, with a light pink flush, the yellow and brown markings on his sides light in tone, and his spots of the most high, intense vermilion. His great lower jaw was thrust forward in a way that gave a kind of bulldog ferocity to his expression.

The sky of the big trout's world was the flat surface of Golden Pool. From the unknown place beyond that sky there came to his eyes but moving shadows, arrangements of light and dark. He could not see out and through into the air unobstructedly, as one looks forth from a window into the world. Most of these moving shadows he understood very well. When broad and vague, they did not, as a rule, greatly interest him; but when they got small, and sharply black, he knew they might any instant break through with a splash and become real, coloured things, probably good to eat. A certain slim little shadow was always of interest to him unless he was feeling gorged. Experience had taught him that when it actually touched the shining surface above, and lay there sprawling helplessly with wet

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wings, it would prove to be a May-fly, which he liked. Having no rivals to get ahead of him, there was no need of haste. He would sail up with dignity, open his great jaws, and take in the tiny morsel.

Sometimes the moving shadows were large and of a slower motion, and these, if they chanced to break through, would prove to be bright-coloured moths or butterflies, or glittering beetles, or fat black and yellow bumble-bees, or lean black and yellow wasps. If he was hungry, all these things were good for food, and his bony, many-toothed mouth cared nothing for stings. Sometimes when he was not at all hungry, but merely playful, he would rise with a rush at anything, breaking the sheen of his roof, slap it with his tail, then seize it between his hard lips and carry it down with him, only to drop it a moment later as a child might drop a toy. Once in a while, either in hunger or in sport, he would rise swiftly at the claws or wing-tips of a dipping swallow; but he never managed to catch the nimble bird. Had he, by any chance, succeeded, he would probably have found the feathers no obstacle to his enjoyment of the novel fare.

At times it was not a shadow, but a splash that would attract his attention to the shining roof of his world. A grasshopper would fall in, and kick grotesquely till he rose to end its troubles. Or a misguided frog, pursued perhaps by some enemy on land, would dive in and swim by with long, webbed toes. At this sight the master of the Pool would dart from his lair like a bolt from a catapult. Frogs were much to his taste. And once in a long time even a woodmouse, hard-pressed and panic-stricken, would leap in to swim across to the meadow shore. The first time this occurred the trout had risen slowly and followed below the swimmer till assured that there was no peril concealed in the tempting phenomenon. After that, however, he always went at such prey with a ferocious rush, hurling himself half out of water in his eagerness.

But it was not only to his translucent sky that the master of the Pool looked for his meat. A large part of it came down upon the current of the brook. Bugs, grubs, and worms, of land and water, some dead, others disabled or bewildered by their passage through the falls, contributed to his feasting. Above all, there were the smaller fish who were so reckless or uninformed as to try to pass through Golden Pool. They might be chub, or suckers, or red-fin; they might be —and more often were—kith and kin of his own. It was all the same to the big trout, who knew as well as any gourmet that trout were royal fare. His wide jaws and capacious gullet were big enough to accommodate a cousin a full third of his own size, if swallowed properly, head first. His speed was so great that any smaller fish whom he pursued was doomed, unless fortunate enough to be within instant reach of shoal water. Of course, it must not be imagined that the great trout was able to keep his domain quite inviolate. When he was full fed, or sulking, then the finny wanderers passed up and down freely—always, however, giving wide berth to the lair under the bank. In the bright shallows over against the other shore, the scurrying shoals of pin-fish played safely in the sun. Once in a long while a fish would pass up or down, so big that the master of the Pool was willing to let him go unchallenged. And sometimes a muskrat, swimming with powerful strokes of his hind-legs, his tiny forepaws gathered childishly under his chin, would take his way over the Pool to the meadow of the blue flag-flowers. The master of the Pool would turn up a fierce eye and watch the swimmer's progress breaking the golden surface into long, parabolic ripples; but he was too wise to court a trial of the muskrat's long, chisel-like teeth.

There were two occasions, never to be effaced from his sluggish memory, on which the master of the Pool had been temporarily routed from his mastership and driven in a panic from his domain. Of these the less important had seemed to him by far the more appalling.

Once, on a summer noonday, when the Pool was all of a quiver with golden light, and he lay with slow-waving fins, close to the coldest up-gushing of the spring which cooled his lair, the shining roof of his realm had been shattered and up-heaved with a tremendous splash. A long, whitish body, many times his own length, had plunged in and dived almost to the bottom. This creature swam with wide-sprawling limbs, like a frog, beating the water and leaping, and uttering strange sounds; and the disturbance of its antics was a very cataclysm to the utmost corners of the Pool. The trout had not stayed to investigate the horrifying phenomenon, but had darted madly down-stream for half a mile, through fall and eddy, rapid and shallow, to pause at last, with throbbing sides and panting gills, in a little black pool behind a tree-root. Not till hours after the man had finished his bath, and put on his clothes, and

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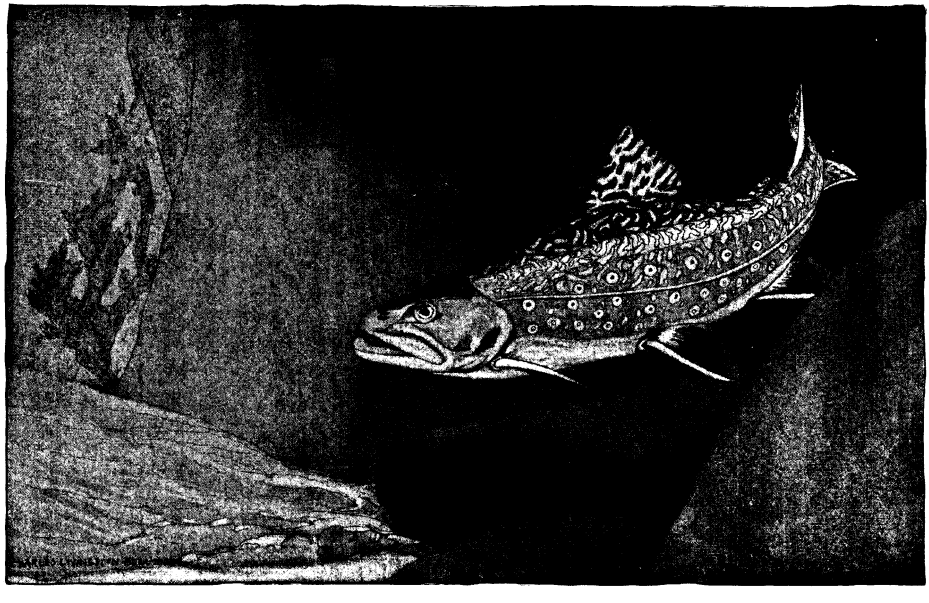
strode away whistling up the shore, did the big trout venture back to his stronghold. He found it already occupied by a smaller trout, whom he fell upon and devoured, to the assuaging of his appetite and the salving of his wounded dignity. But for days he was tremulously watchful, and ready to dart away if any unusually large shadow passed over his amber ceiling. He was expecting a return of the great, white, sprawling visitor.

His second experience was one which he remembered with cunning wariness rather than with actual terror. Yet this had been a real peril, one of the gravest with which he could be confronted in the guarded precincts of the Golden Pool. One day he saw a little, lithe, black body swimming rapidly at the surface, its head above the water. It was about ten feet away from his lair, and headed up-stream. The strange creature swam with legs, like a muskrat, instead of with fins like a fish—but it was longer and slenderer than a muskrat; and something in its sinister shape and motion, or else some stirring of an inherited instinct, filled the big trout with apprehension as he looked. Suddenly the stranger's head dipped under the surface, and the stranger's eyes sought him out, far down in his yellow gloom. That narrow-nosed, triangular head, with its pointed fangs, those bright, cruel, undeceivable eyes, smote the trout with instant alarm. Here was an enemy to be avoided. The mink had dived at once, going through the water with the swiftness and precision of a fish. Few trout could have escaped. But the master of the Pool, as we have seen, was no ordinary trout. The promptness of his cunning had got him under way in time. The power of his broad and muscular tail shot him forth from his lair just before the mink got there. And before the baffled enemy could change his direction, the trout was many feet away, heading up for the broken water of the rapids. The mink followed vindictively, but in the foamy stretch below the falls he lost all track of the fugitive. Angry and disappointed, he scrambled ashore, and, finding a dead sucker beside his runway, seized it savagely. As he did so there was a smart click, and the jaws of a steel trap, snapping upon his throat, rid the wilderness of one of its most bloodthirsty and implacable marauders. A half-hour later the master of the Pool was back in his lair, waving his delicate, gay-coloured fins over the yellow sand and lazily swallowing a large crayfish. One claw of the crayfish projected beyond his black jaw; and, being thus comfortably occupied, he turned an indifferent eye upon the frightened swimming of a small green frog which had just then fallen in and disturbed the sheen of his amber roof.



"Here the master of Golden Pool made his home."

Very early one morning, when all his world was of a silvery grey, and over the glassy pallor of his roof thin gleams of pink were

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mingled with ghostly, swirling mist-shadows, a strange fly touched the surface directly above him. It had a slender, scarlet, curving body, with long hairs of yellow and black about its neck, and brown-and-white wings. It fell upon the water with the daintiest possible splash, just enough to catch his attention. Being utterly unlike anything he had ever seen before, it aroused his interest, and he slanted slowly upward. A moment later a second fly touched the water, a light-grey, mottled thing, with a yellow body, and pink and green hairs fringing its neck. This, too, was strange to him. He rolled a foot higher—not with any immediate idea of trying them, but under his usual vague impulse to investigate everything pertaining to his Pool. Just then the mist-swirls lifted slightly, and the light grew stronger, and against the smooth surface he detected a fine, almost invisible, thread leading from the head of each fly. With a derisive flirt of his tail he sank back to the bottom of his lair. Right well he knew the significance of that fine thread.

The strange flies skipped lightly over the surface of the Pool in a manner that to most trout would have seemed very alluring They moved away towards a phenomenon which he just now noticed for the first time, a pair of dark, pillarlike objects standing where the water was about two feet deep, over towards the further shore. These dark objects moved a little, gently. Then the strange flies disappeared. A moment later they dropped again and went through the same performance. This was repeated several times, the big trout watching with interest mingled with contempt. There was no peril for him in such gauds.

Presently the flies disappeared for good. A few minutes later two others came in their place—one a tiny, white, mothlike thing, the other a big, bristling bunch of crimson hairs. The latter stirred, far back in his dull memory, an association of pain and fear, and he backed deeper into his watery den. It was a red hackle; and in his early days, when he was about eight inches long and frequented the tail of a shallow, foamy rapid, he had had experience of its sharp allurements. The little moth he ignored, but he kept an eye on the red hackle as it trailed and danced hither and thither across the pool. Once, near the other side, he saw a misguided fingerling dart from under a stone in the shallow water and seize the gay morsel. The fingerling rose with a jerk from the water and was no more seen. It vanished into the unknown air; and the master of the Pool quailed as he marked its fate. After this, the pair of dark, pillarlike objects moved away to the shore, no longer careful, but making a huge, splashing noise. No more strange flies appeared; and the gold light of full day stole down to the depths of the pool. Soon, flies which the master well knew, with no fine threads attached to them, began to speck the surface over him, and he fed, in his lazy way, without misgiving.

The big trout had good reason for his dread of the angler's lure. His experience with the red hackle had given him the wisdom which had enabled him to live through all the perils of a well-known trout stream and grow to his present fame and stature. Behind that red hackle which hooked him in his youth had been a good rod, a crafty head, and a skilful wrist. His hour had sounded then and there but for a fortunate flaw in the tackle. The leader had parted just at the drop, and the terrified trout (he had taken the tail fly), had darted away frantically through the rapids with three feet of fine gut trailing from his jaw. For several weeks he trailed that hampering thread and carried that red hackle in the cartilage of his upper jaw; and he had time to get very familiar with them. He grew thin and slabsided under the fret of it, before he succeeded, by much nosing in gravel and sand, in wearing away the cartilage and rubbing his jaw clear of the encumbrance. From that day forward he had scrutinised all unfamiliar baits or lures to see if they carried any threadlike atttachment.

When any individual of the wild kindreds, furred, feathered, or finned, achieves the distinction of baffling man's efforts to undo him, his doom may be considered sealed. There is no beast, bird, or fish so crafty or so powerful but some one man can worst him, and will take the trouble to do it if the game seems to be worth while. Some lure would doubtless have been found, some scheme devised for the hiding of the line, whereby the big trout's cunning would have been made foolishness. Some swimming frog, some terrified, hurrying mouse, or some great night-moth flopping down upon the dim water of a moonless night, would have lulled his suspicions and concealed the inescapable barb; and the master of the Pool would have gone to swell the record of an ingenious conqueror. He would have been stuffed, and mounted, and hung upon the walls of the clubhouse down at the mouth of the Clearwater. But it pleased the secret and inscrutable deities of the woods that the end of the lordly trout should come in another fashion.

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"His bright eyes left no corner of the Pool uninvestigated."

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It is an unusual thing, an unfortunate and pitiful thing, when death comes to the wild kindred by the long-drawn tragic way of over-ripeness. When the powers begin to fail, the powers which enabled them to conquer, or to flee from, or to outwit their innumerable foes—then life becomes a miserable thing for them. But that is not for long. Fate meets them in the forest trail or the flowing water-paths; and they have grown too dull to see, too heavy to flee, too indifferent to contend. So they are spared the anguish of slow, uncomprehending decrepitude.

But to the master of Golden Pool, Fate came while he was yet master unchallenged, and balked the hopes of many crafty fishermen. It came in a fashion not unworthy of the great trout's dignity and fame, giving him over to swell no adversary's triumph, betraying him to no contemptible foe.

One crisp autumn morning, when leaves were falling all over the surface of the Pool, and insects were few, and a fresh tang in the water was making him active and hungry, the big trout was swimming hither and thither about his domain instead of lying lazily in his deep lair. He chanced to be over in the shallows near the grassy shore, when he saw, at the upper end of the Pool, a long, dark body slip noiselessly into the water. It was not unlike the mink in form, but several times larger. It swam with a swift movement of its fore-feet, while its hind-legs, stretched out behind with the tail, twisted powerfully, like a big sculling oar. Its method, indeed, combined the advantages of that of the quadruped and that of the fish. The trout saw at once that here was a foe to be dreaded, and he lay quite still against a stone, trusting to escape the bright eyes of the stranger.

But the stranger, as it happened, was hunting, and the stranger was an otter. The big trout was just such quarry as he sought, and his bright eyes, peering restlessly on every side, left no corner of the Pool uninvestigated. They caught sight of the master's silver and vermilion sides, his softly waving, gay-coloured fins.

With a dart like that of the swiftest of fish, the stranger shot across the Pool. The trout darted madly toward his lair. The otter was close upon him, missing him by a fin's breadth. Frantic now with terror, the trout shot upstream towards the broken water. But the otter, driven not only by his fore-feet, but by that great combined propeller of his hind-legs and tail, working like a screw, could swim faster than any trout that ever swam. Just at the edge of the broken water, he overtook his prey. A set of long, white teeth went through the trout's backbone. There was one convulsive twist, and the gay-coloured fins lay still, the silver and vermilion body hung limp from the captor's jaws.

For many days thereafter, Golden Pool lay empty under its dropping crimson and purple leaves, its slow-sailing foam-flakes. Then, by twos and threes, small trout strayed in and found the new region a good place to inhabit. When, in the following spring, the fishermen came back to the Clearwater, they reported the Pool swarming with pan-fish, hardly big enough to make it worth while throwing a fly. Then word went up and down the Clearwater that the master of the Pool was gone, and the glory of the Pool, for that generation of fishermen, went with him.

THE SEA AND THE SHORE.

THE Sea has songs of sad and sweet,
Of tempest and of rain;
He casts them at the wild Shore's feet,
The souls of drowned men.

And ever—though she hears the strain—
All dumb and dead is she,
The dumbness of dead sailing-men
That never put to sea.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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"BUSY IDLENESS." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

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THE ART OF MR. ISAAC SNOWMAN.

By Adrian Margaux.

AMONG rising young men in art, Mr. Isaac Snowman must take a prominent place. In any profession the rising young men are, perhaps, the most interesting because of the varied possibilities of the future which is before them. The possibilities in Mr. Snowman's case have an unusually piquant uncertainty, due to the dual character of the work which he has done so far as a painter. Mr. Snowman has secured some measure of success with pictures of such diverse style and aim as "The Wailing Wall" and "The Children's Hour," "A Difficult Passage of the Talmud" and "An Interesting Secret," "Sardanapalus" and "Suspense." They represent two opposing moods, the mood which strives for achievement when partial defeat is only too probable, and that which is satisfied with a certain triumph on a lower plane of endeavour. At twenty-nine, Mr. Snowman is too young to have his artistic future foretold with any confidence; we cannot say from the promise of his present work whether his name will be most associated with the high themes of imagination, history, and humility in which he has at present only made tentative and inconclusive efforts, or with those subjects of smaller compass, if not of less deep feeling, the pathos and romance of childhood, home, and love, in which he has already won distinction. But a future he certainly has.

Although he has since made good use of his time, Mr. Snowman made what was a comparatively late start in the handling of pencil and brush. There are no tales to be told of his exploits in the nursery, and when at school, drawing happening to be an "extra," he remembers having made no appeal to his parents in order that it might be included in his studies. As a matter of fact, it seems to be uncertain as to what precise circumstances contributed to his artistic leanings. Be they what they were, however, his initial efforts with the pencil won the approval of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, who was then on the flood-tide of his early fame, and on the advice of the painter of "Samson" and

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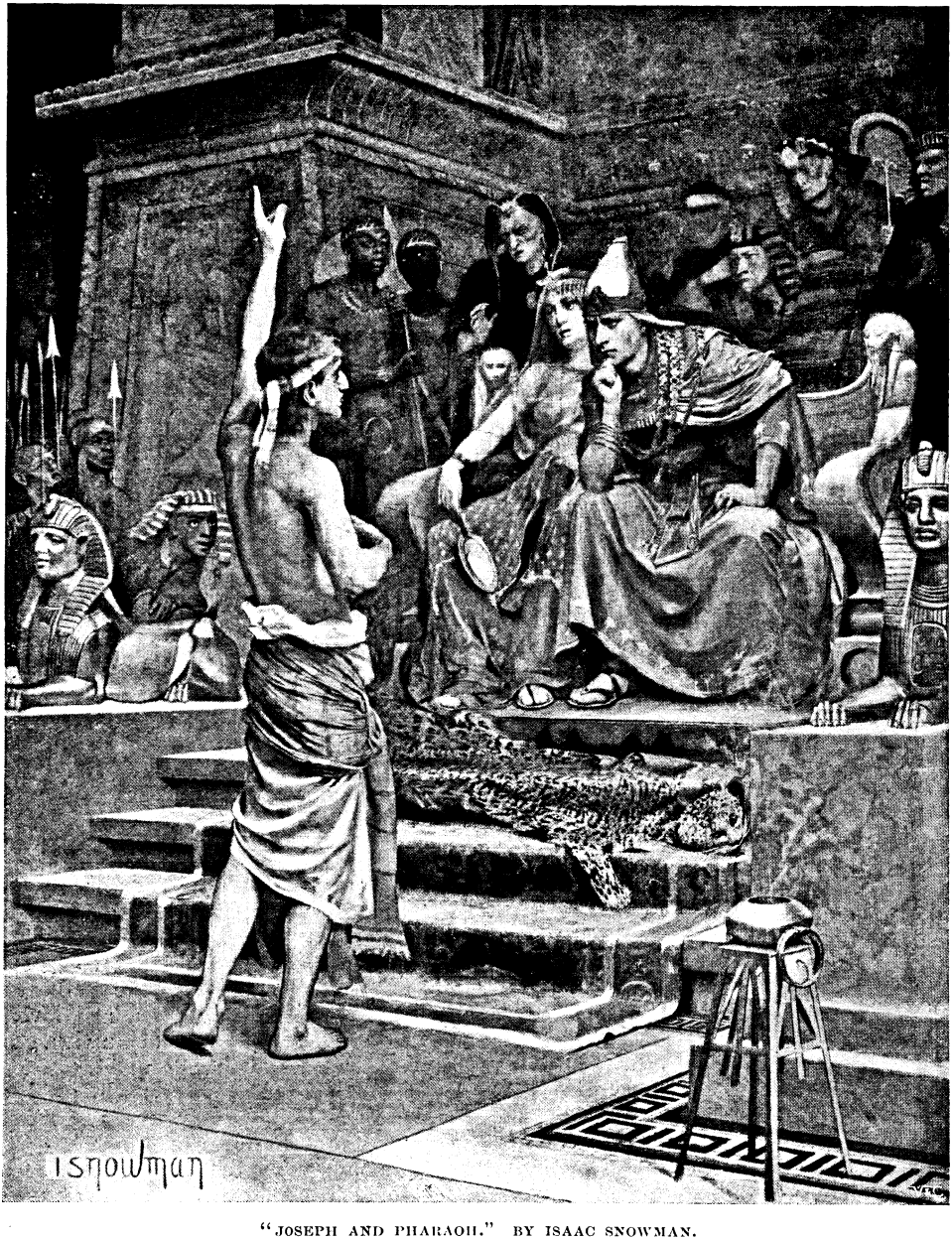

"JOSEPH AND PHARAOH." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

"Niobe" he set himself to prepare for the Royal Academy Schools. Mr. Snowman attended classes at several of the leading art schools in London, but his restless spirit prevented him staying long at any, and he eventually found that he could derive most benefit from drawing the antique at the British Museum, aided only by such hints as older and more experienced students could give him.

Nevertheless he had little difficulty in passing at the early age of seventeen the Royal Academy entrance examination, and for five years, with intermissions, he worked at the Schools in Burlington Gardens. During the most important intermission of about twelve months Mr. Snowman was in Paris, attending the *atelier* of the two famous French artists, M. Bougereau and M. Constant. Whilst in Paris he had the drawing of a head,

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"JOSEPH PROCLAIMED RULER OF EGYPT." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

"L'Esclave," accepted by the Salon, the little work being afterwards (in 1897) exhibited at the Royal Academy under the title of "Vesta." At the Academy Schools he had among his contemporaries and companions Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Spence-Watson, and others who are to-day more or less well known in the world of art. Several of these successful "old boys" shared with Mr. Snowman the disappointment of an attempt to win the Gold Medal and one or two other of the more valuable Academic distinctions. But he obtained one of the two prizes of £100 awarded annually out of the trust money of the defunct British Institution as the result of a competition which is open to all the country. Mr. Snowman's comrade in success was Mr. Charles Buchel, the well-known and very clever "poster" artist, the subject for the year being "Diana and Endymion." In addition, some three or four medals and other awards were won by him during his Academy schooldays.

Quite a chance circumstance determined Mr. Snowman's course of life for a year after leaving the Academy Schools. One of his

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"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

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school studies, the sketch of a head, happened to get into the hands of a Liverpool art-dealer, who placed it in the window of his shop near the Corn Exchange. There it caught the eye of one of the corn-brokers, who at once bought it. The purchase so pleased him that he ascertained Mr. Snowman's address and wrote to ask him if he would come to Liverpool and paint a portrait of his wife, mentioning liberal terms. The young artist of twenty-two readily accepted the offer, went to Liverpool, and, in the end, spent about twelve months there painting portraits of the corn-broker's friends. There he might have remained to this day, a fairly prosperous portrait-painter, but for the ambition which called him back to London to paint his first large picture for the Royal Academy, "Tales of a Grandfather," which was well hung and speedily sold. As its title indicated, the work, of which the artist has lost all trace, was in the style of domestic *genre* in which, during the last six or seven years, Mr. Snowman has done so much.

Mr. Snowman's next effort was in the more ambitious sphere of art which may yet claim him entirely for its own. A party of friends, mainly of the Jewish race, arranged a visit to Jerusalem, Mr. Israel Zangwill being of the number. Mr. Snowman, wanting a holiday, joined the pilgrims. Soon after arrival in Jerusalem they naturally made their way to the Wailing Wall, a ruin which is traditionally supposed to be a relic of the Temple of Solomon, whereat pious Jews from all quarters of the globe assemble to bewail the fate of their nation and to pray for its restoration to the Promised Land. Mr. Snowman was much struck with the picturesque character of the scene, in which were mingled people of all ages in the most varied garments. He at once made a sketch of it, and spent the greater part of his stay in the sacred city making further studies of the devotees and their surroundings, with a view to the painting of a picture on his return to London. This design was duly carried out, and the work was much praised

"RIPE CHERRIES." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

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during its exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1897. It has since been exhibited at Liverpool, Manchester, and various other provincial art centres.

In making his preparatory sketches for this important work at Jerusalem, Mr. Snowman took warning from a certain incident which occurred in connection with the painting of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," and did not attempt to obtain individual "sittings" from among the Jewish people on the spot. For the picture mentioned, Mr. Holman Hunt induced several Jews in Jerusalem to sit for him as models for the figures of the Doctors disputing with Jesus, during his stay in the city. This fact came to the ears of the Chief Rabbi in Jerusalem, with the result that the Jews who had thus, in his view, profaned their religion by assisting in the production of such a picture, were, in effect, excommunicated from the Synagogue. This was, in its social consequences, a terrible punishment for the poor men, and accordingly, Mr. Holman Hunt, when the matter was reported to him, obtained, through influential Jewish friends, the intercession of the Chief Rabbi in London on their behalf. But it was of no avail, and bearing this unhappy episode in mind, Mr. Snowman waited until he got to London before making thorough studies from models for the purpose of his picture. Among the newly arrived Jewish immigrants of the East End, he had no difficulty in finding exact replicas of the picturesque figures he had seen at their devotions by the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem, although it was not always so easy to persuade them to come so far afield as Mr. Snowman's studio, which was then in Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood.

"A DIFFICULT PASSAGE OF THE TALMUD." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

A year or two later, Mr. Snowman made an ambitious effort in the classical style of painting, with "The Lorelei." It was well hung at the Royal Academy, and well noticed, if I remember rightly, by some of the best critics, but the title probably impeded its popularity, many visitors to Burlington House doubtless forgetting, if they ever knew, that "The Lorelei" is the equivalent in German legend of the syren in Greek mythology—a maiden who lured mariners to destruction by the sweetness of her song. This was followed by "Sardanapalus," an elaborate representation of the traditional luxury of

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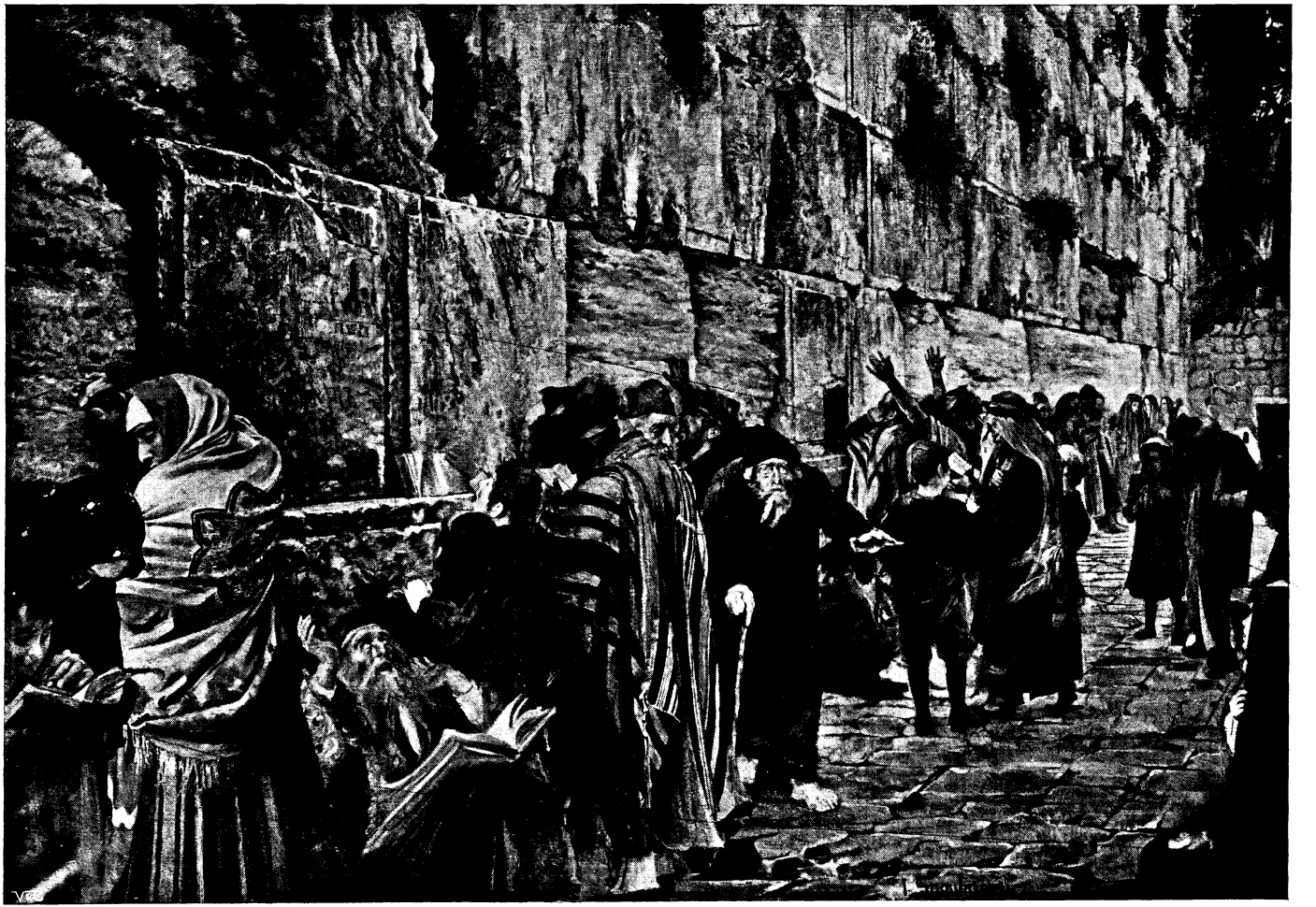

"THE WAILING WALL." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

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"AN INTERESTING SECRET." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

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the last King of Nineveh. "A Difficult Passage of the Talmud," "Joseph Proclaimed Ruler of Egypt," and "Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dream," complete the tale of Mr. Snowman's work in this more abstract sphere of his art.

Of the pictures with which Mr. Snowman has won, in the form of engraved reproductions, such ready admission into the catalogues of leading art-publishers, little need be said. They explain themselves, as pictures of this class ought always to do, to the general understanding; their meaning and purpose are so clear that he who runs may read. In almost every instance Mr. Snowman has hit the bull's-eye, so to speak, of popular sympathy

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"SUSPENSE." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

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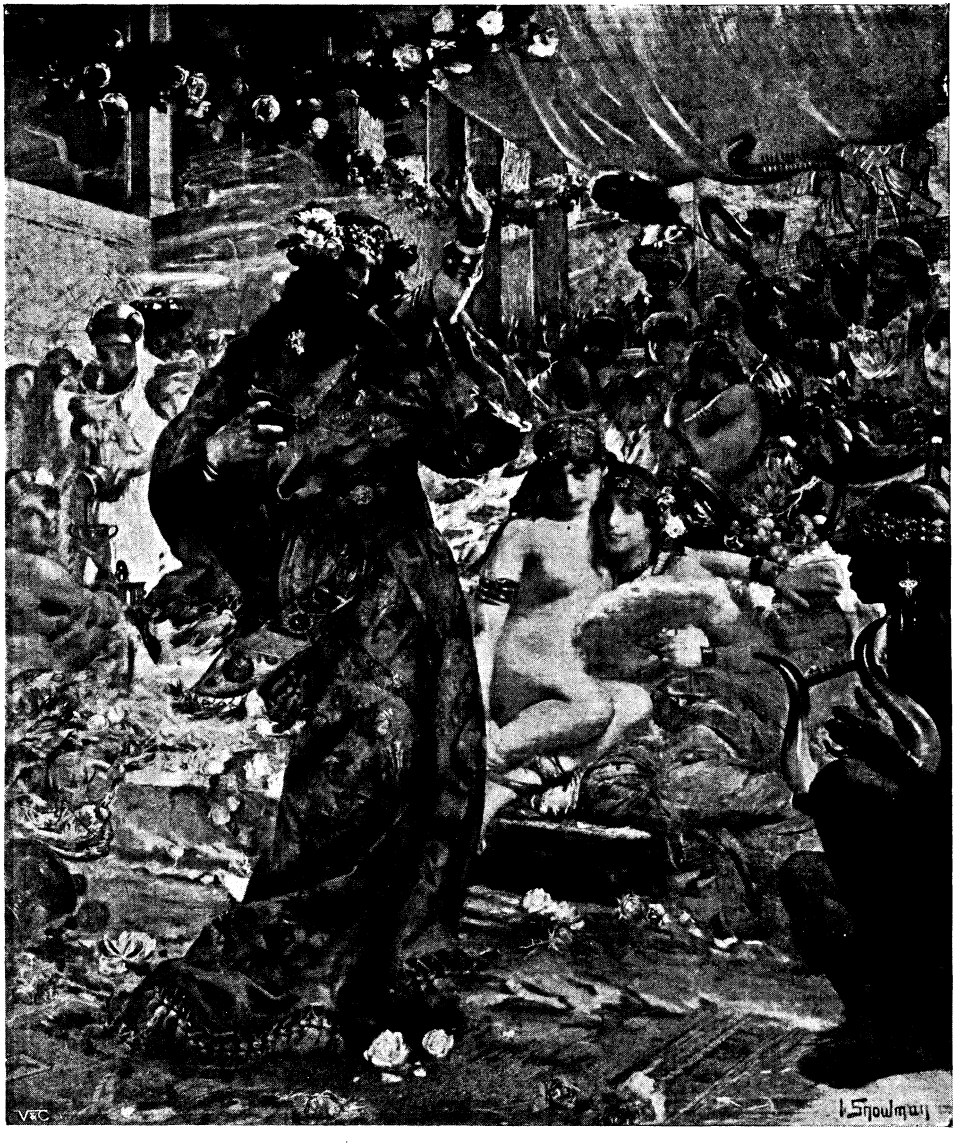

"SARDANAPALUS." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

and appreciation. Perhaps the acme of his success was reached last year with his four contributions to the Academy—"The Bracelet," "The Children's Hour," "Busy Idleness," and "The Leopard Skin," all four pictures having been purchased for publication as engravings.

One question does occur to one on looking at these charming subjects. Where does Mr. Snowman find so many pretty child-models, little ones who can be painted in so artistic and yet so natural a pose? They are obviously not professional models, whose self-conscious airs—after a little experience in sitting—are the terror of an artist. Mr. Snowman, unlike some artists who have excelled in this line of work, is not blessed with children of his own, nor has he little nephews and nieces whose charms and graces would be available for his studio.

Mr. Snowman let me into the secret. In the vicinity of his studio in Fortune Green Road, West Hampstead, are a number of schools, from which come forth every day crowds of merry youngsters of all ages.

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Hampstead is the healthiest of London suburbs, and perhaps the proportion of radiant health and good looks among these children of the people is much above the average. At any rate, they have never yet failed to provide the artist with all the models he requires. The vanity and legitimate pride of parents make consent a foregone conclusion, and a refusal is of rare occurrence.

As to his method of work, Mr. Snowman frankly declares that, unlike most artists, he has none. Sometimes he makes many preparatory studies for a picture; sometimes he makes none, taking out and painting in when any part of the canvas is not to his liking. In regard to the subject of method he considers himself as still in the experimental stage—and at his age he has the right, perhaps, to do so. On the other hand, he considers himself—a little mournfully, maybe—on the outer verge of that period of life during which, in his view, nearly all the best work in art has been done. In the making of a work of art there is possibly nothing quite so valuable as the inspiration of youth. But youth is a comparative term, and at twenty-nine, with his healthy vigour and geniality, Mr. Snowman has still before him, I fancy, a good long period of youth in the artistic sense.

"BUTTERFLIES." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.
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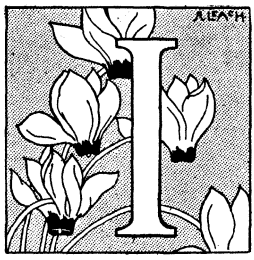
ON THE STAIRS.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.*



IN all the glory of her eighteen summers and the white mists of her evening frock, Lady Molly Calverley emerged from her room on the precise stroke of ten. Immediately across the landing the nursery door burst open, and three white figures flashed forth and came to a hushed pause of breathless wonder and respect before her.

"Oh, Molly!" ejaculated Eilean, with a long, quivering sigh.

"It is rather pretty, isn't it?" said Molly, with the aloofness of one who is, of course, critical and on the whole dispassionately pleased.

"It's *lovely!*" panted Marjorie, who was seven.

"Madame Seraphine hasn't done it badly," acquiesced Molly with an expert air.

"It goes awfully well with your hair, Molly dear," said Marjorie affectionately.

"How absurd!" said Eilean, who was quite fourteen. "Things don't go with your hair, child."

"Yes, they do," maintained Marjorie stoutly. "They go with all sorts of things; don't they, Molly? I've heard mamma say: 'It won't go with my complexion,' and Evelyn's awfully particular what things go with her."

"She'd need to be," said Eilean, turning up her nose.

"It does go with Molly's hair," reiterated Marjorie with tenacity.

"How long shall you stay up?" inquired Eilean.

"Oh, till the ball's over—three o'clock or four," said Molly, with a great display of indifference.

"Oh, Molly, you are a fib!" said ten-year-old Cicely. "I heard mamma say you must be in bed by twelve."

"You little——" Molly turned in anger, but quickly remembered her new dignity. She moved around again with the chilling severity of lofty scorn.

"Molly, do let me button your glove," pleaded Marjorie, and her sister graciously extended her hand. Meanwhile the critical Cicely walked round her, bent on investigation. But the gown passed muster even in her jealous eyes. She pulled Eilean's nightgown.

"Eily, shall we tell her we're going to sit up?"

Eilean gesticulated fiercely. "No; you just shut up, you little fool, or you'll spoil everything. And don't tell Marjorie, either," she added menacingly.

"Well, good night, children," said Molly in her languid Society voice. "Better go to bed. You'll catch cold there." She descended the stairs with leisurely grandeur.

"Isn't she conceited?" whispered Cicely. "I expect Evelyn will take it out of her if she isn't careful."

"What'll Evelyn do, Cicely?" inquired little Marjorie.

"Look here, child, just you go to bed. You can't keep your eyes open," declared Eilean promptly, and marched her small sister back into the nursery.

The stars shone in a clear sky, and that faint, twinkling light alone entered the room. Of this dormitory Eilean was the acknowledged sovereign, and her rule was iron.

Delia, having attained the blissful age of sixteen, had a chamber to herself and other privileges.

Eilean and her companions crept back to bed and waited, Marjorie's sleepy head reposing on the doll she had surreptitiously taken with her.

"Will mamma come in, do you think?" inquired Cicely in a sweet voice through the darkness.

"Of course she won't," responded Eilean with decision.

"But she often does when she's going out," persisted the little girl.

"She's not going out, stupid," said Eilean shortly. "And just you keep quiet, or else Marjorie will not get to sleep. She emphasised the significance of this remark by

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"In all the glory of her eighteen summers and the white mists of her evening frock, Lady Molly Calverley emerged from her room."

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a vehement dig with her fist at her sister's dim form recumbent under the blankets. So silence reigned, and was invaded only by the heavy breathing of Marjorie, to which the others listened with some impatience and anxiety. Presently there was a clatter on the floor, followed by a cry. Marjorie's doll had slipped its mistress's clasp and fallen, and that little mistress was awake and in terror.

"O—oh!" she cried to the darkness. "It's a mouse!"

"It isn't a mouse, you little duffer!" said Eilean angrily. "It's only your rotten doll. If you don't go to sleep, I'll shake you."

But Marjorie, thus acquainted with the misfortune that had befallen her doll, refused to go off until it was found, which at last Cicely succeeded in doing. It was a quarter of an hour later that Eilean sat up.

"Cicely!" she called, but there was no answer.

She got up. "Cicely!" she whispered hard over her sister's bed.

Cicely came out of her sweet first sleep, rubbing her eyes.

"What is it?" she demanded. "It's not time to get up yet."

"You little idiot, don't wake Marjorie. I wish I'd let you sleep and gone without you. It's time to go. The supper will be all ready now."

The word had an instantaneous effect, and Cicely was on her feet, groping in the murk of the room.

Eilean stole to the door and looked down the stairs. "I believe I can see Evelyn," she whispered on her return. "There's ever so many people in the hall. We'd better go by ones, and you cry 'Cave!' if you hear anything."

The door was closed on the murmurous sleep of little Marjorie, and the truants descended slowly.

Meanwhile, Molly, unaware of these Machiavelian designs, had gone down to the ground floor and stopped before the library door. She opened it and peeped in.

"Tiggy, are you ready? Would you like to see me?" she asked exultantly.

There was the sound of a book shutting, and then the Hon. Roger Martin emerged into the light. He was in evening dress and he had an unlighted cigarette in his hand. Deliberately he turned up the gas to its fullest height, and then, placing his glass in his eye, surveyed the girl from head to foot.

"Do you like it, Tiggy?" she asked, displaying some bashfulness under this severe scrutiny.

Tiggy jerked the glass from his eye. "Yes, Molly Bawn," said he. "That is, so far as I have been able to see it yet. This is a matter that cries for deliberation. If you don't mind, Molly, I will light a cigarette and——"

"It will make me smell very smoky," said Molly indignantly.

"My dear, if we keep our distances," suggested Tiggy, "there should be no difficulty in evading that danger. For example, if you will stand in the full brightness of the light, I will retire to the fireplace and give the question of your looks my best consideration."

"Don't be so horrid, Tiggy," said Molly scornfully. "You think things are always to make fun of. Nothing's serious to you."

"Do you think so?" asked Mr. Martin, pausing reflectively with a lighted match in his hand. Then he lit his cigarette. "Perhaps you're right. You see, in forty years one gets to see that nothing *is* serious—not even dressing. But now that I have had time to examine you more particularly, I agree. You do look splendid. I congratulate you, and I will drink your health to-night in my best port."

"In papa's," said Molly smiling.

Again the Honourable Roger appeared to think. He shook his head. "No, Molly Bawn, I think not. You see, I'm too old by reason of my fast-emerging crown to be at home at dances, and——"

"But this is mine—this is the very first I've been at," said Molly mournfully.

"True. I had forgotten. On second thoughts, I will drink it in papa's. You're right. I'll stay."

"Oh, Tiggy, you're a brick!" said Molly, delighted, and seemed as if she were going to throw her arms about her old friend. But Tiggy withdrew a step.

"I'm afraid," he said politely, and indicated the cigarette. "Charming as the embraces of young ladies are to old fogeys, I'm afraid."

Molly made him a grimace and left the library. She remembered that she had yet to show herself to Evelyn—Evelyn, who had endeavoured to postpone her *début* for six months more at least. But Evelyn was already in the ballroom, and thither Molly vanished under her mother's wing, demure, self-contained, and beautiful.

On the first landing two white-clad forms

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were stowed behind the balustrade, under cover of an ancient armchair.

"Eilean," whispered the younger dolefully, "when do you think we can get anything to eat?"

"How can I tell, silly?" was the response. "Possess your souls in patience, as Miss Graham says."

"But I'm tired of seeing all these people; they're not interesting a bit," proclaimed poor Cicely. "That fat man down there has had three ices."

Eilean fumbled in her gown and suddenly produced some chocolates which she munched. "You can have one if you like, Cicely," she said graciously.

Cicely exclaimed quite loudly in her excitement: "Oh! where did you get them? Oh, Eilean, you stole them off the cook's table!"

"No, I didn't, you little, ungrateful wretch!" retorted the elder girl. "If you say that again, you shan't have any."

"Well, I won't, then, Eily," said Cicely penitently. "May I have two?"

"Yes," said Eilean, "but not the big ones." She examined the paper carefully, and they both crouched, munching contentedly.

"Where did you really get them, Eily?" inquired the persistent Cicely.

"Don't ask no questions, and you won't be told no lies, as cook says," remarked Eilean slowly. She rose and hurriedly peeped over the railings. "This is jolly slow. No one there yet. I wonder where Douglas is."

"Oh!" sighed Cicely, "I wish we had some of those cheesecakes that I saw cook making. They are such a nice colour."

"What's it matter what colour they are, stupid? They're awfully good, though. But," said Eilean, with sudden austerity, "you mustn't have any at this time of night. It wouldn't be good for you. You ought to be in bed and asleep."

"So ought you," retorted Cicely.

"Shut up, you little cat!" rejoined Eilean. "If you dare cheek me, I'll—— What's that?" she broke off to ask eagerly.

Below a door creaked and opened, and steps sounded in the hall; both children peered silently through the banisters, all eyes and ears.

"It's Douglas, and he's got something," whispered Eilean in a shout; and in an instant scurried down the stairs, followed by Cicely, flushed and excited, and her fair hair tumbling about her pretty face. Eilean reached the place as the servant came abreast of the wide stairway, a tray in his hand.

"Douglas, Douglas!" cried Cicely from behind, "what have you got there? *Do* let us see."

"Now, then, Lady Eilean, please let me pass," said Douglas.

For answer Eilean whipped something off the tray.

"Tarts, Cicely, tarts," she cried enthusiastically.

"Now, Lady Eilean," protested the unhappy Douglas.

"Oh, what jam?" inquired Cicely breathlessly.

"Strawberry," said Eilean, with her mouth full.

Cicely, too, made her raid, and Douglas backed away, resisting with increasing indignation.

"You should be ashamed of yourselves, big girls like you!" he declared. "And dressed like that, too! I'll tell my lady."

"Look out—*cave!*" cried Eilean in a warning voice, and they vanished up the stairs in a flight of white.

Douglas retired in offended dignity; and suddenly into the hall broke a low tide of music from the ballroom. The sound of voices, too, ascended; then the tide ebbed, as if a door had been shut, but the voices continued. Eilean, from her position of safety, peered down again. She had half a puff in her hand, and Cicely's face was smeared with jam.

"It's Molly," she cried.

Molly it was, and another Molly from the sister they knew and quarrelled with. Her *début* seemed to have crowned Molly with a halo; she lolled rapturously, yet with virginal tranquillity, on a seat below in the company of a young man.

"Thanks, awfully," rose to the listening children. "It's not nearly so hot now. It's so kind of you."

The young man seemed at once pleased and fluttered. "Er—couldn't we—the stairs is a jolly place," he suggested.

"Oh, Eilean, they're coming up!" said Cicely in affright.

"H'sh!" commanded Eilean; "it's only Molly. Who cares?"

Yet her heart was going faster, for there was something rather formidable about Molly to-night. The couple ascended, however, only part of the way and sat on the uncomfortable but traditional seat, staring down into the hall, which was now filling. The children's eyes wandered to the new-

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comers, but returned to Molly, who was, after all, nearer home, and therefore of more immediate interest.

"My word! Just look at her!" commented Eilean. "Doesn't she just fancy herself?"

"I know who she's got there," volunteered Cicely. "It's 'Goggles.'"

Eilean nudged her to invite her silent attention, for "Goggles" was speaking.

"Will you allow me? There is a lock of your hair——"

"Thanks, awfully much," came in Molly's languid accents.

"Who's 'Goggles'?" asked Eilean, in a whisper.

"Mr. Galbraith," said Cicely, with satisfaction at her own knowledge. "He wears glasses, and he can't see anything without them. That's him. He called on mamma and broke a vase, and said 'Awfully sorry,' and then sat down on his hat."

"I s'pose that's why he's looking so closely at Molly," suggested Eilean. "I wouldn't let a man come so near me."

"Not if he gave you chocolates enough?" inquired Cicely, with interest.

Eilean struggled with her high principles and all but foundered. "N—n—o," she returned at last.

"Awfully good dance, wasn't it?" said "Goggles," below.

He was over-young and greatly self-conscious, particularly of his hands; whereas Molly was serenely placid.

"Awfully," she agreed, and, as the conversation threatened to languish, made a desperate effort. "What kind of dance do you think the best?"

"Oh, the waltz is the only dance, don't you know," said her partner, and in his fervour knocked down her fan, which he recovered after fulsome apologies.

"So do I. Waltzing's heavenly," said Molly; adding: "Of course, if you have a partner who can dance."

"What rot are they talking?" asked Eilean. "What did she say?"

"She says waltzing's heavenly," said Cicely.

"Isn't she putting on side? She can't waltz at all. Miss Graham told her so."

"'Goggles's' nose is rather red," observed Cicely critically.

"I wish they'd go," said Eilean discontentedly; "I want to creep into Douglas's pantry."

Meanwhile, Mr. Galbraith had been whipping up his mental resources and now braced himself.

"Do you know, Lady Molly, of whom you remind me?" he asked in agitation.

"No, I haven't the least idea," answered she with demure indifference.

"Don't you know that poem of Tennyson's?" he went on with even greater emotion —"Elaine, you know, the lily maid of Astolat —Tennyson's, don't you know. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, no," said Molly, with increasing languor.

"What does he say?" inquired Eilean.

"He says she's a lily," said sharp-eared Cicely. Eilean giggled and then choked her laughter with a restraining hand.

"Oh, my!" she whispered. "I call her a daisy."

"I thought you and she were chums," said Cicely.

"So we were till yesterday," assented her sister. "But she told Miss Graham I ought to be smacked. It's all this ball."

"She slapped me this morning," said Cicely meditating. "They are beasts. I do wish they'd go."

"Whom did you say I was like?" inquired Molly after a pause. It would be nice to put that down, and she had clean forgotten.

"Elaine," said the young man, trembling —"the beautiful girl who died and drifted down in a barge, you know, with her fair young face looking upwards to the heavens. Tennyson's 'Idylls,' you know."

"Of course," said Molly vaguely, and assumed by slow degrees an attitude more consistent with this evidently lovely and interesting creature. But Eilean had caught this and once more had to choke herself.

"Her fair young face turned up to heaven! Look at her fair young face! Ain't she turning it up?" she commented.

"You know Tennyson well, of course, Lady Molly?" went on "Goggles," encouraged by his success.

"Oh, yes, *well*," asseverated Molly with emphasis.

"Who does she say she knows?" asked Eilean of her sister.

"I don't know—Dennison or something," said Cicely sleepily.

"I'm very glad you like poetry," pursued Mr. Galbraith. "I think it's—well, it catches hold of you somehow, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I adore poetry. I'm always reading it," said Molly rapturously.

"Oh, what a story!" remarked the critic above. "She never reads anything. How she can tell such lies!"

"What are you going to do, Eily?"

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demanded Cicely in an awed whisper, for Eilean had risen to her feet.

"I'm going to frighten them. They're talking such muck," said that young lady elegantly, and coughed very loudly and pointedly. There was criticism, there was sarcasm, and there was condemnation in that cough. Galbraith started nervously, and Molly gave a jump, but Eilean had dropped behind her barricade again.

"Do you think——" began the young man nervously. "I thought——"

"The couple ascended, however, only part of the way."

Molly knew well enough what it was. "It's those beastly children," she thought, but aloud said only graciously and nervously: "I don't think——" and came to a pause.

"Did she see you?" asked Cicely in alarm.

"No," said Eilean, "but she knows we're here now. I gave her a fright. She won't be able to carry on now. Why, he's got closer again. She *is* a sly cat."

"What I like about poetry, you know," resumed poor "Goggles," "is that it seems to—to—well—to ennoble you, don't you know. Don't you feel that, Lady Molly?"

"Often," said Molly.

"Rats!" said Eilean in a loud whisper from above.

"Goggles" cast an apprehensive glance towards the ceiling.

"It's all right. He won't see us," said Eilean. "He hasn't got his glasses on."

But Molly did. Her colour rose as she was aware now of two white forms that grinned at her over the balustrade in the confidence of their security; and she paid the young man but scant attention. He had warmed to his theme under the stimulus of success.

"Poetry elevates, I think—gives you ideals, you know. Most men want some influence of that sort. Do you know, Lady Molly, that I think men are awful beasts, really, compared with women. Women are on a different plane, don't you know—on a higher, loftier plane——"

As he paused tremulously, Molly put in a civil and gracious "Do you think so?" adding to that a frown slantwise at the

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abominable children. "Go to bed, you little beasts!"

This, being a fine aside, escaped the ardent youth, who continued: "I'm sure I don't know what we should do without women. I'm afraid we should come to grief awfully."

"Oh, you'd get on quite well," said Molly sweetly, and the shafts of her angry eyes penetrated the heartless breasts of her sisters.

"Woman," said "Goggles" sententiously, "is so much more delicate, more refined in her mind than——"

"Beasts!" ejaculated Molly under her breath. "Go away!"

"—kinder, more considerate of the feelings of others," continued "Goggles" more complacently, "and more saintlike, if I may say so."

"Do you really think so?" languished Molly, but suddenly started to her feet. "I must go now."

The door below had opened again and admitted into the hall a confident-looking man of five-and-thirty, with a quizzical expression. His gaze took in the stairs with a humorous twinkle.

"What, Lady Molly, not dancing, and on such an occasion?" he said.

"Lady Molly was suffering from the heat——" began "Goggles" with dignity.

"Ah, to be sure," said the new-comer. "I suffer from the heat myself, too, sometimes, and can sympathise."

"It was very hot in the smaller room, Mr. Miles," said Molly with a certain timidity which she had not displayed before.

"Was it?" said Miles. "Well, I found it very hot in the conservatory. It is odd how many places are too hot on these occasions. I hope you're cooler now." He examined her intently. "Yes, you must have been hot. I can see your face is still very much flushed. Allow me to recommend that you cool down a little more; and if Mr. Galbraith will allow me——" He ended with a glance at this latter, who, however, did not budge. But Molly turned on him very chillingly.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Galbraith, to have brought me out of the heat," said she politely. "I am so much obliged to you."

"There, she's going to turn off 'Goggles' now she's got Miles. Isn't she a cat?" observed Eilean to Cicely.

Poor "Goggles" was a little taken aback. "Oh, don't mention it," he said. "It was nothing. I'm glad——" But apparently he did not see that he was now expected to go, cast as rubbish to the void, his task fulfilled.

"Yes, I think you're distinctly getting cooler, Lady Molly," asserted Miles with his twinkle. "And since Lady Molly Calverley is so much cooler, Mr. Galbraith, your kind offices are evidently at an end."

"I rather like Mr. Miles," remarked Eilean pensively. "He does talk such a lot of rubbish."

"Lady Molly——" began the unhappy "Goggles" timidly, but was forthwith interrupted.

"Oh, Mr. Galbraith," said Molly sweetly, "would you be so good as to see if you can find Miss Graham for me? It would be so kind of you. Thanks awfully."

Muttering awkwardly that he would be delighted, but not looking delighted, the youth went.

"Why, Graham's out. She knows that well enough," observed the critical Eilean.

"Now, that was very clever of you, Lady Molly," said Miles approvingly. "How do you women manage to do things so neatly? That was really knowing."

"Oh, we have to manage sometimes," said Molly demurely.

"Dear me!" said the man, leaning back in the seat they had taken, "I hope you'll never get rid of me like that."

"Oh, Mr. Miles!" protested Molly. "But he's only a boy."

"And I——" said Miles. "Yes, I'm quite aware I'm almost an old man. Let me see, how old are you?"

"Guess," said Molly archly.

"Thirty," said he. Molly laughed, and shook her head. "Thirty-five." She laughed louder.

"I believe you're just pretending," she said.

"I have it now," said he; and in answer to the eager question of her eyes. "You're just half as old as I am."

"Oh, but," protested Molly, "that isn't a proper guess."

"Oh, yes, it is," he avowed. "I know my own age, and yours is just half."

"Well, but how——" began Molly, puzzled. "I don't know yours, you see."

"Ah, well, it's your turn to guess, then," said Miles. Molly buried her nose in her bouquet. "I couldn't," she said coquettishly.

"Try," said the man encouragingly.

"Are you — are you," asked Molly cautiously, "thirty-six?"

"How clever of you!" said he with

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PENRHYN STANLAWS.

"'I am deputed by Lady Templeton to take you to the supper-room.'"

enthusiasm. "I never thought you would have guessed it."

"It was clever, wasn't it?" said Molly delightedly, "for I really thought you must be older."

"And it was clever of me to guess you were eighteen, wasn't it?"

"Ah, but you had three shots," said Molly, triumphantly rocking herself with her hands clasped about her knee.

"What are they talking about now?" inquired Eilean above.

"He says he's thirty-six," said Cicely.

"Why, what a cram! I believe he's about fifty," remarked Eilean bluffly.

"I wonder when he'll die?" said Cicely without much curiosity.

"Well, now, Lady Molly, do you think I'm old enough?" inquired Miles with a feint of great earnestness.

"Old enough?" she echoed in wonder.

"I mean, to be married," said he.

Molly resumed her rocking and answered carelessly: "Oh, of course."

Mr. Miles regarded his finger-nails with a frown. "Yet no one will have me," he said moodily.

Molly stopped rocking again, for this was getting interesting. "Have you asked them?" she said, and, when he nodded dismally—

"Were they—really nice?"

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"Very," he assented, sighing.

This was more interesting than ever. "Why wouldn't they have you?" she inquired.

"I couldn't marry all of them, you see," said Mr. Miles reproachfully.

"No, but I mean——" said Molly, thrown thus into confusion of mind; and then her brain cleared. "You didn't ask them all at the same time?" she inquired with astonishment.

"Some of them," confessed Mr. Miles with another sigh.

"Oh!" said Molly aghast, and came to a pause. "That was very wicked."

"It was. I am very wicked," agreed Mr. Miles.

Molly rose. "I'm afraid I must be going now," she said firmly.

"Please don't go *just* yet," pleaded Mr. Miles. "I want to ask your advice very seriously. Do you think anyone would marry me?"

Molly looked at him doubtfully. She had a sort of distrust of him, but he seemed very grave, and it was flattering.

"Of course, someone might," she said. "I don't think you are too old at all."

"No?" said Mr. Miles humbly.

"But——" continued Molly. He waited, expectant, "—you're *rather* old," she said with brutal frankness.

"I suppose I am," assented Mr. Miles, again sighing.

"Everyone wouldn't think so," Molly hastened to assure him.

"Really?" he inquired with spirit.

"At least—perhaps," added Molly conscientiously.

Mr. Miles appeared to relapse once more into gloom. "Oh, well," he said with resignation, "I suppose I can go down to the grave, unloved and unhonoured. So you don't think anyone really could care for me?"

Molly shifted in her seat a little uncomfortably. "I'm sure that someone—at least—of course, someone could," she answered remorsefully.

"Ah, but what sort of person?" he inquired quickly.

"Oh, a very nice person, I'm sure," said Molly distantly. "Someone——"

"Yes, someone——?" he encouraged her.

"Someone you'd like," said Molly vaguely.

"She'd have to be younger than I am," said Mr. Miles.

"Oh, yes," said Molly.

"Much younger," he insisteo.

Molly dubiously agreed "Ye—es."

"About half my age, I should say?" he declared with a little interrogation. But Molly did not reply. "And she must have grey eyes." Molly cast a glance at him and then dropped hers hastily. "And brown hair," concluded Mr. Miles.

Molly was fluttered, even frightened, and yet—— O marvellous sex, in which so many passions have reign and make anarchy at once! Pride, fear, maidenly modesty, delicious thrills of vanity, and a certain formidable fascination were at war in a tremulous frame.

"I—I must really be going," she pronounced, rising.

"Going?" he echoed. "Why, when we were getting on so nicely! And you were giving me such good advice!"

"I—I really must go," persisted Molly, but somehow she didn't.

"Now, where were we?" went on Mr. Miles in his most even voice. "Oh, we were talking about you. Do sit down. That's right."

"About me?" said Molly, with a fresh flutter.

"Certainly. I was saying something about your eyes and your hair."

"Indeed, you were——" began Molly, but was drowned by his fluency.

"And, oh, yes, I remember now. You were saying that you could quite understand anyone caring for me, and——"

"Oh, I was not, Mr. Miles!" cried Molly with some heat. "I said—I was saying——" she stammered in her confusion.

But here chance came to her rescue, for "Tiggy" suddenly appeared in the hall and addressed her.

"Lady Templeton has been asking for you, Molly," he said, and eyed Mr. Miles askew through his glass. Mr. Miles sat on, cheerful, unruffled. Molly rose in a little alarm, and Mr. Miles rose also.

"May I take you back?" said he.

"I will take Lady Molly Calverley back, thank you," said Tiggy.

Mr. Miles showed his teeth in a pleasant smile and vanished. Tiggy looked after him reflectively. Then he was aware that Molly was asking a question. He turned.

"Yes, she was, but she is not any longer," he said in his deliberate way.

"Oh!" said Molly.

"And I am deputed by Lady Templeton to take you to the supper-room," pursued Tiggy, rubbing his eyeglass with his handkerchief.

"I'm not all hungry, thank you," said Molly loftily.

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"In that case we will sit here a little," said Tiggy, planting himself in Mr. Miles's vacated chair. Molly's face was cross, but at last she sat down.

"I want to dance," she said fretfully.

"So I have perceived for some time," said Tiggy; "and if you will spare me a moment to recover from the efforts of my waltz with the Duchess, I will with pleasure give you the next."

"You are absurd, Tiggy," said Molly with a little laugh, which, neverthless, did not hide her vexation.

"So," resumed Tiggy, "that is Mr. Miles, is it?"

"Yes," said Molly, pretending to cover a little yawn.

"A nice fellow?" inquired Tiggy.

"Very," said Molly with emphasis. "Quite charming."

Tiggy played with his chain and surveyed his companion's profile meditatively; she tapped her feet on the floor and looked indifferently about the hall. Somehow Tiggy was being treated differently—she did not know why. It seemed a special occasion on which people assumed imaginary and heroic values. Why, here was poor old Tiggy being held at arm's length and used with Society hauteur! She had never fenced with Tiggy before, but now she was insensibly drawn into it. Was it being grown up of a sudden? She stared now at Tiggy with interest. Had he assumed new and strange proportions? And if so, why?

"He's rather old," said Tiggy, an eyelid flickering.

"Not at all," said Molly with contemptuous disdain. "He's only thirty-six."

"Oh, that's young, is it? Then when does age begin? I am anxious to learn?"

"At forty," said Molly, with the cruelty of wantonness.

If Tiggy winced inside, he did not show it. All he said was "Ah!" He might have said more but for an interruption from the gallery.

The gallery had been very quiet for some time, for, if the truth must be known, it had fallen asleep; but now it woke up in some alarm at discovering where it was.

"Oh, goodness!" said Eilean, after rubbing her eyes, "if there isn't Molly still with that man!"

Cicely's appearance with dishevelled hair was of one to whom mundane and mortal considerations made no immediate appeal. Her soul, vanished from her vacant eyes, was wandering in fairyland.

"'No, but I wanted to refuse him,' said Lady Molly reflectively, and she found her way to the door. 'And Mr. Miles, too,' she said from the distance. 'Good night.'"

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"Let's give her another fright," said daring Eilean.

Cicely sat up and stared. "Come on," said the elder child, and moved furtively down the stairs. Cicely, half asleep, stumbled after her without any proper consciousness of what was going on.

"Booh!" cried Eilean suddenly and loudly over the balustrade.

Molly shrieked; the Honourable Roger Martin started.

"Jiminy, it's only Tiggy!" said Eilean regretfully.

"Yes, only Tiggy," said that gentleman; "alas! only Tiggy."

"We thought it was Miles," explained Eilean frankly.

"An excusable mistake," remarked the Honourable Roger suavely.

"You little wretches, if you don't go to bed, I'll tell Evelyn at once!" said Molly vindictively.

Eilean and Cicely retreated up the stairs. "You daren't!" called back the blackmailers in defiance. "We know too much. We've been sitting here all the time."

Tiggy shook his head sorrowfully. "All right, Tiggy; we're really going," said Eilean, and they vanished. The gallery had given expression to its feelings and was content; but it went to bed hungry.

The periodical inundation into the hall flooded Molly and her partner immediately afterwards, and they drifted away in separate directions. As a matter of fact, Roger Martin went home, walking slowly through the cool night air to the Albany. And it was not so very much later that Lady Molly was obliged to obey the stern commands of her elder sister, Evelyn, and seek her Cinderella couch. There she sat on her bed triumphant, counting up her gains and victories.

"It was only because I looked so well that Evelyn sent me to bed," she mused. "She was jealous, I know. Young Galbraith admired me, and Sir William Graves, and old Buckle, and Mr. Miles, and——"

A sudden thought took her, and she opened her door and stepped stealthily across to the nursery. The noise of heavy breathing reached her. She entered soundlessly and crept up to the bed which she knew to be Eilean's. Then she shook the sleeping girl with discreet violence.

Eilean opened her eyes drowsily. "What is it?" she asked. "It's not time yet, I'm sure."

"Eily, wake up, you pig!" said Molly, strenuously using her arms.

Eilean sat up. "What's the matter?" she asked vacantly.

"I've just come to tell you that your conduct has been disgraceful, and I will certainly complain to mother," said Molly, in whom the passion of resentment was now flaring. "Exhibiting yourself like that, too!"

Eilean was now wide awake. "Well, and you behaved disgracefully, too,' she retorted, "with that man Miles."

"You don't understand, child," said Molly loftily. "I'm grown up."

There was naturally something clinching in this argument, and Eilean's ready tongue failed on this occasion.

There was the noise of someone moving on another bed.

"You see," said Molly, following up her victory, "I can be engaged if I like now."

"Oh, Molly, are you engaged?" cried Cicely ecstatically and shrilly from her corner.

"Not yet," said Molly with dignity. "I am in no hurry. I'm going to pick very carefully." Then, as her thoughts went back to the evening, a wrong revived in her memory. "And if it hadn't been for you little beasts, Mr. Galbraith would have proposed to me—and Mr. Miles, too."

"Goggles—that fool!" ejaculated Eilean. "But you wouldn't have had him?"

"No, but I wanted to refuse him," said Lady Molly reflectively, and she found her way to the door. "And Mr. Miles, too," she said from the distance. "Good night."

"And Tiggy—and Tiggy, too!" cried Cicely breathlessly, but Molly was already gone.

THE WAYS OF OUR RAILWAYS.

By CHARLES H. GRINLING.

No. I.—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE COMPANIES.

"HOW many railway companies are there in the United Kingdom?" would be a question which would "floor" most examinees, if set in a "general knowledge" paper. Everybody knows the names of the great lines—London and North-Western, Great Western, Midland, Great Northern, and so on; but few people, I fancy, would be able to name off-hand as many as fifty railways in Great Britain and Ireland. Those who could do this would, perhaps, allow fifty more for lines they might never have heard of, or the names of which they had forgotten, and "chance" the answer to the question as "About one hundred."

As a matter of fact, there are double that number in England and Wales alone, and about twenty-five each in Scotland and Ireland, making a total of fully two hundred and fifty separately constituted companies, between whose ownership are divided the 22,150 miles of our railway system. The properties of about one hundred of these companies, however, are what are known as "leased" or "worked" lines. In both these cases the working of the traffic is carried on by a company owning an adjacent railway. The basis of a lease is usually the payment of a guaranteed dividend by the working to the owning company, whereas a simple working arrangement is usually based on a percentage division of the gross receipts between the two. There are also about twenty-five companies included in the total of two hundred and fifty whose capital has not yet been issued, and whose lines are therefore unmade, whilst several small lines have been allowed by their owners to become derelict.

As is well known, the tendency of British development has been for the lines to be constructed by small companies of local promoters, and subsequently amalgamated or absorbed into larger systems. The Great Western Railway Company, for example, has built up its great system of 2,662 miles—the longest in the United Kingdom—by swallowing nearly two hundred lesser companies. Yet, notwithstanding amalgamations, leases, and working arrangements, there still remain a number of small railway companies up and down the country whose spratlike undertakings have, for various reasons, failed to tempt the appetites of the whales of our railway world. Some of these, of course, owe their independence to some peculiarity in construction or motive power which tends to isolate them from their neighbours. To this class belong the London tubes, the overhead railway in Liverpool, the toy lines which wind round the mountain sides in North Wales, the cable subway in Glasgow, and that Irish freak—the Listowel and Ballybunion mono-rail—which a year or two ago, it was thought, might turn out not to be a freak after all, but the father of the railway of the future—the so-called "lightning express." But, in addition to all these, there are several companies who continue not only to own, but to work, surprisingly small standard lines. The least of this class is the Easingwold Railway Company, which since 1891 has worked a line two and a half miles in length, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and whose total rolling stock consists of one locomotive and two passenger carriages. Compare this with the London and North-Western's stock of 3,050 locomotives and 86,037 other vehicles. Then there is the Bideford, Westward Ho! and Appledore Railway, with five miles of line, three locomotives, and thirteen vehicles; or, to take a little larger example, the Colne Valley and Halstead, whose nineteen miles of line are like an island in the midst of the Great Eastern's sea.

Nevertheless, the bulk of the railway system of the United Kingdom is concentrated in the hands of a comparatively few companies. The undertakings comprising more than 100

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TABLES ILLUSTRATING CONSTITUTION OF RAILWAY COMPANIES IN UNITED KINGDOM OWNING OVER 100 MILES OF LINE.

N.B.—The figures are taken from the latest Government Returns.

Name of Company.	Length in Miles.	Paid-up Capital.	Shareholders.		Number of Locomotives.	Number of Other Vehicles.	Number of Engine Drivers and Firemen.	Number of Guards and Brakesmen.	Number of Signalmen.	Number of Ticket Examiners.
			Number.	Average Holding.						
England and Wales.		£		£						
Cambrian	252	5,021,377	2,557	1,942	85	2,549	178	61	63	17
Cheshire Lines	140	—	—	—	—	—	—	125	324	30
Furness	134	7,667,998	6,141	1,249	130	7,952	138	47	103	17
Great Central	495	43,766,560	30,035	1,451	1,046	31,432	2,790	783	1,048	98
Great Eastern	1,109	54,139,217	35,020	1,452	1,080	32,120	2,270	756	1,302	118
Great Northern	832	57,522,259	33,049	1,738	1,326	42,011	2,619	1,185	1,413	186
Great Western	2,662	89,125,366	56,348	1,574	2,107	66,831	5,694	2,474	2,682	476
Lancashire and Yorkshire	559	65,309,864	31,013	2,092	1,427	35,017	2,150	1,174	1,767	179
London and North-Western	1,937	121,214,349	78,165	1,541	3,050	86,037	8,550	2,957	2,630	297
London and South-Western	916	47,550,464	26,517	1,776	734	18,115	2,000	764	1,071	225
London, Brighton and South Coast	454	27,073,752	21,770	1,231	535	13,211	1,150	564	602	129
Midland*	1,460	180,643,275	75,793	2,379	2,782	123,806	6,857	3,451	2,992	395
Midland and Great Northern Joint	182	1,200,000	1,411	850	101	785	192	70	144	11
North-Eastern	1,661	75,042,525	54,012	1,374	2,142	102,291	4,395	1,667	2,212	286
North Staffordshire	193	10,189,463	6,218	1,647	163	6,639	389	242	301	31
Somerset and Dorset	101	2,456,209	411	7,680	73	1,476	143	57	75	10
South-Eastern and Chatham	624	30,685,323 (S.E.) 27,773,752 (Chat.)	17,371 (S.E.) 15,633 (Chat.)	1,720 (S.E.) 1,773 (Chat.)	734	15,766	1,683	999	984	134
Taff Vale	124	9,356,139	6,347	1,448	198	2,905	534	365	230	24

* To which should be added the figures of the Belfast and Northern Counties Line, given under the head of "Ireland."

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Name of Company.	Length in Miles.	Paid-up Capital.	Shareholders.		Number of Locomotives.	Number of Other Vehicles.	Number of Engine Drivers and Firemen.	Number of Guards and Brakesmen.	Number of Signalmen.	Number of Ticket Examiners.
			Number.	Average Holding.						
Scotland.		£		£						
Caledonian	959	63,614,857	38,995	1,598	902	65,830	2,249	1,147	1,221	145
Glasgow and South-Western .	405	23,412,979	12,868	1,781	380	18,587	962	403	534	68
Great North	331	7,191,796	5,740	1,174	115	4,287	186	105	140	24
Highland	485	6,573,883	7,048	932	149	3,277	250	102	182	30
North British	1,303	61,127,597	33,841	1,788	835	66,623	2,561	1,256	1,331	202
Ireland.										
Belfast and Northern Counties *	249	2,896,049	3,724	777	73	2,648	146	45	77	23
Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford	144	2,523,377	3,194	790	58	1,179	98	43	79	7
Great Northern	533	7,945,689	9,100	871	151	5,150	302	116	233	22
Great Southern and Western	1,077	13,602,924	15,012	874	267	7,702	517	169	340	33
Midland Great Western . .	538	6,433,462	7,926	810	131	3,319	208	91	158	12

* This line now forms part of the system of the Midland Railway Company.

miles apiece are eighteen in England and Wales, and five each in Scotland and Ireland. Three of the English eighteen are under the control of Joint Committees of the Boards of some of the others—*viz.*, the Midland and Great Northern Joint Railway, the Cheshire Lines (which are the joint property of the Midland, Great Northern, and Great Central), and the Somerset and Dorset (which is "joint" between the London and South-Western and the Midland). This leaves only fifteen separate companies in control of nearly 14,000 out of the 15,358 miles of railway in England and Wales.† In Scotland, practically the whole system of 3,580 miles is divided between five working companies, with the qualification that two of the big English companies—the North-Western and the Midland—assist the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western in the management of the Portpatrick and Wigtownshire Joint line, which is eighty-two miles in length. In Ireland, one

† I reckon the South-Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover as virtually one company, though they retain separate constitutions for certain very limited purposes.

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railway—the Belfast and Northern Counties—249 miles in length—has since July 1, 1903, been the property of the Midland Railway Company of England; and another, the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford—144 miles—is closely connected with the London and North-Western. The three remaining big companies account for over 2,000 of the 2,985 miles, which (exclusive of State-aided "light" lines) comprise the railway system of Ireland. (See Tables on pp. 62–63.)

In point of capital and income—though not in length of mileage—the London and North-Western is the premier railway company of the United Kingdom. The Midland, it is true, has a nominal capital of 180 millions, as compared with the 121 millions of the North-Western; but, whereas the whole of the latter sum had actually been subscribed and expended in cash, nearly 74 millions of the Midland's total is what is vulgarly known as "water." To water the capital of a company is to credit the stockholders with the possession of amounts of stock in excess of those for which they have actually paid. In most cases where our railway companies have resorted to this device, the "watering" process has been accompanied by "splitting"—*i.e.*, the stocks have been converted into equal or unequal parts, called respectively "preferred" and "deferred." The object of this last-named operation, which was initiated by the Great Northern Railway Company as long ago as 1848, is to attach a practically assured dividend—usually four per cent.—to the preferred part of the holding, leaving the deferred as a speculative attraction for Stock Exchange operators. It was found that holdings thus divided gained in value on the market, and "Conversion Trusts" were formed to buy up large blocks of stock and split them unofficially. Several of the large companies thereupon decided upon official conversion, but this policy has lately received a check by the action of the Inland Revenue Commissioners in demanding the payment of stamp duty upon the nominal increase. By a decision of the House of Lords in 1902, the Midland Railway Company was adjudged to pay a total sum of £108,000 under this head, together with the costs of prolonged litigation with the Commissioners. By issuing stocks at a discount, many of the companies have created nominal capital, but the amount of this has probably been fully offset by the premiums on their issues received by the more prosperous concerns.

In round figures, one thousand million sovereigns have been sunk in the railway system of the United Kingdom, and were the British Government to decide to buy up the companies' properties as going concerns—under the terms of the Railway Regulation Act of 1844—the price fixed would probably considerably exceed that sum.

The railway capital of the United Kingdom is divided into about 800,000 shareholdings, the owners of which are the rulers of this vast national property. The theory is that two-thirds of the money spent upon a railway goes in the construction of the permanent way, stations, etc., and the other third in the purchase of the equipment; and Parliament allows loans to be raised to the extent of the value of the latter. The people who provide these loans—known as the debenture-holders—can, of course, foreclose if their interest be not paid, and put in a receiver to intercept the revenue, but, apart from such extreme measures, they have no control over the administration. This rests with the "preferential" and "ordinary" shareholders, who, in theory, govern our railways as completely as the Houses of Parliament govern the country.

But just as our real Government consists of the Ministers of the Crown, so the real administrators of the railways are the directors. These directors are, of course, themselves shareholders, just as the members of the Government are also members of Parliament; but in neither case does the appointment of the executive actually come from the deliberative body. The Crown appoints the Ministers; railway directors appoint their own colleagues. When a vacancy upon a railway Board occurs, a new director is chosen by the remaining members from the list of shareholders on the register; the general body of shareholders have no voice in the matter. But, just as a Constitutional Government cannot exist without the support of a majority in Parliament, so a railway Board cannot live without the confidence of a majority of the shareholders. At every shareholders' half-yearly meeting the names of certain directors who retire by rotation are submitted for re-election, and this rule affords constantly recurring opportunities of testing the confidence of the proprietors in their executive. In the ordinary way changes in railway Boards are brought about by death or voluntary retirement, but in numerous cases votes of no confidence have been passed at the half-yearly and other occasional meetings, and a part or the whole of the directors

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have consequently resigned or been dismissed, to make room for others more acceptable to the general body of the shareholders. Moreover, the shareholders directly nominate and elect the auditors, whose special duty it is to see that the Board does not deviate from the paths of sound finance.

The ordinary meetings of the shareholders are held twice a year, about a week after the issue of the directors' report on the previous half-year's working. "Extraordinary" or "special" meetings are also occasionaly held at other times, but in cases where the special business is merely a formality required by law, and not a real exigency of the company's business, these extraordinary meetings are commonly held immediately after the ordinary proceedings, to save trouble to all concerned. Meetings of shareholders held to approve Bills promoted by railway companies in Parliament are frequently called "Wharncliffe" meetings, after the peer of that name who was responsible for the enactment making such approval necessary.

THE ENTRANCE TO EUSTON STATION.

point of capital and income—though not in length of mileage—the London and North-Western is the premier railway company of the United Kingdom.

As there are 78,000 shareholders in the London and North-Western Railway Company, nearly 76,000 in the Midland, and over 50,000 in the Great Western and North-Eastern, it might be thought that the largest halls in the kingdom would have to be requisitioned for the half-yearly meetings of these and other large railways. As a matter of fact, most of the great companies have halls on their own premises big enough to accommodate the very small percentage of proprietors who usually take the trouble to attend these railway parliaments. As a rule, the gathering consists of a hundred or so shareholders—mostly men, but with here and there a member of the gentler sex—reinforced by a dozen or so of the company's staff at the back of the room, and some twenty or more reporters who, with their pencils and notebooks, range themselves on the outer side of the directors' table. Punctually at the appointed hour the chairman enters the hall from an anteroom, followed in single file by his colleagues, the principal officers of the company bringing up the rear. The directors seat themselves in a row at the table facing the reporters, the chairman taking the middle place, with the secretary on his right and the solicitor on his left. Immediately behind him sit the general manager and the accountant—to prompt him, if necessary—and the other officers sit or stand farther in the rear. The secretary rises at the chairman's call to read "the notice convening the meeting." Next, the chairman affixes the seal of the company to the register of shareholders, perhaps adding some information as to how their numbers stand as compared with the date of the last gathering. Then he commences his half-yearly address, which usually lasts from half an hour to an hour.

The delivery of a successful half-yearly speech by a railway chairman is a duty requiring the exercise of considerable ability and tact. Particularly is this the case when the dividend is "down" and the shareholders have assembled with a sense of grievance. They listen to the chairman's explanations in stolid silence, and where he had mentally counted upon an encouraging "Hear, hear," not a note of approbation is heard. A strong chairman will, under these circumstances, seek to disarm criticism by himself dwelling upon such unfavourable symptoms as promise amendment in the near future, thereby at once administering solace to the shareholders and diverting attention from the really unhealthy symptoms—if any—as to which it would be awkward were inquiry to be made.

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A less tactful speaker will endeavour to make out that all is *couleur de rose*, and so give the critics openings which more skilful handling would have closed to them. A magnetic chairman—and these are the men who make great names in the world of companies—will so pervade the whole atmosphere with his own cheery optimism that in half an hour the ill-humour of the meeting will have vanished and the shareholders will be laughing heartily even over their own misfortunes.

After the chairman's speech, and the formal seconding by the deputy-chairman of the motion for the adoption of the report and accounts, comes the opportunity for the oratorical shareholder. There are some half-dozen men, and at least one woman, who, owning shares in a large number of railway companies, the dividends on which apparently relieve them from the necessity of regular work, find occupation for a couple of weeks in each year in attending railway meetings and indulging an innate propensity for speechifying. These individuals, when not too long-winded, afford comic relief to otherwise monotonous proceedings; but, beginning as amusing cranks, one or two of them have degenerated, under the encouragement of indiscreet applause or mention in the Press, into the category of insufferable bores. Their inconsequent and trivial remarks cast discredit upon the value of shareholders' criticisms, and discourage better-informed speakers whose comments might be serviceable.

Another class of time-wasters at railway meetings are the shareholders with local or personal grievances, who catechise the chairman as to the unpunctual running of particular trains, the alleged inadequacy of the service in their own neighbourhood, or the want of deference shown to them by the stationmasters or porters. Such complaints as these should properly be addressed to the general manager, and no wise chairman allows himself to be lured into a discussion of them at the half-yearly gatherings; but the shareholder with a crotchet is hard to repress. On the other hand, the persistent heckler—so well known at political meetings—is not very often heard at the railway parliaments; and it is somewhat astonishing how often matters of vital importance to a company are altogether ignored, both in the chairman's speech and in the subsequent discussion. The explanation probably is that the well-informed shareholder usually understands the value of reticence in business matters, while the talker has not enough knowledge to enable him to "touch the spot."

In truth, the really influential railway shareholders are generally those who attend the meetings only by "proxy." Whenever an important issue has to be decided, on which the directors are in any doubt as to the views of the shareholders, they take pains to fortify themselves with a goodly collection of papers in the following form: "I, John Smith, one of the proprietors of the Great North, South, East and West Railway, do hereby appoint"—here the name of the chairman of the company will be inserted—"to be my proxy in my absence to vote in my name in such manner as the said proxy shall think proper, upon any matter or question which shall be proposed at the forthcoming general meeting of the proprietors of the said company," etc. If the signatures to these forms of proxy represent the holders of a majority of the preferential and ordinary shares, then the directors know their seats are safe; nevertheless, the chairman usually does not reveal the strength of his position, but endeavours to get the policy of the Board confirmed in open meeting. Should there be an organised opposition which also holds proxies, a poll will be demanded; and then is the time for the chairman to announce the voting power at his back. If this be insufficient to give an absolute majority to the Board, scrutineers have to be appointed, and the votes of all the shareholders present are taken down to add to the proxies. As a rule, however, the proxies alone are sufficient to give an absolute majority either to the Board or to their opponents, in which latter case, of course, the resignation of the Board is the necessary consequence.

A directorship of a British or Irish railway is a coveted position, not mainly on account of the salary attached—which is seldom more, and generally less, than £500 a year—but for many other reasons. For one thing, the very *élite* of the land—the Royal Family only excepted—meet in the railway Board-rooms, and it is pleasant to be able to claim a duke or an ex-Cabinet Minister as one's colleague in business. To be permitted to travel free over the railways of the land by virtue of a gold medal dangling from one's watch-chain is also an agreeable thing in its way. But the vast majority of our railway directors have taken office for much weightier reasons: either they have large family holdings of the companies' stocks to look after, or the efficient working of the railway and the timely extension of its facilities are of vital importance to their own businesses. The former is the explanation of the presence on

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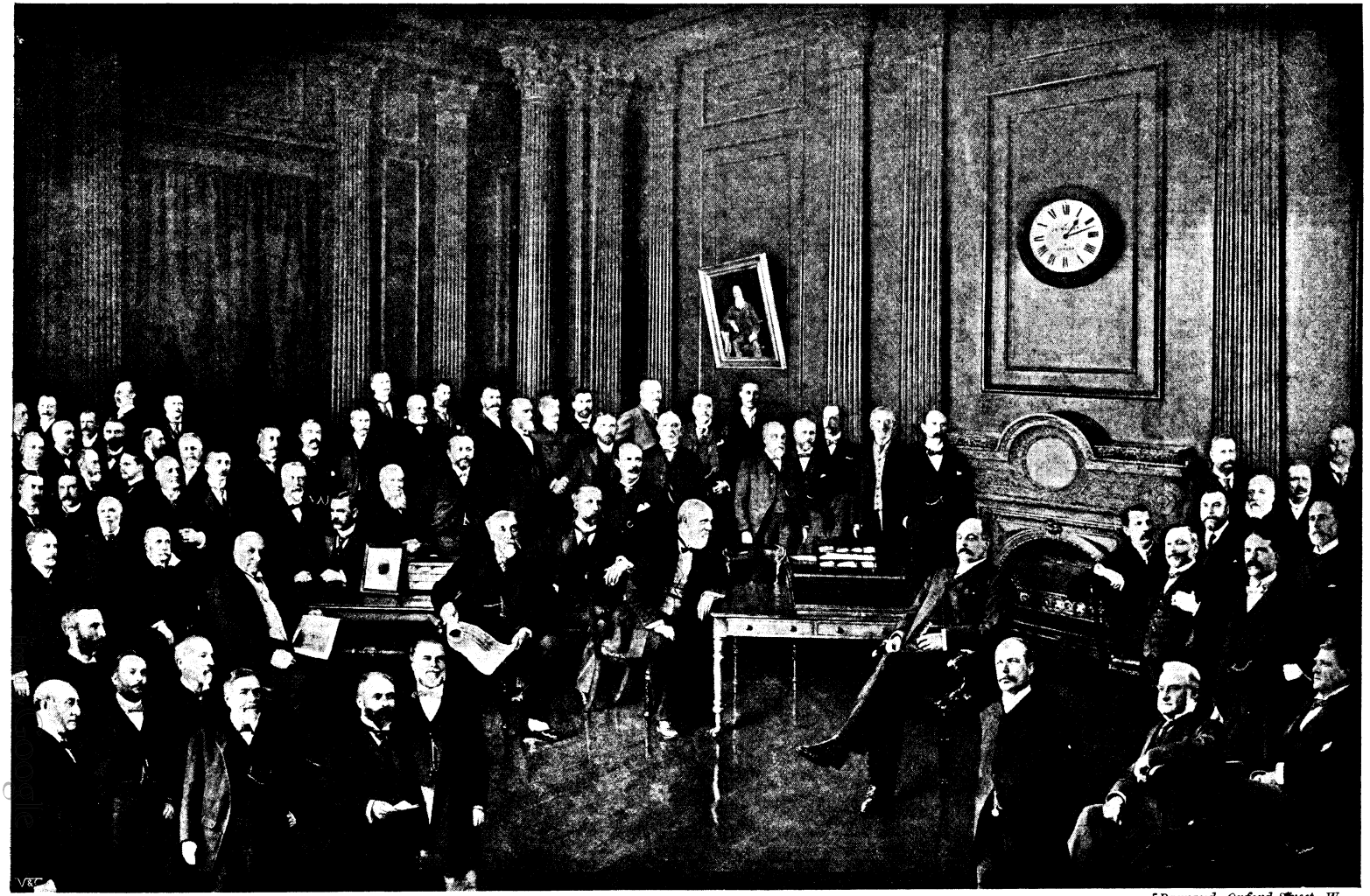

Photo by] [Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

"THE ORGANISATION OF SO VAST A STAFF IS A MATTER OF GREAT DIFFICULTY."

A group of the chief officials of the L. & N.W. Railway Co., in the Board Room, Euston Station, London.

railway Boards of so many holders of great and honoured names; the latter of the large intermixture of the commercially trained element. The resultant blend would be hard to beat — aristocratic integrity and independence combined with business training, commercial acumen, and local knowledge. In a few companies the chairman is a financial "expert," with a special fee; but this practice has fallen somewhat into disrepute since the days of George Hudson and Edward Watkin. The titled chairman is now in favour, and several of the largest companies are headed by members of the House of Peers; others by younger sons of noble families, and others by baronets or knights. Some of these titles have been won by the holders as rewards for eminence in the commercial world, others are hereditary; for excellent railway chairmen have been "born" as well as "made," and no class has a monopoly of the output. Officials who have grown grey in the service are frequently promoted upon retirement to seats on the Board, to which they contribute a kind of knowledge the more valuable because it forms part of the blend aforementioned. In several cases a man who entered the service of a British railway in a humble capacity has ultimately risen to be its chairman. "Expert" appointments of this kind are usually highly successful.

The London and North-Western has twenty-four directors, but no other of our railways has more than twenty, and a dozen is a favourite number. Meetings of the full Board are usually held once a month, but in addition there is a good deal of committee work to be done. The directors' committees, consisting of a delegation from the full Board, with each a regular chairman, are classified as "Ways and Works," "Locomotive," "Traffic," "Finance," "Parliamentary," "Hotels," "Docks and Steamboats," and under other heads, according to the size of the company and the variety of its operations. The Finance Committee, which passes and pays accounts, usually meets weekly; the others once or twice a month as business may require. The responsible officers of the various departments attend and report to these Committees, who in turn report to the full Board.

The fact that the chairman and directors of British railways are not, as a rule, high-salaried experts, like the president and vice-presidents of the American roads, has made the position of general manager on our railways one of the first importance. The salaries paid by the great companies to their general managers range as high as £5,000 a year, and in the hands of a strong and capable man, who possesses the full confidence both of directors and shareholders, the power wielded is, in its own sphere, almost unlimited. The work and responsibility are, of course, correspondingly great. "The first discovery that anyone makes on being appointed to such a post," said Sir George Findlay, of the London and North-Western, himself one of the best of English railway managers, "is that if the day consisted of forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four, and every hour were devoted to his office, his time would still be insufficient to meet the demands on it." One of the maxims Findlay laid down for economising time was: "Always make a point of refusing (except, of course, in special circumstances) to see chance callers." With a view to the strict observance of this rule, the general manager's room is usually approached through at least two others, the outer one being occupied by some of his ordinary staff, and the inner one by his head clerk. One of the qualities which make a head clerk to a general manager precious to his chief is a fertility of resource in "heading off" pertinacious callers. "The man who has had a box delayed, the woman who conceives she has been overcharged in her fare, the discharged footman who seeks employment as a porter, will each and all," said Findlay, "insist upon seeing the general manager, and the rule" (*i.e.*, not to see callers except by appointment) "can only be maintained inviolate by the agency of a wily and imperturbable secretary and an office which can only be approached through his."

The total number of men directly employed by the railway companies of the United Kingdom is about 580,000, made up, approximately, as follows:—

Station-masters	8,103
Brakesmen	15,708
Permanent-way men	66,621
Gatekeepers	3,507
Engine-drivers	25,556
Porters	55,276
Shunters	10,841
Firemen	24,083
Inspectors	6,772
Passenger guards	7,291
Signalmen	28,496
Labourers	53,282
Ticket-examiners	3,642
Mechanics	81,440
Other classes	185,216
	575,834

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NOTE.—Companies working a large mineral traffic have a "mineral manager" as well as a chief goods manager. Where there is a "chief traffic manager" (see text), he controls the departments of the superintendent of the line, goods manager, mineral manager, and rolling stock controller.

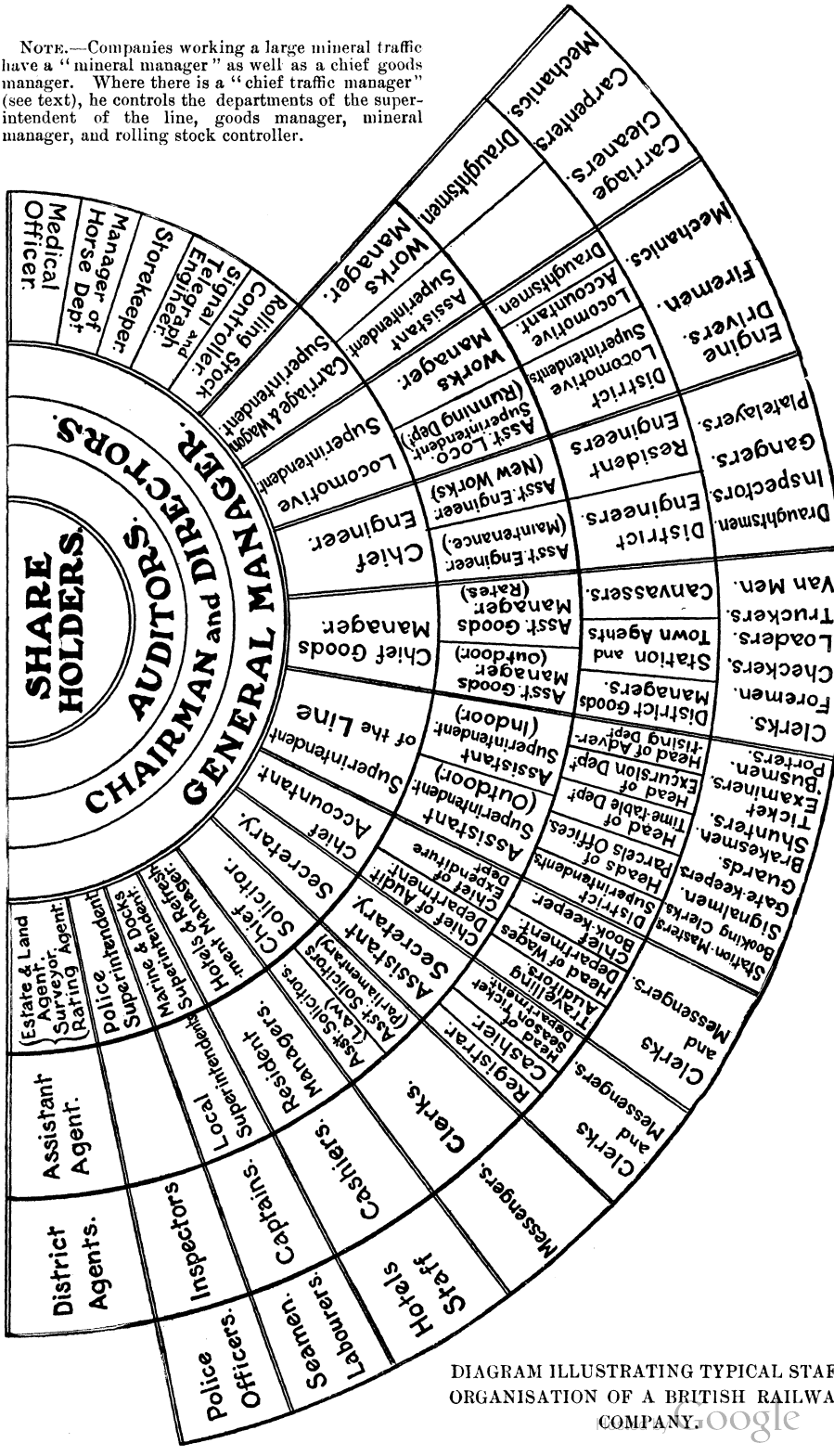

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING TYPICAL STAFF ORGANISATION OF A BRITISH RAILWAY COMPANY.

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Several of the larger companies have from 50,000 to 80,000 people in their employ, and the organisation of so vast a staff is a matter of great difficulty. As already stated, authority over all grades in the service is concentrated in the general manager, except in cases where for special reasons the heads of certain departments have the privilege of taking their instructions direct from the Board. This is sometimes done when the solicitor, estate agent, or other official not directly concerned with the working of the railway, has special claims upon the consideration of the directors. Cases have also occurred when for a time such officers as the chief engineer or the locomotive superintendent have been allowed to administer their departments without control by the general manager; but such arrangements are exceptional, and it is recognised that they do not make for efficiency. In but few instances, however, are general managers thoroughly qualified by knowledge and training to supervise the work of the technical as well as of the commercial departments; and inasmuch as most head officers in the railway service rise from the ranks, there is need of more systematic training in the earlier stages, and the breaking down of some of the barriers of departmentalism which prevent the acquirement of all-round experience. A certain basis of training in the engineering and mechanical schools might perhaps be made almost a *sine qua non* for advancement to the higher posts, without absolutely removing that ladder up which some of the best of our railwaymen have laboriously toiled rung by rung from the cart-tail, the lamp-room, or the ticket-sorting office to the general manager's chair.

The majority of our present-day general managers received their training in the traffic department, but there is no royal road to the premiership of a British railway. There have been several modern instances of a company's solicitor being appointed; for, in the case of every railway, the legal officer has opportunities for gaining an insight into the company's affairs and policy second only to those of the general manager himself. This arises from the fact that that every important step in the development of the undertaking requires the sanction of Parliament. Moreover, in addition to the almost yearly private Bills which it is necessary for railway companies to promote, there are many general Acts for the regulation of the working of railways, their charging powers, their relations with their *employés*, and many other matters. So large and important is this Parliamentary business that every considerable company has an office at Westminster, where, during the Session, the general manager and solicitor are almost as often at work as at their headquarters. The inaccessibility of a general manager to casual callers at his recognised centre of activity has been already referred to, but these high magnates "you may meet by twos and threes in every street," if you go down to Westminster when the Private Bill Committees are in full session. If you pass into the House through the Strangers' Lobby and climb the staircase to the Committee Room floor, you will find a long corridor thronged with managers, engineers, solicitors, agents, and bewigged counsel, the majority of whom are there on the business of the railway companies. Consulting the official notice-board, you may find that the Great North, South, East, and West Railway Company's Bill is engaging the attention of a House of Commons Committee in Room X, presided over by Mr. Blank, M.P., assisted by four or five other members who have all solemnly declared at the outset that they are not holders of the railway company's shares. Entering the room, you will find the members of the Committee seated round a horseshoe table, within the curve of which sits the general manager of the Great North, South, East, and West Railway undergoing cross-examination by an eminent K.C., representing another railway company which is opposing the Bill. Close behind the eminent counsel sit or stand the solicitor and general manager of the opposing company; and perhaps two or three other "G. M.'s" are listening to the case and waiting their turn to go into the witness-chair as experts on the one side or the other, while solicitors, engineers, agents, and their satellites hover around.

The Committee rises for lunch—a modern concession to the degenerate digestions of members of the Commons. Noble Lords, when engaged in Committee work, have plates of cold meat, sandwiches, and whisky-and-sodas brought to them where they sit, and the case goes on uninterrupted from 11 or 11.30 to 4. But the Commons' Committees usually rise for half an hour about 1.30, and while the members go down in the lift to their well-appointed dining-room, the parties engaged on the Bill make their way to one of several

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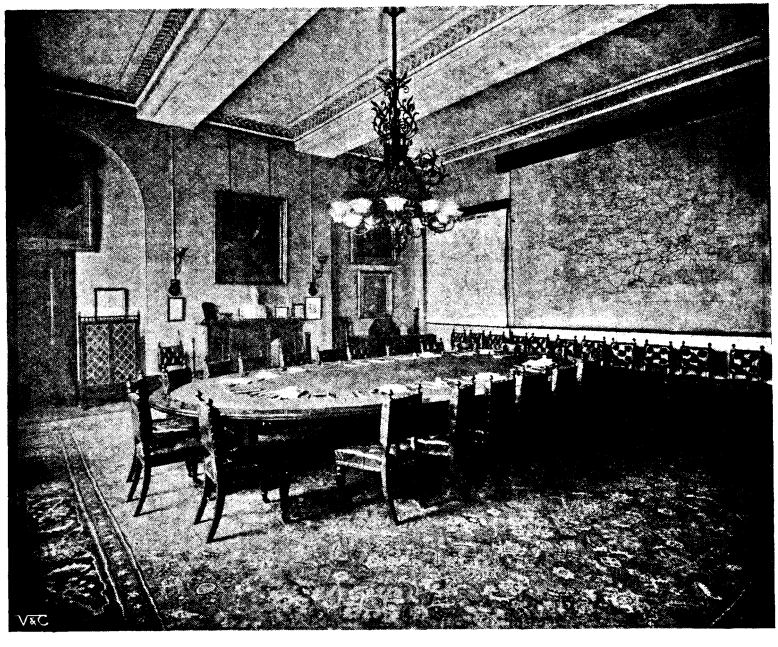
refreshment-bars adjacent to the corridor and the staircase. Hunger prompts you to follow, and you find yourself standing at the counter alongside the general manager of the Great North, South, East, and West Railway —and if you have the privilege of a slight personal acquaintance with that distinguished man—discussing with him pressed beef and the weather. Your friend the inventor, who is interested in a patent carriage window-opener or automatic ticket-issuer, and who has made vain attempts for weeks past to persuade the "wily and imperturbable secretary" who guards this general manager's door, to allow him to show this epoch-making invention to the great man within, vows to go to Westminster next day with the model in his pocket; but, alas! he chooses an "off" day when no railway Bills are under consideration, and your character for veracity is, in his eyes, grievously impaired.



"THE REAL ADMINISTRATORS OF THE RAILWAYS ARE THE DIRECTORS."
The Board Room of the Great Western Railway Company at Paddington Station.

But when the general manager gets a day off from the Committee Rooms, he is not always at liberty to spend it at his head-quarters' office overtaking the arrears of work which will have accumulated during his absence at Westminster. He may have a case on before the Railway Commission or the Light Railway Commission—two important tribunals which, despite the similarity of their names, exercise very different functions. The Railway Commissioners hold their sessions at the Royal Courts of Justice, their president being one of the judges of the High Court, while the other two members are laymen. Not many of the visitors who frequent the Law Courts as sightseers, or in the hope of hearing piquant details in a *cause célèbre*, find their way into the Court where the Railway Commissioners are sitting, and those who do are speedily sent away by the depressing dulness of the proceedings therein. Disputes between railway companies and their customers as to rates, "terminals," or facilities, or between one railway company and another as to running powers or through routes, form the hard nuts which the Railway Commissioners have to crack at their periodical sittings, and for the cultivation of a headache there is no better place than their Court on a hot day. But some of the ablest counsel at the Bar are briefed in these complicated applications, and here again, as in the Parliamentary Committee Rooms, the railway general manager may have to undergo searching cross-examination both as to traffic details and legal subtleties.

In the Light Railway Commissioners' inquiries, which take place up and down the country wherever a scheme for a line "of secondary interest" is being promoted, the procedure is less formal; but counsel are usually briefed, and evidence has to be taken, so that the general manager has yet another opportunity of exhibiting verbal dexterity in the witness-chair. No wonder it should be a current saying that every British railway manager becomes "half a lawyer"; and no wonder that the companies' solicitors, whose close assistance is necessary on all these occasions, should sometimes be selected as the most fitting successors to the managerial positions.

In several recent instances the locomotive

superintendent or the chief engineer of a great British railway has been promoted to the general managership, but in the majority of cases, as has been already said, the road to the premiership of one of our railways lies through what is known as the traffic department. The fundamental difference between this department and those of the engineer, locomotive superintendent, or estate agent is that the traffic staff make and sell the commodity in which a railway company deals — *viz.*, transportation — whereas those other departments merely make and maintain the tools with which that commodity is manufactured. Under the normal scheme of British railway organisation, the general manager, as has been already stated, stands between the directors and all the other officers, but he is specially head of the traffic department, which, as a whole, has no other head but him. In some recent cases, however, a new appointment — that of "chief traffic manager" — has been created.

Photo by] [*Beresford.*

"A MAGNETIC CHAIRMAN": THE LATE MR. J. STAATS FORBES, *of the Chatham and Dover and Metropolitan District Railways.*

On most of our railways the traffic department has two chief officers, ranking equally under the general manager and bearing the titles of "chief goods manager" and "superintendent of the line." Each of these officers has one or more "assistants" at headquarters, while at various convenient centres "district managers" and "district superintendents" coexist, each representing one of the two branches of the department. The general line of demarcation between the two branches is expressed by the words "passengers" and "goods"; but whereas the goods manager and his staff concern themselves solely with work proper to their titles, the officers of the superintendent's department are responsible for the running of the freight trains as well as of the passenger trains. This seeming anomaly arises from the fact that it is impossible to divide the control of trains which run over the same metals; and, therefore, it is only when the goods trains are actually in the goods stations, loading and unloading, that they are in the charge of the goods manager's staff; as soon as they emerge upon the running lines they fall under the control of the superintendent of the line, whose department arranges all the time-tables and signalling arrangements. But while the signalmen, and all the guards and brakesmen—both passenger and goods—belong to the superintendent's department, the engine-drivers and firemen are under the locomotive superintendent, and the plate-layers, except when engaged in "fogging," form part of the staff of the engineer.

This is the normal and old-established type of British railway organisation, and its efficiency has been tested by many years' experience. Admittedly, however, it contains anomalies, some of which, within recent years, the authorities of the North-Eastern and Great Northern companies have endeavoured to remove by devising a new subdivision of the traffic department under the heads "operating" and "commercial." By this arrangement the department formerly known as that of the superintendent of the line is enlarged, to embrace control of the whole of the operations connected with the working of the trains, including the management of the goods stations, the chief operating official being entitled "general superintendent," while his subordinates are known, as before, as assistant superintendents and district or divisional superintendents. The commercial department, on the other hand, takes over all the office duties—that is to say, the duties not connected with the actual working of the trains—both from the goods and passenger side of the old classification; but as a subdivision of this department this classification is still retained, the chiefs of each branch holding the titles of "goods manager" and "chief passenger agent" respectively. Finally, it is sought, as already stated, to give a unity to the whole traffic department by the creation of a new head officer, with supervision over both the operating and commercial branches, whose title is "chief traffic manager."

There is no doubt some risk of the offices of general manager and chief traffic manager overlapping, especially in cases where the general manager has himself been drawn from the traffic department. In such cases the premier officer may find it difficult to give to the traffic manager that degree and range of independent authority which is essential to the success of this type of organisation. Old habits may tempt him to undertake work of detail, or to make himself responsible for direct decisions in traffic

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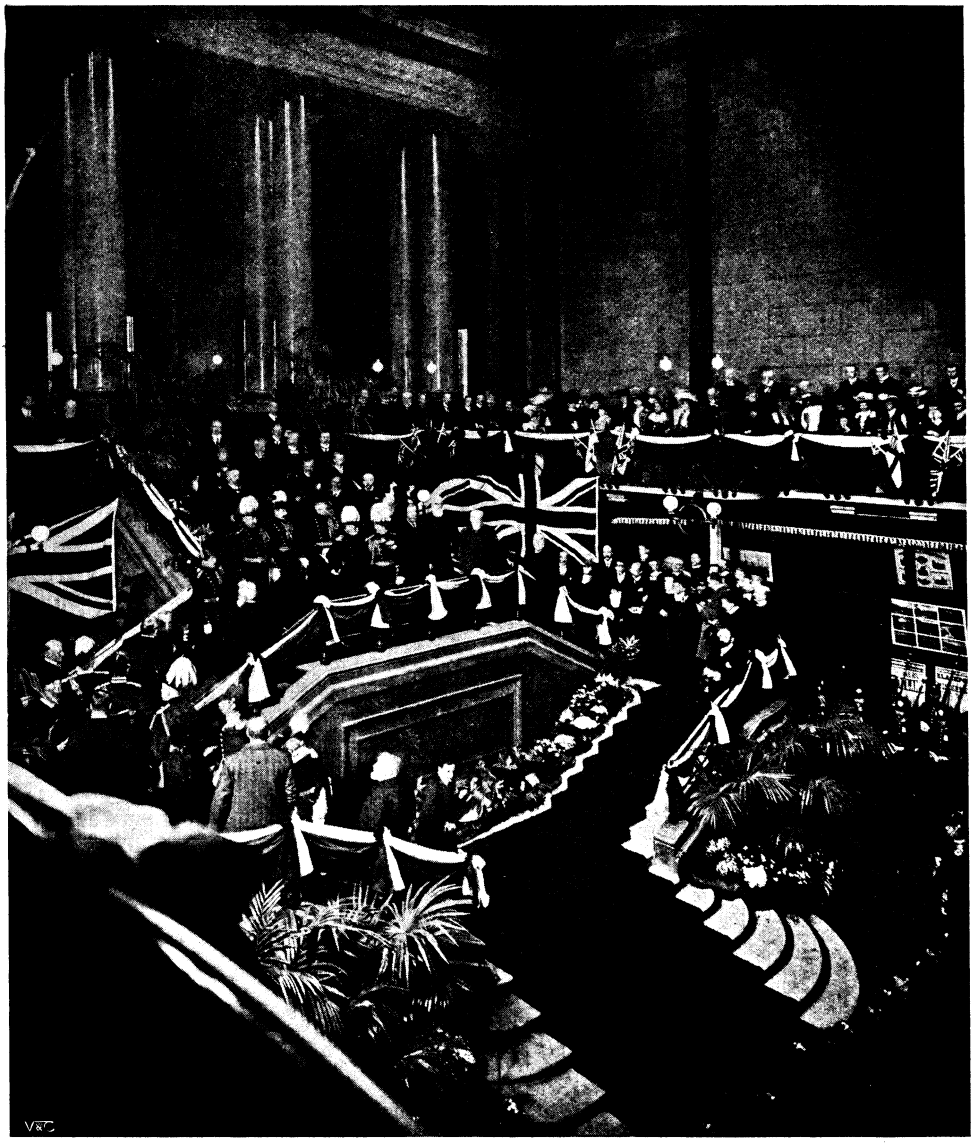

THE RAILWAY SERVICE AND THE WAR: LORD ROBERTS UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL AT EUSTON TO THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY MEN WHO FELL IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

matters—a temptation from which the chief traffic manager is himself not exempt when supervising and conducting the work of operating and commercial branches of the traffic department. But a general manager who succumbs to that temptation would by so doing prove himself unequal for the high post to which he had attained, and would throw away the main advantage claimed for this latest type of organisation, which seeks to relieve the principal officer, who must from the necessity of the situation be the thinking and directing brain of the system, from all work other than supervision. It is essential, under modern conditions, that the premier officer of so vast an undertaking as a great railway should not have his mind occupied with troublesome details, but should have plenty of time to think out and pursue broad lines of general policy, and to co-ordinate along those lines the work of all the various departments of the business.

A criticism which may be fairly urged against the new classification of a railway

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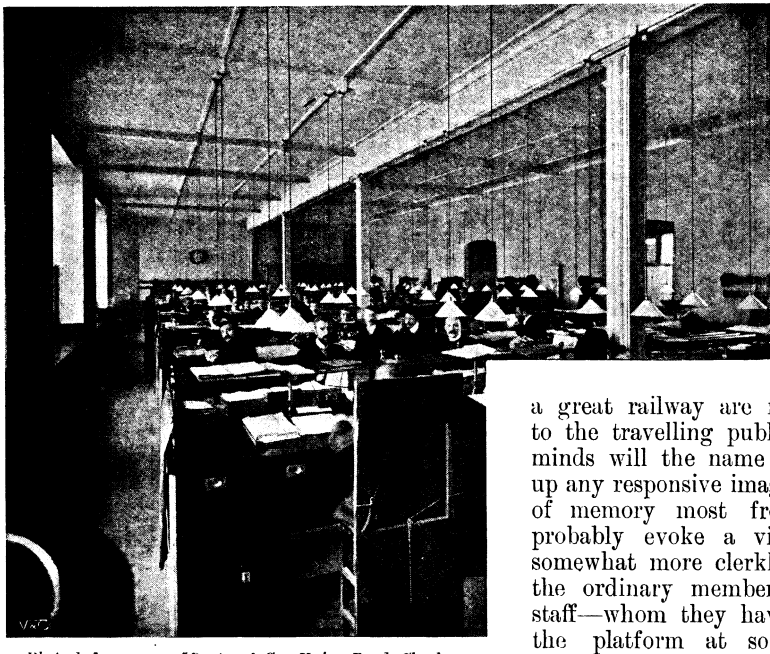

Photo by] [*Denton & Co., Union Road, Clapham.*

"THE 400 CLERKS IN THE MILEAGE DEPARTMENT OF THE CLEARING HOUSE."

An office in the Railway Clearing House, Seymour Street, N.W.

staff into operating and commercial departments is that the theory, if it be sound, might fairly be carried farther than has at present been done on any British line. The operating branch might be enlarged to embrace that section of the running staff which is at present under the control of the locomotive department, including the engine-drivers and the firemen and those officers who supervise the locomotive work on the "road." It might also be found advisable to transfer the permanent way inspectors and platelayers from the engineer's staff to the operating branch of the traffic department. Both these things are done on American railways, where an officer called "general superintendent of transportation" controls not only the working of the trains, but the manning of the engines and the supervision of the track. But to make the arrangement a success it is necessary that the operating officers should have a basis of engineering and mechanical knowledge, which, as already stated, is not commonly the case on our railways. It may well be that our normal type of organisation, which compels every traffic officer to do his share of commercial work, tends to encourage too exclusively the promotion of men with office training to the exclusion of those with technical knowledge. On the other hand, so long as our railways remain under the control of commercial companies, whose primary object is to earn dividends for shareholders, so long must business aptitude remain the passport to the highest posts.

The various subordinate divisions of the outdoor staff of a great railway are nearly all well known to the travelling public, but in how many minds will the name "number-taker" call up any responsive image? Yet by an effort of memory most frequent travellers can probably evoke a vision of an official—somewhat more clerkly in appearance than the ordinary members of the "uniform" staff—whom they have casually noticed on the platform at some junction station, apparently engaged with pencil and note-book in making an inventory of the vehicles passing through. This obscure individual is one of a body numbering over 500, and they form the humble basis of the "Railway Clearing House" system. To apportion fairly and accurately amongst the companies the receipts and expenses on all traffic passing over more than one company's line, it is necessary to post an officer at every junction station or siding, whose duty it is to take note of all carriages, wagons, and "sheets" (or tarpaulins) passing from the lines of one company on to those of another. At all hours of the day and night and in all conditions of weather—rain and snow, fog and sunshine, storms and frost—the number-taker must be at his post. From a single goods train of forty vehicles he has to take down over 300 figures, denoting the numbers of the vehicles, together with such facts about them as the names of their owners—if they belong to a railway company—the name of the guard, the time of arrival and departure of the train, whence it came, whither it was destined, and the descriptions of the vehicles—that is to say, whether ordinary open trucks or "box" wagons, whether constructed to carry loads of unusual weight, such as fifteen tons or upwards, or whether containing any explosive goods. In the case of passenger stock, the class or special description of the carriages must be noted, in addition to the numbers.

Having noted these required particulars,

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the number-taker goes to his office and copies out in due order, in separate columns and under prearranged headings, the information which he has collected. These "abstracts" are forwarded each week to the Railway Clearing House—a forbidding block of buildings situated in Seymour Street, London, at the rear of Euston Station. The four hundred clerks in the Mileage Department of the Clearing House sort and "post" these abstracts which come in from over 500 junction stations, their number exceeding three-quarters of a million in a year, exclusive of "nil" returns. The work of dealing with these returns commences with entering under the names of the several companies owning the vehicles the distinguishing numbers of those found away from their owner's lines. The destination of each vehicle is then noted, and it is traced through the intervening junctions to see what route it has followed. The information received from the number-takers as to the date of its ultimate arrival, and the date when it first left the owning company's lines, enables the Clearing House officials to determine whether due diligence has been employed, or whether the vehicle has been detained on a "foreign" line beyond the limit of time at the expiration of which a charge for "demurrage" has to be made. When the precise route over which the wagon or carriage passed has been ascertained, a reference to the distance-book enables the Clearing House clerk to calculate exactly what credit or debit has to be entered against each company over whose lines the traffic has been carried. This distance-book of the Railway Clearing House is a work in ten volumes, and contains the actual measured distances—supplied by the engineers' departments of the various companies—between some 17,000 stations, sidings, collieries, etc., and the various junctions on the railway system. From the measurements therein laid down there is no appeal.

This is the system by which accounts are kept between the companies, through the medium of the Railway Clearing House, as to the employment of each others' rolling stock for the purposes of through traffic. The apportionment of the actual receipts on goods or passengers passing over more than one company's line does not involve the employment of any outdoor staff by the Clearing House. But a very large number of clerks have to be employed to deal with the abstracts which are sent in monthly from every forwarding and receiving station, forming a summary of all through traffic sent or received. The abstracts include the names of the owners and numbers of the wagons, descriptions of the goods sent, whether they are "carted," "non-carted," or "mineral," and the amounts "paid" or "to pay." The returns sent in respectively by the forwarding and receiving stations have to be checked one against the other, and any discrepancy settled. Then, before the amount is agreed on for apportionment by mileage amongst the companies, there are a number of deductions and allowances to be made, such as amounts paid out by the forwarding company for pier dues, port charges, or to a road carrier, or extra tolls allowed on traffic passing over specially expensive sections of railway, such as the Severn Tunnel, the Forth Bridge, or some of the London lines. Then the amounts agreed upon between the companies for "terminals" have to be deducted and credited to the companies whose station premises were used. Even after all this, there often still remain troublesome questions to be settled as to compensation claims for loss, damage, or detention of the goods.

"THE TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT."
A L. & N. W. R. train running between London and Carlisle (300 *miles*) *without a stop, June* 19*th*, 1903. *A world's record.*

The through passenger receipts are "cleared" in a similar way by means of

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monthly returns sent in to the Clearing House from every station, giving the numbers of all tickets issued to passengers booked through to other companies' lines—that is to say, the progressive numbers printed on the first and last of the various series of tickets. On the information thus supplied, the Clearing House has to trace the route of the passengers, follow them to their destination, note how many and what lines they have passed over, and allocate to each of the companies that portion of the total sum to which it is entitled, whether by mileage or by special agreement.

The utility of the Railway Clearing House as a consolidator of the work of the hundred or more operating organisations between which our railway system is divided is still further enhanced by the various officers' "conferences" which have grown up under its auspices and usually meet under its roof. There is a general managers' conference, a chief goods managers' conference, and a superintendents' conference, each of which holds regular meetings at which matters of joint working which require concerted action by the companies are discussed, and points of difference decided. The co-operation thus secured, however, is purely voluntary, and it does not prevent the companies from competing one against another in a variety of ways. Some attempt has been made of late to secure more complete railway co-operation throughout the kingdom through the medium of the Railway Association, an organisation with offices at Westminster to which forty-three of the companies are affiliated. To a certain extent a common defensive policy, particularly in connection with legislative attacks upon the railway interest, has been evolved by means of this Association; but in matters relating to the services they perform, the interests of the different railway companies are so diverse that it is remarkably difficult to induce them to cohere for any other purposes than the handling of through traffic or the repulse of a common enemy.

Photo by] [*Denton & Co., Union Road, Clapham.*

"A CONSOLIDATION OF THE WORK OF THE HUNDRED OR MORE OPERATING ORGANISATIONS."

The Board Room of the Railway Clearing House.

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THE SONG OF ONE ASHORE.

By ARTHUR KETCHUM.

EACH little wave of all the waves of the tumbling summer sea,
It seemed it had a silver voice and called the heart of me.
O must I wait, O must I stay, O must my heart be dumb,
When each wave has a voice to call, and each voice bids me come?

Each shining sail of all the ships that move where sea meets sky,
It seemed to flash a welcome there as it went drifting by.
And must I linger here ashore when every gleaming wing
Has hailed me comrade as it passed and given welcoming?

It's fain I am to follow where the North broods low and grey,
Where headlands beetle black with storm, or icebergs bar the way,
Or find in azure latitudes a sky that ever smiles,
And whiff the scents and see the palms of untrod Spanish isles.

For I've had speech with sailor-folk who've seen these things and know,
And just beyond the harbour lights lies the blue way they go,
And just beyond the farthest rim—the last dim edge of sky—
The shores of Wonder bask in sun—the Magic Islands lie.

O well I know those harbour towns—turret and dome and spire,
They rise from dusky lines of palm against the sunset's fire,
Or huddle close about their lights all weather-worn and grey
While the tall ships whisper with the tide below them in the bay.

The noise of all the city like a great voice ebbs and swells,
But I can hear the boom of surf—the cry of far-off bells;
Along the crowding city ways the human tide drifts by,
But I can see the stately ships that move where sea meets sky.

O shining sails, will you not pass and leave my heart in peace?
O little waves upon the shore, will not your calling cease?
For every ship and every sail has a dear voice I know
To call to me, to cry to me—and I am fain to go!

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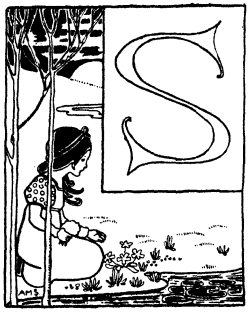
THE PHANTOM FISHERMAN.

By ALICK MUNRO,*

Author of "A Woman of Wiles."



SIX very nice trout they are. I wouldn't grumble if I were you. Oh, yes, it's a good fishing day, I know, and you've been on a grand bit of water. You *might* have done better, I won't deny; but it isn't a blank day, boy, when you creel half a dozen. I remember once—— Hum! what fly did you kill them with? Blue dun? A good fly, too, at this time of year; but give me a March-brown, the best fly that's made, for the early months.

I remember one day when I couldn't kill with it, though. It was a grand day that, too—4th of May, in the year that your father was married; you'll see presently how I come to remember the date so well. I had taken three dozen out of the same water the day before, though there were big, white clouds about, and a keen nor'-easter blowing. It was a kind bit o' water that, I tell you, the best in Perthshire. When I showed my basket to Forsyth (you'll have heard your mother speak of Colin Forsyth, of Glenmosset; he was your father's best man), he just laughed and said they'd come in very handy for to-morrow, as he was going to Edinburgh and would be bringing his lawyer back to dinner.

"We'll have them for breakfast," said I. "A trout shouldn't be kept, and I'll promise you more in time for dinner."

"You won't rise a fish to-morrow," he answered, "nor see one."

"Don't malign your own bonnie river!" I said. "I'll rise, and land, a basketful."

You'll see how I kept my promise.

I was up next morning early. Never make half a day do for fishing, boy, if you can get the whole day. I looked at the weather and laughed, because Colin had said I shouldn't rise a fish on a day like this. There was a soft, warm wind blowing, just enough to ripple the long, quiet pools and make an up-stream cast fall like a gossamer. The water in the shallows had the clear amber of pale sherry, shading off in the deeper parts through brown October to bottled stout in the holes. There was peat-water in it, you see; and black peat-water is the next most beautiful thing in Nature after the flashing crystal of a chalk-stream. You couldn't see much of the river at a time, because of the sharp turns it took, and the alder-trees that lined one bank; and when I made my first cast, I didn't see any trout moving near me. But they were moving, because I heard them. In the pool above me I could hear them rising—four or five splashes in the time it took me to put my rod together; and by the sound, they weren't four-inch fingerlings either.

I thought it queer, mind you, that nothing was moving where I could see it; and when I had fished that pool and the next, and the next after that, and hadn't seen a fish, I thought it queerer still, because all the time I could hear them every now and then falling back into the water with a plop—the kind of dull plop a fish makes when he meets the water with his mouth open, after missing his fly. But the splashes were always out of sight, round a rock, or a tree, or a bunch of alder-coppice, and I never saw a scale of the fish that made them. And there was another queer thing; the rising fish were all above me, in the direction in which I was fishing. Beside me and behind me, I don't think a fin moved all day. I fished up four miles of water, and tried every likely fly in my book, and some unlikely ones; and the same thing went on for every reach and eddy of the four miles. I even hunted under stones for worms, and tried them up-stream, though I knew Forsyth didn't like that.

The four-mile post was the march of his water, and when I reached it, I sat down and had my lunch and a pipe, and got my temper back.

Now, I knew well enough that there's no accounting for the ways of a trout. He's

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"Again the line whistled, almost at my ear, but I couldn't see it."

the "unexpectedest" fish that swims. One day he'll be pig-headed and sulky, and the next he'll almost court you. Bless you, he's just like a woman! If it wasn't for his tantrums, he wouldn't be half so fascinating as he is. Besides, I've fished years enough to learn philosophy. So I threw away my temper with the sandwich-papers and started to try the water over again, down-stream.

No use. Fish rising out of sight below me now, but never a one near me or behind me. I began to think the devil was in it, and I wondered how Forsyth came to know beforehand what it would be like. Then suddenly I stopped and listened, for I heard the scream of a reel as the line ran out. There was somebody fishing in front of me, and his reel sang of better luck than I was having; for it meant that he was fast in a fish.

"Confound him!" I said. "I wonder what flies he has on? I'll go and ask him!"

I stuck the butt-spike of my rod in the earth and started to clamber over a bit of rough ground which lay between me and the pool from which the sound of the reel came; but when I got to the top of a knoll and looked down on the pool, there was no one there. The water had the same dead look that had struck me all day, the look of being utterly uninhabited. But the other fellow had found fish in it, if the whirr of a reel went for anything.

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But he wasn't here now. He seemed to

be fishing quicker even than I was, so I went back to my rod and took it to pieces. I meant to walk on till I overtook him, and if he would give me one of the flies he was killing with, I would put my rod together again; if he wouldn't, or if I had already tried the fly, I would go home and tell Forsyth that I'd rather go out on a day when he hadn't asked a wizard to fish his water.

In about ten minutes I heard his reel again—the whirr as the line ran out, the silence as he humoured his fish, and the *crr-crr-crr-crr-crrk!* as he reeled him in. I pushed my way through a clump of brambles and came upon the water.

It was a long, straight reach, shallow on the side on which I was standing, and shelving down to black water under the opposite bank. The wind made a ripple over the deeper water, but for half-a-dozen yards on my side the surface was dead smooth. There was no one in sight. And yet I didn't see how a man could have creeled his fish and gone away in the time it took me to push through the brambles.

Then I heard the whistle of a line through the air, quite close to me, and I think I shivered. The sun was glinting bright from the water, but a cloud moved over the young bracken on the hillside before me, and the air had taken a sudden chill. I have fished for grayling in Yorkshire when the snow was on the ground and the shallow waters near the edge were frozen hard enough to stand on. It was not the cold which made me tremble now and feel afraid. In the bright sunshine of that May afternoon I shivered heavily, and needles of sweat pricked me under my clothes.

Again the line whistled, almost at my ear, but I couldn't see it.

A fish rose in the shade of the other bank—the first I had seen that day. I saw the yellow gleam of his belly as he turned, and again I heard the whirr of the line from the reel. The fish came my way, into the shallows, and a long V spread across the still water in his wake, as though a tight casting-line were cutting it. I even fancied I saw drops from the wet line fall into the fork of the V. The trout came close to my bank, and the *crr-crr-crrk!* of the reel spoke again. I waited to see no more.

I turned and ran, and did not stop until I had run half a mile and had twice more heard the scream of that phantom reel behind me.

* * * * *

Forsyth chaffed me a little at dinner that night and said he didn't think a ghost in the sunlight would have made me run; but later, over our last pipe in the gunroom, when the lawyer from Edinburgh had gone to bed, he told me the story.

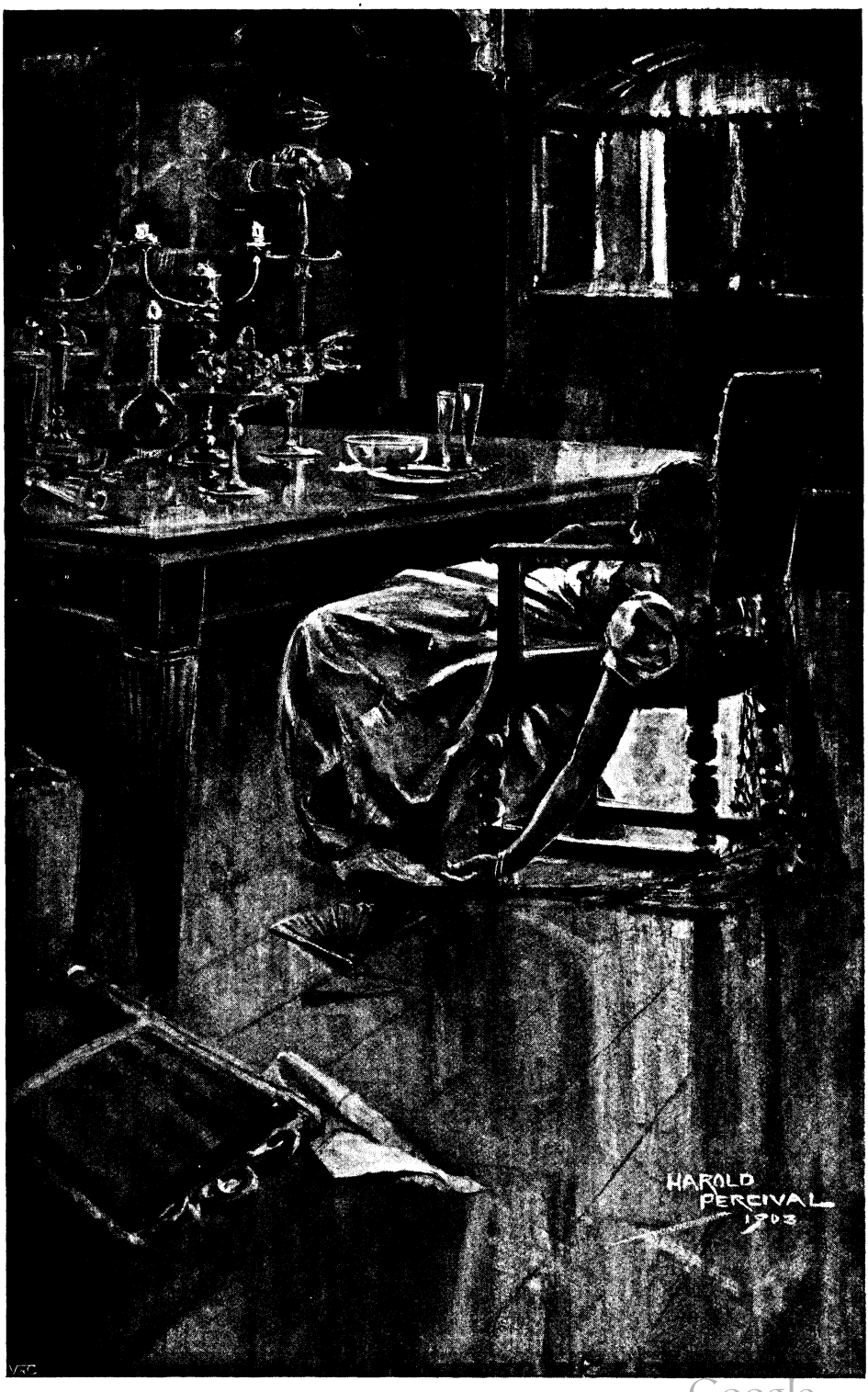
His great uncle, Sir Hector Forsyth, was one of Wellington's captains, and many a tale I heard afterwards of his deeds of valour. He was a tall, fair man, with a Viking's face and the strength of a bull; and there is one story about him, how at the storming of Cuidad Rodrigo—but I'll tell you that some other night. In the spring of the year after Waterloo he brought his bride home to Glenmosset. She was a Spanish woman, with great, black eyes, and hair that rippled like water over stones; and the story was that Sir Hector had carried her off from Badajoz on the day of that great assault and had fought a duel for her possession. Men said that he loved her as a dog loves its mistress, and that in return she treated him, the big Viking-man, as few women would treat a dog. She hated him. For she had left her lover behind her in Spain.

On the 4th of May, nine days after he had brought her to his Highland home, she struck at him with a dagger when he kissed her for "Good morning." The dagger grazed his rib, for she had aimed at his heart. The wound was a slight one, and he laughed, they say, and kissed her again and again as payment for the blow. He was a man that a woman should love, I think; but she had tried to murder him.

Maybe she had done that before, and he had come to regard it as a thing not to be bothered about overmuch. I don't say that that was his thought, and I think his heart was sorer than his rib when he took his rod down and went down to fish; for tigress as she was, he loved her.

In the evening he returned, with his basket loaded with trout, and his big heart hungering for the gentleness of love. He was told that a stranger—a foreign gentleman—had come soon after he went out to fish, and that his wife had spent the day in the stranger's company. He went in and welcomed the man.

Dinner was served for three that night—for Sir Hector and his wife, and for the lover from Spain; for that was what the stranger was. It must have been a queer dinner-party that, but the tale goes that it was a merry one. If these three had a tragedy to play, they did not play it before the servants. You will hear hard things said of Spaniards, and many of them will be true. It is true, for



"'A dagger was in her heart.'"

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instance, that a Spaniard is always cruel, and often even treacherous in his cruelty; but when it comes to dying—why, *then*, he is the gentleman of the world. Two of these three were Spaniards, and it was with a look of pride that Colin Forsyth told me that his great-uncle made a worthy third. For Sir Hector's jest was the freshest, and his laugh the loudest and the gayest of the three.

"Man," I remember Colin saying, as he flung open the door between the gunroom where we were sitting and the dining-room where those three had sat, "I would have liked to be there to see! Can't you picture them round that table? And can't you realise the life, the joy, the red blood of the drama they were playing? Pride of race! pride of personal valour! and, for one of them, pride of sex! Two men and a woman standing over their own graves and laughing, because if they kept silence the servants might say afterwards they were afraid! See! that was where he sat, and she opposite him, and the stranger at her left hand! Man, I think I can see them now!"

We stood in that room for a minute, and Forsyth seemed to forget there was more to tell. His glance went round the table, halting at the head and the foot and one side in turns, as though he really saw them sitting there—the strong man who loved, the tiger woman who hated, and the stranger from Spain. And as I watched him, and saw that his eye turned oftenest to the place where Sir Hector had sat, it seemed to me that he was a true scion of Sir Hector's stock; for pride of race was strong in him, too.

Presently, with a laugh, he gripped my arm and bade me come out and hear the wind. The weather had changed, and a warm western gale was raging. We stood with bare heads at the open door, and heard the sough and moan of it tearing up the glen. Then it seemed to me that somewhere about a mile away two pistol shots snapped out, and the wind that brought the sound to my ears turned for an instant cold. And I shivered, as I had shivered in the afternoon by that sunlit pool.

Colin turned to me with a laugh.

"Did you hear it?" he asked. "Maybe it was only a branch of the big fir at the foot of the glen, snapped by the wind. We'll see in the morning. But at twelve o'clock on that night I've told you of, the two men went out, and they took their pistols with them. There is a round, green bog near the fir-tree, soft and bottomless. Next morning the marks of footsteps were found approaching it from opposite sides, and entering it; and two black holes in the greenness showed where it had swallowed two heavy masses that might have been men. It was said that Sir Hector and the Spaniard fought out their duel to the death there, and that the bog swallowed them where they fell.

"The woman was found in the chair where she had dined. A dagger was in her heart—the dagger she had struck with in the morning. But no witness lived to say which of the three had put it there."

REST.

AGAINST the shoulder of the hill
That brings the azure near,
I rest my head and dream at will,
Earth's beating heart I hear.
Dear Mother Out-of-doors, how still
Thine eyes are, and how clear!

ISABELLA HOWE FISKE.

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Do Animals Reason?

A French Specialist's Contribution to the Question.

By Charles E. Branch.

Photographs by Messrs. Clarke and Hyde.

THAT all animals, and, to descend lower, insects, have brains capable of thought and reason, has long been established by savants in the world of natural history; and to be convinced of the fact, if any doubt exists, one has only to keep a dog or cat, visit some zoological garden, or witness trained animals performing in a circus. But much as is at present known concerning members of the animal kingdom, it is as nothing to what there is to be gained by a thorough and systematic study of the various species under conditions which, until quite recently, had not prevailed.

There is considerable evidence to indicate that certain animals and birds possess senses of which man has no knowledge beyond the fact of their existence; or that if he possesses them, they are not developed in him to such a remarkable degree as in those animals and birds. To take one faculty—that of direction. It is demonstrated to perfection in the carrier-pigeon and migratory birds, and likewise amongst the canine species, particularly in the bloodhound. By this faculty a carrier-pigeon can and does find its way home from well-nigh anywhere, over a distance of hundreds of miles; by this same faculty the bloodhound follows a trail, tracks its quarry—which it has never seen—and runs it to earth. But by what line or lines of reasoning are the results obtained? Do the pigeon and the dog possess a sense of which we know nothing, or are they senses of sight and smell developed to an extent of which we have no comprehension? Can birds see hundreds of miles, and is the dog's sense of smell so keen as it would appear to be?

AFTER MAN, THE MONKEY IS GIFTED WITH THE GREATEST REASONING POWER. THIS ONE RIDES A TRICYCLE AS EXPERTLY AS A HUMAN BEING, AND WAS ONLY SHOWN ONCE THE POSITION HE WAS TO OCCUPY UPON IT, AND THE ACTIONS IT WAS NECESSARY TO MAKE TO PROPEL IT.

It is with the idea of solving problems such as this, as also to discover the relative degrees of sense possessed by different animals, that the Institute of Zoological Psychology has been founded in Paris under the auspices of the Republic — a society of naturalists expressly devoted to the experimental study of animals. Of this body M. Pierre Hachet-Souplet was the founder, and is the director, and the committee is composed of the first professors of natural history and scientists in France.

M. Hachet-Souplet, whose name and fame are known in naturalistic circles the world over, has practically devoted his life to the scientific study of animals. Naturally attracted towards them, he became first a trainer of them for performances on the stage and in the circus-ring; and he also trained a number for the late Czar, Alexander III. Consequently he has had ample opportunity to study them as a mother may study her children, and as a result he has been able to give to the world much con-

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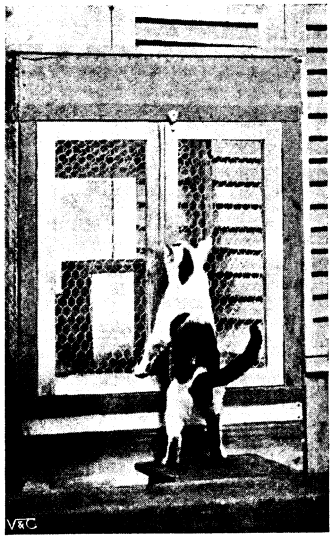
cerning animals, from the scientific point of view, that was not hitherto known, and prove fallacious much that was hitherto accepted as fact.

Many instances could be cited where a life's labour has produced results which, if they had been followed up immediately after the death of the first experimenter, would have benefited the world in a good many ways much earlier than they actually did; but because there was no one to follow in his footsteps at once, the ultimate beneficial discoveries were delayed for years. It is to avoid such an occurrence as this in the case of the scientific study of animals that this Society has been formed; to preserve records of the past; gather from all quarters results of the experiments ever being made; and encourage all interested in the subject to pursue it under conditions of which they have not hitherto availed themselves.

DOG TRAINED TO HIT A BALL.



CAT IN THE ACT OF OPENING DOOR TO GET FOOD INSIDE. TO DO THIS IT HAD TO TURN A BUTTON, AND DID SO WITHOUT BEING SHOWN.

At his residence in Paris, M. Hachet-Souplet possessed until recently a private circus where he developed the intelligence of animals and studied them. Here passed through his hands all kinds of animals and various birds—cats, dogs, sheep, goats, horses, monkeys, elephants, lions, etc.; pigeons and parrots, geese, etc.—and he has had exceptional opportunity closely and quietly to study them all. More recently he has been enabled to do this at the Jardin des Plantes—the Zoo of Paris. His experience has enabled him to divide animals into three classes as regards their mental ability. Beginning at the base with the most inferior in this respect, he states that the faculty most developed in animals in this class is excitability, and they can only be excited into accomplishing any act. In the second category he places those animals in which instinct is the highest faculty, as distinct from intelligence as displayed by those in the highest class; and he distinguishes between instinct and intelligence Where instinct is predominant, coercion into doing something is possible, while persuasion is impossible; with the intelligent class persuasion can be used.

The faculty of direction demonstrated by the courier-pigeon and migratory birds has recently been occupying his attention, and the results of his experiments lead to the conclusion that there is no extra sense in birds that enables them to find their way over long distances, but their visual organs are wonderfully developed, and their memories most retentive. One remarkable hypothesis advanced to account for the ability of birds to find their way over long distances suggested that they did so by recognising on their return voyage from any place the varying currents of air, magnetic and atmospheric,

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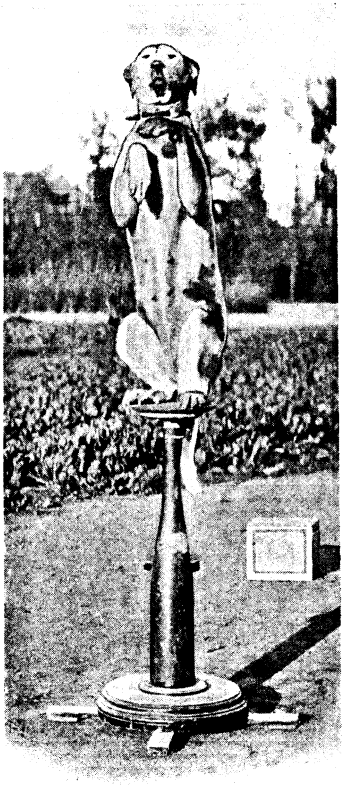
encountered by them on the outward trip. In other words, they felt their way, remembering one current after another in the reversed order to which they had previously experienced them.

It was not an impossible theory. Had it proved correct in practice, a remarkable discovery would have been made. To ascertain its value, M. Hachet-Souplet subjected a pigeon to an ingenious experiment. A wooden case is shown in one of our photographs containing a pigeon. This case was fitted with an electrical apparatus that electrified the air as it circulated therein and passed through. No varying electric currents of atmosphere could be experienced by the bird inside, nor any change of temperature, for a certain degree of warmth was maintained, what time the pigeon was carried to the place of its release.



THE DOG IS NOT MERELY AN IMITATOR, BUT AN ORIGINATOR OF IDEAS. HE DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO JUMP ON TO THE PEDESTAL WHEN TOLD TO DO SO, BUT CLIMBS UP FROM THE STEP BEHIND.

HARE PLAYING AT SOLDIER.

In this case the bird was taken outside Paris for several kilometers, and released at a spot that was foreign to it—it had never been there before, and it had not passed through any differing electrical and atmospheric current such as prevailed in space above. Twenty minutes after its release it was back at the loft in Paris. This experiment was repeated on no less than eleven occasions with different birds, and the distance from their lofts was increased up to 136 kilometers, but the birds always found their way back; and so this hypothesis of the sense by which birds discovered their way was knocked on the head.

The other experiments M. Hachet-Souplet made all tended to prove that it is by sight, and sight alone, that the pigeon voyager is able to find its way, but unfortunately there is no room in the small space of this article to record them in detail. The important point to bear in mind is that the pigeon's powers of vision are vastly superior to those possessed by mankind, and this applies equally to all birds.

THE HARE BELONGS TO THE PERSUASIVE SPECIES. IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO OVERCOME ITS FIRST FEAR, AND HABITUATE IT TO THE COMPANY OF MANKIND, TO INDUCE IT TO IMITATE SUCH ACTIONS AS BEATING A TIN PLATTER.

Let us take the case of the cat shown in one of our photographs in the act of opening the door of a cage. We know from experience that cats are intelligent. How can it be proved? M. Hachet-Souplet, when I visited him recently, produced the cage and the cat here illustrated. Inside the former, which was of wood with a wire door at the front, he placed food for the cat, and fastened the door with a button. The animal's instinct would be manifested by her desire to get at the food, her intelligence demonstrated by her efforts to open the door of the cage rather than spring through the wire. The cat immediately opened the door and

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secured her reward. She had done so before, so I suggested to M. Hachet-Souplet that the button fastening the door should be further attached to the wire front with a loop of string, so that the cat could not open the door by merely pressing the button down. It was done, and then the cat stood on her hind-legs before the cage vainly trying to paw the button down. That the animal was surprised, it was easy to see. She studied the door minutely, then walked around the cage mewing, jumped to our feet and purred against our legs, then ascended again to the cage, pawed the string loop off the button, and so opened the door and entered to eat her meal. This was an unrehearsed demonstration of intelligence.

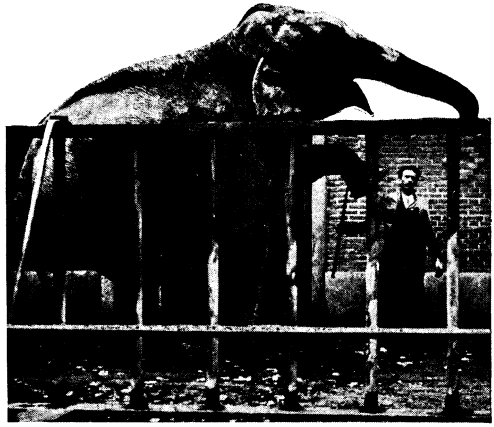
The cat belongs to the highest order, as do also the dog and the monkey, and to demonstrate how he had been able to accomplish the classification before referred to, M. Hachet-Souplet introduced into his circus a group of animals composed of a pony, a Danish hound (not thoroughbred), two sheep, a goat, and a couple of pigeons.

"Here," he said, "is what we may call a number for a circus. After I have put them through a performance, I will tell you the means I used to train them and so discover their different degrees of sense, and I will explain in a few words the mental capabilities of each, and how I classed them from the psychological point of view."

AN ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS IS PROVED IN THIS CASE BY FIRST PLACING HAY INSIDE THE WICKER BASKET. IN TRYING TO GET AT THE HAY, THE PONY ROLLS THE BASKET; AND WHEN IT SEES THE BASKET WITHOUT HAY IN IT, IT COMPREHENDS THAT IT IS REQUIRED TO ROLL THE BASKET.

In the ring, following the verbal commands and silent signs of M. Hachet-Souplet, the animals went through certain performances such as can be seen in a circus.

"Now," M. Hachet-Souplet said, when he had finished the act, "to distinguish between persuasion and coercion. We know that if we use a dog or a monkey which has not been trained, and desire either of them to mount on to this tub, we can by calling and with the aid of an action it can behold, such as tapping the tub, induce it to do so; and, indeed, it is seldom it does not obey at once. This, then, shows the possibility of persuading the animal, and demonstrates on its part an association of ideas—that of mounting on the tub with the gesture and words which invite it to do so.



INTELLIGENCE IS HIGHLY DEVELOPED IN ELEPHANTS, AND THEY ARE AMONGST THE MOST EASILY PERSUADED OF ANIMALS; BUT THEY ARE IMITATORS RATHER THAN ORIGINATORS IN MATTERS REQUIRING THOUGHT.

"But I could perform all kinds of indicative actions before a sheep; I could call and tap the tub till Doomsday, and the animal would still stare stupidly at me. *Voilà!* persuasion is impossible; and to arrive at the desired result, I am forced to resort to coercion and utilise one of the instincts of the animal, and the instinct of fear is the most readily aroused. I commence by placing the tub against the barrier enclosing the stage, and I drive the sheep towards it. It mounts and descends the other side, but my whip passing there compels it to remount. With

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a continuance of this exercise, it slowly dawns upon the animal's very dull brain that it has nothing to fear, and it does the work voluntarily."

It is the idea of M. Hachet-Souplet, permission having been obtained by M. Perrier, director of the Natural History Museum of Paris, from the Minister of Public Instruction, to have built in the Jardin des Plantes a laboratory in a portion of the grounds specially set aside for the use of the Society, where the various specimens—lions, tigers, elephants, camels, giraffes, seals, etc.—can be studied under conditions more natural than could be possible if they were confined in their usual apartments.

Already M. Hachet-Souplet has put one of the lions in the garden to a brainy test. It was an experiment *de stimulation*, which consists of bringing before the animal some particular circumstance to which it is unaccustomed, to urge into activity its faculties for the purpose of ascertaining how it will act.

"I was curious to see," M. Hachet-Souplet said, "what a lion, concerning whose mental powers little is known, would do with a box placed before him—if he would have sufficient intelligence to lift up the lid to get at the morsel tempting to his taste which had been placed therein.

"Well, the box was placed in the cage—a

HYPNOTISING A DOG WITH THE HANDS.

HYPNOTIC STUDY OF ANIMALS WITH A CIRCULAR CHART, FOR THE PURPOSE OF DETERMINING TO WHAT DEGREE THEY ARE AFFECTED BY EMOTIONS.

wooden box with a lifting lid, that the lion could have smashed to get at its contents had he so chosen—and then the lion was allowed to enter from another compartment. At first the animal manifested signs of uneasiness; it was easy to see this from his actions, and, if I dare say so, to read it in his face. He was at a loss what to make of the box—possibly thought it something which might attack him.

"After a while he slowly approached it, sniffed all around it, and convincing himself of the existence of something good inside, manifested a lively desire to secure it—instinct. He examined the box all round with the closest attention and, instead of attempting to break the wood, took the lid between his teeth and lifted it slowly up—intelligence. And he lifted it until it dropped to the other side, then took the meat that was waiting in the box for him. All these movements were executed by the animal without haste, but with deliberate precision. This test lasted three minutes, and was carried out before myself and several assistants of the Jardin des Plantes."

In one of M. Hachet-Souplet's several volumes which he has written on various phases of animal life, there is a very interesting chart showing the different degrees of brain power living things, from mankind downward, are capable of exerting, and therein, it is almost needless to say, the

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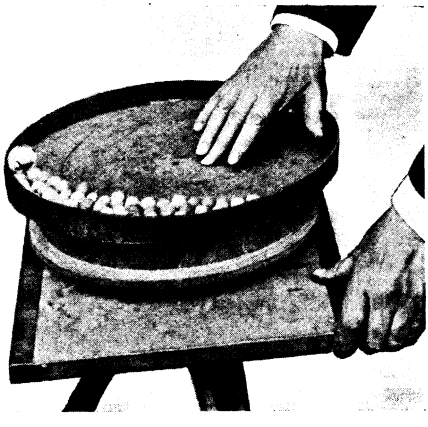
monkey species occupies second place. During his career he has devoted considerable attention to the monkey tribe, and they nearer approach humanity in logical reasoning than any other known animal. They are not only imitators, but have also the power of origination, and there is no mechanical action a man can perform that they are not capable of. This is, of course, because they more nearly than any other animal are a physical counterpart of man.

The monkey seen on the tricycle was only shown once how the machine worked. The steering of it seemed to come to him naturally, and he always took care never to run into any obstacle he found in his path.

Next to the monkey, the friend of man is the most brainy. Though his build is naturally against him, his intelligence is very highly developed, demonstrating his imitative powers to equal those of the monkey, although when the situation has been suited

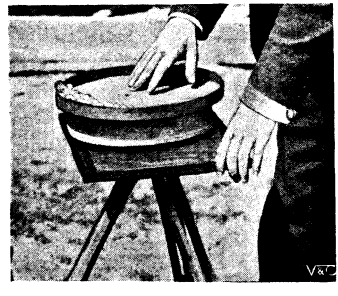


PROVING THAT A SNAIL DID NOT THINK WHEN HE CLIMBED OVER HIS FELLOWS TO ESCAPE FROM AN ENCLOSURE.

to the canine, he has been equally quick to grasp it. For example, a dog cannot ride an ordinary-shaped bicycle or tricycle, but I have seen a dog ride a bicycle, pedalling it, the machine having been specially built to suit him.

The dog learns almost as rapidly as the monkey, and is more obedient. One of the cleverest troupes of dogs ever seen performing was a troupe which had been taught to play football—canine football, of course: and another of our photographs shows one of the troupe receiving instruction in another ball game.

Naturally some remarkable theories are sprung upon and advanced to the experimenter occasionally. One of the strangest was that put forward to prove that snails not only think, but are capable of reasoning and originating ideas. A snail-farmer, or breeder of edible snails, had placed some in an enclosure, the wall consisting of planks sixty centimetres high. To prevent the molluscs escaping, he fixed a sort of shelter of boarding from the top of the wall so that it inclined towards the earth, and he further studded the inclined edge of it with nails. Though they climbed the wall and crawled under the roof, the moment they reached the edge of the latter they wereforced through encountering the pointed nails to retreat, because they



M. HACHET-SOUPLET DEMONSTRATES THE EFFICIENCY OF BLIND FORCE AS THE POWER TO MOVE BOTH THE SNAIL AND THE MARBLE.

could not travel over—or, it should be, under them.

But the breeder found that some of the snails had nevertheless succeeded in escaping. How they had managed it was a mystery he could not for a long time elucidate, but patient observation on his part solved the mystery; and the snails certainly escaped by a most ingenious method, that seemed to point to the possession of a highly developed power of reasoning, an interchange of the idea arrived at, concerted action amongst the prisoners to put the scheme into execution, and—last, but not least—the willingness of self-sacrifice on the part of certain of their numbers, for by the plan all could not escape, and some would have to rest behind. And this is a great combination to credit a snail with.

This is how the snails escaped. Several of them crawled up the wall under the inclined shelter and ranged themselves in a line along the latter beside the nails pointing downwards there. The shells of this line of snails were lower than the points of the nails, and those who would escape had but to climb over the backs of the others, and up

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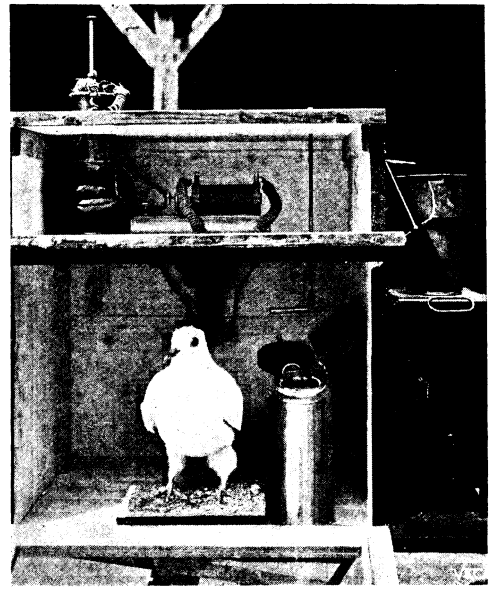
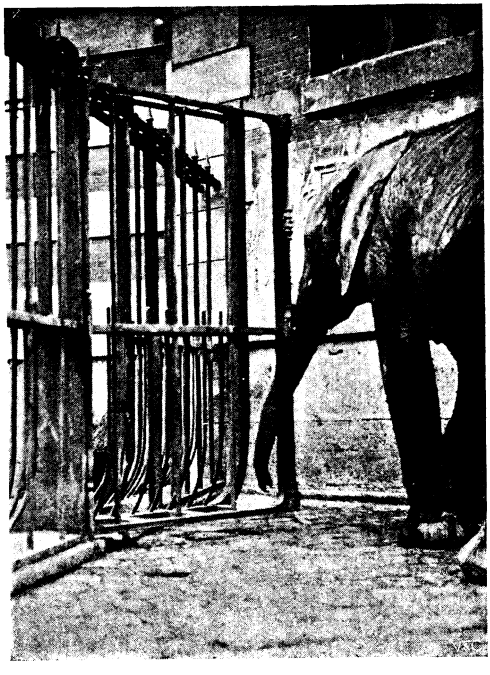
over the side of the shelter. Thus they avoided encountering the nail points.

"But let us reflect a moment," said M. Hachet-Souplet, "and we shall see that there was no thought, no prearranged plan, and no concerted action to the definite end—escape—on the snails' part. It is a phenomenon which can be classed, in a fashion, as an effect of centrifugal force. Naturally the snails found their way to the wall and climbed it as they would climb any object in their path when they could go no further. They could not, however, cross the nails, but others coming after them were forced to climb over their shells, found no inconvenient nail points barring their progress, and so crawled onwards.

"I thought of an experiment which I believed would demonstrate the importance of the economic law in one thing making use of another to a definite end without a prearranged plan to do so, in the case of the snails. Here is a circular tray to which a rotary motion, slow or swift, can be imparted by the hand. Placing a ball in the tray, I spin the latter round. The ball stays there and does not fly out—it has nothing to assist its flight. But if I put in some other balls, just a shade smaller, and again send the tray spinning round, the big one, immediately it finds itself on the edge of the smaller ones—out of the crowd, so to speak—jumps clean over them out of the tray. It has been merely forced out by centrifugal force.



AN EXPERIMENT MADE TO PROVE THAT A PIGEON WAS NOT POSSESSED OF A FACULTY OF DIRECTION GOVERNED BY AIR CURRENTS, ELECTRICAL AND ATMOSPHERIC.



WHEN ONCE THIS ELEPHANT HAD BEEN SHOWN HOW THE DOOR COULD BE OPENED, IT WAS ONLY NECESSARY FOR THE KEEPER TO STAND OUTSIDE THE CAGE WITH BAG IN HIS ARMS TO INDUCE THE ANIMAL TO OPEN THE DOOR HIMSELF. IN THIS WAY AN ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS IS PROVED.

"The ball escapes merely because it has before it the other balls. The snail escapes simply because the other snails are before it, making a bridge. The phenomenon is almost identical in each instance, and we are perfectly within our rights in assuming that in both cases it is a blind force that compels the ball and the animal. Neither the one nor the other has pursued a definite object; they have both been subject to blind forces; and if the snail is possessed of intelligence, it requires something more than the means of escape related to demonstrate it.

"To discover the intelligence of any animal, it is, of course, necessary to set it tasks which Nature, in moulding its form, made it possible for it to do, and animal trainers engaged in educating animals for the stage always bear this in mind; but it is such work as we have shown the cat and the lion to perform in opening cages and boxes which brings out the highest intelligence, because this is not an action to be naturally expected of them.

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"Whether captivity has the effect of dulling the sense originally born in animals is a point that has been much discussed, leading to another question as to whether the best results as to mental ability are to be obtained from studying animals that have long been kept in captivity, and these are questions which the Society has to answer by experiments."

In the case of the rabbit and the hare, which occupy a low position in the brain chart, M. Hachet-Souplet has discovered the wild species to be somewhat more intelligent than the tame, domesticated rabbit which is kept always in a hutch. He managed to teach the wild hare shown in our photograph to "play at soldier," and with the aid of a stick waddle on its hind-legs, and again, standing on them, to beat a tune with its paws, more quickly than a tamed specimen. Possibly dodging dogs and sportsmen's guns sharpened the former's wits, while those of the latter were dulled by confinement.

At the present moment M. Hachet-Souplet is engaged in a series of experimental studies of certain animals whilst they are under the direct influence of his will. He hypnotises them by the eye, and also by centring their attention on some object, and whilst they are in a hypnotic condition suggests to them certain conditions and emotions. His particular aim is to discover to what extent they are subject to emotions, and how they are affected by the suggestion of them in varying degrees. As to the results at present arrived at, I am not at liberty to speak, but he will undoubtedly have something interesting to say on the subject shortly.

In placing animals under hypnotic influence he has observed that they are very much like human beings in that some succumb readily and almost willingly, while others are not so easy to overcome, and make considerable mental resistance against the liberty.

In the task that l'Institut de Psychologie Zoologique has set itself—and it is no light one, for it practically creates a new science—none can but encourage it; for when man has become more intimately acquainted with his "lower brethren" and their degree of intelligence, and sees more clearly how great are their sensibilities and what are their virtues, perhaps he will treat them more as things with feelings, than just as mere animals given to him to use as he may please.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

"*SINCERELY yours*":—ah, saints divine!
What fiend inspired that phrase supine?
No formal friend could seem more cold:
When prudence urged me to be bold
Fate flung me in that laggard line.

To deep oblivion I consign
The luckless suit she must decline,
Endorsed in terms so self-controlled,
"*Sincerely* yours."

What's this?—*her note!*—"Make haste and dine,
At Home (to you) from eight to nine:—
Much vexed, but will forbear to scold
Till in frank speech your tale is told:—
Meanwhile, observe, Dear Sir, I sign
"*Sincerely* yours."

PERCY VARLEY.

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CHARLES EDWARD: HIS IMPERTINENCE.

By H. G. Rhodes.*

MOST people who know Charles Edward Austin and Lady Angela have heard the story of their first meeting. But, although everyone ought to know this amazing and delightful couple, many do not; so the tale is worth telling. It is rather surprising that it has never found its way into the newspapers, for the marriage attracted an enormous amount of attention. Editors who had long since despaired of finding anything fresh to say of the marriages of American heiresses and foreign noblemen took fresh heart, now that it was the other way about. As Charles Edward got no title for himself, the newspapers suspected that he might love his bride, which was, indeed, true. There was also a great deal of discussion as to how one was to speak of them after the marriage ceremony. Some people, fiercely democratic, thought that Lady Angela, out of respect for American institutions, ought to become a mere Mrs. Austin. Some wondered whether she would attach "Austin" to her name at all, and prophesied that she would still be known as Lady Angela Farnston. In some circles, it is said, she was spoken of as Mrs. Lady Austin. But, of course, this was not in smart society. Fashionable New York has probably a more accurate knowledge of the rules for being a British aristocrat than has fashionable London, and "Mr. Charles Edward and Lady Angela Austin" fell naturally from even more than four hundred pairs of lips.

"Finishing coffee on the terrace of the Savoy."

Charles Edward's reputation at Harvard had caused a number of elderly Boston ladies to say that he must be quite mad. But since his graduation, which, to everyone's astonishment, he accomplished with honours, very little had been heard of him. He had been making, in leisurely fashion, a tour round the world. It is probable that he was not always quite calm during that period. The traditions of several Japanese and Indian towns might be advantageously gathered together if

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it should ever be worth while writing Charles Edward's biography. And it is even said that in Vienna the police records—but if this is true, it is not especially characteristic of him. For his adventures were, on the whole, whimsical rather than violent. The possible biographer might state it as a significant fact that in college his favourite book was Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."

In June of '98, he had progressed as far as Paris, coming from the East; and after leaving there, he met, on the boat crossing the Channel, Edward Singer, whom he had known at Cambridge when he himself was a sophomore and Singer a senior. "Since that time I have graduated, and seen a good many places that anyone, even Cook's people, can see; while you've been somewhere," was the polite way in which Charles Edward summed up their interchange of confidences. Singer was going to London with the manuscript of a book on Eastern Turkestan in his luggage. He had been there for two years, and when Charles Edward announced that he considered his friend the only authority on Central Asia, he only uttered the unspoken hope of Singer's heart.

Strange to relate, the train drew into Charing Cross station on time. It was the second time that month that this had happened, a porter remarked with admiration, and it was only the 28th. When the train does arrive when it should, one can go to one's hotel, dress comfortably, and dine at a reasonable hour. Even authorities on Central Asia must eat and go to the Gaiety Theatre, Charles Edward said; so nine o'clock found the two friends finishing coffee on the terrace of the Savoy, while the fading light over the river and the gardens began to grow a deep purplish blue by contrast with the glow inside. "Ought we to go on to the theatre?" asked Singer, after consulting his watch.

"Some time, I suppose," was the answer. "But when I was here before, a long time ago, I learned one great fact about English life, which is that no one has ever seen the beginning of a Gaiety piece. It wouldn't be legal, I believe. What the first half of the first act is like is one of the great mysteries of London."

"Deep for hours in the 'Blue Book.'"

"That sounds enormously experienced. Joking aside, do you know London well?"

"I have a few esoteric bits of information like that, but—know London? No."

"I was thinking really of knowing people." Singer looked around the room with manifest satisfaction. "One wouldn't mind."

It was a pleasant sight even for one who was not fresh from the regions of the barbarians. Half the tables were still filled, and the restaurant, with its low ceiling and its dark, mahogany-panelled walls, looked like a warm, glowing cave. At a table near by, a party of eight were dining. Facing Austin sat a girl with a quiet face, but an infinite fund of laughter in her eyes. Not much description is needed: everyone has seen Lady Angela's portrait in the illustrated

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papers. Charles Edward withdrew his gaze from her.

"Mind!" he exclaimed. "Rather not. No, I don't know anybody here. I have a cousin who has bagged an English husband. If she we here, she would fix me. But the silly woman has chosen just this time to go to America on a visit. She is sending some letters for me, I believe, but they haven't come. And she won't be back herself for three weeks or so. But even if one got acquainted, one couldn't be sure of getting acquainted with just the people one wants to know."

His eye rested again upon the girl at the table near by.

"How ridiculous all this business of

"Sold an irreproachable-looking young American a copy of 'The Polite Letter-Writer.'"

introductions is, anyhow, Singer. Here you and I are for only a little time. We should love to give dinners here every night and ask quantities of these charming people. We can't, because we don't know them. And so we've got to spend all the time we have for London in making friends and getting ready to enjoy it."

"It's a dazzling prospect; but if I gave dinners every night, they would soon degenerate into buns and milk at the—what do they call em?—the A. B. C. shops. *You* can talk about the Savoy."

"That's nothing." Austin was honestly modest about his money. "I don't exactly know what the current quotations on Central Asian books are, but I'll bet that in two weeks you will sell yours for hundreds of guineas, crowns, florins, and ha'pence of their ridiculous money. But until then I'll be the host at our dinners."

"I might venture to do that myself, I suppose, as long as we don't know anyone to ask."

"Yes, I suppose you must know them," meditated Charles Edward. Then suddenly: "I have an idea, Singer."

"Don't boast," his companion counselled.

"Will you dine here with me a week from to-night?"

"Gladly," laughed Singer; "that's simple."

"And wouldn't you rather be surrounded by distinguished Londoners and beautiful Englishwomen than to feed alone with me?"

"Yes, I should."

"Then you shall. I have an idea." This with a gesture.

"Don't knock over that bottle. I'll come to dinner, but you won't get anyone else. I don't believe that even good dinners like this are so rare in London that people will come to dine with a total stranger in order to get one."

"Oh! but they shall think they know me."

"If you are going to do it under an assumed name, why not issue a royal command for a State dinner at Buckingham Palace?"

"I shall use my own name of Charles Edward Austin."

"But how?"

"That's my idea." And Austin sent for the head waiter. "You can give me a private room for a dinner of ten or twelve this night of next week, can't you?" he inquired of that gentleman. "I'll come in later and order dinner. Austin is the name. Wednesday—yes. Oh! by the by," as the *maître d'hôtel* turned to go, "can you tell me, is that lady in white, at the next table, Lady Susan Simpkins? I think I know her, but I'm not sure."

"No, sir; that is Lady Angela Farnston."

"Oh!" said Charles Edward, putting a

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note of disappointment into his voice. "She is, let me see——"

"She is Lord Emscott's daughter."

"Of course. Thanks, so much"; and then to Singer, as Monsieur Rodolphe moved away: "I know one person I shall ask. Let's go to the Gaiety."

II.

THE valet at the Berkeley Hotel took away from Mr. Austin's room on Thursday evening a huge pile of weekly and daily papers. There were numbers of the *Gossiping Times* for the past three months, with portraits and anecdotes, one might have thought, of half the people of England. The smoking-room waiter observed a guest that afternoon deep for hours in the "Blue Book," "Who's Who," and "Burke's Peerage." A clerk in a Piccadilly book-shop sold an irreproachable-looking young American a copy of "The Polite Letter-Writer." And that evening Charles Edward consigned a number of letters to the post. A glimpse at a few of them may not be uninteresting.

The first was addressed to the Countess of Emscott.

"DEAR LADY EMSCOTT,—

"I hope you will remember me, and that you and Lord Emscott will pardon rather short notice, and, if you are free, dine next Wednesday, the Savoy, 8.30. I can't even call on you before then, as in the interval I may have to go north. A fellow-countryman of mine, Edward Singer, is coming, and as all London is clamouring to know him soon, on account of his exploits in Eastern Turkestan, I am seizing the earliest opportunity to profit by my friendship with a new celebrity.

"Do you remember promising me at Monte Carlo, last February, that I should meet your daughter in London? Will you bring Lady Angela to dine? It will just make my number even.

"Yours most sincerely,

"CHARLES EDWARD AUSTIN."

"Is there anything interesting in your letters, mother?" asked Lady Angela the following morning at breakfast in Grosvenor Crescent.

"Nothing much. Invitations. One from a Mr. Austin, whom I seem to have met last winter at Monte Carlo."

"Who was he, Caroline?" asked her husband.

"That's what I don't seem to remember, Frederick. Helena Frampton always had a great many young men about. I forget their names."

"You would, dear Caroline, wouldn't you?" His wife's uncertain memory was one of the few trials of his life.

"I remember hearing of him," said Angela, "from Mrs. Frampton. Mother was considered to have flirted disgracefully with him."

"Angela, you are outrageous!" Lady Emscott gasped.

"Yes, I know I am. What night does he want us to dine?"

Lady Emscott read the note.

"That 'fellow-countryman' means that he is an American," observed Lady Angela.

"We certainly shan't dine with him when your mother doesn't remember him."

"I remember him well enough, Frederick—that is, as well as I remember any of Helena's young men."

"Wednesday is a free evening," was Lady Angela's comment. She cared very little for unoccupied hours during the London Season.

"It doesn't need to be," said her mother. "Your Aunt Emily wants us to come there that night. And afterwards—where is her note? Oh! afterwards there will be some more people in, and a little talk on the housing problem by an expert from the County Council."

Lord Emscott looked up apprehensively from the *Times*.

"Has your sister changed her cook, Caroline?"

"No, I don't think so."

"We know the Savoy hasn't, father."

"That quite apart, perhaps Eastern Turkestan interests me fully as much as the housing problem. I think we had better accept, Caroline."

The *Gossiping Times* said that Mrs. Fred Wilding was a lion-hunter. Charles Edward's note to her was a simple task.

"DEAR MRS. WILDING,—

"Will you dine with one American to meet another, Wednesday next, the Savoy, 8.30? Edward Singer is my lion. He is just back from Central Asia, and is going to make us forget Landor and Sven Hedin in no time. I am also asking Lord and Lady Emscott and the William Northbridges.

"Yours most sincerely,

"CHARLES EDWARD AUSTIN."

Mrs. Wilding remarked to a friend the next afternoon that really it was getting to a

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"'We certainly shan't dine with him when your mother doesn't remember him.'"

point in London where you rarely knew your host or hostess, or they you. But she asked in the next sentence whether Lady Wynche knew Edward Singer, the great explorer. Singer, it appeared, would be coming to Mrs. Wilding's one day shortly.

The William Northbridges declined Mr. Austin's kind invitation with great prompt

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ness; but Buxton, who is a F.R.G.S., and who thought that he himself knew something of Central Asian matters, accepted with alacrity; Mrs. Buxton would also come.

Mr. and Mrs. Revell have lived in London for years, although they are Americans. Charles Edward did not know them, so the rules of his game allowed him to ask them. Yet his conscience troubled him a little when he thought that because they knew the same set of people in New York that he did, the difficulties of conversation with them would be trifling. And when Mrs. Revell wrote to say that she had known her host's mother, and thought she must have trotted him upon her knee in his early youth, Charles Edward, to whom this information was wholly unexpected, had a moment when he felt that he had behaved—to Singer, at least—like an utter cad. But he overcame these pangs of remorse and ordered his dinner.

III.

THE plan of campaign involved more expense than is usual, even at a smart London restaurant. Illustrated journalism has its charms, but one would be ill-advised to trust in it implicitly. The *Court Snip-Snap*, for example, had contained an admirable picture of Mrs. Wilding in the mountaineering costume in which she explored the Southern Atlas Range. But what would she look like with her hair in undulations and her gown frothing with lace? Charles Edward took a private sitting-room next his private dining-room, and impressed upon the waiter in attendance before dinner the necessity of announcing the names of arrivals with great distinctness.

Singer came first. He had been told an hour fifteen minutes in advance of the time appointed in the notes of invitation. It is as well to cage your lion before you admit visitors to your menagerie. Besides which, the host of the evening hoped that interest in Eastern Turkestan would at once overpower all other feelings in his guests, especially the vice of curiosity.

"Well, Austin, I suppose you think you're going to bring it off. Do you really expect a dinner-party of strangers?"

Could one trust to Singer's tact and resource? In spite of the honours at graduation, Charles Edward's knowledge of history was not great; still, he thought he could remember that Napoleon had kept the secret of his plans to himself.

"No," he answered; "I gave it up, old chap; it was too risky. These are people I do know. I found out that I had met Lady Emscott and had forgotten it. Funny, isn't it?"

The Buxtons were announced.

"It is good of you to come, Mrs. Buxton, since I knew your husband so slightly. But Mr. Singer insisted on my venturing to ask Mr. Buxton. How are you, Buxton? Have you been speaking again before the Geographical Society since the time I met you? That must have been over a year ago; let's see——"

"The lecture on the abandoned salt-mines, wasn't it, in July?" said Buxton.

"Yes."

"I forget who brought you."

"Oh, What's-his-name—I have a confoundedly bad memory—you know, the chap who thinks he knows something about the region himself."

"You mean Hertwich," said Buxton, with a snort.

"Yes, Hertwich."

"Is *he* coming to-night?"

"Well, no," Charles Edward beamed. "You see, Singer didn't seem even to have heard of him, and I thought if I could get you——" He introduced Singer, and Mrs. Wilding was announced.

"I am in great luck to get you, Mrs. Wilding," was the greeting she received.

"Yes, you are," she admitted. "I had to manage it, I can tell you. I was engaged to some cousins of mine for to-night. But if Mr. Singer is to burst upon London——"

"You would like to arrange that the sunrise should take place in Chester Street."

"Exactly, Mr. Austin. Do you know, I had a hard time trying to remember where I met you? It is good for the soul, they say, so I out with the truth."

"I can quite understand. You meet so many people, and I never was especially worth remembering."

"I thought at first it must have been at your Embassy."

"No, I never dined there," replied Charles Edward.

"Ah! then it *was* Mrs. Sackville's. I thought so."

"And you forgot!" The speaker endeavoured to put a mildly sentimental note into his voice.

"Don't reproach me. You forgave me in the beginning. Now fetch me Mr. Singer."

An introduction followed. Fortunately Mrs. Wilding already knew the Buxtons.

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She had collected the explorer once, some years ago, and he had occupied for an afternoon the place in the Chester Street drawing-room to which she now destined Singer.

Next came the Revells, and their host—to his shame be it said—almost welcomed the feeling of security which they gave him. The arrival of the Emscott party interrupted Mrs. Revell's flow of anecdote concerning Charles Edward's childhood. Charles Edward, inwardly agitated, though outwardly calm enough, greeted these guests and prayed that dinner would be announced at once.

"I am seating people a little unconventionally," he explained to Lady Emscott, who smiled vaguely in reply. "You ought to be at my right, of course. But I know you will want to be next to Mr. Singer, and so, if I am to keep husbands and wives and fathers and daughters apart, I can't have you next me. It isn't rudeness."

Charles Edward had worked the problem out by making many charts of the dinner table on the Berkeley's best notepaper. If it is worth anyone's while to follow his example, it can easily be proved whether or not Mrs. Buxton *had* to sit at his right; and at his left, Lady Angela, flanked by Buxton. The host noted with satisfaction that the Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society seemed a fairly dull dog. Besides, he would want to talk to Singer, who sat at his left, just beyond Mrs. Revell.

Before they went into dinner, Lady Emscott got a moment with her husband.

"Frederick," she said, "I never saw that young man!"

"Which, my dear?"

"Our host."

"You knew him at Monte Carlo," explained Lord Emscott with patient weariness.

"Certainly I didn't."

"My dear Caroline, we know your memory."

"I'm perfectly positive."

"Then I'm sure he's all right. It's absurd to suppose that a perfect stranger would ask us to dine."

"He's an American."

"He's a gentleman, Caroline. I can tell by the look of him that he would be in Helena Frampton's train."

"Helena is what you call omnivorous; but really, Frederick, it doesn't follow that every young man who is a gentleman is also one of her young men."

"Oh!" said Lord Emscott, "give Helena a chance——"

Dinner was announced.

Dinners are very much like dinners the world over. The points at the table where Charles Edward and Singer were seated are the only ones which require watching. Austin had discussed two books, three plays, and the comparative healthfulness of the air of Hampstead and the Regent's Park with Mrs. Buxton before he turned to Lady Angela. He meant that everyone, Lady Emscott especially, should see that it was almost a sacrifice he had made in having Lady Angela next him. But he trusted that he could speedily remove any such impression from the mind of that young woman herself. It would serve no end to record their conversation. They got on well together, because, as later events proved, they were destined to get on well. And Charles Edward kept the conversation so in hand that only once did it

"'Frederick, I never saw that young man!'"

journey towards the Riviera and reach Monte Carlo.

"What do you think of Mrs. Frampton's looks?" inquired Angela.

"That," replied her host, "depends very much on what you happen individually to think of hair that colour."

"I think perhaps it was nicer when it was a brighter red. You liked her immensely, I expect. All men do."

"Oh! well——"

"Mother is too funny taking care of Helena. You know what she is like. She gets so confused with Helena's attendant swains. She had great difficulty in remembering you."

"I should hate to say anything against your mother's memory."

"That sounds as if she were an historical character." Lady Angela laughed, and Charles Edward was again safely across thin ice. Indeed, he was now flushed with victory. It was his moment of pride, and it came before a fall in the conversational vigour of his guests when he and Lady Angela both heard Singer.

The explorer had become expansive under the influence of pleasant surroundings.

"He is so amusing," he confided to Lady Emscott, deserting Asian wilds for the moment, and taking up their host as a topic. "He had a most extraordinary idea for to-night. Of course, he didn't carry it out when he found he could get you people. He told me he would get together a party composed of people he had never met before." Singer explained in somewhat greater detail the humour of the original idea. Charles Edward cursed Napoleon.

Charles Edward does not hesitate to use the most hackneyed of phrases, and asserts that "no pen could describe" the way in which a chilling suspicion crept slowly over the company. The conversation became general after a short but, to the unhappy host, blood-curdling pause. Without daring to watch anyone, he could feel the interchange of confidences. For one moment he relied on Mrs. Revell to stem the tide. She knew who he was. No; she only knew who he said he was! Through the intermediation of Mrs. Wilding, much reached his Lordship's ear. At first he smiled rather scornfully; but after listening a little longer to the lady's murmurings, he sent a glance at Charles Edward that brought that youth's eyes up from his plate as an electric shock might have done. He left Mrs. Buxton to struggle for her right-hand neighbour's attention as best she might, and turned to Lady Angela.

"Well?" inquired the young woman.

"Yes, it's so. Are you very angry?"

"Yes, I am." This she said very gravely. Then, with a sudden laugh: "But it's so ridiculous!"

"That was the idea. I hoped it would be amusing."

"My father hasn't your sense of humour. Didn't you face the fact in the beginning that if you were found out, we should be angry?"

"Yes. But I didn't think it would matter quite so much as it seems to now."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose now I shall never be allowed to see you again."

"You only see me now by cheating."

"I was a fool, I suppose, not to wait and try to be properly introduced."

"*Do* you really know anyone in England?"

"Lady Butler-Warren is my cousin. She's an American, you know. But she is in America."

"Elizabeth Warren! Oh! but how can I tell you are speaking the truth now?"

"I don't know how you can. But I am. I don't so much care what the others think. I dislike having you think I am a hopeless bounder."

"What possessed you to do this?"

"I dined," said Charles Edward, "at the Savoy last Wednesday, not so very far from your table."

If Lady Angela's subsequent conduct seems to anyone to deviate from that lofty standard of ladylikeness to which her birth would seem to have destined her, or if Charles Edward's speeches, as here reported, seem inadequate to have soothed her anger, it must always be borne in mind that the two had already earlier in the dinner "got on very well."

"By the by, Mr. Austin——" Lord Emscott launched at his host across the table.

"Here it comes," said Charles Edward beneath his breath.

Then Lady Angela crossed the Rubicon.

"Isn't it extraordinary, father," she said, "that mother never told me about Mr. Austin's being Elizabeth Butler-Warren's cousin?"

"Perhaps not so strange," retorted Lady Emscott, and as the conversation seemed to include the whole circumference of the table, everyone stopped to listen. Charles Edward says his heart nearly stopped, too.

"When I first saw Mr. Austin to-night, I

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couldn't make out," Lady Angela went on, "why his face was so extraordinarily familiar to me. But when he spoke of his cousin, I remembered at once. She has a large photograph of him standing on a writing-table in her boudoir. Elizabeth used to tell me about him often. But somehow I didn't realise that our Mr. Austin and Elizabeth's were the same."

Lord Emscott felt solid ground beneath his feet once more. If one could not count on the untrustworthiness of Caroline's memory, on what could one count? Just then, a waiter called upon him to choose between Fine Champagne, Chartreuse, and Kümmel Doré, and, applying his mind to this problem, he forgot the other. Singer started afresh the discussion with Buxton on the advance of Russia towards India, and the dinner, reported afterwards by everyone to have been especially successful, passed on beautifully to its end.

"I can't tell you what you are," murmured the host to his left-hand neighbour. "At least, not on so short an acquaintance."

"You see what you have made me. You must be Elizabeth's cousin now, if she has to adopt you."

"I swear I am. If I hadn't been, I wouldn't have let you do what you did."

Ultimately the story, in a sort of way, got out. There had been, of course, Mrs. Sackville and Hertwich to reckon with; but by that time Lady Butler-Warren had returned from New York, and her cousin was fairly well known to all of her friends, and very intimate at the Emscotts'. Indeed, Helena Frampton, from the beginning, backed up Lord Emscott's view of his wife's memory. Helena had a sense of humour, and she had a letter from Angela written the morning after the famous dinner. In any case, in the thick of a London Season, even Sherlock Holmes would scarcely find time for really effective investigations. Not that they could in the end have done any great harm to anyone. The Austin connection in New York is really satisfactory, and the money is indisputable. The story of that night remains merely to prove that even in the beginning the pair cared for each other enough to be willing to make sacrifices, even of the truth—so Charles Edward says.

THE LITTLE SHOE.

BABY learned to speak our tongue,
Then she went away.
I remember like my prayers
The sweet words she used to say.

Baby used to laugh and coo,
Kiss us every one.
All the rooms seem empty now
With the laughter gone.

Baby had the dearest shoes,
She would creep from chair to chair.
Mother counted all the shoes
That the baby used to wear.

"Mother dear," said I,
"Let me keep this littlest one,
And please do not cry.
Babies like to go barefoot
Up there in the sky."

Mother held me to her heart,
But I ran away
With one shoe the baby wore,
And I cried all day.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

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SOME BIG LITTLE MEN.

DESCRIBED AND PICTURED BY

HARRY FURNISS.

LORD ROBERTS.

"WHY, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little elderly man who was in company with half-a-dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the old gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies — not readily perceived, but worth the whole lot of them."

The like is frequently true, even of the ordinary man; but in the case of extraordinary men, the value of the small man is often far greater. Great little men have been very numerous. A man, however great, if small of stature, is looked upon as fair game by those who have only extra weight of flesh and bone to compensate for their smallness of brain; yet he will often fail to score a victory like that of the hero of the above anecdote. A witty man is seldom a Hercules, and generally, but not always, gets the worst of it.

A story which illustrates my point recently went the round of the Press. Lord Roberts once found himself the centre of a circle of new friends in a London club. There was a very tall gentleman present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronisingly to his Lordship and remarked: "I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you." To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you." Everyone present was delighted with Lord Roberts's reply, and the "wit" soon afterwards disappeared. The man effectively crushed was a small big man.

By big little men, such as Lord Roberts, I mean, of course, little men with big reputations—not small in the sense in which Carlyle used the word in his captious criticism of his contemporaries. Although Carlyle is now "out of fashion" with the reading public, he was, nevertheless, a great man. He was not such a small man that I can include him in this brief list of little men, but had he ever criticised himself, as he criticised others, he would have written himself down small; for in his description of "human portraits" the subjects are not always, I fear, "faithfully drawn," and, framed in that doubt, cannot possibly be the "welcomest in human walls." According to Carlyle, Wordsworth was "essentially a small genuine man," "a genuine bit, a small diluted man." Macaulay he describes as "a squat, thick-set, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty." Coleridge, in his eyes, was, in figure, "a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund, and relaxed." Lord Houghton he describes as "a high-bred Italianised little man." Charles Dickens was a "fine little fellow," a "small compact figure, very small," "a quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow," and so on, yet none of those referred to come strictly under the title of "small men." Neither did Carlyle qualify himself to be judged by the standard set up by Charles Dickens, for Carlyle's "pleasant qualities" are altogether absent in his writings about others. Unlike all other rules, he made no exceptions. Writing of little people, Dickens says: "Whether it is that pleasant qualities, being packed more closely in small bodies than in large, come more readily to hand than when they are diffused over wider space, and have to be gathered together for use, we don't know; but as a general rule—strengthened, like all other rules, by its exceptions—we hold that little people are sprightly and good-natured."

That delightful essayist, Charles Lamb, was no doubt as small as he was great. Carlyle wrote nothing concerning his size,

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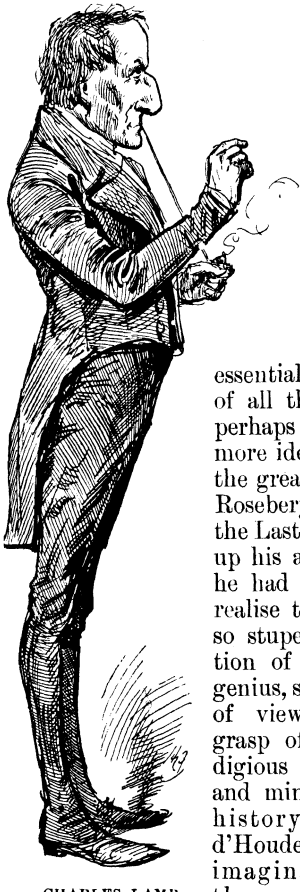
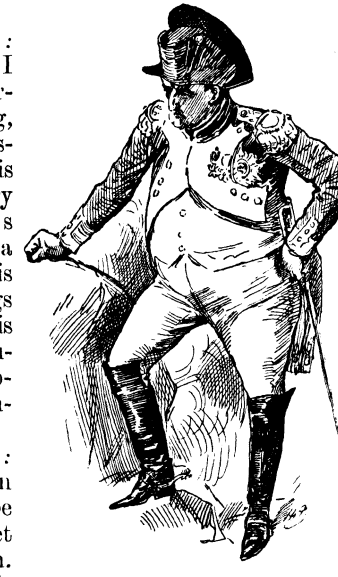
but a great deal about his "thin streak of Cockney wit" and his grotesque appearance. "The only thing really humorous about Lamb was his personal appearance: his coat of rusty black, his spindle-shanks, his knee-breeches, the bit ribbons fleein' at the knees o' him; indeed, he was humour personified." Carlyle gave the East India House clerk no credit for wit, yet there is a very wholesome "streak of Cockney wit" in the following reply of Charles Lamb. It appears that the regular routine of clerkly business ill suited the literary tastes and the wayward, though innocent, habits of Charles Lamb. Once, at the India House, one in authority said to him: "I have remarked, Mr. Lamb, that you come very late of a morning!" "Yes, sir," replied the wit, "but I go away early in the afternoon."



CHARLES LAMB.

The history of the world shows that our greatest warriors have frequently been small men. Napoleon was essentially a small man, and of all the great little men perhaps no figure has been more idealised than that of the great Napoleon. Lord Rosebery, in "Napoleon: the Last Phase," thus winds up his appreciation: "Till he had lived, no one could realise that there could be so stupendous a combination of military and civil genius, such comprehension of view united to such grasp of detail, such prodigious vitality of body and mind. 'He contracts history,' said Madame d'Houdetot, 'and expands imagination.' 'He has thrown a doubt,' said Lord Dudley, 'on all past glory; he has made all future renown impossible.' This is hyperbole, but with a substance of truth. No name represents so completely and conspicuously dominion, splendour, and catastrophe. He raised himself by the use, and ruined himself by the abuse, of superhuman faculties. He was wrecked by the extravagance of his own genius. No less powers than those which had effected his rise could have achieved his fall." Lord Rosebery's appreciation is followed by an Appendix giving the opinions of different authorities on the personal appearance of Napoleon. They are worth quoting in this connection.

Senhouse: "His person I was very desirous of seeing, and I felt disappointed. His figure is very bad; he is short, with a large head, his hands and legs small, and his body so corpulent as to project very considerably."



NAPOLEON.

Bunbury: "Napoleon appears to be about five feet six inches high. His make is very stout and muscular. In the management of his limbs Napoleon is ungraceful; but he uses very little gesture, and the carriage of his head is dignified. I have seldom seen a man of stronger make, or better fitted to endure fatigue."

Henry: "A fascinating prestige, which we had cherished all our lives, then vanished like gossamer in the sun. The great Napoleon had merged in an unsightly and obese individual; and we looked in vain for that overwhelming power of eye and force of expression which we had been taught to expect by a delusive imagination."

From Napoleon we come to Lord Roberts. It would be superfluous to dwell upon his many achievements. In 1893 was published "Bobs," in which Mr. Kipling celebrates Lord Roberts's valour and abilities as a warrior, a poem that did much to popularise the great little General—

What 'e does not know o' war,
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door—
Can't they, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An'—'e—does—not—advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?

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Among men of peace we have a galaxy of great little men. One of the most remarkable big little men that France of modern time has produced was M. Thiers, prominent in the Revolution of 1830. The destroyer of two monarchies, he again became, when a very old man, quite a prominent personage as a supporter of a Republic after the Franco-German War and the downfall of Napoleon the Third. He was described as a "solitary genius," self-concentrated, disdainful, and, having been hurled from power, long after leaving his country, he devoted himself to the analysis of her past history. "A diminutive, quick, mercurial frame; an ardent, sanguine mind, drowning thought in action," he was verging towards old age in the stormy days of the 1830 Revolution, and was a remarkable, little, energetic man forty years afterwards when his country was at war with Germany. When he was *en evidence* in 1871, it was said of him that he might parody a certain well-known utterance, and say of himself: "An historian, an orator, a statesman, if you please—but, above all things, a Frenchman."

M. THIERS.

As that of a contemporary of Thiers I introduce a portrait of our great little statesman, Lord John Russell, an appreciation of whom I quote. "If there has been such a thing as the backbone of the Liberal cause for the last two generations, it has been Lord Russell. What has he not done or had a chief hand in doing? He led the long and apparently hopeless attack on the constitution of the old House of Commons, compelling it at last "to throw down its own walls." He found it an oligarchy, tempered by corruption, and he has left it a fair representation of the people, capable of improvement and not unwilling to be improved. He found not only Dissenters, but also five million members of a Church which is the parent of our own, outside the pale of the Constitution; he has left them fellow-citizens as well as fellow-Christians. He found many of the largest populations in this island either without a corporate existence or governed by small knots monopolising, usurping, embezzling, and mismanaging everything they could lay hands on; he has left every town in England better than a mere village, in the enjoyment of municipal institutions. He found slavery a British institution, and the slave trade of other countries flourishing under its shadow; he has left not a slave on British soil nor a slaver on the open sea. He found nationalities everywhere the sport and prey of empire; he has left every race which is capable of self-government in the enjoyment of it. He found pauperism the degradation of labour, and has left it the mitigation of poverty. He found the Church of England a vast jungle of nepotism, corruption, simony, and violent contrasts, the drones on the one hand and the working bees on the other; he has left it busily economising its revenues, multiplying its churches and clergy, and honestly struggling with inveterate ills. What more can we add? There is much indeed to be added; for all the prosperity, all the improvements, all the additions to the convenience, health, and beauty of our towns, all the public buildings, the free libraries and colleges rising everywhere, are the offspring of this just and free legislation. Would it be an addition to all this mass of achievement to claim for Lord Russell surpassing ability, to say that he had never made a mistake, to repel even the suspicion that years had told on his powers? It would not. But it does add to his honour, as well as to the force of his example, that Lord Russell has done all this by qualities within the reach of all—by honesty, simplicity, unflinching courage, indefatigable industry, by rendering untiring homage to his own sense of truth, and by undying zeal in its cause."

Although Lord John was considered all this by a certain section of politicians, by many he was not valued as a great little man, but as a little great failure.

After the mismanaged Crimean war, Lord

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John, as English plenipotentiary, went to Vienna, and returned in a very bellicose spirit, leading everyone to believe he had agreed to the terms submitted by the Austrian Government and was at one with the Cabinet. As a matter of fact, he was deceiving Parliament and the public; and after a time, as soon as his deception was discovered, he retired from office, so as to evade all public discussion upon his conduct. This led to angry scenes in the House. Disraeli, Lord Lytton, and others oratorically performed a war-dance on the prostrate body of poor little Russell. Bulwer Lytton referred to the inconsistencies of the ex-minister "who lately suppressed his sentiments lest he should damage his Government, while a few months ago he had overturned a Government rather than suppress his sentiments." Lord Palmerston referred to Sir Bulwer's speech as "Much Ado about Nothing." Sir Bulwer Lytton wittily retorted that he believed "Much Ado about Nothing" came from the "Comedy of Errors."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Lord John's "Comedy of Errors" is criticised in a description given by Bismarck, which was published in a book entitled "Sword and Pen," as late as July, 1902: "'Funny nation, the English,' said Bismarck. 'The Foreign Minister, Lord John Russell, was interpellated in Parliament and requested to call Prussia to account for the bombardment of Sonderburg, which was known to be full of Danish batteries. The wording of the interpellation irritated me when I read it, and I was curious to see what would come of it. Eight days later came a note from Lord John Russell, in which Prussia was actually called to account. I was angry, and I did what has probably never occurred in diplomatic transactions of this century. I tore up the note and threw the pieces in my waste-paper basket. England, with her few thousand troops, is a power to whom we can be indifferent. The apparent influence which Great Britain possesses does not rest on any sound basis. Three or four weeks later came a reminder "that the note had not been dealt with," and requesting an answer. This communication, like the first, found its way into my waste-paper basket, and I was really curious to know what England would do. Just think: Lord John Russell was again interpellated on the subject, and he replied in Parliament that he had received satisfactory explanation from Prussia.'"

Mentioning small men as politicians naturally recalls Lord Randolph Churchill. I must plead guilty to giving a wrong impression of Lord Randolph Churchill, for at the time when he was becoming a personage in Parliament, I was, perhaps, the only artist that chronicled its doings, and the legion of artists that followed took their impression from me. According to actual measurement Lord Randolph Churchill was not a small man, and yet he looked a small man; he was called "little Randy" by those who probably never saw the caricatures of him. His bent figure and slanting shoulders deceived the eye, and without doubt in any

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

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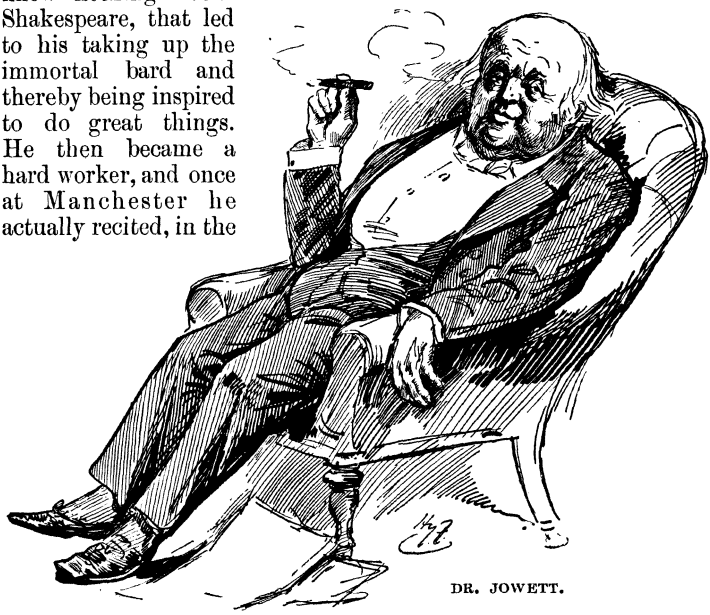
company of men Lord Randolph looked very much under the medium height. He had not the stamina of the small man. The term a "pocket Hercules" has been applied to more than one of the great small men, but never to Lord Randolph; and yet he was a terrible worker. Before he took up politics, much in the same way as that in which he afterwards took up horse-racing, or globe-trotting, or anything on the spur of the moment, he was an idle young man about Dublin, in the city where his father resided as Lord-Lieutenant. It was a chance meeting with Sir Henry Irving at the theatre, and Lord Randolph's acknowledgment to our great actor that he had never read "Hamlet," and knew nothing about Shakespeare, that led to his taking up the immortal bard and thereby being inspired to do great things. He then became a hard worker, and once at Manchester he actually recited, in the course of a speech, two long passages of Burke without glancing at his notes. He mastered every difficulty, became an able speaker, and, finding a rather dull House of Commons, his flippancy told far more than the eloquence of a Burke or a Grattan. The only thing he could not master was the preservation of good health; and as the body suffered, so did the brain, and his downfall followed. We have no sadder picture in our political history than the rise and fall of plucky "little Randy."



DR. JOWETT.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable little men of our time was Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and was elected to a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1835, and to a fellowship in 1838. He was tutor of Balliol College from 1842 to 1870. He was appointed to the Regius Professorship of Greek, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, in 1855. In 1870 he was elected Master of Balliol College, an office which he held to the day of his death. The honorary degree of Doctor was conferred upon him by the University of Leyden, in February, 1875, by the University of Edinburgh, at the Tercentenary in 1884, by the University of Dublin in 1886, and by the University of Cambridge in 1890. He served his term as Vice-Chancellor of the University for four years: 1882–86.

The Master will ever live in the memory of Oxford men as the great little man who had done more to popularise their 'Varsity than all the big muscular characters it has turned out. I once had the pleasure of spending an evening in his company, and before dinner had an hour's walk with him, when I looked for the eccentricities which seem inseparable from the name of Jowett. I must admit I found him a pleasant, most entertaining man of the world, in no way the don or the bugbear which Balliol undergraduates have conjured up. After his death I came across the following, written by an undergraduate and published in a weekly periodical of the time: "But it was even more by his personal intimacy with individuals than by his liberality towards the college that he won the regard of all. None of us will ever forget that kind, bright face, with its scanty, snow-white hair, or the thin, falsetto voice, 'which spake not often and yet spake much.'" Most of the stories of his sayings are cruel libels, representing him as a rude, snappy old man. One in particular comes to my mind. It is said that an undergraduate was asked to walk with him in the afternoon. Silence reigned supreme between them, the young man's bashfulness growing the while. As they turned towards home again, he at length mustered up courage to say that it was a fine day. The Master made no reply until they reached college. Then he said (says the story): "I didn't see much in that remark of yours." This is pointless,

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except as an instance of incivility. As a matter of fact, once the silence had been broken, the Master took part in the conversation, and at the end of the walk said, in utter kindness: "It is a mistake to make unmeaning remarks merely for the sake of saying something. It is better to be silent than to say that which can only appear foolish to your companion." Here is the Master's manner—drawing a lesson for the government of one's everyday outward conduct from a trivial incident.

SIR E. LANDSEER.

Another great little man in a different sphere was M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*. It is no secret that this great little man made his first success by a bogus account of a meeting of ministers that never happened. He sent this to the *Times*, and so well was it written that it struck Delane that if anyone could invent such excellent copy, he could certainly provide them with facts; and M. de Blowitz subsequently proved himself to be a tremendous force on the Continent. He was a very, very little man with a large head. M. de Blowitz, whose real name was Henri Georges Stephane Adolphe Oppert, was born in 1825. He succeeded the late Laurence Oliphant, whom he had assisted in the work, as Paris correspondent of the *Times*, and in his tenure of that post displayed extraordinary enterprise. His memory was prodigious, probably unequalled. M. de Blowitz was made an Officer of the Legion of Honour in 1878. In 1895 he roused the French Press to fury, by suggesting that the British Ambassador ought to follow the example of other Powers and keep a fund for the correction of statements made by the French newspapers concerning England. Although M. de Blowitz completely vindicated the French Press from the suspicion of accepting bribes, the Paris journalists maintained that he intended to insult them and their calling. They attacked him furiously, caricatures of him flooded the *boulevards;* and at last he had to appear before the Paris Press Syndicate, where, after the thunder from the thunderer's great little man, the storm passed away.

Had another great little man, Sir Edwin Landseer, been a traveller like our artist-traveller and politician, Sir Harry Johnston, who is another man of small stature and big achievement, he might have left on record something more in Art than the humanising of animals. To my mind the very best work Landseer ever painted is the picture of a dead lion which hangs on the staircase in the house of Sir William Agnew. It so happened that a travelling circus in the country lost its old lion by death. Sir Edwin, hearing of this, posted over to the place and painted the animal as it lay there. In that work there was no appeal made to lower tastes; no striving, by means of strained effects, to please the eye of the British public by turning the lion into a human buffoon. For, after all, Landseer, great artist as he was, belittled animal life and never elevated it. He was a great little man, who sacrificed his truest genius for the sake of popularity and success. To the inartistic mind of the British public, Landseer's name will live as the producer of the lions in Trafalgar Square, which, noble as they look, are wrong in their delineation of the animal; for lions do not sit with their paws straight down in that heraldic fashion, but curve them inwards. Whether there is any truth in the statement that Landseer discovered this too late, and

OWEN FARREL, THE IRISH DWARF.

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that disappointment hurried the breakdown of his already imperfect mental equilibrium, I cannot say, nor can I even, from my own knowledge, confirm this theory about the lions; but I can say that, with all his faults, Sir Edwin Landseer was one of our greatest little men.

There have been historical dwarfs who might well be included in the list of great little men. Nicholas Ferry, for instance, known as Bebe, was born in 1741, his cradle being his father's wooden shoe. His father carried him to Court in a basket. He subsequently went to Russia and was made much of by the Empress, and, returning to France, he played the part of most Court dwarfs by making his appearance at a great banquet out of a huge pie on the table. Then there was the celebrated Polish dwarf, Joseph Borulawski, who was made much of in the different Courts. He was presented to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and on May 23rd, 1782, appeared before the King and Queen.

But the number of extraordinary dwarfs is legion. Of the products of the lowest life I select the famous Owen Farrel as a fair specimen of his class, and bracket his name with great little men, as he was but three feet nine inches in height, but endowed with such strength that no giant of his time (the beginning of the eighteenth century) could compete with him. He could with ease carry four men, two stitting astride on each arm, and for years exhibited other extraordinary feats of strength. His strength of mind was not, however, equal to his strength of body. Canfield, in his "Remarkable Characters," informs us that this dwarf, originally a footman to a colonel in Dublin, was so distinguished for his amazing strength that he was induced to join a travelling show. Eventually, coming to London, he became a notorious beggar. His singular appearance and uncouth manners attracted the notice of every beholder; children were frightened, and dogs snarled at him, as he passed them in the streets. Some time before his death he sold his body to a surgeon for a weekly allowance.

John Stuart Mill was one of those remarkably able big little men, treated with reverence and respect by all who admire philosophical thought and true greatness of mind—until he touched politics. Then he was laughed at. Yet what a mind he had—what a record! He wrote an essay on the "Subjection of Woman," and then, in Parliament, went in boldly for the championship of

JOHN STUART MILL.

womanhood suffrage. That was the turning-point of his sublime literary reputation into a ridiculous parliamentary one. Being small of stature and severe of countenance, he was an easy prey for the pen and pencil. Tenniel was then (1867) at his very best; every *Punch* cartoon told, and Mill was honoured with two cartoons within the space of three months. Mill refused to call his charming ladies "women"—speaking of them as "persons." So the first cartoon shows the little man, hat in hand, at a polling-booth, pushing on one side John Bull and his fellow male voters, and followed by lady voters. It is entitled "Mill's Logic; or Franchise for Females," and Mill is saying: "Pray, clear the way, there, for these—a—persons." The second picture represents Mill as Mrs. Bull's advocate in the lobby of the Law Courts. "Mrs. Bull: Lor', Mr. Mill! what a lovely speech you *did* make! I do declare I hadn't the slightest notion there were such miserable creatures; no one can say it was *your* fault that the case broke down."

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THE LOOT OF CITIES:

THE ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRE IN SEARCH OF JOY.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.*

No. I.—THE FIRE OF LONDON.

"YOU'RE wanted on the telephone, sir." Mr. Bruce Bowring, managing director of the Consolidated Mining and Investment Corporation, Limited (capital two millions, in one-pound shares, which stood at twenty-seven-and-six), turned and gazed querulously across the electric-lit spaces of his superb private office at the confidential clerk who addressed him. Mr. Bowring, in shirt-sleeves before a Florentine mirror, was brushing his hair with the solicitude of a mother who has failed to rear most of a large family.

"Who is it?" he asked, as if that demand for him were the last straw but one. "Nearly seven on Friday evening!" he added, martyrised.

"I think a friend, sir."

The middle-aged financier dropped his gold-mounted brush and, wading through the deep pile of the Oriental carpet, passed into the telephone-cabinet and shut the door.

"Hallo!" he accosted the transmitter, resolved not to be angry with it. "Hal*lo!* Are you there? Yes, I'm Bowring. Who are you?"

"*Nrrrr*," the faint, unhuman voice of the receiver whispered in his ear. "*Nrrrr. Cluck.* I'm a friend."

"What name?"

"No name. I thought you might like to know that a determined robbery is going to be attempted to-night at your house in Lowndes Square—a robbery of cash—and before nine o'clock. *Nrrrr.* I thought you might like to know."

"Ah!" said Mr. Bowring to the transmitter.

The feeble exclamation was all he could achieve at first. In the confined, hot silence of the telephone-cabinet, this message, coming to him mysteriously out of the vast unknown of London, struck him with a sudden sick fear that perhaps his wondrously organised scheme might yet miscarry, even at the final moment. Why that night of all nights? And why before nine o'clock? Could it be that the secret was out, then?

"Any further interesting details?" he inquired, bracing himself to an assumption of imperturbable and gay coolness.

But there was no answer. And when after some difficulty he got the exchange-girl to disclose the number which had rung him up, he found that his interlocutor had been using a public call-office in Oxford Street. He returned to his room, donned his frock-coat, took a large envelope from a locked drawer and put it in his pocket, and sat down to think a little.

At that time Mr. Bruce Bowring was one of the most famous conjurers in the City. He had begun, ten years earlier, with nothing but a silk hat; and out of that empty hat had been produced, first the Hoop-La Limited, a South African gold-mine of numerous stamps and frequent dividends, then the Hoop-La No. 2 Limited, a mine with as many reincarnations as Buddha, and then a dazzling succession of mines and combinations of mines. The more the hat emptied itself, the more it was full; and the emerging objects (which now included the house in Lowndes Square and a perfect dream of a place in Hampshire) grew constantly larger, and the conjurer more impressive and persuasive, and the audience more enthusiastic in its applause. At last, with a unique flourish, and a new turning-up of sleeves to prove that there was no deception, had come out of the hat the C.M.I.C., a sort of incredibly enormous Union Jack, which enwrapped all the other objects in its splendid folds. The shares of the C.M.I.C. were affectionately known in the Kaffir circus as "Solids"; they yielded handsome though irregular dividends, earned chiefly by flotation and speculation; the circus believed in them. And in view of the annual meeting of shareholders to be held on the following Tuesday afternoon (the conjurer in the chair,

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and his hat on the table), the market price, after a period of depression, had stiffened.

Mr. Bowring's meditations were soon interrupted by a telegram. He opened it and read: "*Cook drunk again. Will dine with you Devonshire, seven-thirty. Impossible here. Have arranged about luggage.—Marie.*" Marie was Mr. Bowring's wife. He told himself that he felt greatly relieved by that telegram; he clutched at it; and his spirits seemed to rise. At any rate, since he would not now go near Lowndes Square, he could certainly laugh at the threatened robbery. He thought what a wonderful thing Providence was, after all.

"Just look at that," he said to his clerk, showing the telegram with a humorous affectation of dismay.

"Tut, tut," said the clerk, discreetly sympathetic towards his employer thus victimised by debauched cooks. "I suppose you're going down to Hampshire to-night as usual, sir?"

Mr. Bowring replied that he was, and that everything appeared to be in order for the meeting, and that he should be back on Monday afternoon or, at the latest, very early on Tuesday.

Then, with a few parting instructions, and with that eagle glance round his own room and into circumjacent rooms which a truly efficient head of affairs never omits on leaving business for the week-end, Mr. Bowring sedately, yet magnificently, departed from the noble registered offices of the C.M.I.C.

"Why didn't Marie telephone instead of wiring?" he mused, as his pair of greys whirled him and his coachman and his footman off to the Devonshire.

II.

THE Devonshire Mansion, a bright edifice of eleven storeys in the Foster and Dicksee style, constructional ironwork by Homan, lifts by Waygood, decorations by Waring, and terra-cotta by the rood, is situate on the edge of Hyde Park. It is a composite building. Its foundations are firmly fixed in the Tube railway; above that comes the wine cellarage, then the vast laundry, and then (a row of windows scarcely level with the street) a sporting club, a billiard-room, a grill-room, and a cigarette-merchant whose name ends in "opoulos." On the first floor is the renowned Devonshire Mansion Restaurant. Always, in London, there is just one restaurant where, if you are an entirely correct person, "you can get a decent meal." The place changes from season to season, but there is never more than one of it at a time. That season it happened to be the Devonshire. (The *chef* of the Devonshire had invented tripe suppers, *tripes à la mode de Caen*, and these suppers—seven-and-six—had been the rage.) Consequently all entirely correct people fed as a matter of course at the Devonshire, since there was no other place fit to go to. The vogue of the restaurant favourably affected the vogue of the nine floors of furnished suites above the restaurant; they were always full; and the heavenward attics, where the servants took off their smart liveries and became human, held much wealth. The vogue of the restaurant also exercised a beneficial influence over the status of the Kitcat Club, which was a cock-and-hen club of the latest pattern and had its "house" on the third floor.

It was a little after half-past seven when Mr. Bruce Bowring haughtily ascended the grand staircase of this resort of opulence and paused for an instant near the immense fireplace at the summit (September was inclement, and a fire burned nicely) to inquire from the head-waiter whether Mrs. Bowring had secured a table. But Marie had not arrived—Marie, who was never late! Uneasy and chagrined, he proceeded, under the escort of the head-waiter, to the glittering Salle Louis Quatorze and selected, because of his morning attire, a table half-hidden behind an onyx pillar. The great room was moderately full of fair women and possessive men, despite the month. Immediately afterwards a youngish couple (the man handsomer and better dressed than the woman) took the table on the other side of the pillar. Mr. Bowring waited five minutes, then he ordered Sole Mornay and a bottle of Romanée-Conti, and then he waited another five minutes. He went somewhat in fear of his wife and did not care to begin without her.

"Can't you read?" It was the youngish man at the next table speaking in a raised voice to a squinting lackey with a telegraph-form in his hand. "'Solids! Solids,' my friend. 'Sell—Solids—to—any—amount—to-morrow—and—Monday.' Got it? Well, send it off at once."

"Quite clear, my lord," said the lackey, and fled. The youngish man gazed fixedly but absently at Mr. Bowring and seemed to see through him to the tapestry behind. Mr. Bowring, to his own keen annoyance, reddened. Partly to conceal the blush, and partly because it was a quarter to eight and there was the train to catch, he lowered his face and began upon the sole. A few min-

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"'Can't you read? Sell—Solids—to—any—amount.'"

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utes later the lackey returned, gave some change to the youngish man, and surprised Mr. Bowring by advancing towards him and handing him an envelope—an envelope which bore on its flap the legend "Kitcat Club." The note within was scribbled in pencil in his wife's handwriting, and ran: "*Just arrived. Delayed by luggage. I'm too nervous to face the restaurant, and am eating a chop here alone. The place is fortunately empty. Come and fetch me as soon as you're ready.*"

Mr. Bowring sighed angrily. He hated his wife's club, and this succession of messages telephonic, telegraphic, and caligraphic was exasperating him.

"No answer!" he ejaculated, and then he beckoned the lackey closer. "Who's that gentleman at the next table with the lady?" he murmured.

"I'm not rightly sure, sir," was the whispered reply. "Some authorities say he's the strong man at the Aquarium, while others affirm he's a sort of American millionaire."

"But you addressed him as 'my lord.'"

"Just then I thought he was the strong man, sir," said the lackey, retiring.

"My bill!" Mr. Bowring demanded fiercely of the waiter, and at the same time the youngish gentleman and his companion rose and departed.

At the lift Mr. Bowring found the squinting lackey in charge.

"You're the liftman, too?"

"To-night, sir, I am many things. The fact is, the regular liftman has got a couple of hours off—being the recent father of twins."

"Well—Kitcat Club."

The lift seemed to shoot far upwards, and Mr. Bowring thought the lackey had mistaken the floor, but on gaining the corridor he saw across the portals in front of him the remembered gold sign, "Kitcat Club. Members only." He pushed the door open and went in.

III.

INSTEAD of the familiar vestibule of his wife's club, Mr. Bowring discovered a small antechamber, and beyond, through a doorway half-screened by a *portière*, he had glimpses of a rich, rose-lit drawing-room. In the doorway, with one hand raised to the *portière*, stood the youngish man who had forced him to blush in the restaurant.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bowring stiffly—"is this the Kitcat Club?"

The other man advanced to the outer door, his brilliant eyes fixed on Mr. Bowring's; his arm crept round the cheek of the door and came back bearing the gold sign; then he shut the door and locked it. "No, this isn't the Kitcat Club at all," he replied. "It is my flat. Come and sit down. I was expecting you."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Bowring disdainfully.

"But when I tell you that I know you are going to decamp to-night, Mr. Bowring——"

The youngish man smiled affably.

"Decamp?" The spine of the financier suddenly grew flaccid.

"I used the word."

"Who the devil are you?" snapped the financier, forcing his spine to rigidity.

"I am the 'friend' on the telephone. I specially wanted you at the Devonshire to-night, and I thought that the fear of a robbery at Lowndes Square might make your arrival here more certain. I am he who devised the story of the inebriated cook and favoured you with a telegram signed 'Marie.' I am the humorist who pretended in a loud voice to send off telegraphic instructions to sell 'Solids,' in order to watch your demeanour under the test. I am the expert who forged your wife's handwriting in a note from the Kitcat. I am the patron of the cross-eyed menial who gave you the note and who afterwards raised you too high in the lift. I am the artificer of this gold sign, an exact duplicate of the genuine one two floors below, which induced you to visit me. The sign alone cost me nine-and-six; the servant's livery came to two pounds fifteen. But I never consider expense when, by dint of a generous outlay, I can avoid violence. I hate violence." He gently waved the sign to and fro.

"Then my wife——" Mr. Bowring stammered in a panic rage.

"Is probably at Lowndes Square, wondering what on earth has happened to you."

Mr. Bowring took breath, remembered that he was a great man, and steadied himself.

"You must be mad," he remarked quietly. "Open this door at once."

"Perhaps," the stranger judicially admitted. "Perhaps a sort of madness. But do come and sit down. We have no time to lose."

Mr. Bowring gazed at that handsome face, with the fine nostrils, large mouth, and square, clean chin, and the dark eyes, the black hair, and long, black moustache; and he noticed the long, thin hands. "Deca-

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dent!" he decided. Nevertheless, and though it was with the air of indulging the caprice of a lunatic, he did in fact obey the stranger's request.

It was a beautiful Chippendale drawing-room that he entered. Near the hearth, to which a morsel of fire gave cheerfulness, were two easy-chairs, and between them a small table. Behind was extended a four-fold draught-screen.

"The revolver was raised."

"I can give you just five minutes," said Mr. Bowring, magisterially sitting down.

"They will suffice," the stranger responded, sitting down also. "You have in your pocket, Mr. Bowring—probably your breast-pocket—fifty Bank of England notes for a thousand pounds each, and a number of smaller notes amounting to another ten thousand."

"Well?"

"I must demand from you the first-named fifty."

Mr. Bowring, in the silence of the rose-lit drawing-room, thought of all the Devonshire Mansion, with its endless corridors and innumerable rooms, its acres of carpets, its forests of furniture, its gold and silver, and its jewels and its wines, its pretty women and possessive men—the whole humming microcosm founded on a unanimous pretence that the sacredness of property was a natural law. And he thought how disconcerting it was that he should be trapped there, helpless, in the very middle of the vast pretence, and forced to admit that the sacredness of property was a purely artificial convention.

"By what right do you make this demand?" he inquired, bravely sarcastic.

"By the right of my unique knowledge," said the stranger, with a bright smile. "Listen to what you and I alone know. You are at the end of the tether. The Consolidated is at the same spot. You have a past consisting chiefly of nineteen fraudulent flotations. You have paid dividends out of capital till there is no capital left. You have speculated and lost. You have cooked balance-sheets to a turn and ruined the eyesight of auditors with dust. You have lived like ten lords. Your houses are mortgaged. You own an unrivalled collection of unreceipted bills. You are worse than a common thief. (Excuse these personalities.)"

"My dear, good sir——" Mr. Bowring interrupted grandly.

"Permit me. What is more serious, your self-confidence has been gradually deserting you. At last, perceiving that some blundering person was bound soon to put his foot through the brittle shell of your ostentation and tread on nothing, and foreseeing for yourself an immediate future consisting chiefly of Holloway, you have, by a supreme effort of your genius, borrowed £60,000 from a bank on C.M.I.C. scrip, for a week (eh?), and you have arranged, you and your wife, to—melt into thin air. You will affect to set out as usual for your country place in Hampshire, but it is Southampton that will see you to-night, and Havre will see you

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to-morrow. You may run over to Paris to change some notes, but by Monday you will be on your way to——frankly, I don't know where; perhaps Monte Video. Of course, you take the risk of extradition, but the risk is preferable to the certainty that awaits you in England. I think you will elude extradition. If I thought otherwise, I should not have had you here to-night, because, once extradited, you might begin to amuse yourself by talking about me."

"So it's blackmail," said Mr. Bowring, grim.

The dark eyes opposite to him sparkled gaily.

"It desolates me," the youngish man observed, "to have to commit you to the deep with only ten thousand. But, really, not less than fifty thousand will requite me for the brain-tissue which I have expended in the study of your interesting situation."

Mr. Bowring consulted his watch.

"Come, now," he said huskily, "I'll give you ten thousand. I flatter myself I can look facts in the face, and so I'll give you ten thousand."

"My friend," answered the spider, "You are a judge of character. Do you honestly think I don't mean precisely what I say—to sixpence. It is eight-thirty. You are, if I may be allowed the remark, running it rather fine."

"And suppose I refuse to part?" said Mr. Bowring, after reflection. "What then?"

"I have confessed to you that I hate violence. You would therefore leave this room unmolested, but you wouldn't step off the island."

Mr. Bowring scanned the agreeable features of the stranger. Then, while the lifts were ascending and descending, and the wine was sparkling, and the jewels flashing, and gold chinking, and the pretty women being pretty, in all the four quarters of the Devonshire, Mr. Bruce Bowring in the silent parlour counted out fifty notes on to the table. After all, it was a fortune, that little pile of white on the crimson polished wood.

"*Bon voyage!*" said the stranger. "Don't imagine that I am not full of sympathy for you. I am. You have only been unfortunate. *Bon voyage!*"

"'I told him I wished to enter.'"

"No! By Heaven!" Mr. Bowring almost shouted, rushing back from the door, and drawing a revolver from his hip-pocket. "It's too much! I didn't mean to—but confound it! what's a revolver for?"

The youngish man jumped up quickly and put his hand on the notes.

"Violence is always foolish, Mr. Bowring," he murmured.

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"Will you give them up, or won't you?"

"I won't."

The stranger's fine eyes seemed to glint with joy in the drama.

"Then——"

The revolver was raised, but in the same instant a tiny hand snatched it from the hand of Mr. Bowring, who turned and beheld by his side a woman. The huge screen sank slowly and noiselessly to the floor in the surprising manner peculiar to screens that have been overset.

Mr. Bowring cursed. "An accomplice! I might have guessed!" he grumbled in final disgust.

He ran to the door, unlocked it, and was no more seen.

IV.

THE lady was aged twenty-seven or so; of medium height, and slim, with a plain, very intelligent and expressive face, lighted by courageous, grey eyes and crowned with loose, abundant, fluffy hair. Perhaps it was the fluffy hair, perhaps it was the mouth that twitched as she dropped the revolver—who can say?—but the whole atmosphere of the rose-lit chamber was suddenly changed. The incalculable had invaded it.

"You seem surprised, Miss Fincastle," said the possessor of the bank-notes, laughing gaily.

"Surprised!" echoed the lady, controlling that mouth. "My dear Mr. Thorold, when, strictly as a journalist, I accepted your invitation, I did not anticipate this sequel; frankly I did not."

She tried to speak coldly and evenly, on the assumption that a journalist has no sex during business hours. But just then she happened to be neither less nor more a woman than a woman always is.

"If I have had the misfortune to annoy you——!" Thorold threw up his arms in gallant despair.

"Annoy is not the word," said Miss Fincastle, nervously smiling. "May I sit down? Thanks. Let us recount. You arrive in England, from somewhere, as the son and heir of the late Ahasueras Thorold, the New York operator, who died worth six million dollars. It becomes known that while in Algiers in the spring you stayed at the Hôtel St. James, famous as the scene of what is called the 'Algiers Mystery,' familiar to English newspaper-readers since last April. The editor of my journal therefore instructs me to obtain an interview with you. I do so. The first thing I discover is that, though an American, you have no American accent. You explain this by saying that since infancy you have always lived in Europe with your mother."

"But surely you do not doubt that I am Cecil Thorold," said the man. Their faces were approximate over the table.

"Of course not. I merely recount. To continue. I interview you as to the Algerian mystery and get some new items concerning it. Then you regale me with tea and your opinions, and my questions grow more personal. So it comes about that, strictly on behalf of my paper, I inquire what your recreations are. And suddenly you answer: 'Ah! My recreations! Come to dinner to-night, quite informally, and I will show you how I amuse myself!' I come. I dine. I am stuck behind that screen and told to listen. And—and—the millionaire proves to be nothing but a blackmailer."

"You must understand, my dear lady——"

"I understand everything, Mr. Thorold, except your object in admitting me to the scene."

"A whim!" cried Thorold vivaciously, "a freak of mine! Possibly due to the eternal and universal desire of man to show off before woman!"

The journalist tried to smile, but something in her face caused Thorold to run to a chiffonier.

"Drink this," he said, returning with a glass.

"I need nothing." The voice was a whisper.

"Oblige me."

Miss Fincastle drank and coughed.

"Why did you do it?" she asked sadly, looking at the notes.

"You don't mean to say," Thorold burst out, "that you are feeling sorry for Mr. Bruce Bowring? He has merely parted with what he stole. And the people from whom he stole, stole. All the activities which centre about the Stock Exchange are simply various manifestations of one primeval instinct. Suppose I had not—had not interfered. No one would have been a penny the better off except Mr. Bruce Bowring. Whereas——"

"You intend to restore this money to the Consolidated?" said Miss Fincastle eagerly.

"Not quite! The Consolidated doesn't deserve it. You must not regard its shareholders as a set of innocent shorn lambs. They knew the game. They went in for what they could get. Besides, how could I restore the money without giving myself away? I want the money myself."

"But you are a millionaire."

"It is precisely because I am a millionaire that I want more. All millionaires are like that."

"I am sorry to find you a thief, Mr. Thorold."

"A thief! No. I am only direct; I only avoid the middleman. At dinner, Miss Fincastle, you displayed somewhat advanced views about property, marriage, and the aristocracy of brains. You said that labels were for the stupid majority, and that the wise minority examined the ideas behind the labels. You label me a thief; but examine the idea, and you will perceive that you might as well call yourself a thief. Your newspaper every day suppresses the truth about the City, and it does so in order to live. In other words, it touches the pitch, it participates in the game. To-day it has a fifty-line advertisement of a false balance-sheet of the Consolidated, at two shillings a line. That five pounds, part of the loot of a great city, will help to pay you for your account of our interview this afternoon."

"Our interview to-night," Miss Fincastle corrected him stiffly, "and all that I have seen and heard."

At these words she stood up; and as Cecil Thorold gazed at her, his face changed.

"I shall begin to wish," he said slowly, "that I had deprived myself of the pleasure of your company this evening."

"You might have been a dead man had you done so," Miss Fincastle retorted; and observing his blank countenance, she touched the revolver. "Have you forgotten already?" she asked tartly.

"Of course it wasn't loaded," he remarked. "Of course I had seen to that earlier in the day. I am not such a bungler——"

"Then I didn't save your life?"

"You force me to say that you did not, and to remind you that you gave me your word not to emerge from behind the screen. However, seeing the motive, I can only thank you for that lapse. The pity is that it hopelessly compromises you."

"Me?" exclaimed Miss Fincastle.

"You. Can't you see that you are in it, in this robbery, to give the thing a label. You were alone with the robber. You succoured the robber at a critical moment. . . . . 'Accomplice,' Mr. Bowring himself said. My dear journalist, the episode of the revolver, empty though the revolver was, seals your lips."

Miss Fincastle laughed rather hysterically, leaning over the table with her hands on it.

"My dear millionaire," she said rapidly, "you don't know the new journalism, to which I have the honour to belong. You would know it better had you lived more in New York. All I have to announce is that, compromised or not, a full account of this affair will appear in my paper to-morrow morning. No, I shall not inform the police. I am a journalist simply, but a journalist I *am*."

"And your promise, which you gave me before going behind the screen—your solemn promise that you would reveal nothing? I was loth to mention it."

"Some promises, Mr. Thorold, it is a duty to break; and it is my duty to break this one. I should never have given it had I had the slightest idea of the nature of your recreations."

Thorold still smiled, though faintly.

"Really, you know," he murmured, "this is getting just a little serious."

"It is very serious," she stammered.

And then Thorold noticed that the new journalist was softly weeping.

V.

THE door opened.

"Miss Kitty Sartorius," said the erstwhile liftman, who was now in plain clothes and had mysteriously ceased to squint.

A beautiful girl, a girl who had remarkable loveliness and was aware of it (one of the prettiest women of the Devonshire), ran impulsively into the room and caught Miss Fincastle by the hand.

"My dearest Eve, you're crying! What's the matter?"

"Lecky," said Thorold aside to the servant, "I told you to admit no one."

The beautiful blonde turned sharply to Thorold.

"I told him I wished to enter," she said imperiously, half closing her eyes.

"Yes, sir," said Lecky. "That was it. The lady wished to enter."

Thorold bowed.

"It was sufficient," he said. "That will do, Lecky."

"Yes, sir."

"But I say, Lecky, when next you address me publicly, try to remember that I am not in the peerage."

The servant squinted.

"Certainly, sir." And he retired.

"Now we are alone," said Miss Sartorius, "introduce us, Eve, and explain."

Miss Fincastle, having regained self-control, introduced her dear friend the radiant

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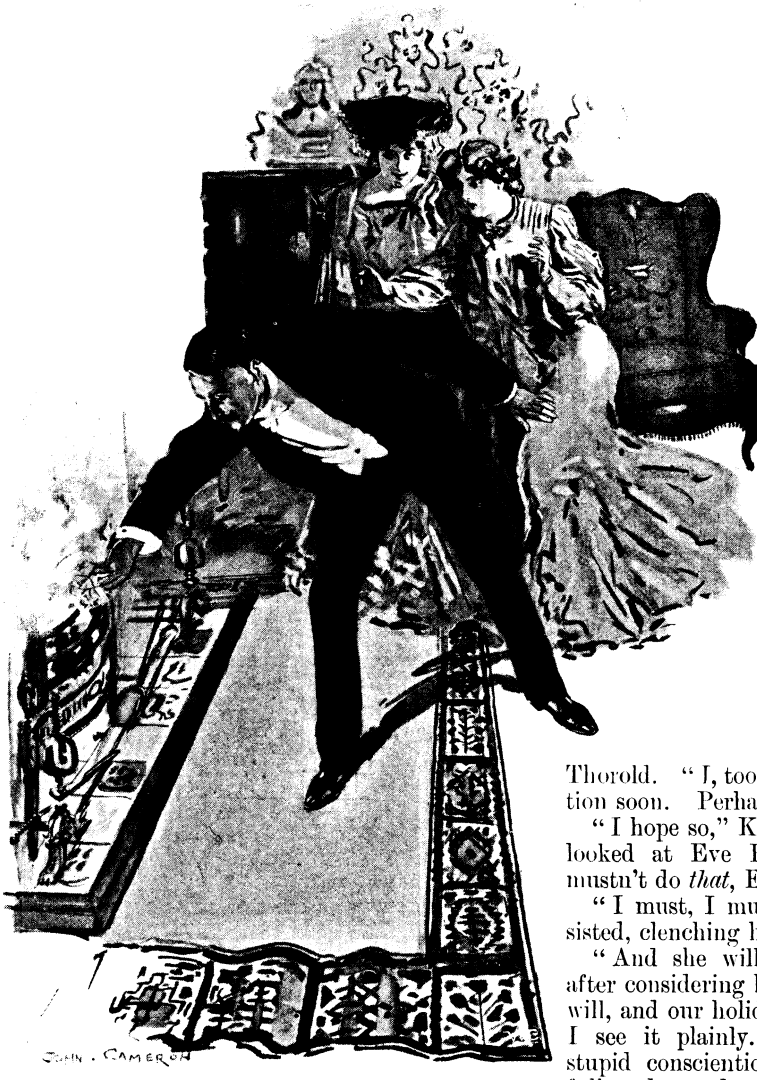
star of the Regency Theatre, and her acquaintance the millionaire.

"Eve didn't feel *quite* sure of you," the actress stated; "and so we arranged that if



"Put the fifty trifles in the grate."

she wasn't up at my flat by nine o'clock, I was to come down and reconnoitre. What have you been doing to make Eve cry?"

"Unintentional, I assure you——" Thorold began.

"There's something between you two," said Kitty Sartorius sagaciously, in significant accents. "What is it?"

She sat down, touched her picture hat, smoothed her white gown, and tapped her foot. "What is it, now? Mr. Thorold, I think *you* had better tell me."

Thorold raised his eyebrows and obediently commenced the narration, standing with his back to the fire.

"How perfectly splendid!" Kitty exclaimed. "I'm so glad you cornered Mr. Bowring. I met him one night and I thought he was horrid. And these are the notes? Well, of all the——!"

Thorold proceeded with his story.

"Oh, but you can't do *that*, Eve!" said Kitty, suddenly serious. "You can't go and split! It would mean all sorts of bother; your wretched newspaper would be sure to keep you hanging about in London, and we shouldn't be able to start on our holiday to-morrow. Eve and I are starting on quite a long tour to-morrow, Mr. Thorold; we begin with Ostend."

"Indeed!" said Thorold. "I, too, am going in that direction soon. Perhaps we may meet."

"I hope so," Kitty smiled, and then she looked at Eve Fincastle. "You really mustn't do *that*, Eve," she said.

"I must, I must!" Miss Fincastle insisted, clenching her hands.

"And she will," said Kitty tragically, after considering her friend's face. "She will, and our holiday's ruined. I see it—I see it plainly. She's in one of her stupid conscientious moods. She's fearfully advanced and careless and unconventional in theory, Eve is; but when it come to practice——! Mr. Thorold, you have just got everything into a dreadful knot. Why did you want those notes so very particularly?"

"I don't want them so very particularly."

"Well, anyhow, it's a most peculiar predicament. Mr. Bowring doesn't count, and this Consolidated thingummy isn't any the worse off. Nobody suffers who oughtn't to suffer. It's your unlawful gain that's wrong.

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Why not pitch the wretched notes in the fire?" Kitty laughed at her own playful humour.

"Certainly," said Thorold. And with a quick movement he put the fifty trifles in the grate, where they made a bluish yellow flame.

Both the women screamed and sprang up.

"*Mr.* Thorold!"

"Mr. *Thorold!*" ("He's adorable!" Kitty breathed).

"The incident, I venture to hope, is now closed," said Thorold calmly, but with his dark eyes sparkling. "I must thank you both for a very enjoyable evening. Some day, perhaps, I may have an opportunity of further explaining my philosophy to you."

SURIMONO.

"C'est aujourd'hui la fête de Virginie . . . ."

YOU may remember how the skies were dim
And all the air was full of floating shadows,
Tall pine-trees stood upon the broad hill's rim
And dark woods loomed beyond the water-meadows.

It was your Birthday . . . . I, from overseas
Had come by many a vagrant path and byway
To bide awhile beneath your ancient trees,
Ere yet I sought once more the swallows' highway.

till I remember . . . . nor will you forget
How when, beclouded in the windless weather,
The silver phantom of the sun had set,
Along the fields we walked and talked together.

And all our talk went to the same good tune
Of rare days done, of those to come thereafter,
While up the hillside through the night's still noon
We wandered with the white October moon
And listened to the owls' delightful laughter.

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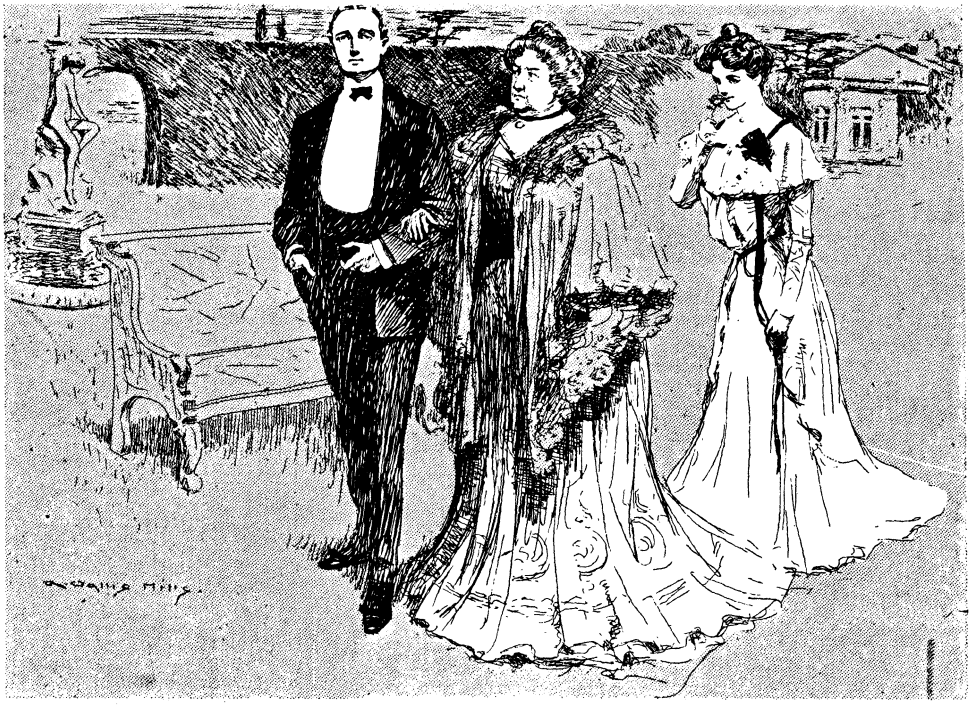
ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.



REASSURING.

WEALTHY PATIENT: Oh, doctor, how I should hate to be buried alive!
DOCTOR (gallantly): That you need never fear, my dear madam, as long as I am your doctor.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

By a Contributor.

THE fellows in our form get the School Magazine because it's considered the thing to support the Sixth, who get it up. But we don't think they do it very well—not anything like so good as it would be done if it were put into the hands of some of the fellows I could name. There's an awful lot of favouritism in it; and, besides, the Sixth wear their collars so high that they look right over the top of school affairs, which they know nothing about, unless they happen to come across some of your fun by accident.

That's what's wrong with the School Mag. Last term, Jones II. and I thought we'd give it a lift. Grey, who made a century in the Templemere match, was Editor, and one day last term he put a notice on the board saying the Mag. counted as much on school effort as on contributions from old Franciscans and the masters, and more ought to be done. When Jones II. and Cameron saw that, they took their boshy school essays and dropped them into the contributors' box. Jones II. had "full marks" written in the corner by Gregson, who takes the Lower School in composition; so he thought if it was good enough for Gregson, it ought to be jolly well good enough for Grey. But when the Mag. came out (it comes out twice a term), there was no sign of either of them.

Jones II. is a cocky ass, but he can lick me, because he's got a longer reach, so I didn't tell him what I thought was the real reason Grey had not taken his essay, which was on cricket, and he can't play for sour toffee.

He said: "Look here, you chaps; suppose we wrote something tremendously good—like Scott, or Dickens, or 'The Three Midshipmen'—something jolly good, you know. He'd have to print that, even if it did come from a fellow in the Lower School."

"All right," I agreed. "You jolly well sit down and write it. We'll back you up, won't we, Cameron?"

So he sat down and wrote for about five minutes, and then I asked him if Scott spelt "afraid" with two f's or three. That made Cameron laugh, which was lucky for me, and I refereed while Jones II. took him on. And Grey, like a stuck-up owl, stopped them and gave us fifty lines each.

But we weren't going to be done by Grey just because Jones II. is such a silly ass as not to be able to spell. I got a ripping idea.

"Look here," I said. "Suppose we take some-

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

DOLLY: Come and see my Free Trade kittens, uncle.
UNCLE: Why, Dolly, you said they were Protectionists a week ago.
DOLLY: Yes, but they've got their eyes open now.

thing out of a mag. that's already been printed. Then if he said it wasn't good enough to appear in the *Franciscan*, or some rot like that, we could just show it to him in print and have him on toast!"

Jones II. looked like he did when Newman, the maths. master, found he'd got four answers the same as mine, and mine were all wrong. He thought it sounded like cribbing.

"No, it isn't," I said. "It isn't as though we were going to get marks for it, or a prize or something. I'll go and collar a volume of mags. out of the library, and we'll get a good thing out of it. It doesn't matter a hang; because if he prints it, we can tell everybody why we did it; and if he doesn't, he'll be so sick that he won't dare make a row."

When you put a thing in simple language and punctuation to Jones II., he can see it. So he said: "All right, you get the book!"

I cut into the school library, which was empty, and got hold of a great fat volume of old mags. It was thick with dust, and hadn't been touched for years. I lugged it up into the Lower School common room, and we hid it in my desk. I had to dodge Gregson, who was going in as I came out. Then Jones II. and I and Cameron went odd man to choose the article. Jones II. won, and he went tit-tat-toe on the index. He picked on a great long thing, entitled "Concerning Corposants."

"What the dickens are they?" asked Cameron.

"You'll jolly soon know," I said. "Look alive, and we'll toss for who copies it out." I had my lucky halfpenny, and Cameron had to do it. He got a lot of school paper, and I started to go and bowl to Jones II. at the lower nets. But Cameron struck at doing it all by himself, so I tossed Jones II. who should read it. He won; but you can't expect a lucky halfpenny to come off every time.

We soon did it. I put a title on it and dropped it into the contribution-box. I got in a funk afterwards; but it was no good funking, and I forgot all about it.

But when the next number of the *Franciscan* came out, you may judge my surprise at seeing the article printed in the mag. I seized my copy and bolted off as hard as I could lick to find Jones II. and Cameron.

"He's printed it!" I said.

"By jingo!" said Cameron. "I never thought he would. We shall have to go and tell him."

Then they both set on to me for getting them into a beastly row. It was all very fine, two to one, and they might have waited till the row came off.

When they'd done, and I'd cut open Cameron's lip with a back-hander, we had another look, and Jones II.'s face came over with a silly grin, as though he was going to be sick.

"What are you grinning at?" I said.

He showed me. The essay was signed "J. Gregson" at the end, and afterwards there was a bit in little type: "The following article was written by Mr. Gregson when in the VIth form at St. Francis' College. It is here reprinted, as some interest has been displayed in the subject by boys still in the school."

After tea, Grey sent for Cameron to go to his study. That's the time they send for you when they're going to swish you, and I felt jolly sorry for Cameron; so I went up to Grey's study, as I knew Cameron wouldn't tell him whose fault it was. Fellows don't do that kind of thing—not if they're decent sorts.

I can't remember what I said to Grey, but he

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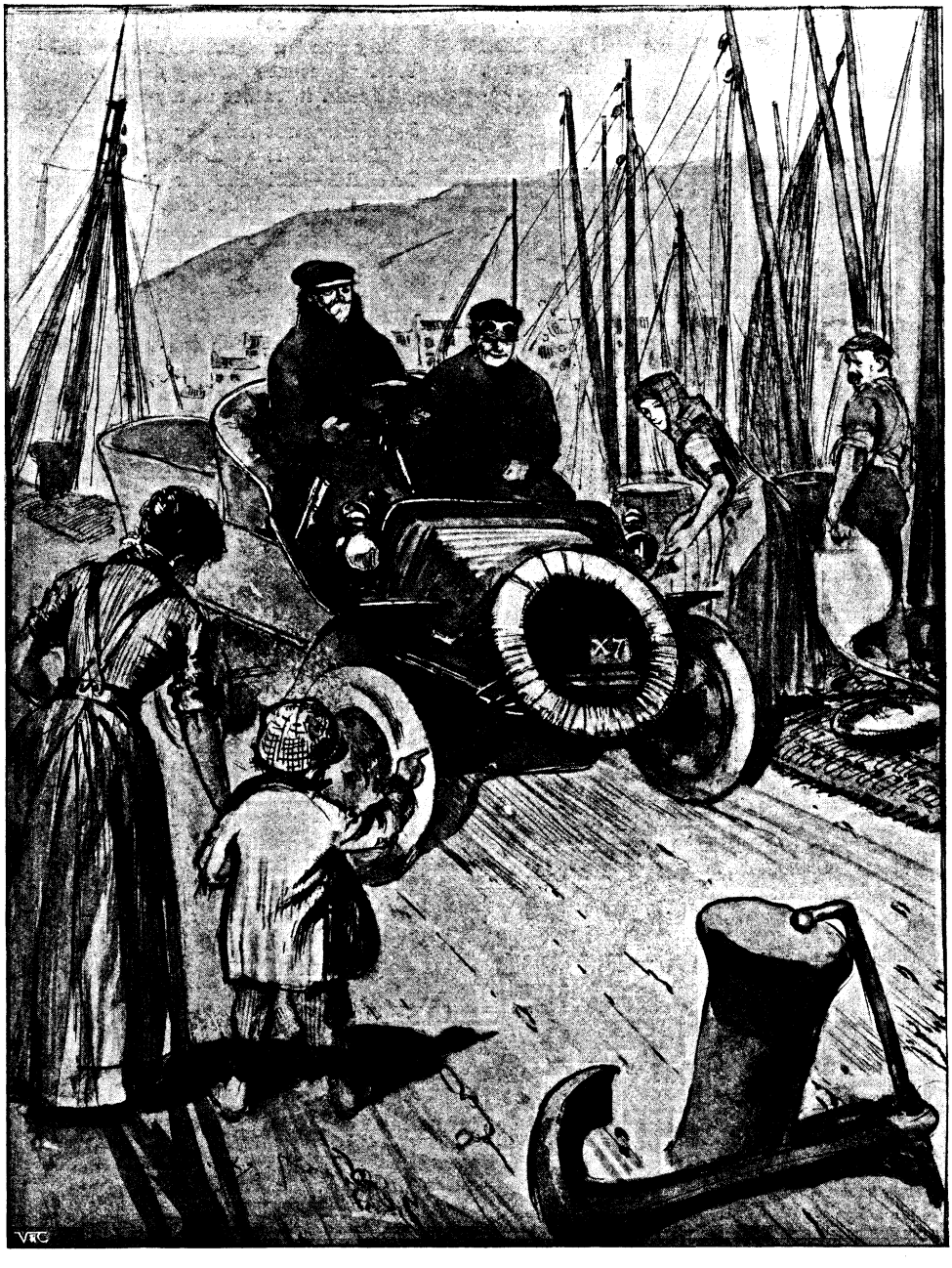

OBVIOUS.

SMALL BOY (pointing to spare tyre on motor-car): What do they want with a lifebuoy, mother?
MOTHER: Why, that be along o' the new regilitions, 'cause they never knows where they might find theirselves next.

laughed very much when I told him why we did it. Then he gave us each a whacking great piece of cake and sent a fag to the soc. shop to get us some ginger-beer. He said: "I thought the essay was rather good—you see, I'm something of a judge, after all—so I showed it to Gregson, and asked him if he thought anyone in the Lower School was capable of writing it. Then he said he remembered writing it himself, and we found the volume, with the dust newly off it. I was hard up for contributions, so finally I put it in, with that footnote."

We felt awfully bricked with him for taking it

so jolly decently. And when we told Jones II., he was sick at being out of the cake and ginger-beer. But he didn't do any of the work, and he's an ass, and ought to be jolly thankful there wasn't a row. Fellows have been expelled for less.

TO-MORROW.

NO voices from the Great Unseen
Have ever sent my soul a message:
To put it briefly, what I mean
Is, that I'm no adept at presage.

Or otherwise, if Love were kind,
He'd whisper in my ear an inkling;
For Love must guess (though Love is blind)
My spirit's rack'd, my brow is wrinkling.

'Tis my intent to-day to go
To Cloris, plighted troth requesting,
And on her answer, "Yes" or "No,"
My future happiness is resting.

Shall I declaim on bended knees
My passion in unbridled measure—
Wild eloquence? Or by degrees
Unfold it, rather at my leisure?

Shall I express it in my eyes
Revealing it by facial traces?
Or snatch—and take her by surprise—
A series of abrupt embraces.

But, ah! suppose by halting speech
My ardour I were like to fetter!
Perhaps 'twere wiser to beseech
My Cloris' hand and heart by letter.

Wherein my feelings could be told
In balanced phrase and careful sentence
Yet stay! She'd think a letter cold,
And I should earn lifelong repentance.

I'll wait. I'm ill-attuned to-day.
To-morrow Venus' self descending
Will light my path with guiding ray.
I'll wait To-morrow's happy ending.

Herbert Westbrook.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

WHY not give the rejected ones a chance on the floor of the R.A. *à la* pavement artist, with permission to pass round the hat and earn an honest penny?

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

Exhibited in the Salon of 1901. *Copyright, by Benjamin Constant.*

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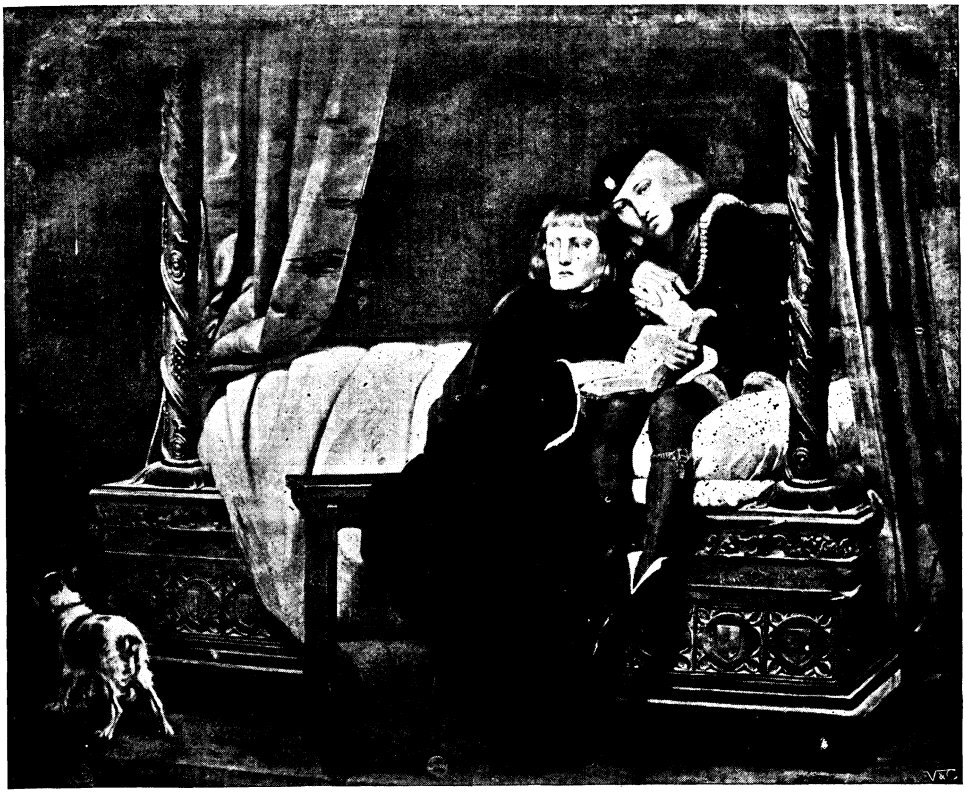

"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER, BEFORE THE ENTRANCE OF THE MEN WHO WERE TO MURDER THEM BY ORDER OF THEIR UNCLE, RICHARD III." FROM THE PICTURE BY DELAROCHE.

ENGLISH THEMES IN FRENCH ART.

By Alder Anderson.

"IN October de Englishman shoot de pheasant; in November he shoot himself." This, if we are to credit Fitzgerald, of "Omar Khayyám" fame, is a common French proverb. Whether it be so or not, it certainly sums up a prevalent notion as to the extent of French knowledge of things English. Very many of us are persuaded that we understand Jacques Bonhomme and his land much better than Jacques Bonhomme understands us. Having some acquaintance with both sides, I rather incline to the belief that, to employ a homely but expressive phrase, "the boot is, now, rather on the other leg."

A Frenchman, it is true, usually flounders helplessly in the maelstrom of English spelling; his ear can detect nothing inherently ludicrous in "Sir Jones, Esquire"—he is even apt to fancy that "Esquire" is an extraordinarily widespread English surname, and he is not averse to dubbing "lords" the most inveterate radicals among us. All these little blunders of his may—and, indeed, do—prove, at a pinch, of great value to those who, as Goldsmith might put it, are apprentices in the humoristic department of the writing business; they are of but slight value as proofs that our essential national characteristics are a dead letter to the race that dwells to the south of the English Channel.

No greater mistake, indeed, could be made. For the past two centuries it has been an unwritten law that the *élite* of intellectual France should win its spurs or confirm its reputation by its voyages of discovery into England. It is not a little singular, too, when one reflects on the long course of mis-

understandings between us and our nearest neighbours, to note how almost all such travellers—and the list is well-nigh interminable—have said little that was not extremely flattering to our *amour propre.*

Two hundred years ago, Voltaire made a systematic study of us on the spot, with the result that there was hardly anything that did not win his enthusiastic approval—our culinary arrangements, naturally, excepted. All Voltaire's discoveries, as the way is in literature and in all else, have been discovered and rediscovered over and over again by successive generations of his countrymen. To cite the names of our panegyrists would be to enumerate practically every great name in French literature and art from then until the present day. What, for instance, does the reader think of the *boutade* attributed to Lamartine: that Joan of Arc had inflicted irreparable injury on France, since, but for her interference, the two nations might have been permanently united under one crown, when the French character would have gained from the English whatever it may lack in solidity?

Among the most laudatory of our living French critics is Jules Claretie, the Academician, the veteran champion of the theme that literature and journalism are not necessarily, as is so commonly supposed, antagonistic in their very essence. M. Claretie for thirty years and more has been as much at home in London as he is in Paris. For many of our institutions, notably for the House of Commons, his enthusiasm is unbounded. "Perfect order and calm strength reign here supreme. You are among a people with whom work is of more importance than talk. Take up your pens, my fellow scribes, and put down what trite trash you will about London fog, tavern brawls, the tyranny of the English Sunday, or the soot-begrimed buildings. Nothing you can ever say will change the fact that this people is a great people—a people that bows the head, it is true, to a sovereign, but to one sovereign only, the Law it has itself enthroned." This was

"THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN, AFTER HER NINE DAYS' REIGN."
BY DELAROCHE.
Originally the property of Prince Demidoff.

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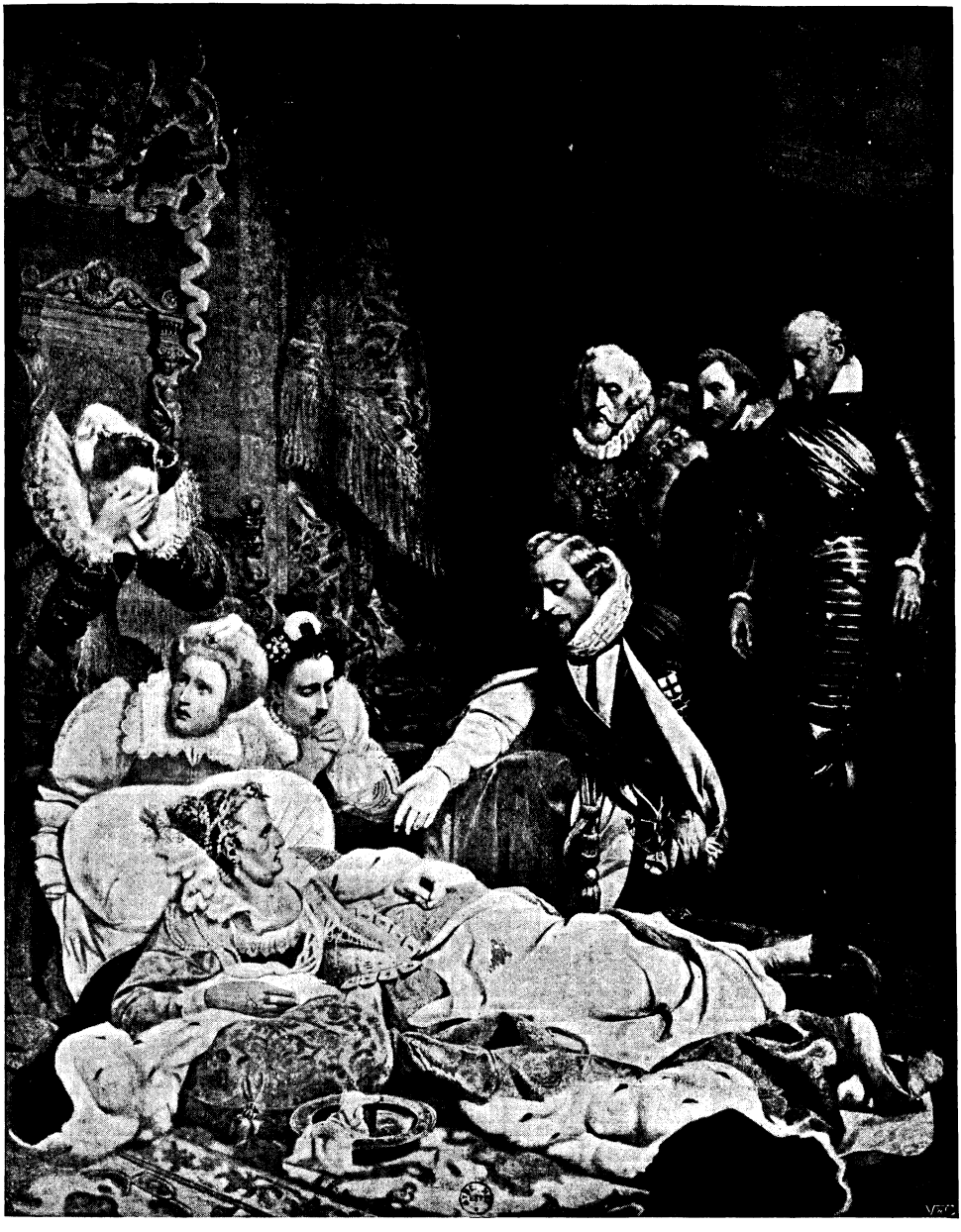

"THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH." BY DELAROCHE.

Painted in 1827, this picture was very much abused by the critics, who discovered in it too many details. It is now in the Louvre.

penned twenty-five years ago, when there was no question of the *entente cordiale* in the air —rather the reverse.

How often has it not been given to me to listen to sentiments almost identical expressed by other Frenchmen, as distinguished in their respective paths as M. Claretie! A few years ago, when the Transvaal-*cum*-Dreyfus imbroglio was in its worst phase, I remember the late Benjamin Constant, who painted the portrait of our present gracious Queen, as well as that of Queen Victoria, assuring me, with the unmistakable ring of sincerity in his tones, that he did not believe there was a single responsible person in France free from

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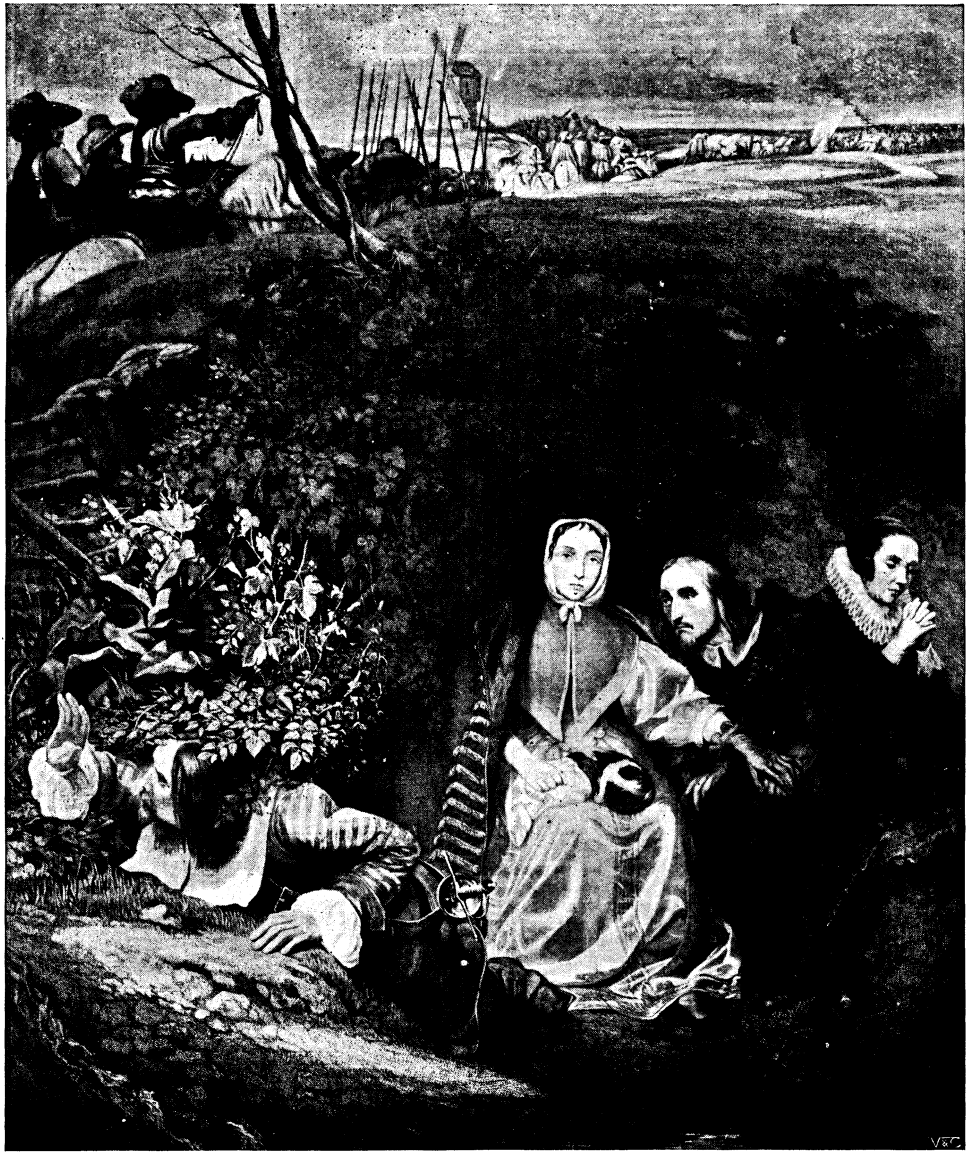

"QUEEN HENRIETTA AND CHARLES I. HIDING FROM CROMWELL'S ARMY." BY DELAROCHE.

hourly anxiety lest the incredible rubbish, then being printed in reputable newspapers on both sides of the Channel, should be accepted in England as the true expression of well-informed French opinion.

My experience has been that it is very rare indeed to meet with any Frenchman of repute ready to pass summary, superficial judgment in the first English topic that comes uppermost. The converse of this proposition is not equally true, it is to be feared. Not very long ago, in one of the least indigestible of our "heavy" reviews, I read a criticism of Zola, by a writer who wrote as one having authority. "Of Zola's style, I will say nothing," this oracle declares, "for he has none." Thus briefly is dismissed probably the most personal stylist—good or bad, that is another question—of modern French literature.

The comparison is again by no means disadvantageous to our neighbours if we regard the manner in which writers of the two nations paint in their backgrounds, when

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"CHARLES I. INSULTED BY CROMWELL'S SOLDIERS, WHILE LIVING IN THE HOUSE OF SIR ROBERT COTTON, DURING THE PROGRESS OF HIS TRIAL." BY DELAROCHE.

Originally the property of Lord Ellesmere, and subsequently in the Bridgwater Gallery.

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they take the fictile creatures of their imagination across the Channel. Here, for instance, is an English portrait from a work by Marcel Prevost, one of the most justly popular living writers in France. He is describing, in enthusiastic terms, the exhilaration and charm of a drive through rural England behind four spanking greys. "One of the passengers was an Englishman—English from the crown of his hat to the sole of his boots. In age he appeared to be about forty. His light hair formed a striking contrast with cheeks that rivalled the excellent English beef in ruddiness. For the greater part of the journey he remained absolutely motionless, almost as if he were petrified, his eyes steadfastly fixed on the horizon, his chin resting on his stick. No sooner, however, did we approach a stream, a pond, a barren rock, or a clump of trees, than the sight seemed to rouse him from his lethargy, and he slowly turned his head towards the coachman. 'Good fishing here?' he drawled, or, as the case might be, 'Good shooting?' The coachman displayed not the slightest symptom either of astonishment or irritation at the monotony of this refrain, but answered as imperturbably and as invariably. 'Pretty good.'"

In this soberly drawn portrait there is no more exaggeration than Thackeray would have employed; considerably less than Doyle would have put in his illustrations. When a popular writer gives so measured a description, it implies surely that his readers' acquaintance with the subject is extensive enough to enable them to appreciate its subtle flavour. And yet, as the same writer says on another occasion, "the narrow English Channel, that may be crossed in an hour, takes a Frenchman more radically away from his ordinary surroundings than does the railway journey of twenty hours necessary to reach Berlin, or than that of thirty-six hours separating Paris from Rome. In this island, that a French army conquered eight hundred years ago, hardly a trace of anything we may claim as ours is discernible. Eating, drinking, and even sleeping, are performed here in accordance with a special ritual that obtains nowhere else in Europe.

"LORD STRAFFORD, ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION, ASKING FOR THE BLESSING OF THE IMPRISONED ARCHBISHOP LAUD." BY DELAROCHE.

In the possession of the Duke of Sutherland.

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"CROMWELL LOOKING ON THE DEAD BODY OF CHARLES I." BY DELAROCHE.

Now in the museum of Nimes.

It may be that this sensation of entire change, so dear to all who passionately love travelling, is precisely the sensation many of those who have once tasted the charm of English life return to seek again, or the attraction may also reside, at least in part, in the strict discipline, the methodical uniformity of that life to which, willingly or unwillingly, all must submit. Certain it is that I have not known a single fellow-countryman unaffected by this peculiar charm, and some—and those among the most illustrious—have been affected to such a degree as to entirely lose the use of the critical faculty."

It may surprise a number of English readers to hear that in the imagination of the educated young Frenchman of the present generation, "Oxford"—I am quoting one of the cleverest of them—"evokes as many ideas and glorious images as the names of Athens and Smyrna did in the fevered imagination of a youthful rhetorician in days gone by."

Paul Bourget, so well known on both sides of the Atlantic, has chanted the glories of the ancient University as few Englishmen have ever done.

In France, as everywhere else, there is, of course, a large class of writers who rely upon a source of information much less reliable than personal experience—their own imagination, to wit. With these, the universal explanation of the English character, when all else fails, is still, as of yore, our "originality." This is not, however, represented as an altogether unsympathetic quality. On the contrary, the term is rather synonymous with ardent patriotism, imperturbable *sang-froid*, an exaggerated sense of honour, grim pertinacity in the execution of any design that has once been undertaken, and a sportsman's love of fair play in every circumstance.

Unable to account in any other way for the desperate blundering of the English cavalry commander at Balaklava, the French army, surveying the scene from the neighbouring heights, unanimously fell back on the conclusion that, in war as in peace, "the English were a heap of originals." So at least declares Kinglake, the great historian

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"LAZARUS WAITING FOR THE CRUMBS FROM THE RICH MAN'S TABLE." SCENE IN THE LONDON MANSION HOUSE ON THE MORROW OF A CITY BANQUET.

FROM THE PICTURE BY MARIE.

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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH WHEN PRINCE OF WALES, FROM THE PICTURE BY BASTIEN LEPAGE.

of the Crimean War. The fact that the commanders were authentic milords would have been a decisive argument in favour of this theory, for the "originality" of milords transcends that of ordinary Englishmen as the day does the night. When Lord Cardigan, at the head of his famous Light Brigade, allowed the precious moments to slip away, he did so of set purpose, because the chivalrous laws of "la boxe" forbade him spoiling a good fight too soon!

Traits attesting the "originality" of milords abound in the popular anecdotage of our neighbours. According to Chamforte: "A certain Lord Hervey, travelling in Italy, passed a shallow lagoon. Dipping his finger in the water, he carried it to his lips. 'Salt, by Jove!' he exclaimed instantly. 'This, then, must belong to England.'"

The same authority has another story of "a Lord Hamilton, a most singular personage, who in a drunken frolic once killed a waiter

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"FLORA MACDONALD CARRYING AID TO THE YOUNG PRETENDER AFTER CULLODEN." BY DELAROCHE.
The property of the Duke of Larochefoucault.

at an inn. After this prowess, he retired to his room perfectly indifferent. His privacy was soon invaded by the landlord, who rushed in very much agitated. 'Are you aware, my lord, that you have killed a waiter?' 'Killed a waiter, eh?' languidly drawled the guest. 'Put him down on the bill, you rascal, and get out of the room at once!'"

Another aspect of our "originality" is stated to be a predilection for a ghastly species of humour, the inevitable consequence of living under a bank of perpetual fog. In such conditions, the vital spirits demand violent emotions to rouse them from their lethargy. At least one English music-hall performer attained something closely resembling fame in France because his antics were supposed to be a tangible proof of this national trait. When he dashed his hat violently on the stage, trampled it as violently out of shape, and accompanied these gestures with raucous, unintelligible Cockney yells, no inconsiderable portion of his audience was persuaded it was receiving a valuable practical demonstration in international psychology!

As for those writers who, deliberately and of set purpose — usually because it is the speciality of the journal they are connected with—misrepresent and vilify everything English, their case is deserving of the sincere pity of all charitable souls. What treadmill could be worse than theirs? Day after day, month after month, year after year, they have to go on "reeling off" columns of prose on one theme, *Britannia delenda est.* In this vain but fruitless endeavour to pose as true prophets, they must be continually raising the diapason of invective. What vocabulary would resist such a strain on its resources, what brain not ache with the effort? The only ray of light that illumines their cheerless path is when one of "our special correspondents," new to the scene, naïvely sends his journal an extract from one of these rhapsodies, thus giving the prophet the momentary illusion that his is not a voice crying in the wilderness. Let us not grudge the poor wretch this occasional satisfaction.

Among the many French artists who have treated English topics, the name of Delaroche stands out prominently. Delaroche was known in his lifetime as the national painter of France, but might with almost equal propriety have been termed national painter

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"SO WILLS THE FIERCE AVENGING SPRITE
TILL BLOOD FOR BLOOD ATONES!"

One of Gustave Doré's illustrations to Thomas Hood's poem, "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

of England. Great as his fame is, it would probably have been still greater had he been an Englishman, for he possessed just those qualities that most appeal to our popular æsthetic sense, which regards as all important the anecdotic aspect of every picture. Delaroche had a very lofty idea of the educational value of his art, which he considered was fully equal to that of poetry and history. "A picture," he declared, "often conveys more information than half a score of volumes; and I am firmly convinced that painting has

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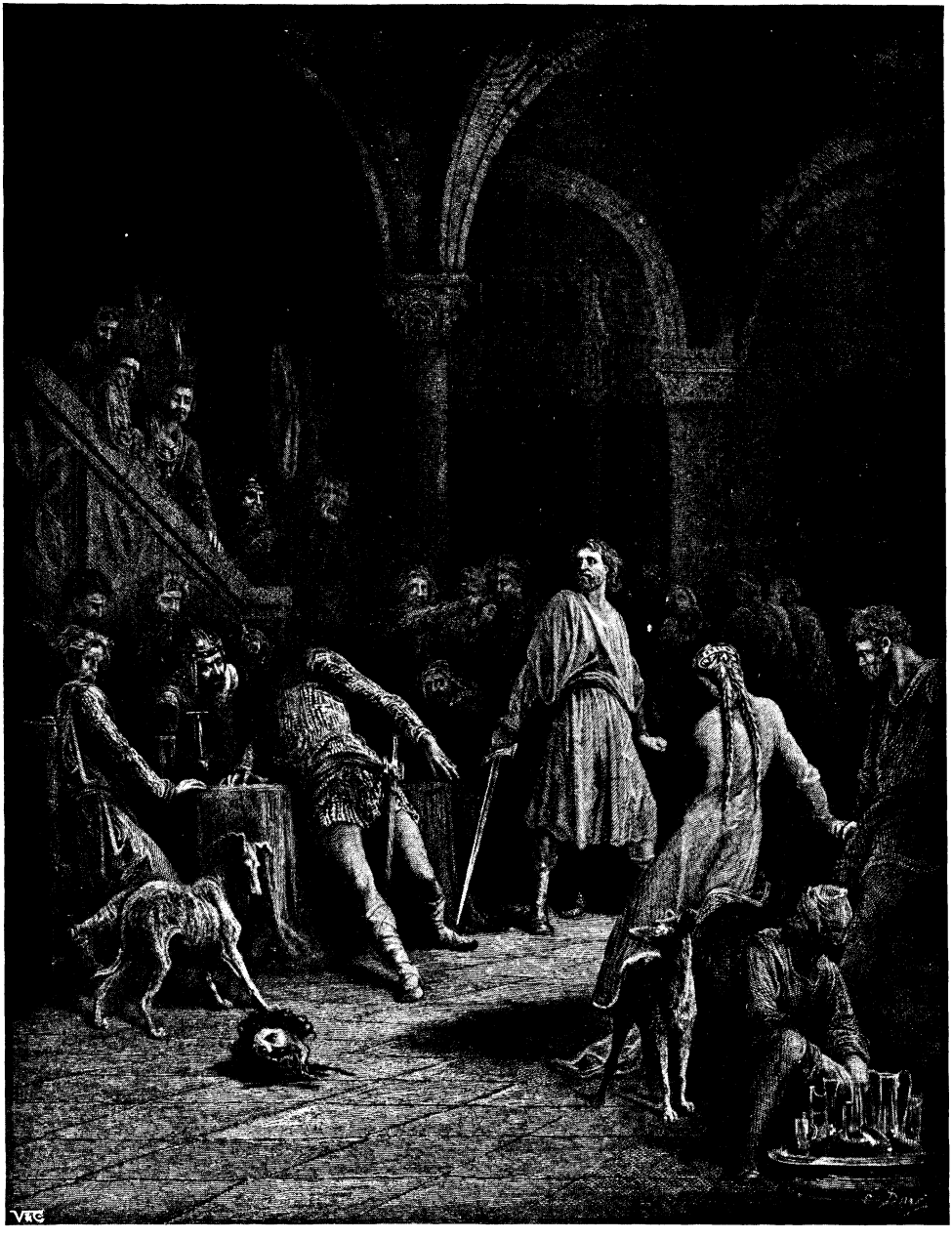

"THE SLAYING OF EARL DOORM BY GERAINT."

From Gustave Doré's illustrations to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

as much influence as literature on public opinion." His object was "to represent facts from a dramatic point of view, not under their most grandiose, but under their most probable aspects." Two of the most celebrated of his pictures, both in the Louvre collection, "The Death of Elizabeth," and "The Princes in the Tower," are very good illustrations of this. The Queen, stricken down with horror on learning of the treachery that prevented the ring of her favourite Essex from reaching her in time to save his life, is telling the kneeling Cecil that, since she has carried a King's sceptre, it is meet that a

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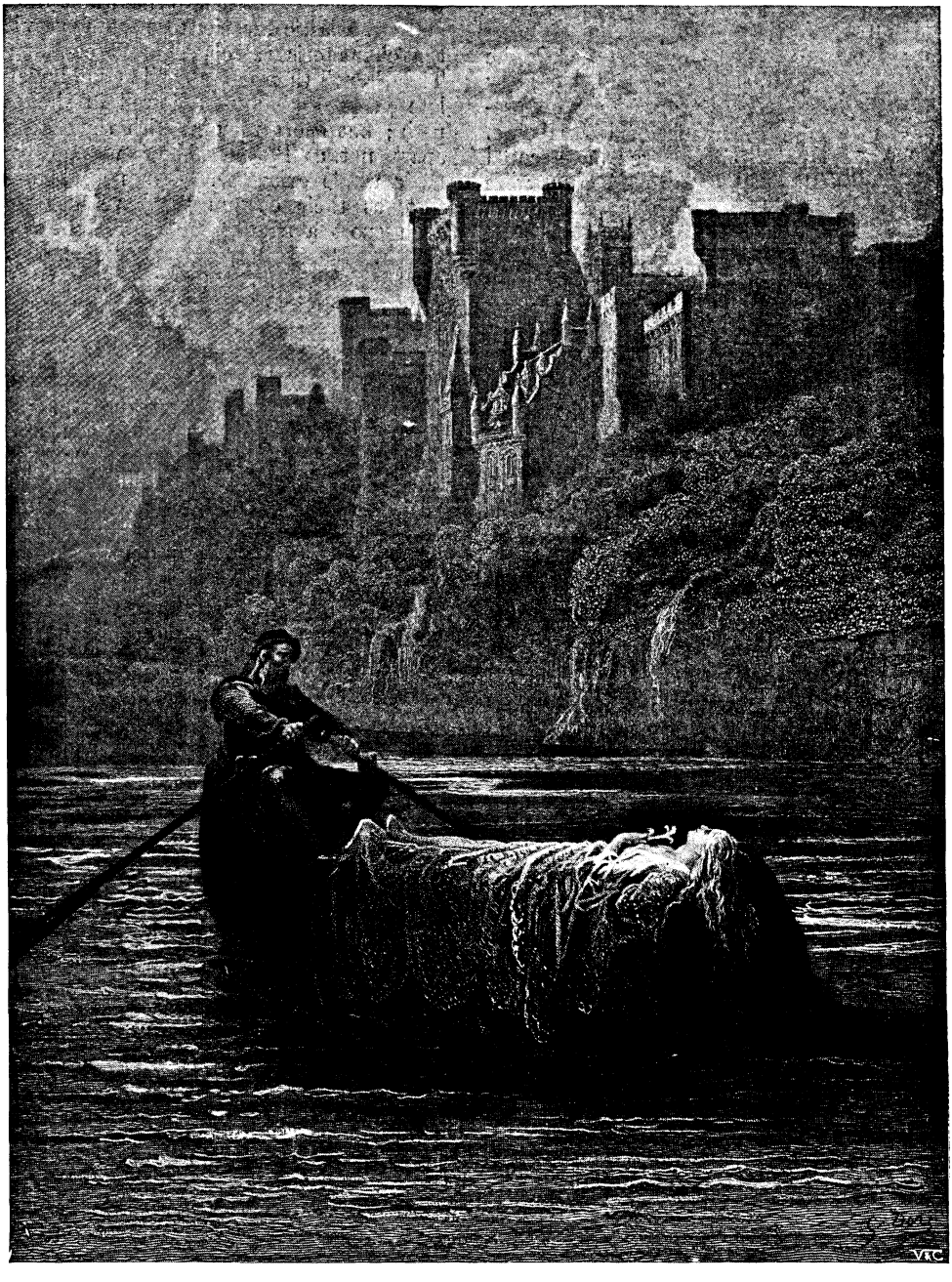

"THE BODY OF ELAINE ON THE WAY TO KING ARTHUR'S PALACE."
One of Gustave Doré's illustrations to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

King should succeed her. In painting this picture, Delaroche had not the same difficulties to contend with that would have assailed artists who were contemporaries of the Queen. The portrait is based, apparently, on the effigy of Elizabeth that appears on her broadpiece, the die of which was destroyed. This has been supposed to be the most authentic portrait extant. In all other contemporary portraits, the features,

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owing to the lack of shadow, are scarcely discernible.

"Do you call that my portrait?" the imperious daughter of the eighth Harry demanded of a trembling painter who presented her with the result of his labours. "What are all those marks you have scored the face with?" The marks, alas, were wrinkles, "the irreparable outrage of the years"; but, alive to the peril in which he stood, the artist found a courtierlike circumlocution that saved the situation. "They are but shadows, an't please your Majesty——" "And what, sir, are shadows but accidents that are no part of the real features? It should be the painter's most careful study to avoid them," was the sharp retort of the Queen, as ready to teach an artist to paint as a soldier to fight. "Take the vile thing out of my sight!" The terrified wretch did as he was ordered, and subsequently presented the Queen's Majestie with the portrait of a blooming damsel, which she declared to be an excellent likeness of herself.

The picture, "The Princes in the Tower," had tremendous success when it was exhibited, and the recollection of this vogue tempted Delaroche to revert again to the same subject after an interval of twenty years. The second picture, which represented the two poor boys in a different position, was purchased by an Englishman, Mr. Naylor. Millais, it will be remembered, has also treated this very grateful topic.

Of the other pictures by Delaroche shown here, more than one found its way into great English collections. "Strafford" became the property of the Duke of Sutherland, and "Charles I." was one of the principal ornaments of the Bridgwater Gallery.

Like every Frenchman who visits England, Gustave Doré was struck by that whole-hearted and enthusiastic devotion to sport of every kind that characterises all classes of the community. The French themselves, it is true, have—of late years especially—followed in the same path; but sport remains with them a thing apart, not, as Byron said of woman's love, their whole existence. Our neighbours, in fact, as their custom is, have contracted with sport a *mariage de raison*, not a love match. Doré's illustrations of such themes as the University Boat-race, however, are very French in conception, and we prefer to represent him in these pages by three of his finely romantic interpretations of scenes in English poetry. The geography of Sir Thomas Malory's Arthurian legend, of course, can hardly be called distinctively English; but Doré had the Tennysonian version to realise, and caught more than a little of the Tennysonian spirit in his remarkable series of illustrations to "The Idylls of the King."

The land of fog and the land of clear skies; the land of earnest frivolity and the land of smiling gravity; of plain cooking and of culinary kickshaws; the land of spleen and the land of mirth; of candour unadorned, and of mellifluous *badinage;* Taciturnia and Jocundia; England and France! Comparison that is a perennial pretext for making white paper black. Between no two countries in the civilised world is there a greater contrast; and yet, separating them, as the author of the "Sentimental Journey" has it, "there is but one-and-twenty miles' sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais." To-day, as in the days of Sterne, the contrast, if not quite so conspicuous, remains one of the few bright spots in a world becoming every day more dismally uniform.

"ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK."

THE little ships drift out, drift out—
They heed the morning's call:
Now, what if there among the sails
There's one more dear than all?

From upland sweet with fern and bay,
Against the shining sky,
Now, what if there be eyes a-strain
To see one sail drift by?

The little ships flock back, flock back,
Day worn and danger tost;
Now, what if, 'mid the many sails,
One little sail be lost?

Now, what if, on the upland fields,
There falls the night of years,
And eyes that scanned the dim sea-line
Are blind—because of tears?

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

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Slim-Fingered Jim

by Anthony Hope

"WHAT did he get?" I asked. I had been working in my own room all the morning and had not seen the papers—they arrived from London about half-past eleven.

"Seven years' penal servitude," said our host the Major with grim satisfaction.

"Stiff!" I commented.

"Not a bit too much," asserted the Major, helping himself to game pie again—he is a good luncher. "He's a thoroughly bad lot—a professional thief, and a deuced clever one. It's his first conviction, but it ought to have been his tenth, I should say."

"He was certainly in that big American bond robbery," said Crookes, "though he got off that time. Oxford man, wasn't he?"

"Yes. In fact I believe I was up one term with him," said Millington. "I must have seen him, I think, but I can't remember him."

"Dear, dear!" our hostess observed, shocked apparently at this close proximity to the criminal classes.

"Rather good what the chap said when he'd been sentenced," drawled Charlie Pryce. "See it? Well, he bowed to the judge, and then he bowed to the jury, and smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, and said: 'The risks of the profession, gentlemen! *Au revoir!*' Jolly good cheek!" Charlie's round red face—he is very well-nourished, as they say at inquests—beamed almost sympathetically.

"I suppose he owes his nickname to his professional dexterity?" said I.

"Suppose so," agreed Charlie.

"No," said Mrs. Pryce, who was at the other end of the table. "His name is James——"

"Yes, James Painter Walsh," interposed the Major, accurate always.

"But he was called 'Slim-Fingered' because he had beautiful hands with very slender tapering fingers."

"Hallo, Minnie!" cried Pryce, "how do you know that?"

"He told me himself," she answered, with a smile and the hint of a blush. "I crossed from America with him the time he was arrested at Queenstown for the bond robbery, and—well, we got acquainted. Of course nobody knew who he was."

A torrent of questions overwhelmed Mrs. Pryce. She had achieved fame—she had known the hero of the last famous jewel robbery. She spoke of him from first-hand knowledge. The unrivalled attraction of crime—crime in the grand manner—fascinates us all. But she wouldn't say much.

"He was just an acquaintance for the voyage," she told us; "though, of course, it was rather a shock when he was arrested at Queenstown."

"Oh, what a surprise!" exclaimed Charlie Pryce jovially.

"A surprise?" She seemed to me to start ever so little. "Oh, yes, of course—terrible!" she went on the next instant.

"Was he nice?" asked our hostess.

"Yes, he was very—very attractive," she answered. And somehow I fancy her glance rested for a moment on her husband—indeed on a particular portion of him. Charlie was

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just lighting the after-lunch cigarette. Charlie's hands—he is a very good fellow and well-off—are decidedly red and particularly pudgy.

II.

I LIKED Mrs. Pryce very much. She was pretty, dainty, bright, and—well, bachelors are so apt to think that pretty married women have a dull time at home that I will lay no stress on my own private opinion as to her domestic lot. Enough that I was always glad to talk with her, and that it was pleasant to walk with her in the Major's quiet old garden on a fine night when the wind stirred the boughs and the moon shone. Inside they had taken to pool—and whisky-and-soda. I play the former badly, and take the latter when the evening is more advanced.

"Beautiful moon!" I observed, enjoying Nature, my company, and my cigar.

She was silent a moment. Then she said: "It shone just like that the third night out from New York."

"Your last trip?" She crosses pretty often, as Charlie has business connections on the other side.

"No. The one when—the one we were talking about at lunch."

"Ah! When our friend of the slim fingers——?"

"Yes."

"Let's sit down," I suggested. We were just passing a garden-seat.

She smiled at me half sadly, half mockingly. She saw through me; she knew I wanted to hear more about it. By some sort of sympathy I knew that she wanted to talk about it. It was queer, too, to consider through what window that moon was shining on Slim-Fingered Jim. Did it—and his other surroundings—remind him of the broad Atlantic? "The risks of the profession, gentlemen!"

"Yes, he had beautiful hands," she murmured.

"What'll they look like when——?"

She caught my hand sharply in hers. "Hush, hush!" she whispered. I felt ashamed of myself, but of course I couldn't have known that—well, that she'd feel it like that.

"I was quite a girl," she went on presently. "Yes, it's six years ago—and the first two days of that voyage were like days in heaven. You know what it can be when it's fine? You seem never to have known what space was before—and bigness—and blueness. Do you know what I mean?"

"It's very exhilarating."

"Oh, don't be silly! Of course nobody was ill—anyhow only the people who meant to be before they started—and we had an awfully jolly table."

"Mr. Walsh one of your party?"

"Yes, he was at our table. I—sat next to him."

I turned half round and looked at her. The moon was strong, I could see her eyes.

"Look here, do you want to go on with this story?" I asked.

"Yes, I think so—I've never told it before. But perhaps I'll skip a little of it."

"At the beginning?"

"Yes. Will you imagine the sun shining by day and the moon by night?"

"Yes. And a sparkling sea? And nothing to do?"

"Yes. And a young girl—quite a young girl."

"Yes. And beautiful hands—and the rest to match?"

"Yes—including a voice."

"Yes. Let's skip to the second evening, shall we, Mrs. Pryce?"

"Will you be a little more imaginative and skip to the third afternoon?"

"The third afternoon be it. What's happening when we begin to tell the story again?"

"I'm in my mother's state-room, getting a tremendous lecture. I'm not sure you ought to hear it."

"Oh, I know all about it. You meant no harm, probably, but really it was time you learnt to be more careful. Attractive girls couldn't be too careful. Men were so ready to think this and that—and say this and that—and then go and boast about it in the smoking-room. And what did you or your mother know about him? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! No doubt he was a gentleman, and very pleasant and amusing—but really you knew nothing. He was probably an adventurer. And anyhow—well, really it wasn't quite—not *quite*—ladylike to—to——"

"Yes, that's not a bad imagination," interrupted Mrs. Pryce. "Add mamma's *pince-nez*, and it's quite lifelike."

"And the result?"

"Great constraint in my manner towards Mr. Walsh at dinner that evening."

"And—further result—a melancholy walk by you on the deck after dinner—a walk at first solitary — subsequently shared by a puzzled and humble Mr. Walsh?"

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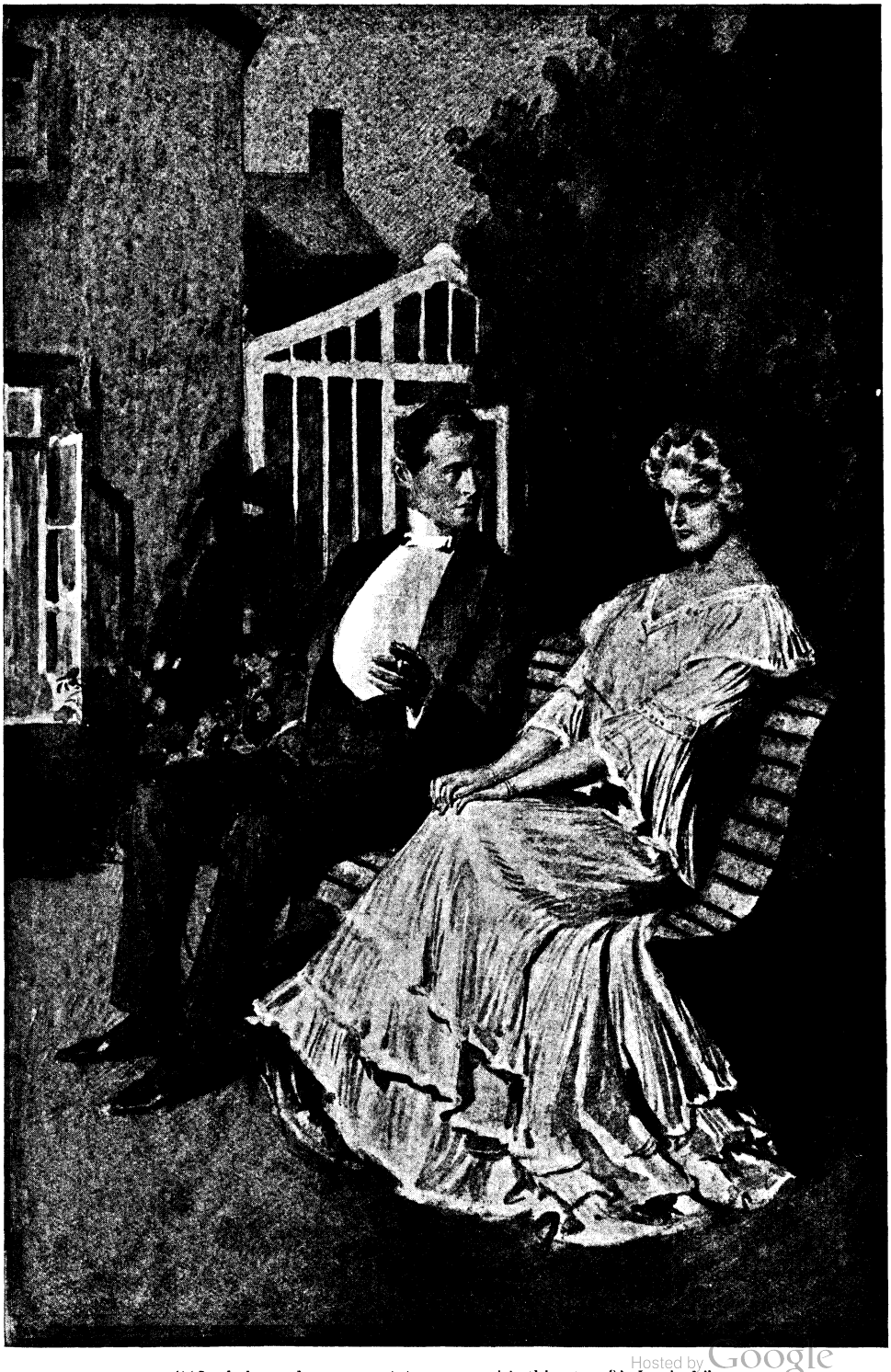

"'Look here, do you want to go on with this story?' I asked."

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"I begin to think you have more experience than you always admit," said Mrs. Pryce. "But I think you'll go wrong if you try to guess any more."

"Then I won't guess any more. Take up the thread. It's now the third night out, and the moon is shining like that." I pointed to the orb which was illuminating the Major's garden—among other places where sundry of that liner's former passengers might chance to be.

"I'll go on," she said; "and don't interrupt me for a little while. There was a very light wind—you hardly felt it aft—and I was standing looking over the sea. He came up to me and began to talk about some trifle—I don't forget what it was, but it doesn't matter. But I was afraid mamma would come up and look for me, so I said I was going down to read. But I waited for just a minute more—I suppose I expected him to ask me not to go. He said nothing, but took one big big pull at his cigar, gave one big big puff of smoke out of his mouth and nose, and then threw the cigar overboard. 'Good night, Mr. Walsh,' I said. He looked at me—it was as light as it is now—and said: 'Will you give me one minute, Miss Cochrane?' 'Well, only a minute,' I said, smiling. I was really afraid about mamma. 'I want to tell you something,' he said. I wonder if I blushed—and whether he could see if I did. I expect I did, and that he saw, because he went on very quickly: 'Something that doesn't matter much to you, but matters a bit to me.' 'Go on,' I said. I was quite calm again now, because—well, because I saw he was going to say something serious—I mean, not of the sort I—I had thought he might be going to say before."

"You saw he wasn't making love to you, you mean?"

"I told you not to interrupt—but I dare say that's putting it as nearly right as you can understand."

I murmured thanks for this rather contemptuous forgiveness.

"Then he told me," Mrs. Pryce went on, "just simply told me—and said he was going to make some excuse for asking the purser to put him at another table."

"But you can't leave it like that!" I expostulated. "You're throwing away all your dramatic effect. What did he say? His words, his words, Mrs. Pryce?"

"He didn't use any—not in the sense you mean. He just told me. He didn't even put me on my honour not to tell anybody else. He said he didn't care a hang about anybody else on board, but that he wanted to spare me any possible shock, and that he'd been concerned in the bond robbery and would probably be arrested at Queenstown, but that he expected to get off this time. I think I repeated 'This time!' because I remember he said then that he was a thief by profession, and couldn't expect good luck every time. That was like what he said yesterday, wasn't it?"

"And what did you say? It must have been a bad quarter of an hour for you. Because you'd liked him a good deal, hadn't you?"

"Yes, a lot. But"—she turned to me smiling now—"it wasn't bad at all, really."

She gave a little laugh—a laugh with pleasant reminiscence in it.

"You were a cool hand for your age," I ventured to observe.

"It was the way he did it," she said. "Somehow I felt he was paying me a very high compliment."

"Oh, I agree!" I laughed.

"And one I was glad to have. It must have been the way he did it. There are some people who abolish one's moral scruples, aren't there? He was very quiet generally, but he had a way of just moving those hands of his with a little waving gesture. And when he said that of course it wasn't right——"

"Oh, he admitted that?"

"Yes, but that little wave of those hands seemed to wave right and wrong right out of the way."

"Overboard?"

"Absolutely overboard. Then he looked at me a moment and said: 'That's all I had to say. Thanks for listening to me, Miss Cochrane. Good night.'"

"And what did you say?"

She rested her chin in her hand, looking sideways at me.

"I said: 'Good night, Mr. Walsh. We meet at breakfast to-morrow as usual?'"

"The deuce you did!"

"'At our table?' he asked. And I said 'Yes.' He gave a little laugh, and so did I, and I held out my hand. He shook hands and left me, and I went down and read with mamma."

"Nothing else said?"

"He said nothing else. I believe I whispered: 'It'll be rather fun—because you *will* get off!' But I know I didn't say anything more than that."

There was a pause. I lit another cigarette, snatching a mean advantage by stealing a

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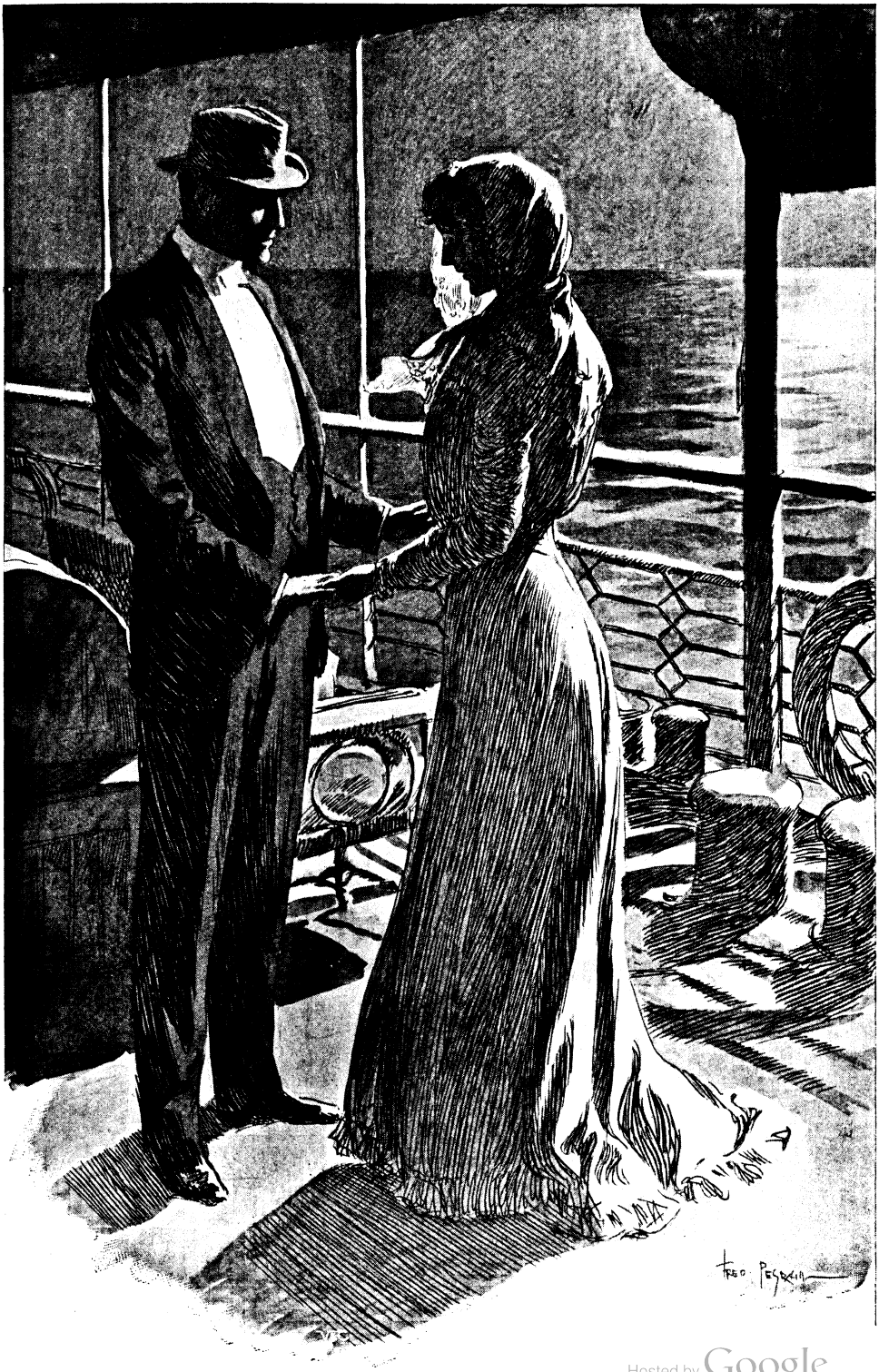

"'Slim-fingered Jim!' he whispered. 'Don't quite forget him, little friend.'"

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look at my friend in the light of the match. She was not looking at me, but straight ahead of her: there was a pensive smile on her lips.

"And what happened afterwards?" I asked.

"I suppose you'll be shocked?"

"Being shocked is an emotion hostile to art—I never have it."

"Well, then, I never had such fun. Of course we were careful, because of mamma (mamma's idea became funny, too!), and because we knew what was going to happen. But we managed to get no end of talks in quiet places—the library's very good in fine weather—and he told me all sorts of wonderful things. It was like reading the very best detective stories, only ever so much better—so much more vivid, you know."

"More personal interest?"

"A thousand times. And it was fun, too, at meals, and when there was a concert, and so on. I used to find him looking at me, with his eyes all full of laughter; and I looked back at him, enjoying the secret and the way he was making fools of all the rest. We were just like two children with some game that the grown-up people know nothing about."

"He had waved your morality overboard with a vengeance," said I.

"It was the jolliest time I ever had in my life," said Mrs. Pryce. "He recited beautifully at the concert—'The Ballad of Beau Brocade.'"

"Well done him!" I said approvingly. I began rather to like the fellow myself.

"And at the end he made a little speech, thanking the captain, and saying how sorry we should all be when the voyage ended. 'And nobody sorrier than myself,' he said, with one of his looks at me—such a twinkling look—and a tiny wave of those hands."

"He must have been the most popular man on board?"

"Well, the men thought him rather stand-offish; he snubbed some of them, I think. Well, you do meet some queer men on a liner, don't you? And Mr. Walsh said that out of business hours he claimed to choose his acquaintance. But the women all worshipped him—not that he ran after them, but his manner was always just right to them."

"It's really a pity his manner of life was so—well, so unconventional."

"Yes, wasn't it?" she said, welcoming my sympathy. "Because, of course, it meant that our acquaintance had to end with the voyage."

I had, perhaps, been thinking of somewhat broader considerations, but I refrained from advancing them. In fact we had somehow got away from ordinary standards and restraints; the memory of Slim-Fingered Jim had waved them away. We fell into silence for a moment or two, until I asked—

"And the manner of the end? Tell me that."

"I didn't believe in the end. I had got not to believe in it at all. I thought we might go on sailing for ever over that beautiful sea and having the most splendid fun. He could make you feel that everything was just splendid fun—that there was nothing else in the world. He made me feel that—I suppose he knew he could, or he'd never have told me his secret at all. But, of course, the end had to come." She sighed and gave a little shiver—not that it was cold in the Major's garden. Then she turned to me again. "I've told you a good deal," she said, "and you're not a chicken, are you?"

I ruefully admitted that I was no chicken.

"Then I needn't say anything more about myself," said she.

"And what about him?"

"I think he liked me tremendously; but he wasn't in love."

"Not at all?"

"I don't think so. He was just the most perfect of good comrades to me—and in that way the finest gentleman I've ever met. Because, you know, I can see now that I gave him opportunities of being something else. Well, I was only nineteen, and——"

"Quite so. The hands, of course!"

"It seems possible to be good and bad in—in compartments, doesn't it? That's rather curious!"

"If true!"

"Oh, you know it's true!"

"Perhaps I do; but I never contradict the preacher."

She laughed again, but now a trifle fretfully.

"In his own business I believe he's thoroughly bad."

"Not even the chivalrous highwayman?"

"No. Just bad—bad—bad."

"Ah, well, business is one thing and charity another, as somebody once observed. And now for the end, please—because ends do come, even though we don't believe in them."

"Yes, they do; and this one came," she

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said. But for an instant or two she did not begin to tell me about it; and in the silence I heard Charlie Pryce assert loudly that he had made a good shot.

III.

"At lunch on Friday," Mrs. Pryce resumed, "the steward told us that we were expected to reach Queenstown about one o'clock in the morning, and we all began discussing whether we should sit up. The old travellers scoffed at the idea, and mamma, though she wasn't an old traveller, said she would never think of being so silly. But I and the two other girls at the table—they were Americans on their first trip over—said that we certainly should, and one of them asked Mr. Walsh if he meant to. 'I must,' he said, smiling. 'In fact I expect to land there—that is, if I get the telegram I expect to get.' Of course he glanced at me as he spoke, so that I knew what he meant, though the others hadn't the least idea. What would they have said?"

"I suppose they did say they were very sorry he wasn't going on to Liverpool?"

"Yes, and even mamma said how sorry we were to part from him. Fancy mamma saying that! It was fun! Only after lunch she was terribly aggravating; she kept me down in the writing-room all the afternoon, writing letters for her to all sorts of stupid people in America and at home, saying we had arrived safely. Of course we'd arrived safely! But if mamma so much as crosses the Channel without sinking, she writes to all her friends as if she'd come back from the North Pole. Some people are like that, aren't they?"

"The billiard-table is a high trial."

"Yes, and they're generally considered attentive. You may get a great reputation for good manners by writing unnecessary letters."

"Yes. So I didn't see him again till dinner. Nothing much happened then—at least, I don't remember much. The end had begun, I think, and I wasn't feeling so jolly as I had been all the way across. But everybody else was in high spirits, and he was the gayest of all of us. I expect he saw that I was rather blue, and he followed me on deck soon after dinner, and there we had our last little talk. He told me that he thought everything would be done quite quietly; he meant to tell the purser where to find him in case of inquiry, and to be ready to go ashore at once. He was sure they'd take him ashore; but if by chance they didn't, he would stay in his cabin, so that, anyhow, this was 'Good-bye.' So I said 'Good-bye' and wished him good luck. 'Are you going to sit up?' he said. I looked at him for a moment and then said 'No.' He smiled in an apologetic sort of way and gave that little wave of his hands. 'It's foolish of me to care, I suppose, but—thank you for that.' I was a little surprised, because I really hadn't thought he would mind me seeing; but I was pleased too. He held out both his hands, and I took them and pressed them. Then I opened my hands and looked at his as they lay there. He was smiling at me with his lips and his eyes.

'Slim-Fingered Jim!' he whispered. 'Don't quite forget him, little friend.' 'I suppose I shall never see you again?' I said. 'Better not,' he told me. 'But let's remember this voyage. We'll put a little fence round it, won't we? and keep all the rest of life out, and just let this stand by itself—on its own merits. Shall we, dear little friend?'"

Mrs. Pryce stayed her narrative for a moment. But my curiosity was merciless.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I don't know. I think I murmured something like 'Oh, my dear, my dear!' and then I let go of his hands and turned away to the sea; and when I looked round again, he was gone."

"And that was the end?"

"No. The end was lying in the berth above mamma, who was sound asleep, and—well, snoring rather—lying there and feeling the ship slowing down and then stopping, and hearing the mail-boat come alongside, and all the noise and the shouting and the bustle. I knew I could hear nothing—there would be nothing to hear—but I couldn't help listening. I listened very hard all the time, but of course I heard nothing; and at last—after hours and hours, as it seemed—we began to move again. That was the real end. I knew it had happened then; and so it had. He wasn't at breakfast; but luckily nobody on the ship—none of the passengers, I mean—found out about it till we got to Liverpool; and as mamma and I weren't going on to London, it didn't matter."

"And he got off?"

"Yes, he got off—that time."

"I'm afraid this great man had one foible," I observed. "He was proud of those hands! Well, Cæsar didn't like getting bald, so I learnt at school."

"I always remember them as they lay in mine," she said. "His hands and his eyes—that's what I remember."

"Ever seen him again?"

"Of course not." She sat where she was for a moment longer, then rose. "Shall we go in?"

"I think we may as well," said I.

So we went into the billiard-room. They were still playing pool. I made for the whisky-and-soda and mixed myself a tumbler and drank thereof. When I set the tumbler down and turned round to the table, Charlie Pryce was engaged in making a shot of critical importance. Everybody was looking at him. His wife was standing at the end of the table and looking at him too. She seemed as much interested in the shot as any of them. But was she? For before he played, she raised her eyes and looked across at me with a queer little smile. I couldn't help returning it. I knew what she was thinking. The billiard-table is a high trial.

When Charlie had brought off his shot—which he did triumphantly—his wife came and kissed him. This pleased him very much. He did not recognise the Kiss Penitential, which is, however, a well-ascertained variety.

I'm afraid that the magnetic current of immorality which seemed to emanate from Mr. James Painter Walsh passed through the sympathetic medium of Mrs. Pryce's memory and infected, in some small degree, my more hardened intellect; for even now I can't help hoping that Slim-Fingered Jim is being put to some light form of labour. But it's a difficult business! Even the laundry—a most coveted department, as I am given to understand—would spoil them hopelessly.

FROM THE BRIDGE.

THE great black wharves loom blacker in the dawn—
The vague ships slowly shape and show their spars—
The outline of the hither shore is drawn,
And promised sunrise washes out the stars.

Nor sight, nor sound foretells the busy day,
Till suddenly, the faint "chud, chud" of steam
Tells of a waking ship; and far away
Through startled streets, wheels break the city's dream.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

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THE DEVIL OF MARSTON.

BY H. C. BAILEY.*

'TIS the old book that bids you admire here in this tale the nobility of Sir Bertram D'Aylesford; and Fulke who wrote it, the little man, adds that no man dare ever speak of the story to Sir Bertram's self. Now it is strange, says the old book—saying it at great length—it is strange that Sir Bertram D'Aylesford, who was but a man-of-arms at the first, and spite of it married the fairest maid in England, was hailed comrade by King Edward, lorded it in three good shires—strange it is that this man made scarce one enemy of all those whom he passed in the race to fortune and power. Well! Six hundred years are gone and more since Bertram buckled on his golden spurs, and it may be we are cynics all, and sneer at Fulke's heroics. Yet Fulke, whose words I give you, if he was not a cynic, was yet no fool, and I seem to hear Fulke give us back sneer for sneer as he goes on: "Ye doubt me, gentles? Very sure are ye that ye would have held this great man in despite. Doubtless ye know—yourselves!" Strange also, as Fulke thinks, it was that God and Our Lady chose a very evil man to bring two good men to honour and love each other. Fulke is apt to think things strange.

But surely a very evil man he was—Giles Dentnoire, his name—but men called him, as he called himself, the Devil of Marston. An unkind Fate made him a younger son; which was very ill for Giles Dentnoire, but worse for his brother Amaury, whom Giles stabbed in his cups for the sake of their father's heritage. But again was Fate unkind. For it was in the days of the great Earl, Simon of Montfort, and Earl Simon fell upon the murderer and drove him into outlawry. It was then that Giles began to merit his name in good earnest. The tale of the things he did is writ in bad Latin, and in Latin it is best left. From one deed of his you may judge the rest. He and his men had stolen a woman and her babe away to their lair at Marston. The Devil of Marston made the woman serve him in his cups while the babe cried to her from the ground. For fear of his threats to the babe she did it, weeping, white-faced. Foul oaths and fouler laughter rang loud about her; at last they began to heed her less. They were jeering at a man whose head was weaker than the rest, who was madly drunk, and that man staggered to his feet suddenly and cried—

"Why—Captain—Captain Devil—you be going round and round!" At that the Devil of Marston laughed, and his men with him. But the drunken man brushed his hand across his eyes: "Why—Captain—why—the Devil has you! He be swinging you round—and round—and round."

The Devil of Marston sprang up with an oath, and he caught the babe from the floor and flung it at the drunkard. The babe and the man fell together, and the babe was dead. Then the mother ran forward screaming, and she caught her babe to her bosom and kissed its bloody head, and she sobbed, while the Devil of Marston laughed. She heard that

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fiendish laughter, and, fearless now, she hissed through her teeth: "God grant you may die so! Ah! God grant that you shall die so!" But the Devil of Marston laughed, and he said: "Let your God try!"

You may guess what manner of man he was by that; and that was nowise the worst of his deeds. In the midst of them came to the throne a new King. Slowly he made men feel his power; slowly the iron arm gathered the realm in its grasp; and little by little even the Devil of Marston in his lair on the Welsh marches felt the grip grow hard. Then he thought of craft. One of the great lords hard by was at feud with the King, and the Devil of Marston sent a man to the King offering to slay that lord for a price.

And now we come to Fulke's tale.

The Devil's man came from one knight to another with his errand till at the last he reached Sir Stephen, the captain of the King's House. Now, Sir Stephen was stout and choleric, and when the Devil's man hinted at his errand, Sir Stephen's face flushed and he cried—

"Death of my life!——" then suddenly he broke off. "So you would see the King, sirrah?"

"As I told you," said the Devil's man. And Sir Stephen chuckled.

"Certainly you shall see the King!" said he.

So the Devil's man was given audience. With his hand in his belt, he stood fronting the King.

"I come from Giles Dentnoire," said he.

"They call him the Devil of Marston," said Robert Burnell, the Chancellor, softly. The Devil's man turned to him, ready for a hot answer. But Robert Burnell smiled.

"Go on," said the King. His dark brows were lowering.

"Sir King, I bring you an offer from Giles Dentnoire."

"Offer!" said Robert Burnell softly. The King's right hand clenched.

"Go on," said the King.

"You have a quarrel with Robert of Wenlock. Giles Dentnoire hath the will to deal with him so that he shall not trouble the King; and for that—for that——" he began to stammer. The King's dark eyes were blazing. The veins in his temples were swollen with anger. Through his teeth he had muttered—

"Splendour of Heaven!"—that only; but the Devil's man began to be afraid.

"And for that?" said Robert Burnell softly.

"For that you shall give Giles Dentnoire Robert's lands," said the Devil's man hastily.

"Spawn of Mahound! would you sell your murders to me?" thundered the King. But the Devil's man had his courage.

"Will you buy, Sir King?" he said bluntly. Then the guard took a step forward, watching the King; but the Devil's man had no fear of armed men, though he might tremble at the hot wrath of the King. He glanced at the guard and laughed. "Will you buy?" said he.

"By the saints of Heaven!" the King cried; then he stopped, seeing the man meet his glance coolly, standing there with folded arms in a throng where was not one but would have slain him at a word from the King. The guard came clanking forward another step.

"Go!" said the King, pointing to the door; and as the man walked away: "Take heed to your life if you meet me again."

So the Devil's embassy went back down the hall. On the threshold he paused.

"Take heed to yourself, Sir King," he cried, "for the Devil is loosed!"

Then Sir Stephen, the captain of the King's House, said—

"May we follow him, sire?" The King shook his head.

"Even with the Devil we keep faith," he said; and Sir Stephen looked downcast. "Nay, never grieve for that, Stephen," cried the King. "Shalt hunt him none the less," and Sir Stephen fell on his knee and kissed the King's hand in great joy. But that night a homestead flared scarce half a mile from the King's outer guard; and when John Bowlegs, the sergeant of the guard, rode down with his men through the darkness, they found nought but blazing ricks and a blazing roof. As they came back again, a hoarse voice cried from the darkness.

"The Devil is loosed! Ho, ho! The Devil is loosed!" And the guard were very wroth.

So the next morning early, Sir Stephen rode out in great anger to hunt the Devil of Marston, and with him went half the King's House, angry likewise.

But it was a lesser company that came back after nightfall—a throng of jaded horses and wounded men; and when Sir Stephen walked up the hall, his chin was on his breast.

"Sire, I have failed," he said in a low voice. "I have lost a dozen good men, and still the Devil is loose." The King frowned. Then through the hall rang a child's cry—

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"Hawold! My Hawold!" The King looked round him questioning.
"That is the child we saved," said Sir Stephen.
"And this Harold?" said the King sharply.
"Him we lost," said Sir Stephen in a low voice.
"Tell me," growled the King.

"A yeoman's children by Braxted Mill they were," said Sir Stephen. "Thither we came too late. The Devil's men were in, her father and mother slain. We chased them out, and we saved her—her brother they took!"

"Did ye not follow?" growled the King.

"That did we. Chased them till we were scattered——"

"Scattered!" echoed the King scornfully.

"Aye, sire, 'tis my blame," said Sir Stephen; and then the King might have softened to him, but the child wailed again—

"My Hawold! My Hawold!"

"Bring her in!" cried the King; and Sir Stephen went doggedly on with his tale.

"Then, out of the cleft in the hills, the Devil charged us as twilight fell—there, sir, I lost your men."

"But I want my Hawold!" cried the child in the doorway.

The King muttered an oath and rose from his chair; he passed Sir Stephen without a look and came to the door. A little, dark-haired maid was struggling in the arms of one of his men.

"But I want my Hawold! I don't want your King!" she cried.

The deep voice sounded close to her ear—

"I am the King, little maid." The big, sinewy hand patted her wet cheek. "Never weep now; be a brave lady." The grim face lit up with a slow, sad smile. "Harold is happy that you are safe."

"He was angwy with me," sobbed the child. "Oh! I want my Hawold—and I hit him yester morning."

The King stood still stroking her hair.

"Must I march against this brigand with *ban* and *arrière-ban?*" that had been his thought a minute earlier. Now he wondered: "Can I save this boy?" And while he pondered and the little child sobbed, out of the darkness came a thunderous chantey—

"'Never weep now; be a brave lady.'"

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For mail shall ring,
And helms we'll ding,
Comrades—comrades—*Maison du roy!*

The words rolled on to the music of clashing hoofs and swords.

And bones shall crack
Ere we come back,
Comrades—comrades—*Maison du roy!*

Then riding into the light from the doorway came six men in flashing mail; to each man's stirrup was bound a prisoner, only the leader had one on either side. The child dried her eyes to stare.

"Splendour of Heaven! who are ye?" cried the King.

"We are the night-guard, sire," said the leader, whose name was Bertram. "These be the night-thieves, sire."

"The Devil's men?" cried the King.

"Aye, foul fare ye! The Devil's men!" growled one of the captives. Bertram swung to the ground and he laughed.

"By the best of fortune, my lord, the Devil's own men. We threw the outer guard further afield and doubled the outer posts this even. We heard faintly a din at the Coppice Farm, and by the meadows we came thereto silently. Without the steading were horses tethered, a dozen in all—them we cut loose and drove away; and then a blithe hunt we had for the Devil's men, till five we slew and seven we took!"

"We! we! we!" said the King. "Who was sergeant of the guard this even?" And Bertram bowed. "Ha! And who doubled the outer posts?" Bertram bowed. "And who planned the onrush at the Coppice Farm?" Bertram saw Sir Stephen standing by in the gloom, and mindful of the day's disaster, he said—

"I did but copy Sir Stephen's plan in the onfall by Wenlock Edge," where Sir Stephen had won a great fight the year before. But Sir Stephen glowered.

"By 'r Lady of Walsingham! 'tis well you did not copy his plan of to-day!" cried the King. Now, Bertram was young, and the days when his tongue, as Fulke says, was dangerous as his sword had not come yet, and he said like a fool, though he meant kindly—

"My lord, you are over hard on Sir Stephen." The King frowned.

"And wilt thou teach me my part, knave?" he cried angrily. Sir Stephen was angrier still.

"I am much beholden to the sergeant," he sneered.

"Silence!" growled the King. "See these fellows ironed, sergeant. Hast done well." Bertram bowed low and gave the order, and the King turned to the child. "Wilt come with me, little one?" he asked; and the child looked up into his fierce face and held out her arms. So the miller's daughter was borne to Court on the King's breast—a thing whereof she was very proud in the after days.

Sir Stephen was turning after the King when Bertram plucked him by the sleeve.

"Sir, I have somewhat to say." Sir Stephen waited, frowning on him. "Sir, I have learnt where the Devil is," said Bertram, whispering.

"Well?" said Sir Stephen, and sneered.

"Why, sir, is 't not of great moment?" cried Bertram in amaze.

"Moment?" snarled Sir Stephen. "Moment? No, save to fools like you. Any one of us might have learnt it of a pedlar, for a crown!" Now, that was not true, and Bertram knew it, and Sir Stephen might have known it but for the angry shame that possessed him.

"Are we to do naught, sir?" said Bertram, wondering.

"Do? Yes, go to him, fool!" cried Sir Sir Stephen angrily. Bertram stared at him as he turned away. Then Bertram saluted, though Sir Stephen's back was towards him, and mounted his horse and rode away without a word to any man. His duty was to obey; also to thank God if obedience offered a high emprise. Bertram thanked God.

That night at supper the King was deep in thought. That night at supper Sir Stephen was moody and silent. But the Devil of Marston was very merry. The old book notes herein the strange ways of God.

From under the shadow of a limestone crag three men sprang out upon Bertram. One seized his bridle, another his sword; and Bertram laughed and suffered it.

"Hereafter do not swear when you be in ambush," he said placidly. "'Tis like to spoil your sport." The three cursed him in unison and inquired in the name of many and diverse devils why he came that way.

"*De par le roy!*" said Bertram. "In the name of the King, gentles."

"Beelzebub!" cried one, and the others gaped.

"Not at all; to see him, gentles," said Bertram.

"To see——?" they cried.

"The Devil," said Bertram. "Your master, the Devil of Marston." At first they

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"He rushed at the Devil of Marston and swung him aloft like a flail."

only gaped the wider, and then together they burst out laughing.

"Ho, ho, ho! we've seen your like before."

"And I yours," said Bertram, and he also laughed.

"Come off!" they cried, and dragged him to the ground. That also he suffered. They

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took his mail from him and bound his eyes; his arms they tied behind his back, and Bertram said only—

"I see that your master is brave."

"Come on!" cried one with an oath; "By Beelzebub's fiends! art a fool?"

"Perhaps," said Bertram. So they led the big man, bound and blind and helpless. Many times he stumbled and fell. At first they jeered at him; then, as his stumbling grew tedious, they cursed. But still again and again he fell.

"Fiend seize you! You'll know what the ground feels like," they grumbled as he fell for the fiftieth time. It may be that Bertram smiled, for the moon was not risen and the night was dark.

On a sudden he heard voices. In a moment he knew he was in the light. He heard a voice cry sharp—

"What? What?" Heard his escort answer—

"A fool from Edward Longshanks." Then silence; then a long, cruel laugh, and the bandage was torn roughly from his eyes.

Blinking, he saw he was in a cave lighted by smoking torches. Rude swordsmen sat gaping at him; among them were women in dirty finery, some shameless, some few timid and pale. An old crone waited to serve their master. There at the head of the table he sat, the Devil of Marston, licking his thin lips and smiling.

"Well, fool?" said the Devil of Marston; and again he laughed.

"I had thought you a bigger man," said Bertram.

"Long shanks are weak," said the Devil, jeering at Bertram's King. "Mine are strong—eh, wench?" and he kicked the woman nearest him and laughed. "Well, fool?" Bertram's face had grown a little paler. He shifted his bound arms a little and then smiled.

"I bid you render the boy you took, and render yourself to the King's mercy: *de par le roy*, Sir Devil."

The Devil laughed long; his men with him, and some of the women. A few looked at Bertram pitifully.

"The fool grows witty," laughed the Devil. Suddenly his face changed. His heavy grey brows came lowering down, his thin lips curled back from his teeth. "And here is my answer, fool—fool!" He hissed the word. "First, the boy shall make sport for us; then you—fool! That for your King!" he spat upon the ground.

"Art a little man to talk so high," said Bertram coolly. "Six-score pounds of skin and bone, I guess thee, Master Devil. Less without thy teeth."

"Bring in the whelp!" cried the Devil, glaring at him.

The boy was brought. His hands were bound behind him with a leathern thong that cut the flesh.

"Set him on the board," said the Devil. And the boy looked fearlessly round, while the men and the shameless women jeered at him. But some few were weeping covertly. "Now, whelp!" said the Devil, and again the thin lips curled back. "Your sire is broiling in hell, so dance for joy!" There was a burst of laughter. The boy stood still. "Soon shalt be with him," said the Devil. Bertram laughed loud, above all the rest. "Dance! dance, whelp! as your mother dances with the fiends!" Again the laugh rang loud, and Bertram's loudest; but through the laughter came another, sharper sound, and the Devil's quick ear caught it and he turned. It was the sound of a snapped rope.

"Fool of the fiend!——"

Right and left Bertram's great arms shot out. Right and left his guards fell stunned. And he rushed at the Devil of Marston and caught the wretch by the middle and swung him aloft like a flail.

"*De par le roy!*" he thundered, "*De par le roy!*" and the Devil of Marston was swung round in the air cursing, and his body bore down his own men, and Bertram broke his way to the door.

But they say that the old crone who served the table shrieked aloud—

"God hath answered! God is just!"

For the Devil of Marston's head was bloody, even as her own babe's had been long ago.

The boy had sprung from the table at the first, and with the Devil's shattered head Bertram beat down a man who would have stayed him, and together the two ran down the steep hillside. And Bertram as he ran cried again—

"*De par le roy!* Gentles, *de par le roy!*"

The Devil of Marston lay limp on his shoulder. His wages on earth were paid.

Lightly Bertram ran, giving a hand to the boy sometimes. It was not for nothing he had fallen fifty times on that path. It was not for nothing he had let them take his mail without a word. He whistled shrill, and his horse neighed in answer.

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"Down on the floor he flung the dead Devil of Marston."

"Canst ride?" he muttered to the boy. The Devil was something heavy.

"Aye," said the boy, breathless. Then, as Bedivere came trotting to meet them, he flung the Devil across the saddle and swung the boy up after him. One glance he gave behind him; no man was mounted yet. One last shout.

"*De par le roy!*" he gave ere he clapped his hand on Bedivere's quarter and caught the stirrup-leather as the roan sprang forward in the gloom.

It was long after Bertram had gone that one of the night-guard came to the door of the hall and peered in, looking puzzled. In a moment he stole in and sidled furtively up the hall till he stood behind Sir Stephen's chair; he touched Sir Stephen's arm and whispered—

"Sir—'tis time to go the rounds."

"And what a plague is that to me?" cried Sir Stephen. "Where is your knave of a sergeant?"

"Heaven knows, sir!—or you belike," said the corporal dutifully. Sir Stephen turned in his chair, and his face was white.

"What dost mean, corporal?" he muttered.

"By 'r Lady, sir, you bade him go to the Devil of Marston. Body o' me, I think he hath gone." Sir Stephen fell back in his chair muttering—

"God ha' mercy upon us!" Choleric he was, but no coward ever, and he rose from his chair and walked slowly towards the King; but ere he reached the gilt chair came a great din without, and, above all, a deep voice shouting—

"*De par le roy!* Comrades, *de par le roy!*"

"The King looked up from his wine.

"What is this brawl?" he growled.

Sir Stephen stood still in amaze. The noise took form, became a song; for the second time that night the night-guard broke into that boastful chantey—

No sword nor mail
'Gainst us avail,
Comrades—comrades—*Maison du roy!*
So skulls will crack
Ere we come back,
Comrades—comrades—*Maison du roy!*

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The King swore by St. John of Beverley first, and Our Lady of Walsingham next, and in the midst of the last invocation the door of the hall flew wide. Into the light came Bertram, with something shapeless lying over his shoulder; a child had hold of his hand. Behind him his comrades jostled each other and chuckled.

"Splendour of Heaven!" cried the King wrathfully.

"Nay, sir; of hell!" said Bertram, and down on the floor before the King's feet he flung the dead Devil of Marston.

"The Devil—the Devil himself!" the words sprang from Sir Stephen's lips as he saw the grizzled hair and the sharp, cruel face.

"The Devil himself!" muttered the King, and for a moment he looked at Bertram, who stood there with his thick hair drenched with sweat and his great chest heaving. "Sit down, man," he said quickly, and he pushed Bertram into his own chair and filled him a cup of wine.

"How long hast been the King's knight-errant?" said he. "Who sent you devil-slaying, master sergeant?" Sir Stephen touched the King's arm.

"That I can tell, my lord," said he.

"You?" cried the King, turning to him.

"My lord, I," said Sir Stephen, fronting the King boldly. "Bertram had learnt of the Devil's lair. He told me of it, my lord, and I, being wroth, would not heed him. When he pressed me, I bade him go seek the Devil himself, and alone. This I did in anger, my lord, like a fool." So Sir Stephen confessed before them all. The King stood frowning. But Bertram set down the wine-cup with a clang.

"Sir Stephen, my lord, hath strangely forgot——" he cried, and stopped for breath.

"What?" said the King sharply. Then Bertram looked hard at Sir Stephen.

"How I jeered at him," said Bertram. "Sought to rouse his anger," said Bertram. "Boasted of mine own deeds," said Bertram. "Bore myself as an insolent fool," said Bertram; and then he turned to the King. "My lord, I went only because there was no other way to avoid disgrace at his hands and yours."

The King was puzzled. He looked at Robert Burnell, but Robert Burnell only smiled and glanced at Sir Stephen, who shook his head.

"This I have not forgotten, my lord," he smiled sadly at Bertram. "For I never heard it till now. Bertram bore himself like one of the King's House. I, like a fool."

Succeeded silence. And in the midst of it the boy cried suddenly—

"My lords, you should have seen it, my lords! 'Twas grand! This lord burst his bonds, and he swung the Devil about his head as a teamster swings his whip. Therewith he beat them, my lords. Ah! 'twas grand!"

The King patted the child's head.

"Here is one who knows a brave deed!" said he, and he began to smile. He laid his hand on Sir Stephen's shoulder. "Stephen, I think here be more who have erred than you. I also spoke in my wrath. I to you; you to Bertram; and here lies the Devil at our feet. Stephen, what shall we do to this knave who hath put us all to shame?" Then Bertram said quickly—

"Please you, my lord, another cup of wine." And they all laughed as men laugh freed from restraint. The King gave it, and Bertram gave it to the boy. But the boy ere he drank said—

"Sir, is Molly safe?"

"Safe," said the King; and the boy drank.

Robert Burnell, the Chancellor, who knew the ways of the King, reached forward suddenly and took from the wall the King's own sword, and drew it and gave it to the King, and the King, dandling it as a thing he loved, said laughing—

"But who will vouch for his valour?"

"My lords, I will," cried the boy.

"My lords, I will," said Sir Stephen.

"My lords, he does!" said the King, pointing to the dead Devil of Marston. So the King made Bertram knight. And Sir Stephen did off his own golden spurs and laid them in Bertram's hand.

And now, perhaps, you can guess why it was that Bertram made scarce one enemy of all those whom he passed in life's race. Now you see how God and Our Lady chose a very evil man to bring Sir Stephen and Sir Bertram into honour and love of each other. Now you know that the Devil's man saw true when he saw the Devil's death a dozen of years before. And, perhaps, like the old book, you may think it strange.

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THE STREET OF PEACE.

By BARRY PAIN.*

"The bull-dog listened to the youngster's story."

THE young fox-terrier had been accustomed to hear from his mother of the happy hunting-grounds to which (she confidently asserted) all good dogs went when they died. On those greenswards were cats innumerable, and never a tree for cats to climb. There were rabbits and hares, and the hares were of a special kind that a good, hard-working fox-terrier could run down. On some days, for the sake of variety, there were sunny glades, swarming with rats, and afterwards there were many bones and no biscuits, and a soft rug before a blazing fire. The young fox-terrier (his name was Peter) determined to be very good. Shortly afterwards he encountered the friendly bull-dog who lived in the stableyard and had perfectly shocking opinions. The bull-dog listened to the youngster's story of the happy hunting-grounds, and then told him plainly that it was all absolutely poppy-cock. When dogs died, they stopped altogether. He went on into arguments relating to mind and matter which the youngster was quite unable to follow. But he grasped the main point, that there was no system of rewards and punishments after death, and began to wonder whether it would not be worth his while to change his mind and become an exceedingly bad dog.

Before he had come to any decision on this point, it happened that he was taken with the complaint known as distemper. He died and was buried.

The next thing of which he was conscious was that a mechanical piano was rendering the *intermezzo* from "Cavalleria Rusticana." In his previous life, when such an incident had occurred, it had been his habit to sit up, put his ears back, assume a tortured expression of the eyes, and howl as if he were broken-hearted. He sat up now, and then suddenly discovered that he did not want to howl. The discovery was something of a blow to him. He felt much as a man would feel who, after walking through Piccadilly at noon, suddenly discovered that he had forgotten to put on his hat. He went on down the street in quest of other dogs and information.

For this place into which he had come was not the happy hunting-grounds of which his mother had told him. She and the bull-dog had both been wrong. The Hereafter, as he found it, was like an endless London street, with plenty of animals in it, and no men and women. The animals were all at the further end of the street, and as Peter approached, one of them turned round to meet him and came towards him at a swinging trot.

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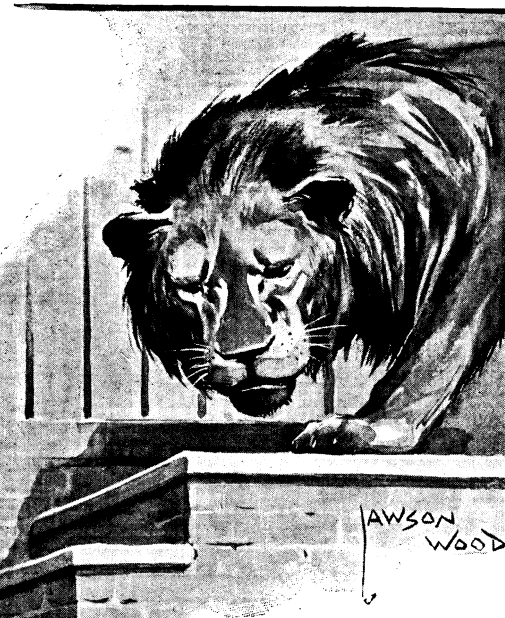
This one happened to be a lion, and Peter had heard a good deal about lions. The bull-dog himself had frankly admitted that he should not care to tackle one. Peter turned and ran for his life, took a quick turn down some area steps, and tried to hide himself under an old sack that he found at the bottom.

The next moment he heard the lion's voice calling to him: "I say, do come up. I'm not going to hurt you. I don't want to hurt anyone. No animal ever injures another one here. This is the Street of Peace."

Peter, the terrier, peeped out from his sack and noticed that the lion certainly wore a remarkably benignant expression. Slowly and with hesitation he came up the area steps.

"That's right," said the lion cheerfully. "Now, then, if you care for my companionship, I shall be glad to show you round."

Peter was extremely pleased. This idea of peace and fraternity appealed to him. He had heard of miserable zoological collections carted round the country in vans and known as "happy families," and had felt sorry for the poor beasts included in them. But to roam freely through the Hereafter on terms of perfect equality with a magnificent African lion was a very different affair.



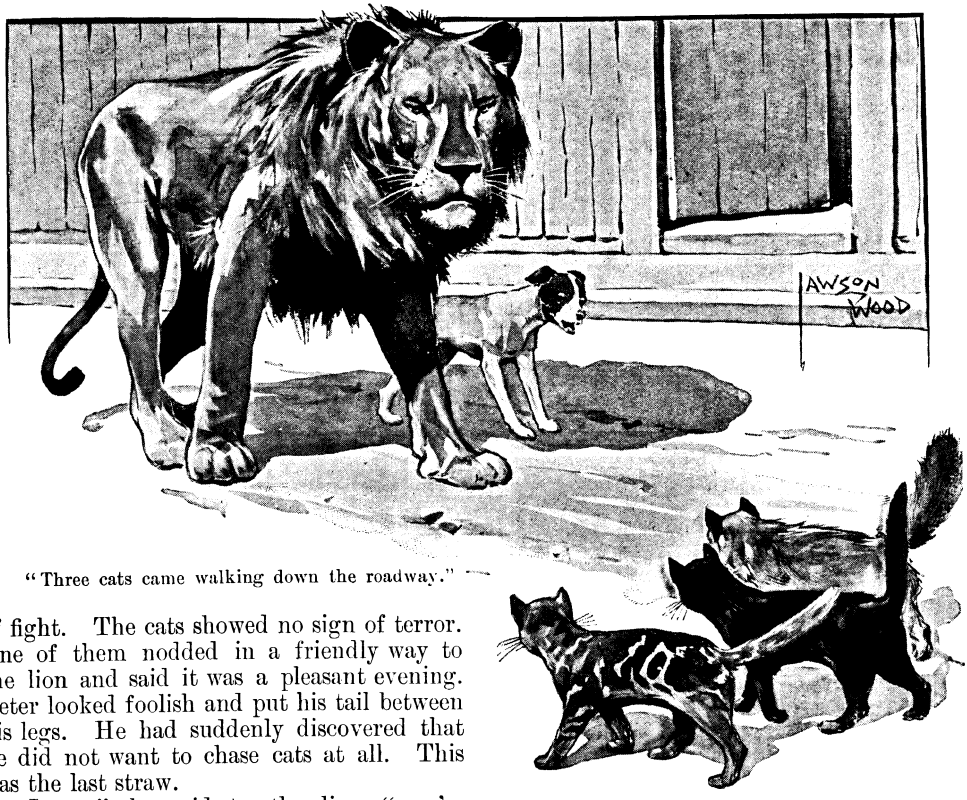
"Peter tried to hide himself under an old sack."

"Wouldn't it be as well," he asked, "if we looked round to find something to eat?"

"One doesn't eat," said the lion; "it would interfere considerably with the peace of the place if one did. In my unregenerate days in the other world, I killed a vast number of creatures, and it was always with the idea of getting something to eat. One misses it a little at first; one doesn't get hungry, but one remembers how remarkably good things used to taste in that other world."

Peter was disappointed. "Eating," he said, "used to be about three-quarters of my life. I don't know how I shall get along without it."

"One sleeps a good deal," said the lion. At that moment three cats came walking down the roadway. Peter's coat bristled and he took the attitude



"Three cats came walking down the roadway."

of fight. The cats showed no sign of terror. One of them nodded in a friendly way to the lion and said it was a pleasant evening. Peter looked foolish and put his tail between his legs. He had suddenly discovered that he did not want to chase cats at all. This was the last straw.

"I say," he said to the lion, "you're sure this is the right place—the place where good animals go when they die?"

"Quite sure," said the lion. "The absence of our horrible carnal appetites and the reign of perfect peace are the rewards of the good."

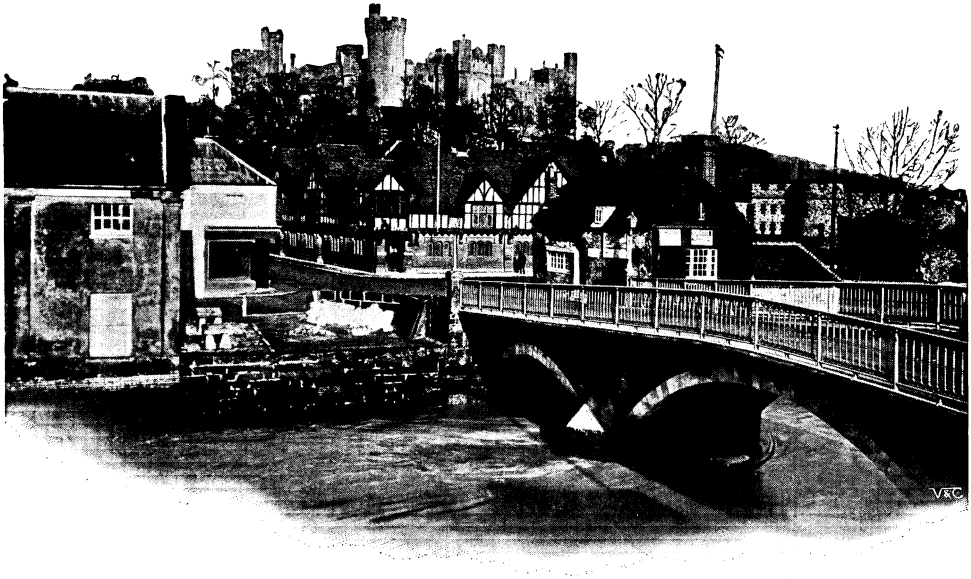
"And where do the bad go?" asked the terrier.

"Well, I don't know exactly. It's right at the other end of the street, and then down a lot of steps. I believe it's a terrible place."

"Thanks," said Peter. "I'm sorry to seem to be leaving you a bit abruptly, but I've just remembered something."

The next moment he was dashing off as hard as he could go in the direction of those steps.

"'It's right at the other end of the street, and then down a lot of steps.'"



ARUNDEL CASTLE FROM THE RIVER ARUN.

ARUNDEL CASTLE:

THE HOME OF THE EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND.

By H. Walpole.

Photographs by J. White and Son, Littlehampton.

ARUNDEL CASTLE, the principal seat of the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, Henry Fitzalan Howard, K.G., premier Duke, Earl, and Baron of England —to give him his full title and honours— is finely situated on the edge of a lofty hill, overlooking the valley of the river Arun.

Distant ten miles east by north from Chichester, and fifty-five from London, with the underlying town, it gives name to one of the six rapes of Sussex. The name "rape" is akin to the Icelandic "hreppar," a division, and is peculiar to this county. It seems to have been a military division, as each of the six, which run from north to south, possesses a castle or commanding stronghold.

The extensive park, well timbered and stocked with deer, commands views of the Channel as far as the Isle of Wight. From a point on the brow of a hill, in almost the highest part, Turner painted his "Arundel Castle," now in the National Gallery, while not far off among the wooded heights lies the reedy Swanstone Lake.

The ridge on which the Castle stands is probably an old coastline, and the river is still navigable, from Littlehampton at its mouth up to the town bridge, for sea-going ships that trade to France and Ireland. Indeed, the navigation is connected by canal with the Wey and Thames. The Arun itself is, or was, famous for mullet in its tidal waters, and the trout of its upper course still attract many anglers.

On the slope of the hill running up from the river lies the picturesque town of Arundel, with its church flanked by magnificent elms and its reminiscences of old-time hospitals and religious foundations of former Earls. But it is the Castle, with its associations with many of the great names of their history, that is of such unsurpassed interest to Englishmen. It holds, moreover, a unique place among the castles of England, for its possession alone, without need of patent, confers on its lord the dignity and honour of an earl. Of such ancient standing is this privilege that it is impossible to ascertain the date of its inception, though some idea of its antiquity may be gathered from the

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fact that it was reaffirmed by the Statute II. of Henry VI.

The present fabric was commenced little more than a century ago by Charles, the eleventh Duke, but the old rounded Keep, still towering hard by, takes us back almost to the Conquest, and we have mention of the castle or manor as far back as the days of Alfred. That prince bequeathed Arundel to his nephew Athelm. Godwin and Harold, Earls of Sussex, held it. Earlier traditions tell of Bevis the Warder, a tower named after whom still stands. Bevis, so legend runs, was a veritable giant. He could wade through the sea to the Isle of Wight. He was allowed as weekly sustenance two hogsheads of beer, an ox and bread, and mustard in proportion. His six-foot sword may still be seen. His horse, Hirondelle, some say, gave its very name to the Castle. His grave, six feet wide and thirty long, lies in the Park.

But it is with the Conquest that our knowledge is derived from positive and trustworthy evidence. The place was granted by the Conqueror to Roger de Montgomery, one of his captains at Hastings. Forfeited to the Crown by the rebellion of Roger's son, Robert de Belesme, it was settled by Henry I. on his second wife Adeliza. She, by a second marriage, transferred it to William d'Albini, known as William of the Strong Hand, for he pulled out the tongue of a lion, to which the Queen of France, slighted by his faithfulness to Adeliza, had cast him. His wife, too, showed her worth by sheltering the Empress Maud from Stephen. She had received the Empress, she declared, "as her friend, not as his enemy"; but if he chose a sorry triumph over a woman, let him try to win it.

THE OLD KEEP.

The third d'Albini died without issue, and his sister's son, John Fitzalan, succeeded. He was Lord of Oswaldstree and Clun, and

ARUNDEL CASTLE.

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a Lord Marcher on the Welsh border. A long line of earls of the Fitzalan house, men who right stoutly in war and council defended the State, held Arundel. Their last male descendant died in the twenty-second year of Elizabeth, and his daughter carried the earldom and honour of Arundel to the Howards.

That great family, which traces its descent from Hereward, the last champion of the Saxons, had succeeded to the Norfolk title by marriage with the Mowbrays. This title was already one of the oldest and most illustrious in the Kingdom, and had been held by the Bigods, and once by a royal prince, Thomas de Brotherton, the fifth son of King Edward I. This connection had brought some danger and temptation, as well as honour with it, and the quartering of the royal arms on the Norfolk shield was used by Henry VIII. as a pretext for the destruction of the Earl of Surrey. With it also had been frequently combined the office and honour of Marshal, to-day and at any rate since 1672 hereditary in the family of Howard. It had been first claimed among their predecessors by Roger Bigod, through his mother, descendant of the old Marshals, the Earls of Pembroke.

As the family associations with the portraits and relics of the Howards passed with its new lords to Arundel, a sketch of some of their previous history will be in place. John, Shakespeare's "Jockey of Norfolk," is famous as the brave and famous leader of Richard III.'s forces at Bosworth, where he met his death. No less famous was his son Thomas, the Earl of Surrey, who also fought and was taken prisoner at the same battle. Upbraided by the conqueror, he replied, pointing to a fence, in the memorable words: "Sir, he (Richard) was my crowned king. If the authority of Parliament had placed the crown on that stake, I would have fought for it. Let it place it on your head, and you will find me as ready in your defence." He lived to be the victor of Flodden Field.

His son, Henry, the chivalric and accomplished Earl of Surrey, the soldier, the gentleman, the scholar, the translator of Virgil into heroic English verse, who won

THE LIBRARY, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

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THE GREAT HALL, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

the admiration of the learning and chivalry of assembled Europe at the Court of Tuscany, fell a victim to his worth. His son, in 1580, succeeded to the Dukedom. Aspiring in a half-hearted way to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots, he forced Elizabeth to order his execution in 1589. His son Philip tried to evade the realm, but was captured and imprisoned till his death in the Tower. The estates and honours of Arundel reverted to the Crown till they were restored by James I. to Thomas, the son of Philip, and from him they have descended in uninterrupted succession to the present Duke.

After two destructive sieges in the Civil War, the Castle was left to fall into greater and greater ruin. In 1720, Duke Thomas restored part of the buildings. But it was not till the time of the eleventh Duke, Charles Howard, that much was done. He, in 1792, commenced to pull down most of the old ruins and to rebuild the Castle entirely after his own plan, incorporating merely what he could of parts of the old fabric. The present magnificent structure was designed by him, the material being Whitby freestone, and for twenty years the buildings grew under his hand.

For the walls and outward ornamentation the Duke chose Gothic styles, but for the interior fittings he used whatever beautiful and costly materials his mind conceived or his wealth could procure.

The Castle forms a quadrangle, three sides of which are devoted to the state apartments and living-rooms, the fourth being occupied by the domestic offices. The north-east wing contains the library, and adjoining it the Alfred saloon, the outside wall of which in the court is decorated with a bas-relief designed by Rossi, representing Alfred the Great instituting trial by jury.

The library is a magnificent room, 117 ft. in length and 35 ft. wide, panelled throughout with mahogany and cedar exquisitely carved, with a richly ornamented roof. The door and linings of the windows, with fifteen columns supporting the reading-galleries, are also of mahogany. This room contains under one view the finest specimens of modern Gothic, with every ornament of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries repro-

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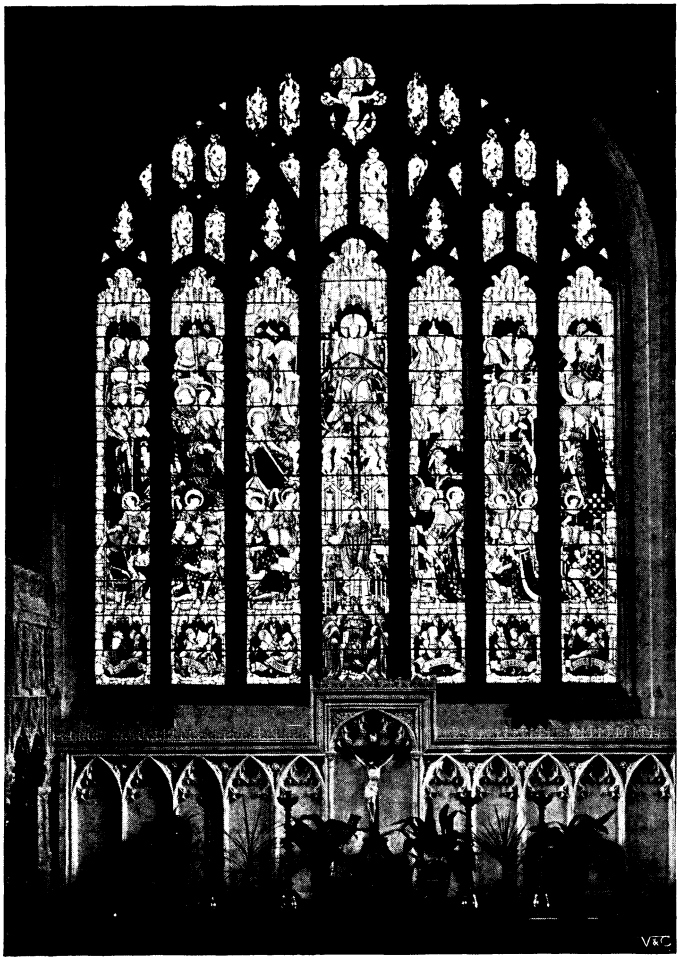

EAST WINDOW IN THE FITZALAN CHAPEL, ARUNDEL.

duced. An oriel window looks into the court. Among the objects of interest it contains is a figurehead of a Russian man-of-war, the *Moloditz*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Captain Lyons, H.M.S. *Miranda*, 1855. (The mother of the present Duke was a daughter of the first Lord Lyons.) The chimney-piece is of Carrara marble in classical taste, and two magnificent folding-doors lead to the Albert saloon. An anteroom contains a muniment-chest of Catharine of Arragon, surmounted by a royal crown. In another anteroom is a shield given by the Duke of Tuscany to the celebrated Earl of Surrey, at a tournament in Florence on the occasion of his visit there.

The great drawing-room, which overlooks the winding vale of the Arun, is chiefly remarkable for family portraits, including some fine Holbeins and Vandycks, and an historical piece by Mather Brown representing the scene of Surrey's vindication of himself after Bosworth.

A small drawing-room has a very fine ivory plaque of the Virgin supporting our Lord, and a portrait of the first Duke.

In the main corridor, among the most noticeable objects are a large historical settee in tapestry, in which Æsop's fables are cunningly wrought, and the chair of Queen Victoria, used at the banquet after her coronation, and given by Her Majesty to the Earl Marshal. A second corridor contains two spades, with Royal Arms, used by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to plant oak-trees on their visit to Arundel in 1846.

The private chapel of the Castle is in the decorated style. It is lighted with windows of excellent design, and the walls are strengthened by rich, slender buttresses running up into pinnacles. In the anteroom to the chapel are a superb reliquary with wings, by Canot, and a bishop's pastoral staff. In the breakfast-room stand two cabinets of tortoiseshell, with bronze hinges and painted panels, representing subjects from the Old and New Testaments. The dining-room, formed from an ancient family chapel, is remarkable for its great window of stained glass, by Edginton, representing the meeting of Solomon with the Queen of Sheba, the figures being portraits of Duke Charles and his Duchess.

But perhaps the most interesting of the state apartments is the Barons' Hall, which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of the Barons over King John. It is in the style of the fourteenth century, and is a lofty room 71 ft. long by 35 ft. broad. Its roof is of Spanish chestnut elaborately carved. The thirteen windows show figures of ancestors and historical scenes. The great window shows the ratification of Magna Charta by

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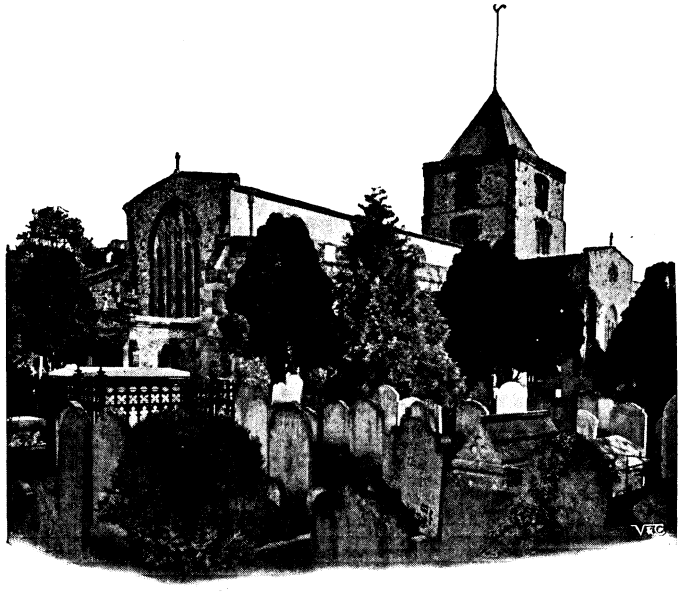
King John. In the foreground, at the head of the Barons, stands Fitzwalter—a portrait of Duke Charles — and the Mayor of London—a portrait of Mr. Alderman Coombe. The background shows in the distance the camp of Runnymede. The whole design is deep and bright in colouring. The Hall was opened on the 15th June, 1815, the six hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Charter, by a banquet attended by three hundred guests, including twenty-two representatives of the ancient Howards.



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, ARUNDEL.

Among the store of other objects of interest in the Castle are a muniment treasure-chest in the entrance-hall, a relic of the Spanish Armada, the portraits of Mary Blount, Duchess of Norfolk, of Charles I. (half length) by Vandyck, of the antiquarian Earl of Arundel and his wife, Alethea, also by Vandyck, a Lely of the sixth Duke, and a fine picture by Street of the Earl of Surrey leaning on a broken column, showing the arms of Thomas de Brotherton and of France.

Such is the home of the living Duke. The resting-place of the long line of his ancestors is no less impressive. The Fitzalan Chapel is below the Castle, contiguous to the Parish Church. It stands on the site of the ancient Priory of Saint Nicholas, and was formerly the Collegiate Chapel of the College of the Holy Trinity, an old quadrilateral building with partly cloistered yard.

Though much neglected in the past, and damaged by the fall of some timbers of the roof towards the end of the last century, the tombs of the Fitzalan Earls form a magnificent and instructive series of the monuments and style of successive generations.

Five or six claim special mention. The centre tomb is that of the son of Earl Thomas, the son of Richard and his Countess Beatrix, the daughter of John, King of Portugal. It is a large sculpture of alabaster, formerly painted and gilded. On it lie the effigies of the Earl and Countess. At the feet of the Earl is the Fitzalan cognisance, a horse; at

HIGH STREET, ARUNDEL.

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those of his Countess, two lap-dogs hold the hem of her mantle in their mouths. Figures of priests with open books, and forty emblazoned family shields surround it.

On the south of the high altar is a lofty sacellun with arcade and canopy of tabernacle work, elaborately carved. The painting and gilding are now gone.

South of the altar is a very fine chantry, the tomb of William, the nineteenth Earl —died 1488; a patron of Caxton—and his Countess, though their effigies lie on the opposite tomb of Thomas and William Fitzalan. The head-dress of the Countess Joan is noteworthy. The twisted pilasters show the dawn of the Renaissance. Under the easternmost of three arches which divide this from the Lady Chapel is the tomb of John Fitzalan, the seventeenth Earl (died 1435), in plate armour and a collar of S. S. It shows in a shroud the emaciated body. This warrior Earl was wounded and taken prisoner in an assault on the Castle of Gerberoi, and died a captive, but his body was redeemed by his squire, Ralph Eyton, who, not receiving for it the price he asked, kept it for a time, but at last restored it to the family. Its identity was recently confirmed by an examination, which showed that a leg was missing. Above the chantry is a tablet to Henry, the last of the Fitzalans.

There are also Howard tombs of Earl Philip and Thomas, the friend of Evelyn, whose body was brought from Padua and buried in 1646.

In the Lady Chapel may be noticed a plain altar tomb of John Fitzalan, the sixteenth Earl, and the black marble sepulchre of Lord Henry Molyneux, brother of the late Duke. The original stone altar remains.

The present Duke, who inherits the castles, estates, and dignities of these great houses, maintains them full worthily. Born to the highest rank and immense wealth, he has fulfilled the most arduous duties of civic and national life. Zealous and munificent in his religious duties as a Roman Catholic, the leader of the Laity of that communion in this country, he is trusted and honoured by all sects. In private life he has shown the same public spirit in holding twice in succession, and generously in every sense, the office of Mayor of Sheffield, a term honoured by a visit of the late Queen to the steel town, and for several years the office of Postmaster-General, a post involving no display, but immense work and responsibility.

The Duke is honorary colonel of a Yorkshire regiment of Volunteers, and commands the Second Volunteer Battalion of the Sussex Regiment, and showed but the other day that his was no parade of play-soldiering, by offering his sword to serve his country in the rough work of the South African war. Let us give such men due honour by following their public-spirited example, not forgetful of the Howard motto, *Sola Invicta Virtus!*

THE MUSICIAN.

WHO comes, at last, from long eclipse?
Apollo's darling child.
He comes with laughter on his lips,
Or weeping, strange and wild.

How bravely clear his bugle rings,
The Morning-peaks along—
How tender-sweet its echoings
Thro' Twilight-vales of song!

At dawn the Youth he challengeth
To win some Shining Slope.
At even, on the mist of Death,
He paints the rainbow, Hope!

Oh, give him welcome! Bid him play
His heart-compelling strain—
Lest, after many a dreary day,
Thou summon him—in vain!

ERNEST NEAL LYON.

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"CUPBOARD LOVE."

By Oscar Wilson.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

By JAMES K. HANNA.*

WE who live within the "Fence" consider ourselves a little better than the Oakville persons, who live beyond the "Fence." The "Fence" surrounds a small wood in which our little colony nestles picturesquely, and we live in peace and harmony.

My wife and I make particularly good neighbours. We never quarrel with our fellow-dwellers in the "Fence," and they have no reason to quarrel with us, for we have no children. I notice that other people's children cause half the bad feeling in otherwise heavenly suburban villages. Of course, we have mosquitoes, but Providence gives everyone something to test the patience. And in the evening, when we hear other people's children complain and fret because the mosquitoes are troublesome, my wife and I, safe within our own screened verandah, thank our stars that we have no children to leave our screen doors ajar.

It is but natural that my wife and I should bear ourselves accordingly. I do not mean that we are uppish about it, but we do feel that we can afford to give better dinners than those who have the expense of children; and if our home is better furnished and our summer journey to the mountains more prolonged, we cannot resist a little honest pride. Many a time when we have had some small pleasure that our neighbours could not afford, the little woman has said to me: "John, you don't know how thankful I am that we have no children," and I have heartily agreed with her.

It is not that we are children-haters. Far from it. We are a sane, healthy couple; but when we see the additional worry and trouble that other people's children cause them, we are content to continue as we have lived for the past five years—our friends still call us "the Bride and Groom."

I cannot say that we are happier than our fellow-dwellers in the "Fence," but we are more care-free. We live joyously.

The other evening, when I returned from the city, my wife met me at our little station, which is just a minute's walk from the "Fence," and when I had tucked her arm under mine I asked her the news of the day. Bobby Jones had cut his finger badly; Estelle Marks had taken the measles; little tot Hemingway had run away, and her mother had gone nearly distracted until the baby was found again; the Wallaces were not going to the mountains this year, because Fred had to be sent to a military school in the fall, and they could not afford both. It was the usual daily chapter of children.

As the next day was a holiday, I was in unusually high spirits, and the little woman, with true womanly diplomacy, chose the moment when my favourite dish was set before me at dinner to ask a small favour

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"'Didn't *you* ever dawdle over your dressing?'"

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"Bobby Jones and Rex, the most worthless dog on earth."

"John," she said, quite as if she were opening an ordinary conversation, "did you notice Mrs. Hemingway's reception-gown last night?"

"Why, no, dear," I replied. "Was it new?"

"New!" laughed my wife. "The idea! That was just what it was not. I believe she has had that same reception-gown ever since we came to the enclosure. It is too bad. She puts everything on those children of hers, and has hardly a decent thing of her own. I feel so sorry for her."

"I feel sorry for Hemingway," I said. "The poor old boy is fairly working himself to death. He never comes home until long after dinner, and he told me he felt it his duty to work to-morrow. Children are an expensive luxury."

"That is just what they are!" my wife agreed. "If it were not for the children, the Hemingways could live as well as we do, and he wouldn't have to work nights, poor fellow. But, John," she added, as if the idea had just occurred to her, "do you remember when the 'Fence' saw its last new reception-dress?"

"Why, no—no," I said. "When was it?"

"Years ago!" exclaimed the little woman. "I was figuring it up to-day, and it was fully two years ago. It's shameful!"

I knew what she was coming to, the sly little lady.

"Positively shameful!" I cried; "just on account of those children, too!"

She glanced demurely at her plate.

"Luckily we have no children, John," she said guilefully.

I smiled. I was pleased to see that she was pleased to think she had trapped me.

"I think it is our duty to uphold the honour of the 'Fence' by showing it a new reception-gown," I said, and the next moment I had to struggle to prevent her from hugging me into an apoplexy.

All that evening she was strangely quiet and happy. As she sat on the verandah, her eyes would wander afar, and I knew she was lost in blissful mazes of bias and gore and pleat and hem. But when we had gone inside for the night, and the shades were down, she threw her arms about my neck again and kissed me.

"Dear, dear old John!" she said, and her eyes were tear-wet. "Just think! A new reception-gown!" And even as she said it there filtered into the room the far-off

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whimpering of the Marks child—the one with the measles.

"Aren't you glad, dear," my wife asked, "that we haven't any children?" and as I looked down into her happy face, I was heartily glad.

The next day arrived in a glory of fair weather, and we were up almost as early as the sun, for we had planned a jolly day by ourselves—one of the days that made the "Fence" dwellers call us "the Bride and Groom." We were going to pack a lunch and wander. She was to take a book, and I my fishing-tackle, and beyond that lay a day of happy chances.

"If we had children," she said, "we couldn't go off by ourselves on these long tramps."

We were off while our neighbours of the "Fence" were still at breakfast, and as we passed the Wallace cottage, we ran up to shout a farewell through their breakfast-room window, and it was mere chance that we saw the youngest Wallace indolently playing with her stockings, and but five minutes after the breakfast-bell had rung. My wife paused just long enough to have one good, long look at the child.

"If all children were like Daisy Wallace," she said, "they would be bearable. She is the most lovable little thing. She has the 'cutest way of kissing you on the eyelids."

"She seems lazy in the dressing act," I remarked, and I was surprised to see my wife turn on me instantly.

"Why, John Smith!" she cried, "didn't *you* ever dawdle over your dressing? When I was a girl, I got oceans of pleasure in being late to breakfast. And what difference does it make when she is just lovely all the rest of the time? I simply love that child. I wonder," she added wistfully, "if they would let us take her with us to-day? She would enjoy it so!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "We don't want to drag a child along with us all day. Besides, they are going to take her to the photographers to-day."

We skirted the village and turned into a country road as soon as we could. The morning air was delightful and the road quite deserted. We were evidently the only beings abroad, and we stepped out briskly.

"We have the world to ourselves," I said. "We are veritable Monte Cristos of the landscape—monarchs of all we survey."

"'Wallace doesn't deserve that boy.'"

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"'When I was May's age.'"

And at a turn of the road we almost fell over Bobby Jones and his inseparable companion, Rex, the most worthless dog on earth.

"Where y' goin'?" he asked.

"Nowhere in particular," my wife assured him.

"So'm I," he said, and then added bravely: "I ain't lost."

"Yes, you are, Bobby," I said as severely as I could, "and you had better turn right around and get back home."

He looked at me with wide-eyed surprise.

"Ho!" he said, "you ain't my pa. I don't have to mind you. I won't go home for you."

My wife was bending over him in an instant.

"Bobby!" she said sweetly, "do you know what your mother is going to have for dinner?"

"No'm," he answered politely.

"I do," said the little woman—"ice-cream; and if you get lost, you won't get home in time to get any."

Bobby look at the still unexplored road beyond, and then back at the path he had just traversed. His frown of indecision melted into a smile of anticipation, and taking off his cap, he said—

"Thank you, Mrs. Smith."

The little woman laughed joyously.

"Oh! you dear child," she cried, and dashed a kiss upon his dusty cheek.

"Nice boy, that," I said.

"Nice!" said my wife. "Is *that* the best word you can scare up? Why, Bobby is the dearest little chap in the 'Fence.' He and I are great chums. John, I wonder," she said, looking over her shoulder at the bare-legged boy trudging away from us, "if we dare take him with us?"

"The ice-cream!" I reminded her, and I think she sighed as we started on.

About ten, we had gone far enough from the village, and we pushed our way through a daisy-studded pasture to where a fringe of trees indicated the course of the brook. As I put aside the branches to take my first lingering look at the stream, I paused and beckoned to the little woman to come quietly.

"Look!" I whispered.

Seated on a stone, as quiet and sedate as ever an ancient fisherman sat, was Ted Wallace. His eyes were glued on his cork, which bobbed on the ripples, and he had thoughts for nothing but the gentle sport of angling. As an enthusiastic angler, my heart went out to the boy. My wife moved slightly, and I put my hand on her arm to command silence.

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The boy raised his pole, looked at it critically, and replaced it with a fresh, fat worm. I waited anxiously. Would he? No! But wait—yes! He bent his head and carefully spat upon the bait. I pressed the little woman's arm. Here was a boy indeed!

I let the branches come together before us, and we quietly stole away.

I looked at my elaborate fishing-tackle with disgust. What did I know of fishing? What did my fishing excursions amount to but an ineffectual attempt to bring back joys I had when I, too, sat on a log and, happy and alone, watched my ketsup-bottle cork dance on the ripples. But how vain! One cannot go back to those days. There is nothing to do about it. Unless, of course, one could go forward to them in—well, if one could live again in a boy of his own!

"Wallace doesn't deserve that boy," I said positively. "What kind of a father is old bookworm Wallace for a boy who likes to fish? I'll bet Wallace never had a fish-pole in his hands in his life. Now, I could show Ted a thing or two about fishing. If I had a boy like that——"

"Look!" my wife interposed. "Did you ever see anything sweeter?"

At the far end of the pasture, Ted's elder sister was straying among the flowers, her sweet face rosy with the fresh air. She was a butterfly among the butterflies, a dainty girl of just the age when a mother's love is strongest and a mother's care the greatest. As a lover of beauty, I had to admit to myself that there was something about the girl that made one want to own her—as one would covet and long to preserve a marvellous rose.

"I think Mrs. Wallace hardly appreciates May," said my wife thoughtfully. "I think she makes her study too much. When I was May's age, I would never have thought of taking up a French course in the summer. I spent my time feeding the chickens and running about the farm and enjoying life. It makes me sad to see the way children are forced nowadays. If I had a girl like that——"

"Yes?" I queried gently. But the little woman only laughed—a little recklessly, perhaps.

"What is the use of thinking what I'd do?" she said. "It doesn't make any difference."

We were dog-tired when we reached home, and perhaps we were more than usually quiet at dinner. I certainly was not cross, but somehow our day had been just a little

"'If I had a girl like that——'"

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unsatisfactory, and perhaps the crying of the new baby at the Watkins' irritated my nerves. I was glad when we were able to take our chairs to the verandah.

It was a beautiful evening—so still, so calm. The only sounds, aside from the crying of the Watkins' baby, were the light laughter and chatter of the children in the "Fence." But I was lonely. I cannot speak for the little woman, but I felt lonely. So I lifted her hand and held it, but still I felt lonely.

Across the lawn we could see the two Hemingway children, who had begged a half-hour grace to await their father's home-coming before going to bed. Their faces were bent over a tumbler, in which two fireflies were luminous captives, and in the doorway Mrs. Hemingway rocked the sleeping baby.

We heard the train stop, puffing, at the station, and quick steps hurrying along the walk, and then there was a rush and commingling of Hemingway children and father, and the sleepy baby slid from its mother's lap and stood swaying, but eager, with her arms outstretched.

I turned to the little woman, and something in her eyes told me that now, if ever, my most seductive wiles were called for.

"Well, little woman," I said so cheerfully that my voice reminded me of a dancing skeleton, "*we* don't need a lot of kids to bolster up our love, do we?"

Her hand pressed mine lightly in reply.

"And about that gown," I added gaily, "have you decided on the colour yet? I am dying to see you in it. When I think of how you will look, I bless my stars we have no children to deprive me of the sight."

She did not answer; and when I lifted her face, she was weeping!

"They had begged a half-hour grace to await their father's home-coming."

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HANDKERCHIEF MAGIC.

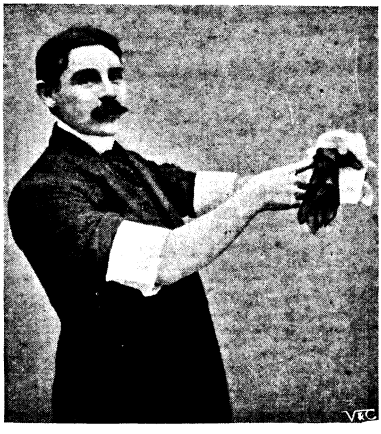
By Édouard Charles.

MORE fun and amusement are to be obtained from a few pocket-handkerchiefs than most people would suppose, and recently the "Handkerchief King," who was mystifying large audiences at the Palace Theatre for several weeks, kindly consented to explain for the benefit of readers of the Windsor Magazine how some very effective tricks may be performed.

Mr. Stillwell, who handles handkerchiefs in the same mysterious manner as Howard Thurston handles cards, and the great Nelson Downes handles coins, first explained that the kind of handkerchiefs necessary for a performance are just ordinary China silk ones, ranging in size from six to fourteen inches square. They are of all the colours of the rainbow, and each as light as a feather. The best thing to do is to buy the silk, cut it to the different sizes, and get it hemmed, for a particularly fine hem is necessary, and this should be made by hand.

—THEN MAKES A PASS WITH HIS RIGHT HAND, OPENS HIS LEFT, AND SHOWS IT PERFECTLY EMPTY.

The first trick is known as the disappearing handkerchief. A bundle of many-coloured handkerchiefs is scattered on a small table. With turned-back sleeves the performer shows his arms bare and his hands empty. He closes his left fist, and taking a handkerchief, pushes it into his palm; others follow in rapid succession until a dozen have so disappeared; then he makes a pass with his right hand, opens his left, and shows it perfectly empty.



TAKING A DOZEN HANDKERCHIEFS, PUSHES THEM INTO HIS PALM—

Where have the dozen handkerchiefs gone? Of course, they have not vanished into thin air, although they appeared to do so, as the performer demonstrates in the second photograph. He has really palmed the whole dozen in his right hand. Undoubtedly this sounds somewhat a tall order, for handkerchiefs are not like cards or coins, which will lie together.

HE SHOWS HOW THEY ARE PALMED.

The third photograph demonstrates the truth of the assertion and shows how they are palmed. Of course, the question is: How are they made into a bundle? It is really very simple, though it will require a deal of practice. The first handkerchief which is pushed into the closed hand acts as a bag, and all the others are screwed up tight inside it, the whole making a small silk ball which can be palmed with ease by the performer—when he gets used to the business.

Our next two photographs show an entirely different and even more mystifying trick. You offer to change any coloured handkerchief into a billiard-ball of the same colour, and do the same right under the nose of your audience.

Having chosen half a dozen, or even twelve handkerchiefs, each of a different colour, you place them over your left arm and invite someone to say which coloured billiard-ball he

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CRUSH THE HANDKERCHIEF BETWEEN YOUR FINGER AND THUMB.

would like produced. The choice we will suppose finally falls on red—let the audience have their way and don't attempt to persuade them, for it matters not whether 'tis red or white.

It is red. You just pick that colour off your arm and crush the handkerchief between your finger and thumb. "There it is," you say, taking it in the finger and thumb of your right hand, "and that is the last you will see of the handkerchief."

THE NEXT MOMENT YOU ARE GAZING AT A BILLIARD-BALL.

And it is, for the next moment they are gazing at a red billiard-ball. Of course, everyone thinks you have your pockets filled with different-coloured billiard-balls, and you just produce a ball of the colour called for. But then you have not touched your pockets; and where has the red handkerchief disappeared to?

They would never dream it is *inside the billiard-ball*, but that is just where it is, for the billiard-ball is really a hollow, glass globe with the top cut off. Being transparent, the colour of the handkerchief shows through, and so you produce the billiard-ball of any colour called for.

Originally the glass globe is palmed in the right hand, and while you are telling the audience to watch it closely and they will see how the trick is done, you hold the handkerchief between the finger and thumb of the right hand, press it into the ball, and—hey, presto!—a red billiard-ball.

A glass ball is a slippery thing to handle, and a lot of patience and practice are required to perform the trick perfectly, for it must, of course, be done also very rapidly; but, well done, it is exceedingly effective and never fails to create applause.

A handkerchief which changes its colour is surely something of a novelty, and few will believe you when you show them a white one and declare you will transform it into blue. Still, you can convince them, for seeing is surely believing.

Take a white handkerchief, and holding it by two corners, show both sides to the audience; they will thus see that it is not backed by the blue one. Then close your left hand and push the handkerchief well into it from the little-finger end. When about half of it has disappeared, you commence at the thumb end of your hand pulling out the blue handkerchief.

Continue slowly, pushing up a little of the white and pulling out a little of the blue, until the white has quite disappeared behind your fingers; then you pull the rest of the blue one out, and the white one is nowhere to be seen. Its colour has been changed.

But how? Well, of course, you had the blue one in your hand all the time, but naturally no one saw it. They could not, because it was rolled up inside a small quill sewn in one of its corners. The quill was in your left hand when you started working the white one up and twisting it up in such a way that it entered the quill, poking out the blue. The blue came out and the white went in, and so the change was effected.

Our next three photographs demonstrate what may be called a very knotty problem, which will astonish your

TO CHANGE THE COLOUR OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

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audience, since they are not in the secret of how it is done.

Knot a couple of handkerchiefs, a red one and a white, together, as shown in the first of the three photos. Show knot number one and explain that it cannot possibly be untied by any amount of pulling. As a matter of fact, the more you pull, the more knot you get.

You will lay this across your thigh just above your knee, pass it around, and bringing the ends to the front, tie a knot with them as shown in the second picture. This makes two knots. Now, is it possible for you to pull the handkerchiefs off and yet retain these two knots?

The audience will not imagine it is, unless, indeed, you pull the handkerchiefs through your thigh. You lay stress on the fact that the more you pull, the tighter the knots become; don't forget to impress this on their minds.

"Observe," you tell them, "the more I pull, the tighter the knots go," pulling the while with apparently desperate effort. "But they've got to come off," you continue, and you pull with all your strength, with the consequence that off they do come.

PASSING THEM AROUND YOUR KNEE, TIE ANOTHER KNOT WITH THEM.

KNOT A COUPLE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

You display them as in the third photograph, showing both the knots you tied still intact. How was it possible? It's just this way. When you pass the ends behind your limb, instead of carrying them right round, you make a slip-knot and bring the ends back again to make the final knot. In all you have made three, but the audience does not see the second one—the slip—and is not aware of its existence. The third knot you make is the second to them. When you pull, the knot at the rear slips, and the handkerchiefs come away with the two knots as in the photograph.

Besides those described, Mr. Stillwell performs a host of other tricks, but of course he cannot be expected to give them all away. For an effective *finale* he recommends the sudden production from a pair of empty hands of silk flags on poles. Two of the flags, the Union Jack and the larger one of the Stars and Stripes, measure five feet by seven feet each, and are on a staff six feet long. Of course, all the flags with their staffs, which are telescopic, together with all the handkerchiefs—and he uses 125 during his performance—are carried on him out of sight, which is a very wonderful part of his show.

PULL THEM, AND THEY COME OFF, SHOWING BOTH KNOTS STILL INTACT.

This champion manipulator of handkerchiefs is, like so many of the clever vaudeville artistes on the British variety stage, an American. He toured the States, making always a great hit, met with huge successes on this side, has done the Continental round, and, in the course of his career, has performed in the first drawing-rooms of Europe, where his audiences have often included members of the different European Courts.

His yearly handkerchief bill tots up to the no small sum

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of fifty pounds, for the silk pieces can only be used a few times; and after each performance they have to be ironed and folded, work which occupies his assistant a couple of hours at least each day. The handkerchiefs he uses are of many sizes, from six to twelve inches square, so fine that a couple of dozen of them may be pressed at one time through a small-sized wedding-ring, and so light that the whole outfit used in a performance weighs only a few ounces.

As may be imagined, the hands of all conjurers whose performances include sleight-of-hand tricks must be of extraordinary suppleness, and those of Mr. Stillwell are more than usually so, and need to be kept in prime condition on account of the fineness of the material handled. So every other day he subjects them to massage treatment with a special preparation, and, in addition, indulges every day in finger-bending exercises, for it is largely upon the dexterous movements of his fingers that the success of his many tricks depends.

AN EFFECTIVE FINALE.

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

FAIR hills of Italy! Soft southern skies!
Wide sweeps of plain, on which young flowers are springing,
A sunny world, grown dim before my eyes,
Because, far overhead, a lark is singing!

So sang the larks 'neath skies of mistier blue,
In the soft fragrance of the young June weather,
That day I walked on English hills with you,
When we two entered Paradise—together!

L. G. MOBERLY.

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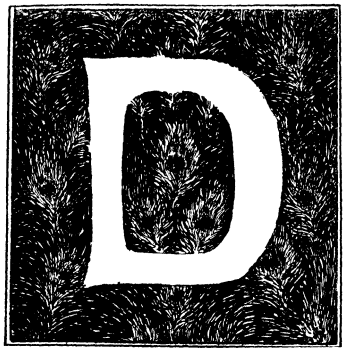
THE ONE THOUSAND DOZEN.

By JACK LONDON.*



DAVID RASMUNSEN was a hustler, and like many a greater man, a man of the one idea. Wherefore, when the clarion call of the North rang on his ear, he conceived an adventure in eggs and bent all his energy to its achievement. He figured briefly and to the point, and the adventure became iridescent-hued, splendid. That eggs would sell at Dawson for five dollars a dozen was a safe working premise. Whence it was incontrovertible that one thousand dozen would bring, in the Golden Metropolis, five thousand dollars.

On the other hand, expense was to be considered; and he considered it well, for he was a careful man, keenly practical, with a hard head and a heart that imagination never warmed. At fifteen cents a dozen, the initial cost of his thousand dozen would be one hundred and fifty dollars, a mere bagatelle in face of the enormous profit. And suppose, just suppose, to be wildly extravagant for once, that transportation for himself and eggs should run up eight hundred and fifty more, he would still have four thousand clear cash and clean when the last egg was disposed of and the last dust had rippled into his sack.

"You see, Alma," he figured it over with his wife, the cosy dining-room submerged in a sea of maps, Government surveys, guide-books, and Alaskan itineraries; "you see, expenses don't really begin till you make Dyea—fifty dollars'll cover it, with a first-class passage thrown in. Now, from Dyea to Lake Linderman, Indian packers take your goods over for twelve cents a pound, twelve dollars a hundred, or one hundred and twenty a thousand. Say I have fifteen hundred pound, it'll cost one hundred and eighty dollars—call it two hundred and be safe. I am credibly informed, by a Klondiker just come out, that I can buy a boat for three hundred. But the same man says I'm sure to get a couple of passengers for one hundred and fifty each, which will give me the boat for nothing, and, further, they can help me manage it. And . . . . that's all; I put my eggs ashore from the boat at Dawson. Now, let me see, how much is that?"

"Fifty dollars from San Francisco to Dyea, two hundred from Dyea to Linderman, passengers pay for the boat—two hundred and fifty all told," she summed up swiftly.

"And a hundred for my clothes and personal outfit," he went on happily; "that leaves a margin of five hundred for emergencies. And what possible emergencies can arise?"

Alma shrugged her shoulders and elevated her brows. If that vast Northland were capable of swallowing up a man and a thousand dozen eggs, surely there was room and to spare for whatever else he might happen to possess. So she thought, but she said nothing. She knew David Rasmunsen too well to say anything.

"Doubling the time because of chance delays, I should make the trip in two months. Think of it, Alma! Four thousand in two months! Beats the paltry hundred a month I'm getting now. Why, we'll build further out, where we'll have more room, gas in every room, and a view, and the rent of the cottage'll pay taxes, insurance, and water, and leave something over. And then there's always the chance of my striking it and coming out a millionaire. Now, tell me, Alma, don't you think I'm very moderate?"

And Alma could hardly think otherwise. Besides, had not her own cousin, though a remote and distant one, to be sure, the black sheep, the harum-scarum, the ne'er-do-well—had not he come down out of that weird North country with a hundred thousand in yellow dust, to say nothing of a half ownership in the hole from which it came?

David Rasmunsen's grocer was surprised

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when he found him weighing eggs in the scales at the end of the counter, and Rasmunsen himself was more surprised when he found that a dozen eggs weighed a pound and a half—fifteen hundred pounds for his thousand dozen! There would be no weight left for his clothes, blankets, and cooking utensils, to say nothing of the grub he must necessarily consume by the way. His calculations were all thrown out, and he was just proceeding to recast them when he hit upon the idea of weighing small eggs. "For whether they be large or small, a dozen eggs is a dozen eggs," he observed sagely to himself; and a dozen small ones he found to weigh but a pound and a quarter. Thereat the city of San Francisco was overrun by anxious-eyed emissaries, and commission houses and dairy associations were startled by a sudden and overwhelming demand for eggs running not more than twenty ounces to the dozen.

Rasmunsen mortgaged the little cottage for a thousand dollars, arranged for his wife to make a prolonged stay among her own people, threw up his job, and started North. To keep within his schedule, he compromised on a second-class passage, which, because of the rush, was worse than steerage; and in the late summer, a pale and wabbly man, he disembarked with his eggs on the Dyea beach. But it did not take him long to recover his land-legs and appetite. His first interview with the Chilcoot packers straightened him up and stiffened his backbone. Forty cents a pound they demanded for the twenty-eight mile portage; and while he caught his breath and swallowed, the price went up to forty-three. Fifteen husky Indians put the straps on his packs at forty-five, but took them off at an offer of forty-seven from a Skaguay Crœsus in dirty shirt and ragged overalls who had lost his horses on the White Pass Trail and was now making a last desperate drive at the country by way of Chilcoot.

But Rasmunsen was clean grit, and at fifty cents found takers, who, two days later, set his eggs down intact at Linderman. But fifty cents a pound is a thousand dollars a ton, and his fifteen hundred pounds had exhausted his emergency fund and left him stranded at the Tantalus-point, where each day he saw the fresh whipsawed boats departing for Dawson. Further, a great anxiety brooded over the camp where the boats were built. Men worked frantically, early and late, at the height of their endurance, caulking, nailing, and pitching in a frenzy of haste, for which adequate explanation was not far to seek. Each day the snow-line crept farther down the bleak, rock-shouldered peaks, and gale followed gale, with sleet and slush and snow, and in the eddies and quiet places young ice formed and thickened through the fleeting hours. And each morn, toil-stiffened men turned wan faces across the lake to see if the freeze-up had come. For the freeze-up heralded the death of their hope—the hope that they would be floating down the swift river ere navigation closed on the chain of lakes.

To further harrow Rasmunsen's soul, he discovered three other competitors in the egg business. It was true that one, a little German, had gone broke and was himself forlornly back-tripping the last pack of the portage; but the other two had boats nearly completed, and were daily supplicating the god of merchants and traders to stay the iron hand of winter for just another day. But the iron hand closed down over the land undeterred. Men were being frozen in the blizzards which swept Chilcoot, and Rasmunsen frosted his toes ere he was aware. He found a chance to go passenger with his freight in a boat just shoving off through the rubble; but two hundred, hard cash, was required, and he had no money.

"I tank you yust wait one leedle w'ile," said the Swedish boatbuilder, who had struck his Klondike right there, and was wise enough to know it—"one leedle w'ile, and I make you a tam fine skiff-boat, sure Pete."

With this unpledged word to go on, Rasmunsen hit the back trail to Crater Lake, where he fell in with two Press correspondents, whose tangled baggage was strewn from Stone House, over across the Pass, and as far as Happy Camp.

"Yes," he said with consequence. "I've a thousand dozen eggs at Linderman, and my boat's just about got the last seam caulked. Consider myself in luck to get it. Boats are at a premium, you know, and none to be had."

Whereupon, and almost with bodily violence, the correspondents clamoured to go with him, fluttered greenbacks before his eyes, and spilled yellow twenties on the snow at his feet. He could not hear of it, but they over-persuaded him, and he reluctantly consented to take them at three hundred apiece. Also they pressed upon him the passage-money in advance. And while they wrote to their respective journals concerning the good Samaritan with the thousand dozen eggs, the

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good Samaritan was hurrying back to the Swede at Linderman.

"Here, you! Gimme that boat!" was his salutation, his hand jingling the correspondents' gold pieces, and his eyes hungrily bent upon the finished craft.

The Swede regarded him stolidly and shook his head.

"How much is the other fellow paying? Three hundred? Well, here's four. Take it."

"And almost with bodily violence, the correspondents clamoured to go with him."

He tried to press it upon him, but the man backed away.

"I tank not. I say him get der skiff-boat. You yust wait——"

"Here's six hundred. Last call. Take it or leave it. Tell 'm it's a mistake."

The Swede wavered. "I tank yes," he finally said, and the last Rasmunsen saw of him his vocabulary was going to wreck in a vain effort to explain the mistake to the other fellows.

The German slipped and broke his ankle on the steep hog-back above Deep Lake, sold out his stock for a dollar a dozen, and with the proceeds hired Indian packers to carry him back to Dyea. But on the morning Rasmunsen shoved off with his correspondents, his two rivals followed suit.

"How many you got?" one of them, a lean little New Englander, called out.

"One thousand dozen," Rasmunsen answered proudly.

"Huh! I'll go you even stakes I beat you in with my eight hundred."

The correspondents offered to lend him the money, but Rasmunsen declined, and the Yankee closed with the remaining rival, a brawny son of the sea and sailor of ships and things, who promised to show them all a wrinkle or two when it came to cracking on. And crack on he did, with a large tarpaulin square sail, which pressed the bow half under at every jump. He was the first to run out of Linderman, but, disdaining the portage, piled his loaded boat on the rocks in the boiling rapids. Rasmunsen and the Yankee, who likewise had two passengers, portaged across on their backs, and then lined their empty boats down through the bad water to Bennett.

Bennett was a twenty-five-mile lake, narrow and deep, a funnel between the mountains through which storms ever romped. Rasmunsen camped on the sandpit at its head, where were many men and boats bound north in the teeth of the Arctic winter. He awoke in the morning to find a piping gale from the south, which caught the chill from the whited peaks and glacial valleys, and blew as cold as north wind ever blew. But it was fair, and he also found the Yankee staggering past the first bold headland with all sail set. Boat after boat was getting under way, and the correspondents fell to with enthusiasm.

"We'll catch him before Cariboo Crossing," they assured Rasmunsen, as they ran up the

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sail, and the *Alma* took the first icy spray over her bow.

Now, Rasmunsen had been all his life prone to cowardice on the water, but he clung to the kicking steering-oar with set face and determined jaw. His thousand dozen were there in the boat before his eyes, safely secured beneath the correspondents' baggage, and somehow, before his eyes were the little cottage and the mortgage for a thousand dollars.

It was bitter cold. Now and again he hauled in the steering-sweep and put out a fresh one, while his passengers chopped the ice from the blade. Wherever the spray struck, it turned instantly to frost, and the dipping boom of the sprit-sail was quickly fringed with pendent icicles. The *Alma* strained and hammered through the big seas till the seams and butts began to spread, but in lieu of baling, the correspondents chopped ice and flung it overboard. There was no let up. The mad race with winter was on, and the boats tore along in a desperate string.

"W-w-we can't stop, to save our souls!" one of the correspondents chattered, from cold, not fright.

"That's right! Keep her down the middle, old man!" the other encouraged.

Rasmunsen replied with an idiotic grin. The iron-bound shores were in a lather of foam, and even down the middle the only hope was to keep running away from the big seas. To lower sail was to be overtaken and swamped. Time and again they passed boats pounding among the rocks, and once they saw one on the edge of the breakers about to strike. A little craft behind them, with two men, jibbed over and turned bottom up.

"W-w-watch out, old man!" cried he of the chattering teeth.

Rasmunsen grinned and tightened his aching grip on the sweep. Scores of times had the send of the sea caught the big square stern of the *Alma* and thrown her off from dead before it till the after-leech of the sprit-sail fluttered hollowly, and each time, and only with all his strength, had he forced her back. His grin by then had become fixed, and it disturbed the correspondents to look at him.

They roared down past an isolated rock a hundred yards from shore. From its wave-drenched top a man shrieked wildly, for the instant cutting the storm with his voice. But the next instant the *Alma* was by, and the rock growing a black speck in the troubled froth.

"That settles the Yankee! Where's the sailor?" shouted one of his passengers.

Rasmunsen shot a glance over his shoulder at a black square sail. He had seen it leap up out of the grey to windward, and for an hour, off and on, had been watching it grow. The sailor had evidently repaired damages and was making up for lost time.

"Look at him come!"

Both passengers stopped chopping ice to watch. Twenty miles of Bennett were behind them—room and to spare for the sea to toss up its mountains towards the sky. Sinking, soaring, rising, flying like a storm-god, the sailor drove by them. The huge sail seemed to grip the boat from the crest of the waves, to tear it bodily out of the water and fling it crashing and smothering down into the yawning troughs.

"The sea'll never catch him!"

"But he'll r-r-run her nose under!"

Even as they spoke, the black tarpaulin swooped from sight behind a big comber. The next wave rolled over the spot, and the next, but the boat did not reappear. The *Alma* rushed by the place. A little riffraff of oars and boxes was seen. An arm thrust up and a shaggy head broke surface a score of yards away.

For a time there was silence. As the end of the lake came in sight, the waves began to leap aboard with such steady recurrence that the correspondents no longer chopped ice, but flung the water out with buckets. Even this would not do, and after a shouted conference with Rasmunsen, they attacked the baggage. Flour, bacon, beans, blankets, cooking-stove, ropes, odds and ends, everything they could get hands on, flew overboard. The boat acknowledged it at once, taking less water and rising more buoyantly.

"That'll do!" Rasmunsen called sternly, as they applied themselves to the top layer of eggs.

"The dickens it will!" answered the shivering one savagely. With the exception of their notes, films, and cameras, they had sacrificed their outfit. He bent over, laid hold of an egg-box, and began to worry it out from under the lashing.

"Drop it! Drop it, I say!"

Rasmunsen had managed to draw his revolver, and with the crook of his arm over the sweep-head was taking aim. The correspondent stood up on the thwart, balancing back and forth, his face twisted with menace and speechless anger.

"Great Heavens!"

So cried his brother correspondent, hurling

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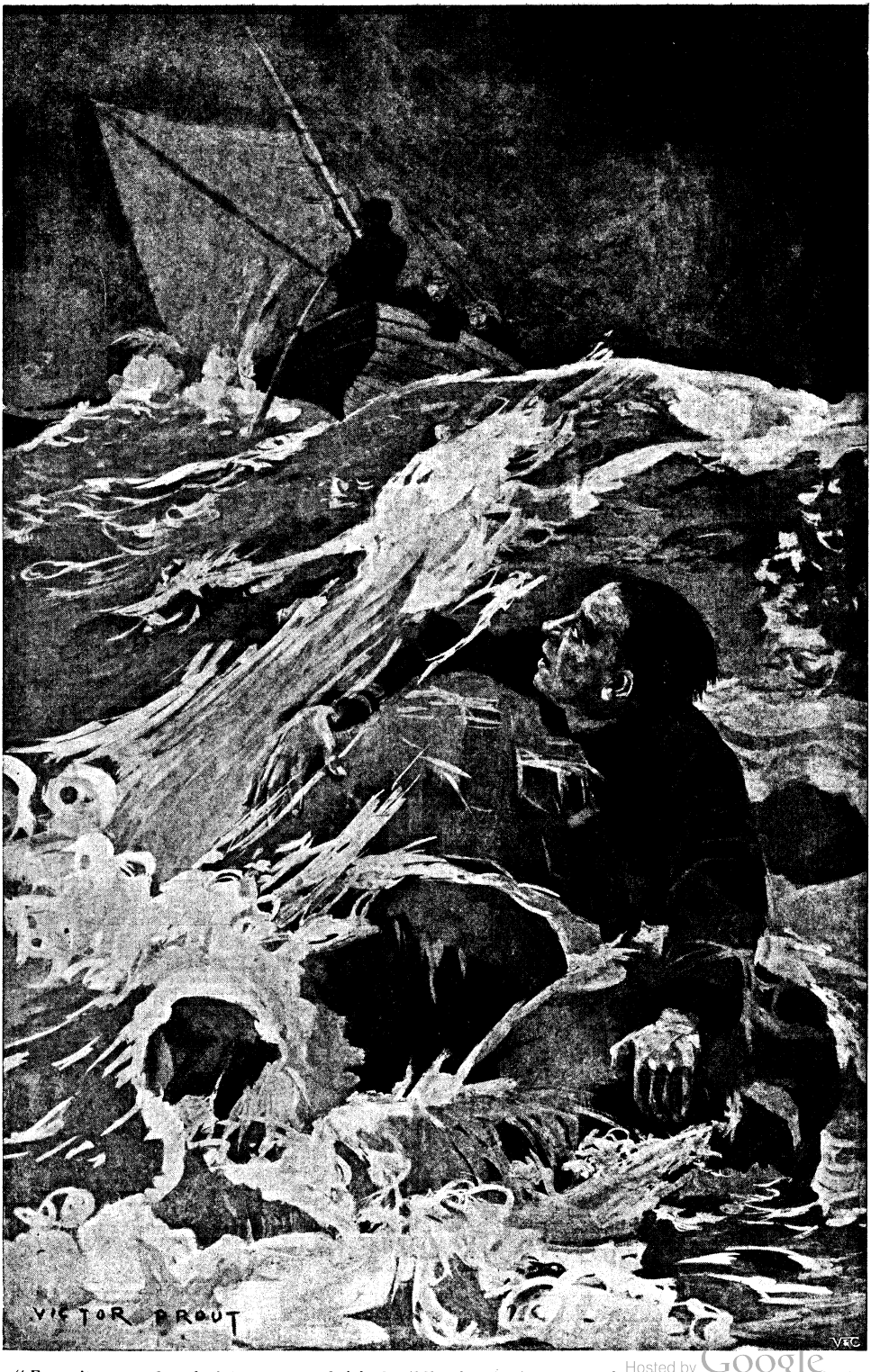

"From its wave-drenched top a man shrieked wildly, for the instant cutting the storm with his voice."

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himself, face downward, into the bottom of the boat. The *Alma*, under the divided attention of Rasmunsen, had been caught by a great mass of water and whirled around. The after-leech hollowed, the sail emptied and jibbed, and the boom, sweeping with terrific force across the boat, carried the angry correspondent overboard with a broken back. A drenching sea followed, as the boat lost headway, and Rasmunsen sprang to the baling-bucket.

Several boats hurtled past them in the next half-hour—small boats, boats of their own size, boats afraid, unable to do aught but run madly on. Then a ten-ton barge, at imminent risk of destruction, lowered sail to windward and lumbered down upon them.

"Keep off! Keep off!" Rasmunsen howled.

But his low gunwale ground against the heavy craft, and the remaining correspondent clambered aboard. Rasmunsen was over the eggs like a cat and in the bow of the *Alma*, striving with numb fingers to bend the hauling-lines together.

"Come on!" a red-whiskered man yelled at him.

"I've a thousand dozen eggs here!" he shouted back. "Gimme a tow! I'll pay you!"

"Come on!" they howled in chorus.

A big whitecap broke just beyond, washing over the barge and leaving the *Alma* half swamped. The men cast off, cursing him as they ran up their sail. Rasmunsen cursed back and fell to baling. The mast and sail, like a sea anchor, still fast by the halyards, held the boat head on to wind and sea and gave him a chance to fight the water out.

Three hours later, numbed, exhausted, blathering like a lunatic, but still baling, he went ashore on an ice-strewn beach near Cariboo Crossing. Two men, a Government courier and a half-breed *voyageur*, dragged him out of the surf, saved his cargo, and beached the *Alma*. They were paddling out of the country in a Peterborough, and gave him shelter for the night in their storm-bound camp. Next morning they departed, but he elected to stay by his eggs. And thereafter the name and fame of the man with the thousand dozen eggs began to spread through the land. Gold-seekers, who made in before the freeze-up, carried the news of his coming. Grizzled old-timers of Forty Mile and Circle City, sour-doughs with leathern jaws and bean-calloused stomachs, called up dream memories of chickens and green things at mention of his name. Dyea and Skaguay took an interest in his being, and questioned his progress from every man who came over the passes. While Dawson—golden, omeletless Dawson—fretted and worried, and waylaid every chance arrival for word of him.

But of this, Rasmunsen knew nothing. The day after the wreck, he patched up the *Alma* and pulled out. A cruel east wind blew in his teeth from Tagish, but he got the oars over the side and bucked manfully into it, though half the time he was drifting backwards and chopping ice from the blades. According to the custom of the country, he was driven ashore at Windy Arm; three times on Tagish saw him swamped and beached; and Lake Marsh held him at the freeze-up. The *Alma* was crushed in the jamming of the floes, but the eggs were intact. These he back-tripped two miles across the ice to the shore, where he built a *cache*, which stood for years after and was pointed out by men who knew.

Half a thousand frozen miles stretched between him and Dawson, and the water way was closed. But Rasmunsen, with a peculiar tense look in his face, struck back up the lakes on foot. What he suffered on that lone trip, with naught but a single blanket, an axe, and a handful of beans, is not given to the ordinary mortal to know. Only the Arctic adventurer may understand. Suffice that he was caught in a blizzard on Chilcoot, and left two of his toes with the surgeon at Sheep Camp. Yet he stood on his feet and washed dishes in the scullery of the *Pansana* to the Puget Sound, and from there passed coal on a P. S. boat to San Francisco.

It was a haggard, unkempt man who limped across the shining office floor to raise a second mortgage from the bank people. His hollow cheeks betrayed themselves through the scraggly beard, and his eyes seemed to have retired into deep caverns, where they burned with cold fires. His hands were grained from exposure and hard work, and the nails were rimmed with tight-packed dirt and coal-dust. He spoke vaguely of eggs and ice-packs, winds and tides; but when they declined to let him have more than a second thousand, his talk became incoherent, concerning itself chiefly with the price of dogs and dog-food, and such things as snowshoes and mocassins and winter trails. They let him have fifteen hundred, which was more than the cottage

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warranted, and breathed easier when he scrawled his signature and passed out the door.

Two weeks later he went over Chilcoot with three dog-sleds of five dogs each. One team he drove, the two Indians with him driving the others. At Lake Marsh they broke out the *cache* and loaded up. But there was no trail. He was the first in over the ice, and to him fell the task of packing the snow and hammering away through the rough river-jams. Behind him he often observed a camp-fire smoke trickling thinly up through the quiet air, and he wondered why the people did not overtake him. For he was a stranger to the land and did not understand. Nor could he understand his Indians when they tried to explain. This they conceived to be a hardship; but when they balked and refused to break camp of mornings, he drove them to their work at pistol point.

When he slipped through an ice-bridge near the White Horse and froze his foot, tender yet and over-sensitive from the previous freezing, the Indians looked for him to lay up. But he sacrificed a blanket, and with his foot encased in an enormous mocassin, big as a water bucket, continued to take his regular turn with the front sled. Here was the cruelest work, and they respected him, though on the side they rapped their foreheads with their knuckles and significantly shook their heads. One night they tried to run away, but the zip-zip of his bullets in the snow brought them back, snarling but convinced. Whereupon, being only savage Chilcoot men, they put their heads together to kill him; but he slept like a cat, and, waking or sleeping, the chance never came. Often they tried to tell him the import of the smoke-wreath in the rear; but he could not comprehend, and grew suspicious of them. And when they sulked or shirked, he was quick to let drive at them between the eyes, and quick to cool their heated souls with sight of his ready revolver.

"Often they tried to tell him the import of the smoke-wreath in the rear · but he could not comprehend, and grew suspicious of them."

And so it went—with mutinous men, wild dogs, and a trail that broke the heart. He fought the men to stay with him, fought the dogs to keep them away from the eggs, fought the ice, the cold, and the pain of his foot, which would not heal. As fast as the young tissue renewed, it was bitten and seared by the frost, so that a running sore developed into which he could almost shove

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his fist. In the mornings, when he first put his weight upon it, his head went dizzy and he was near to fainting from the pain; but later on in the day it usually grew numb, to recommence when he crawled into his blankets and tried to sleep. Yet he, who had been a clerk and sat at a desk all his days, toiled till the Indians were exhausted, and even outworked the dogs. How hard he worked, how much he suffered, he did not know. Being a man of the one idea, now that the idea had come, it mastered him. In the foreground of his consciousness was Dawson, in the background his thousand dozen eggs, and midway between the two his ego fluttered, striving always to draw them together to a glittering golden point. This golden point was the five thousand dollars, the consummation of the idea and the point of departure for whatever new idea might present itself. For the rest he was a mere automaton. He was unaware of other things, seeing them as through a glass darkly and giving them no thought. The work of his hands he did with machinelike wisdom; likewise the work of his head. So the look on his face grew very tense, till even the Indians were afraid of it and marvelled at the strange white man who had made them slaves and forced them to toil with such foolishness.

Then came a snap on Lake Le Barge, when the cold of outer space smote the tip of the planet, and the frost ranged sixty and odd below zero. Here, labouring with open mouth that he might breathe more freely, he chilled his lungs, and for the rest of the trip he was troubled with a dry, hacking cough, especially irritable in smoke of camp or under stress of undue exertion. On the Thirty Mile river he found much open water, spanned by precarious ice-bridges and fringed with narrow rim-ice, tricky and uncertain. The rim-ice was impossible to reckon on, and he dared it without reckoning, falling back on his revolver when his drivers demurred. But on the ice-bridges, covered with snow though they were, precautions could be taken. These they crossed on their snowshoes, with long poles, held crosswise in their hands, to which to cling in case of accident. Once over, the dogs were called to follow. And on such a bridge, where the absence of the centre-ice was masked by the snow, one of the Indians met his end. He went through as quickly and neatly as a knife through thin cream, and the current swept him from view down under the stream-ice.

That night his mate fled away through the pale moonlight, Rasmunsen futilely puncturing the silence with his revolver—a thing that he handled with more celerity than cleverness. Thirty-six hours after, the Indian made the police camp on the Big Salmon.

"Um—um—um funny mans—what you call?—top um head all loose," the interpreter explained to the puzzled captain. "Eh? Yep, clazy, much clazy mans. Eggs, eggs, all a time eggs—*savve?* Come bime by."

It was several days before Rasmunsen arrived, the three sleds lashed together and all the dogs in a single team. It was awkward, and where the going was bad he was compelled to back-trip it sled by sled, though he managed most of the time, through herculean efforts, to bring all along on the one haul. He did not seemed moved when the captain of police told him his man was hitting the high places for Dawson, and was by that time probably half-way between Selkirk and Stewart. Nor did he appear interested when informed that the police had broken the trail as far as Pelly; for he had attained to a fatalistic acceptance of all natural dispensations, good or ill. But when they told him that Dawson was in the bitter clutch of famine, he smiled, threw the harness on his dogs, and pulled out.

But it was at his next halt that the mystery of the smoke was explained. With the word at Big Salmon that the trail was broken to Pelly, there was no longer any need for the smoke-wreath to linger in his wake; and Rasmunsen, crouching over his lonely fire, saw a motley string of sleds go by. First came the courier and the half-breed who had hauled him out from Bennett; then mail carriers for Circle City, two sleds of them a mixed following of ingoing Klondikers. Dogs and men were fresh and fat, while Rasmunsen and his brutes were jaded and worn down to the skin and bone. They had travelled one day in three, resting and reserving their strength for the dash to come when broken trail was met with; while each day he had plunged and floundered forward, breaking the spirit of his dogs and robbing them of their mettle.

As for himself, he was unbreakable. They thanked him kindly for his efforts in their behalf, these fat, fresh men, thanked him kindly, with broad grins and ribald laughter; and now, when he understood, he made no answer. Nor did he cherish silent bitterness. It was immaterial. The idea—the fact behind the idea—was not changed. Here he

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was and his thousand dozen, there was Dawson; the problem was unaltered.

At the Little Salmon, being short of dog food, the dogs got into his grub, and from there to Selkirk he lived on beans—coarse, brown beans, big beans, grossly nutritive, which griped his stomach and doubled him up at two-hour intervals. But the "factor" at Selkirk had a notice on the door of the Post to the effect that no steamer had been up the Yukon for two years, and in consequence grub was beyond price. He offered to swap flour, however, at the rate of a cupful for each egg, but Rasmunsen shook his head and hit the trail. Below the Post he managed to buy frozen horse-hide for the dogs, the horses having been slain by the Chilcoot cattlemen, and the scraps and offal preserved by the Indians. He tackled the hide himself, but the hair worked into the bean sores of his mouth and was beyond endurance.

"He took up the hand-axe and, one by one, chopped the eggs in half."

Here, at Selkirk, he met the forerunners of the hungry exodus out of Dawson, and from there on they crept over the trail, a dismal throng. "No grub!" was the song they sang. "No grub, and had to go." "Everybody holding candles for a rise in the spring." "Flour dollar'n' a half a pound, and no sellers."

"Eggs?" one of them answered. "Dollar apiece, but they ain't none."

Rasmunsen made a rapid calculation. "Twelve thousand dollars," he said aloud.

"Eh?" the man asked.

"Nothing," he answered and *mushed* the dogs along.

When he arrived at Stewart river, seventy miles from Dawson, five of his dogs were gone and the remainder falling in the traces. He also was in the traces, hauling with what little strength was left in him. Even then he was barely crawling along ten miles a day. His cheek-bones and nose, frostbitten again and again, were turned bloody-black and hideous. The thumb which was separated from the fingers by the gee-pole had likewise been nipped and gave him great pain. The monstrous mocassin still encased his foot, and strange pains were beginning to rack the leg. At Sixty Mile, the last beans, which he had been rationing for some time, were finished; yet he steadfastly refused to touch the eggs. He could not reconcile his mind to the legitimacy of it, and staggered and fell along the way to Indian river. Here a fresh-killed moose and an open-handed old-timer gave him and his dogs new strength, and at Ainslie's he felt repaid for it all when a stampede, ripe from Dawson in five hours, was sure he could get a dollar and a quarter for every egg he possessed.

He came up the steep bank by the Dawson barracks with fluttering heart and shaking knees. The dogs were so weak that he was forced to rest them, and waiting, he leaned limply against the gee-pole. A man, an eminently decorous-looking man, came sauntering by in a great bearskin coat. He glanced at Rasmunsen curiously, then stopped and ran a speculative eye over the dogs and the three lashed sleds.

"What you got?" he asked.

"Eggs," Rasmunsen answered huskily, hardly able to pitch his voice above a whisper.

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"Eggs! Whoopee! Whoopee!" He sprang up into the air, gyrated madly, and finished with half-a-dozen war-steps. "You don't say so—all of 'em?"

"All of 'em."

"Say, you must be the Egg Man." He walked around and viewed Rasmunsen from the other side. "Come, now, ain't you the Egg Man?"

Rasmunsen didn't know, but supposed he was, and the man sobered down a bit.

"What d'ye expect to get for 'em?" he asked cautiously.

Rasmunsen became audacious. "Dollar'n' a half," he said.

"Done!" the man came back promptly. "Gimme a dozen."

"I—I mean a dollar'n' a half apiece," Rasmunsen hesitatingly explained.

"Sure. I heard you. Make it two dozen. Here's the dust."

The man pulled out a healthy gold sack the size of a small sausage and knocked it negligently against the gee-pole. Rasmunsen felt a strange trembling in the pit of his stomach, a tickling of the nostrils, and an almost overwhelming desire to sit down and cry. But a curious, wide-eyed crowd was beginning to collect, and man after man was calling out for eggs. He was without scales, but the man with the bearskin coat fetched a pair and obligingly weighed in the dust while Rasmunsen passed out the goods. Soon there was a pushing and shoving and shouldering, and a great clamour. Everybody wanted to buy and to be served first. And as the excitement grew, Rasmunsen cooled down. This would never do. There must be something behind the fact of their buying so eagerly. It would be wiser if he rested first and sized up the market. Perhaps eggs are worth two dollars apiece. Anyway, whenever he wished to sell, he was sure of a dollar and a half. "Stop!" he cried, when a couple of hundred had been sold. "No more now. I'm played out. I got to get a cabin, and then you can come and see me."

A groan went up at this, but the man with the bearskin coat approved. Twenty-four of the frozen eggs went rattling in his capacious pockets, and he didn't care whether the rest of the town ate or not. Besides, he could see Rasmunsen was on his last legs.

"There's a cabin right around the second corner from the Monte Carlo," he told him—"the one with the sody-bottle window. It ain't mine, but I've got charge of it. Rents for ten a day, and cheap for the money. You move right in, and I'll see you later. Don't forget the sody-bottle window.

"Tra-la-loo!" he called back a moment later. "I'm going up the hill to eat eggs and dream of home."

On his way to the cabin, Rasmunsen recollected he was hungry, and bought a small supply of provisions at the N. A. T. & T. store—also a beefsteak at the butcher-shop, and dried salmon for the dogs. He found the cabin without difficulty, and left the dogs in the harness while he started the fire and got the coffee under way.

"A dollar'n' a half apiece—one thousand dozen—eighteen thousand dollars!" He kept muttering to himself, over and over, as he went about his work.

As he flopped the steak into the frying-pan, the door opened. He turned. It was the man with the bearskin coat. He seemed to come in with determination, as though bound on some explicit errand; but as he looked at Rasmunsen an expression of perplexity came into his face.

"I say . . . now, I say——" he began, then halted.

Rasmunsen wondered if he wanted the rent.

"I say, hang it, you know, them eggs is bad."

Rasmunsen staggered. He felt as though someone had struck him an astounding blow between the eyes. The walls of the cabin reeled and tilted up. He put out his hand to steady himself and rested it on the stove. The sharp pain and the smell of the burning flesh brought him back to himself.

"I see," he said slowly, fumbling in his pocket for the sack. "You want your money back."

"It ain't the money," the man said pathetically, "but ain't you got any eggs . . . . good?"

Rasmunsen shook his head. "You'd better take the money."

But the man refused and backed away. "I'll come back," he said, "when you've taken stock, and get what's comin'."

Rasmunsen rolled the chopping-block into the cabin and carried in the eggs. He went about it quite calmly. He took up the hand-axe and, one by one, chopped the eggs in half. These halves he examined carefully and let fall to the floor. At first he sampled from the different cases, then deliberately emptied one case at a time. The heap on the floor grew larger. The coffee boiled over, and the smoke of the burning beefsteak filled the cabin. He

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chopped steadfastly and monotonously on till the last case was finished.

Somebody knocked at the door, knocked again, and let himself in.

"What a mess!" he remarked as he paused and surveyed the scene.

The severed eggs were beginning to thaw in the heat of the stove, and a miserable odour was growing stronger.

"Must a-happened on the steamer," he suggested.

Rasmunsen looked at him long and blankly.

"I'm Murray, Big Jim Murray—everybody knows me," the man volunteered. "I'm just hearin' your eggs is rotten, and I'm offerin' you two hundred for the batch. They ain't good as salmon, but still, they're fair scoffin's for dogs."

Rasmunsen seemed turned to stone. He did not move. "You go to hell," he said passionlessly.

"Now, just consider. I pride myself it's a decent price for a mess like that, and it's better'n nothin'. Two hundred. What you say?"

"You go to hell," Rasmunsen repeated softly, "and get out of here."

Murray gaped with a great awe, then went out carefully, backwards, with his eyes fixed on the other's face.

Rasmunsen followed him out and turned the dogs loose. He threw them all the salmon he had bought, and coiled a sled-lashing up in his hand. Then he re-entered the cabin and drew the lath in after him. The air was thick and murk. The smoke from the cindered steak made his eyes smart. He stood on the bunk, passed the lashing over the ridge-pole, and measured the swing-off with his eye. It did not seem to satisfy, for he put the stool on the bunk and climbed upon the stool. He drove a noose in the end of the lashing and slipped his head through. The other end he made fast. Then he kicked the stool out.

* * * * *

"Who gets the eggs?—that's what I want to know," Murray demanded at the inquiry next day. "Who gets the eggs?"

"Clean 'em up and you can have 'em," answered the man with the bearskin coat. "I want to rent that cabin."

"Gosh! Just like money from home." Murray told his comrades up-creek later on. "And my dogs was gettin' desprit hungry."

THE LOVER OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN all the young leaves spring, my dear,
And budding woods carouse,
Then like a leaf on wing, my dear,
My Love sits in the boughs!

When quick from tree to tree, my dear,
The blackbird bears his note,
Ah, then it seems to me, my dear,
My Love sounds from his throat!

When all the streaming rains, dear love,
Back to their streams have run,
And only sun remains, dear love,
There Love sits in the sun!

But when the boughs grow bare, my love,
And from the wood-tops thinned
The birds stream thick in air, my love,
Then Love goes to the wind.

And when in winter's fire, dear,
The wood to ashes turns,
Then all that I desire, dear,
Goes to the flame and burns!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

Google

CHARLES EDWARD.

By HARRISON RHODES.*

No. II.—AN OCCUPATION FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

PUNT turned slowly up the mill-stream out of the broad reach of the Thames which lies under Cliveden Woods. Here a somewhat brisker current rushes down between low-lying green banks to meet the tranquil stream of the main river which flows but indifferently in August. A look of care and responsibility came into the face of the young man who stood at the stern waving his punting-pole with the vague helplessness of the beginner.

"I don't know that we ought to have tried this," said the one young woman of the party, looking back over her shoulder at Mr. Paul Cary, Harvard '96. "The current's rather bad here. Shall you be able to manage it, do you think?"

Such an inquiry is the surest way of spurring young men on, and Paul, jabbing his pole viciously into the bed of the stream, forced the punt forward at least eighteen inches, and sideways about four feet. He clawed violently at the river-bed and brought it back into its course, meanwhile letting it drop back considerably beyond its first position.

"It's fierce, isn't it?" exclaimed he, rather red in the face. "But I think I'm getting the hang of it."

"Put some strength into it, Paul," was the counsel of the third occupant of the craft, a young man in white flannels who was luxuriously lying on a heap of red cushions.

"That's all right, old man; don't you worry. I'm punting this boat."

While the idler offered an ironical comment upon this statement of Mr. Cary's they had advanced a good two feet.

"Come, Charles Edward, get up and help Paul. The current's too swift here."

Mr. Austin appeared to be deaf to his wife's appeal. The sun was in his eyes, and even a Panama hat pulled down ridiculously far did not seem to be sufficient protection. Within reach of his hand, he discerned a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, and he added its shade to that of his ordinary headgear.

"Even though this isn't cricket," he mused, "Paul is a flannelled fool."

With such an emergency as this speech created Mr. Cary knew how to deal. His punting-pole rose dripping from the mill-stream and, swinging round, dislodged the *Daily Telegraph*, disturbed the Panama hat, and sprinkled Mr. Austin's face liberally with water. The victim emitted a piercing howl, and struggled to seize a paddle with a view to retaliation. Meanwhile the current had swung the bow of the punt around and, in spite of the boatman's wildest and most erratic efforts, carried it down and out into the calmer expanses of the river, where its three occupants sat finally, helpless from laughter.

"Never mind, Paul; an American can't be expected to learn to punt in one afternoon. Besides, it is all Charles Edward's fault. Let's go under the trees across there and have tea. And you and I will discuss the question of how I ever came to marry such a thoroughly incompetent and useless person as *that*."

"I have known him for six years, Lady Angela," said Paul, bringing the punt beneath an overhanging yew, "and I cannot understand."

"Then you, Paul, can give me that sympathy which a woman's heart requires."

"You know the laws of my country, Angela," interpolated her husband. "Three more such speeches to Paul, and I shall divorce you for incompatibility of temper."

This threat did not seem in the least to terrify the lady. While she busied herself with the tea-things, the discussion went on. Charles Edward could not punt, it appeared; or, if he could, which was very doubtful, he was too lazy to do so. And yet it seemed to be difficult to say whether he was more lazy

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"The punt turned slowly up the mill-stream."

than he was incompetent, or *vice versâ*. Charles Edward grunted, said he found the conversation dull, and occupied himself with his tea and his newspaper. The conversation, however, went on, and broadened as it went. What Lady Angela wanted to know was what her husband would do if he were suddenly cast upon the world without the income or the occupation which resulted from his connection with Austin and Company, bankers, of New York City.

"I should make my wants known in the newspaper," said Charles Edward, looking up from a page apparently consisting entirely

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of advertisements. I should apply for a position."

"As what?" asked Paul.

"That doesn't seem to matter. I should decide on something very comfortable and profitable. You can apparently get anything you want. At least, the people who advertise seem to think so. Really, 'the agony column' of an English paper is the strangest thing in the world. If you want to convert the world to any special religion, you put in a notice for eighteenpence, and expect to get the thing done. If you want to 'enter congenial Bohemian society'; if you want £4,000 for introducing an American heiress into the smart set; if you want to find a curate with High Church tendencies and a good, quick service at ping-pong; if you want to be companion to an invalid, travel everywhere in *trains de luxe*, and receive an enormous salary; if you want four bedrooms, bath, and use of sitting-room, within easy reach of 'bus or the Tube, for five shillings a week—you advertise. If you want Dearest Fluffie to forgive you, or John to come home to his loving wife; if you think you have found a quotation from Scripture that will rout the Ritualists; if you want to marry a widow, domesticated, with at least £3,000 a year (references given and required), you advertise. You see, that's all you need to do. Of course, you get what you want."

"I wonder," mused Lady Angela, forgetting that the business in hand was to attack Charles Edward, "whether they ever really do any good, these advertisements."

"They can't," said Paul.

"They must," said Charles Edward, "or people would have stopped putting them in the papers long ago. I don't believe there's ever a fool in the world without a greater fool to match him."

"Then there's no advertisement, you think, too absurd to get answered?" Paul questioned.

"Not even," Lady Angela's voice had a note of wondering surprise, "one asking for a position for you?"

"Not even that," said Charles Edward. "All I have to do is to choose my occupation."

"What would it be, do you think?" asked Paul, passing his cup for more tea.

"We must discuss this seriously," said Lady Angela.

Charles Edward meditated.

"I believe," said he slowly, "that if one hadn't a penny in the world, one couldn't do better than to become heir to some very rich person."

"This is an inspiration, Charles Edward," cried his wife.

"To-morrow, my darling Angela, I advertise."

"And I'll bet you twenty-five dollars——" began Paul.

"Or five guineas of their money," said Charles Edward.

"Twenty-five dollars," repeated Paul, "that you don't get an answer."

"I'll take it," came from the prospective advertiser; "and if you like, I will bet another twenty-five that I become an heir."

* * * * *

Constant readers of advertisements, if there are such persons, must have welcomed the result of that afternoon's bantering talk under the shadow of Cliveden Woods. The appeal which Charles Edward inserted was perhaps not unprecedented, but it was at least unusual. It ran as follows:—

"IN EARNEST.—I wish to be heir, partially or wholly, to some rich person. A payment on account desirable. If in London, could arrange a personal interview. Offers should be addressed: 'C. E.,' Box 131, Willing's Advertisement Office, Piccadilly."

The advertisement was to appear for three days running. Three days passed with no result, except that two evening papers reprinted the notice, with flippant remarks of their own, and that Mr. Paul Cary's spirits rose more and more until at dinner, Friday night, he was in the highest feather, and planned gaily what he should do with the ten pounds he expected to win from his host. Expected is, indeed, scarcely the word; for Paul demanded instant payment, maintaining that he had already won his bet. Charles Edward somewhat grimly doubled the stake, and asserted that there was still to-morrow's posts to reckon with. His unknown benefactor would read the *Times* in the morning, would write to "C. E." in the afternoon, and the letter, forwarded from Piccadilly to Maidenhead, would not arrive till the following day. Saturday morning brought nothing, except gloom to the host and gaiety to the visitor. Lady Angela was troubled. Considering the conversation which had resulted in the wager, she would have considered it sentimental and unsportsmanlike not to continue to chaff her husband. Yet secretly she had believed in this, as in all enterprises of Charles Edward's, and her heart sank as the chances of its

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"A young gentleman stepped into view."

success grew fainter. The agony was, indeed, prolonged till the evening post, when the letter came. By this time it seemed to Charles Edward too good to be true.

To the reader it may seem too improbable to be believed. Yet the communication was there, unmistakably, written in a rather shaky, old-fashioned hand upon the most ordinary notepaper. It is still preserved among the most valued archives of the Austins.

"Sir (it ran),—If you have not already made your arrangements with someone else, I should be glad of an opportunity of talking with you in reference to the possibility of your becoming my heir, a plan which it seems to me might be to our mutual advantage. For various reasons, I cannot ask you to come to see me at my home; and I am too old a man to attempt a railway journey. If it should be fine on Monday afternoon, however, I will sit in the Kensington Gardens, upon a bench near the fountains at the head of the Serpentine, holding a copy of the *Times*, in which your advertisement shall be marked with red ink. I hope it will not discommode you to meet me there. In case you cannot come on Monday, I shall, if the weather allows, be there on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"FELIX ARNCASTLE."

Charles Edward read the letter aloud to Lady Angela, and to Paul, who was the only guest at the house just then.

"Do you give me your word of honour," he asked them, "that neither of you wrote this, nor put anyone up to writing it?"

"Do you think I'm so anxious to lose my money"? protested Mr. Cary. "No, it's not our joke."

"But it is probably somebody's," said Lady Angela. Now that the thing had really happened, she seemed to see how utterly preposterous it was. With mingled scorn and sadness she repeated fragments of Mr. Arncastle's letter. "'If you have not already made arrangements!' 'To our mutual advantage!' If this is not a joke, it is the work of a madman."

"Nothing could be better than that many millionaires should lose their senses on this subject. Perhaps I ought to say, regain them"—Charles Edward seemed extremely thoughtful—"because I shall make such a

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good heir. I may not get back on Monday in time to dine."

"But you must," protested his wife. "We have the four Everetts coming over from Taplow."

"It doesn't matter," said Charles Edward. "It is a perfectly well-established rule of etiquette that you can break any engagement whatever when you have an appointment to inherit a very large fortune."

* * * * *

The little formal garden lay baking in the August sun. The fountains sparkled, and the two marine deities who stand by the terrace's edge poured water from their urns into the placid Serpentine. A few nurse-maids lazily watched their lazy charges. One might almost have said that a little corner of Paris had been set down between the stately elms of Kensington Gardens and the rolling greensward of Hyde Park. The sun had scarcely begun to sink, yet one tall tree to the west managed to stretch out its shadow and just touch a bench on which sat a gentleman across whose knees was spread carefully a copy of the *Times*. He appeared to be about seventy years of age, with grey hair and moustache. His clothes were of black, neat, and fairly new. Yet the coat, although its cut was modern, had somehow the air of the "60*s*.," and the simple black silk tie, although knotted much as any other old gentleman might have worn it, gave one the vague suggestion of a stock. The *Times* did not engage his attention, for his eyes wandered to and fro, and from time to time he tapped the gravel nervously with his foot. As the clock of a neighbouring church struck five, a young gentleman attired in grey flannels, with a Panama hat, shading his eyes from the glare, stepped into view near the farthest fountain. The costume most appropriate for an applicant for heirship had been the subject of considerable discussion in Cookham that day at lunch. Paul Cary advised rags and tatters, to which Charles Edward opposed the well-known axiom that if you seem to need a thing too badly, you will never get it. Lady Angela felt that he should look merely shabby-genteel.

"The unfortunate thing about my clothes always has been that when they are shabby, they are not genteel. I wish they were. I can't make out how people manage it. It would have saved me such a lot of money. I always have to buy fresh ones," said Charles Edward.

It had seemed difficult to arrive at any conclusion, and the result was that while the discussion was still going on, the cab came to take Mr. Austin to the station for the 3.35 train. There was no time to lose; and Charles Edward, snatching up a hat as he passed through the hall, went up to London dressed just as he had been for the simpler pleasures of the country. On entering the Gardens, he paused, looked around, saw the old gentleman with the *Times* over his knees, and caught the flash of red ink in the sunlight.

"You are Mr. Arncastle, I presume?" said he, when he had advanced to the bench.

"I am," was the reply. "And you are——?"

"I hope I am going to be your heir. Perhaps you will want me to change my name to Arncastle?"

"No, no; I don't think that will be necessary," said Mr. Arncastle, slowly shaking his head. "It's a good name, but dare say yours is as good. I shouldn't want you to change it if you felt against it. What did you say yours was?"

Charles Edward had meditated calling himself Frederick Edwardes, but in a moment the old gentleman in black had inspired confidence.

"My name is Austin," he answered, "Charles Edward Austin. I am an American, as you have undoubtedly noticed, but I have married an English girl. I am twenty-five years old, and—I don't know—I hope I'm not a very bad sort. I should like to be your heir, I think."

Mr. Arncastle looked Charles Edward shyly over. "You don't," he said hesitatingly—"you don't—well, what I mean is, are you in great need?"

Charles Edward was as far as ever from understanding why Mr. Arncastle wanted an heir, but he already felt that it would be unpleasant to lie to him. He avoided a direct answer.

"Of course, in any case, one would try to keep up appearances. No; I suppose I don't look very poor."

"I suppose I don't look very rich," said Mr. Arncastle rather sadly.

"Men like you, sir, can afford to dress any way they like."

No direct assent to this was forthcoming. Mr. Arncastle scraped aside some gravel with his foot and finally said—

"I imagine we can probably come to some agreement. There is only one difficulty; I

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"A smiling but begrimed maid opened the door."

scarcely know how to speak of it. Of course, if you are to be my heir, you must not lack money; but——" he hesitated, and the faintest pink crept into his cheeks—"but there is a difficulty—only temporary, of course—about the payment on account."

"Oh! my needs are not absolutely urgent," broke in Charles Edward, "and I really assure you it wasn't altogether for the money I wanted to be an heir; it was partly for an occupation."

"I'm glad to hear you say that—very glad, indeed, I am," Charles Edward's patron turned on him a look of cheerfulness with a touch of almost paternal affection in it. "That makes it easier to explain things to you," he continued. "Of course, it's only fair—is it not?—that the heir should help me in some ways. There are so many things to be done. And it is very strange and very fortunate that you should be an American; because it is your Government that has my money. When they pay me what they owe me, I shall be a very rich man. If they paid me interest at five per cent., I should be almost a millionaire. And if they only pay two or three, we shall have more money than we can spend. But, you see, there are difficulties and delays, and people to see, lawyers and such people, and somehow I don't seem to be able to make any progress. I suppose it's because I am an old man now. At any rate, I thought that perhaps you would undertake some of the work. Of course, it can't

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be for long; they must pay the money, and then we shall be rich. Of course, in the meantime I must see what I can do about arranging for you and your expenses."

The last was said with a quaint and pathetic dignity. Charles Edward thought of the house in Fifth Avenue, the cottage at Lennox, and the bungalow at Cookham, and wondered, rather shamefacedly, just what part of the expenses of these establishments it was likely that Mr. Felix Arncastle could conveniently bear. For it was gradually dawning upon him that instead of being a very rich man, his benefactor was an extremely poor one.

It will be allowable perhaps to abridge the account given by Mr. Arncastle of how it came about that his fortune lay at Washington, in the vaults of the United States Treasury. Something like a hundred and fifty years ago a branch of the Arncastle family went out to America. Contrary to the usual rule, the American branch died out, and to Felix Arncastle came in due course that forlornest of forlorn hopes, one of the French Spoliation Claims. The history of these claims is a rather unhappy chapter in American records. The French, exercising the right of search over which there was so much controversy in those days, inflicted great losses upon American merchantmen—among them, upon the brig *Eleanor*, sailing under the command of her owner, Captain Thomas Arncastle. Later, the United States were in a position to exact reparation from the French Government for the injuries done to American citizens. And a large sum of money in satisfaction of all claims was actually paid from Paris into the Treasury at Washington. There it unfortunately remains, and neither entreaties nor threats have availed with Congress to induce the Government to disgorge its ill-gotten gains. The affair is now so old that almost no one takes it seriously. But here and there over the country, there are a few who hug the hope of riches to their hearts, and believe, each time that Congress meets, that their Bill will be introduced and passed. Fate had now played one of her queer little jokes, and a claimant, who was an Englishman, sat by the fountains in Kensington Gardens.

"And what do you do to prosecute the claim?" asked its prospective inheritor.

"I write to America, to the President, to the Secretary of the Treasury, and to some of the Senators. And I often try to see your Ambassador here. But it's a long time since I have managed to see anyone except a secretary—five years, I think. Then other people have tried to help me; but they have never done any good, and they have cost me a good deal. There was a Captain Trevelyan once, a retired Army man, who was living at the same place that I was in Bayswater—we were both "paying guests," in fact. He was said to have some special influence through relations of his who were in the Government. He spent a hundred pounds in necessary expenses, so of course I repaid him. He left our boarding-house just then, and he forgot to give me his address. And a firm of lawyers in New York wrote to me and offered to take up my case. I sent them fifty pounds. I should have sent more, except that just then I—well, it seemed scarcely advisable. It would have been better, I suppose, if I had been able to send more. At any rate, they could accomplish nothing."

"Ruffians!" muttered Charles Edward, and said aloud: "That is pretty expensive business, unless you have a good bit besides the big fortune."

"I had more once than I have now. My son took most of my money with him when he went out to Australia. He was to invest it. And while he was alive, he sent me fifty pounds a quarter. Then when he died—he was killed by a horse—it seemed that he had invested it badly, or hadn't invested it at all—I could never quite make out. At any rate, it was gone, and, besides, I was alone. That is why I thought of an heir when I read your advertisement. What do you think of the plan?"

It is almost unnecessary to say that Charles Edward accepted with alacrity, even though his inheritance seemed to consist merely of responsibilities and the twenty pounds he would win from Paul Cary. It was arranged that he should come to see Mr. Arncastle on the following day, look over the papers which proved the claim, and see the will which the old gentleman intended to make that evening.

"I did not ask you to come and see me," said Mr. Arncastle, "because I am forced—temporarily only, I hope—to live so very simply. But if you would walk as far as my door with me now and stop just a moment, I should be glad."

They left the Gardens, and passing the pleasant quarters lying near the Park, came into a dreary little street of lodging-houses behind Paddington Station. A smiling but begrimed maid opened the door upon a passage less cheerful and more dirty than she

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herself was. Mr. Arncastle begged Mr. Austin to wait for a moment while he went to his room.

"You've 'ad your tea, 'ave you, sir?" inquired the handmaiden.

"Oh, yes, thank you, Emily," answered Mr. Arncastle hurriedly, as he mounted the stairs.

"It's a mercy 'e 'as these friends as asks 'im out so often," was the comment which Emily offered. "Poor gentleman!" She shook her head and tapped her forehead. "These millionaires! 'E don't eat enough 'ere to fair keep 'im alive."

Mr. Arncastle's step on the staircase sent Emily retreating to her lair below.

He held out his hand to Charles Edward. There was a golden sovereign in it.

"The payment on account," he said, with an apologetic smile trembling on his mouth. "I hope it is enough for the moment. I must arrange something more at once."

Charles Edward took the coin silently. It is the same sovereign which now hangs on his watch-chain. Perhaps no one will think the worse of him for what he said to his wife when relating the incident.

"If I had not been a man, Angela, and, as you know, of an unusually strong and self-controlled nature, I suppose I should have burst into tears."

* * *

The following morning the heir and his wife came up to town, and Charles Edward had a consultation with the law firm of Henderson and Henderson, who have so extensive an American connection. He was scarcely surprised to find that they considered the payment of the French Spoliation Claims among the three or four most remote possibilities in the world. Upon learning this, he drove straight from Lincoln's Inn to the Carlton, where he met Lady Angela, who had been making a few necessary but attractive purchases in Bond Street. They lunched, and afterwards Charles Edward was conveyed by a hansom direct to the corner of the very street in which Mr. Arncastle lodged. Keeping the sketch of his morning's movements in mind, it is a little difficult to see how he had found time to do some of the things of which he told his benefactor. For Mr. Arncastle was

"Making a few necessary but attractive purchases in Bond Street."

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led to understand that a talk with the American Ambassador disclosed the fact that there was a growing feeling in Washington that something ought to be done about these long-neglected claims. More than this, it appeared that the Bank of London and New York had such confidence that something was sure to happen, that it was willing to advance Mr. Arncastle fifty pounds a quarter upon the security of his claim, payment to continue until the Bill passed Congress, at which time the money was to be repaid with interest at ten per cent."

"My dear boy, this is wonderful!" burst from Mr. Arncastle.

"It's jolly good business for them," was the reply. "Ten per cent. is big interest."

"I could never have arranged it."

"That is why you needed an heir."

"It gives us each a hundred a year."

That statement for the moment appeared to confuse Charles Edward. It was, perhaps, only the natural inability of the American to do sums quickly in the English currency.

"Well," he said, after a moment, "I haven't really finished. I think, if you cared to do so, they would arrange for seventy-five pounds a quarter, which would give me twenty-five, which is all I need or would take. I hesitated about it because the interest is so high."

"Arrange it at once, only for a hundred if you can. What will the interest matter when we get our money?"

"No, I suppose it won't really matter—then," said Charles Edward thoughtfully.

In this manner it was arranged. At least, it is to be supposed so. For Mr. Arncastle gets his fifty pounds a quarter regularly. He has gone to Brighton to live, because it is better for his health, although not so good, as he sometimes playfully remarks, for the Bank of London and New York. For the French Spoliation Claims Bill is still unaccountably delayed in Washington, although his heir writes him often from America, and it is always "to report progress." The delay is annoying, of course; yet, as Mr. Arncastle sometimes remarks, he has really all the money now that he needs.

He would like to see the Austins oftener than he does. They seem very busy whenever they are in England, and have never been able to stay more than four days in Brighton. Yet they never fail to go there whenever they cross the Atlantic.

Finally it is to be remarked that this is really Paul Cary's story. Neither Charles Edward nor Lady Angela has been known to tell it. And yet it was one of the most amusing of their adventures.

WHEN THE FLOWERS CAME TO LIFE.

I DREAMT in the night that the flowers came to life,
And the Marigolds seemed to be Heiresses,
The Larkspurs were scolding-tongued women at strife,
And the Peonies flaunted like Mayoresses;

On the lawn the white Daisies as Milkmaids were rife,
The Azaleas I took to be Peeresses,
And the Rose—must I tell you?—was somebody's wife,
The dearest of all little Dearesses!

HOWEL SCRATTON.

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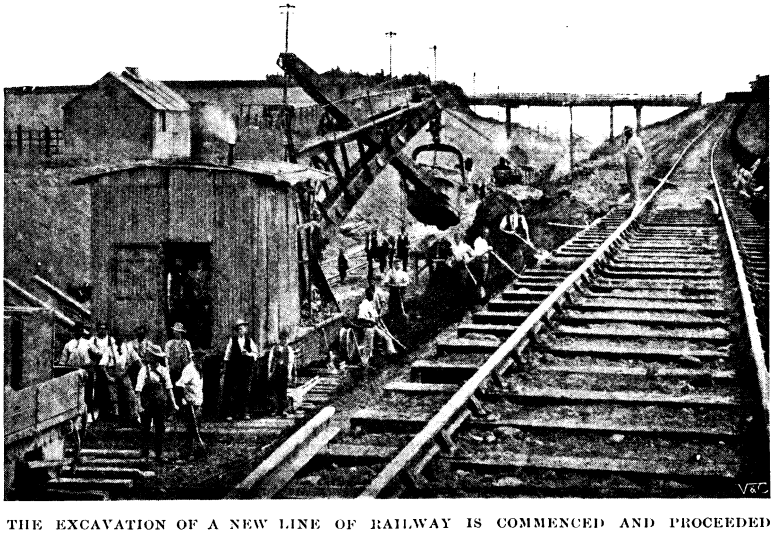
THE WAYS OF OUR RAILWAYS.

By CHARLES H. GRINLING.

No. II.—THE LAYING DOWN OF THE LINES.*

"TRAFFIC, like water, will find its own level; it will go by the shortest route," was the dictum of Edmund Denison, one of the "fathers" of our railway systems. There is also a well-known saying that "an engineer can do anything, if he be only given money enough." These two axioms, read together, form the answer to the question: "On what principles have the railway lines of the United Kingdom been laid out?" The Government did not prescribe any plan, as in the case of France and some other of the Continental countries. The lines grew up piecemeal, as we saw in our last article, first as local railways and then as "systems" formed by the amalgamation of a number of adjacent companies. From this process of development roundabout routes at first resulted; but then the tendency of traffic to find its own level asserted itself, and for the through long-distance traffic the most direct lines possible had to be laid.



THE EXCAVATION OF A NEW LINE OF RAILWAY IS COMMENCED AND PROCEEDED WITH IN SUCH A WAY THAT A TEMPORARY LINE CAN BE LAID DOWN AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE. ON NEARLY ALL JOBS IT IS CUSTOMARY TO BRING A "STEAM NAVVY" ON TO THE WORKS.

Thanks to the wealth of our country and the immense and continuously growing volume of its internal traffic, our railway engineers have never been very seriously hampered by lack of funds. We have been able to afford to have not only one, but several railways between all our great centres of population; and our trunk lines, as a whole, have been laid out almost regardless of initial expense. The service given to the rural districts is not so satisfactory; but only in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland has it been found necessary for the State to help to fill in gaps left by private enterprise.

London — the traffic centre of the whole kingdom — has no less than ten main systems of railway radiating from it. This number is exclusive of the eight local lines of the Metropolis — the Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, North London, East London, Central London, City and South London, Waterloo and City, and Great Northern and City, a group to which several new lines are now being added. A recent return showed that there were 255 railway passenger stations within six miles of St. Paul's, and 391 within twelve miles, and these numbers have since been considerably added to by the opening of the "tube" lines and by the growth of the suburbs. The Great Eastern Railway Company alone has about eighty passenger stations within the twelve-mile radius, the Brighton Company coming next with about fifty. Many of the stations in London are used by the trains of more than one

* I am indebted to my friend Mr. Edward Davy Pain for many of the engineering details included in this article.—C. H. G.

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AT THE COMMENCEMENT, HORSES PULLING "TIP-WAGONS" ARE WORKED BETWEEN THE FACE OF THE EXCAVATION AND THE "TIP-HEAD" WHERE AN EMBANKMENT IS BEING FORMED.

company, and if each station be given credit for each company whose trains run into it, the total is probably not less than 700 for the 453 square miles which lie within the twelve mile radius of Charing Cross.

The main stream of British traffic flows between the Metropolis and the manufacturing and colliery districts and the ports of the northern parts of the kingdom. The pioneers of our railway system thought that one trunk line with branches would be sufficient to hold this stream, and the London and Birmingham, with its two continuations—the Grand Junction, running north-westwards to Manchester and Liverpool, and the North Midland, running north-eastwards to York—were laid out by George Stephenson as a complete railway system for the central and northern parts of England. At the present time there are five trunk lines connecting London and the north by routes each of which can claim to be fairly direct—the London and North-Western, Great Central, Midland, Great Northern, and Great Eastern, whilst the Great Western also reaches Lancashire. Three of these six—the Great Northern, Midland, and London and North-Western—are continued into Scotland by the lines of allied companies. The Great Northern, North-Eastern, and North British form the "East Coast route" between London and Scotland; the North-Western and Caledonian compose the "West Coast route"; whilst the Midland is in alliance with both the North British and the Glasgow and South-Western, the former making its connection with Edinburgh and beyond—known as the "Waverley route"—and the latter carrying its Glasgow traffic. The traffic between London and Ireland is conveyed chiefly by the London and North-Western, *viâ* Holyhead, but both the Great Western and the Midland have new routes in process of development—the former *viâ* Fishguard, in Pembrokeshire, and Rosslare, and the latter *viâ* Heysham (Lancashire) and Belfast. There is also a joint North-Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire route *viâ* Fleetwood, and a joint North-Western and Midland route *viâ* Stranraer and Larne. The last-named gives the shortest open-sea passage.

An important stream of English traffic runs between Lancashire and the ports of the East Coast. This is conveyed chiefly by the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Great Central railways, the latter having been known until recently as the "Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire." Its modern name, "Great Central," dates from the opening of its extension to London, about five years ago. The Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding, and the Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast are also lines running across England, east and west. The last-named has a much larger title than its actually completed undertaking warrants, Chesterfield and Sheffield on the

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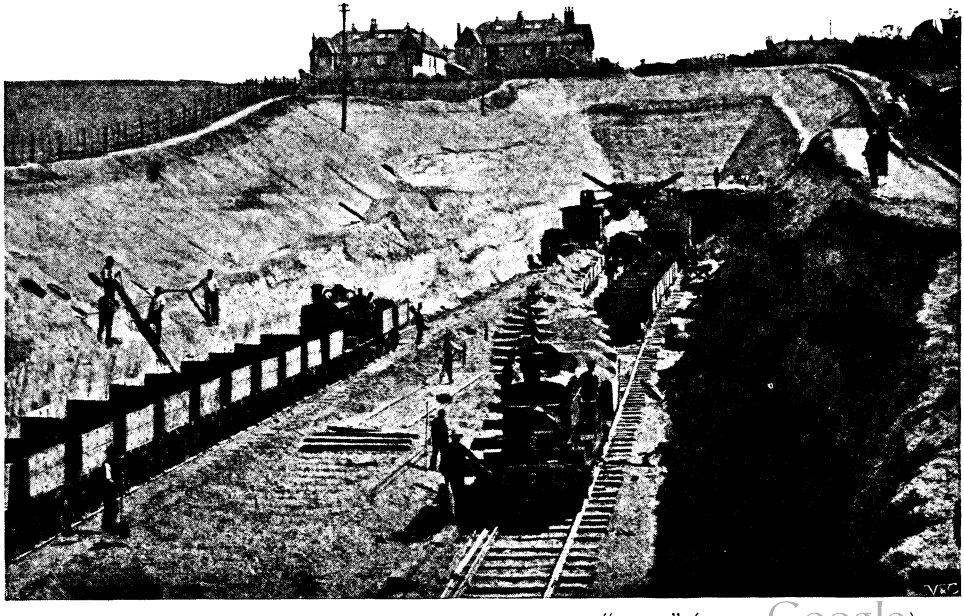
west, and Lincoln on the east, being the termini of its constructed lines.

Of all the railways of the United Kingdom, the Midland is the most nearly ubiquitous. Its lines—wholly or jointly owned—extend from Swansea on the west to Lowestoft on the east, and from near Bournemouth in the south to Stranraer and the Forth Bridge in the north. Its latest enterprise has been to acquire several hundreds of miles of railway in the North of Ireland. The North-Western's system is also very widespread, as it reaches Carlisle and Stranraer in the north, Cambridge on the east, and Carmarthen and Holyhead on the west, besides including a short mileage around Greenore in Ireland. In marked contrast to these ubiquitous systems is that of the North-Eastern—as large as the Midland's in point of mileage, but absolutely confined to the part of England indicated by its title. The North-Eastern enjoys the nearest approach to a monopoly of territory of any of our railway companies, and it is also the largest dock-owner amongst them. Its southern ally, the Great Northern, on the other hand, owns no docks, and is the line which is, perhaps, most of all exposed to the forces of competition by land and water.

The inferiority, in some respects, of the lines south of the Thames arises from the comparative poverty of their traffic field, Unlike the northern railways, the southern companies have to depend mainly for their revenue on passenger traffic. The South-Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover have, since 1899, been managed by a Joint Committee, and the energies which their authorities used to waste upon incursions into one another's territory are now concentrated upon the improvement of the combined undertaking. The main stream of their traffic, and also of that of the London, Brighton, and South Coast, and London and South-Western, is between the Metropolis and the sea. All three work steamboat services in connection with the railways of France, whilst the Great Eastern and Great Central compete for the Continental traffic *viâ* Holland. The South-Western benefits largely from the volume of trans-Atlantic traffic flowing through the port of Southampton. Should Dover also rise into prominence as a trans-Atlantic port—as seems not unlikely in the near future—the South-Eastern may become as prosperous a railway company as the South-Western, the ordinary stock of which has for some years past averaged a higher price than that of any other English railway company. In the west, the South-Western is a keen competitor with the Great Western at several important points, and only last year an attempt was made to extend the supposed benefits of this rivalry to Bristol. The South-Western authorities, however, withheld their support



LOCOMOTIVES ARE BROUGHT UPON THE SCENE. WHERE THE "MUCK" (EXCAVATED MATERIAL) HAS TO BE HAULED FOR SEVERAL MILES, THE TRAIN OF EMPTIES IS TAKEN BACK TO THE CUTTING, AND A THIRD TRAIN, WHICH HAS BEEN FILLED IN THE MEANTIME, IS THEN READY TO BE DESPATCHED.

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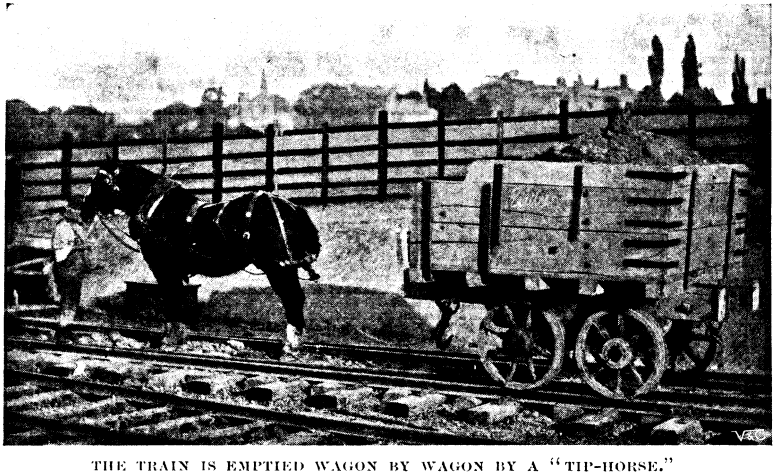
from the project, which was consequently rejected by Parliament.

With the exception of the North-Eastern, none of the larger English railways have clearly defined territories exclusively their own. Most of them, however, monopolise one or more valuable streams of traffic, and numerous agreements and understandings exist between the companies by which invasions of each other's "kingdoms" are kept in check. This system of territorial division by agreement is very strongly enforced in Scotland. There are also numerous arrangements between the companies for "pooling" competitive traffic — *i.e.*, placing the united receipts into a common purse, and dividing them into prearranged percentages for each route. All rates and fares between competitive points, too, are agreed between the companies concerned. Notwithstanding all this, however, there is the keenest competition in "facilities," and canvassing and advertising are lavishly employed by every company in order to attract traffic to its own, and divert it from a competitor's line. Whilst charters for new competitive lines have frequently been refused by Parliament, the attitude of the Legislature, generally, has been to encourage the companies to rely for financial success less on territorial monopoly than on unceasing exertions to improve their services, and in that way to win, safeguard, and increase their traffic.



THE TRAIN IS EMPTIED WAGON BY WAGON BY A "TIP-HORSE."

"Esteemed friend, George Stephenson," wrote Edward Pease, when sending him his first instructions with regard to the Stockton and Darlington Railway, "in making thy survey, it must be borne in mind that this is for a great public way—its construction must be solid." Practically every engineer who has laid out railways in this country has received and acted upon similar instructions. Professor Hadley, of Yale University, who is probably the most eminent living writer on railways, says in his well-known work, "Railroad Transportation": "The feature of the English railroad system which most forcibly strikes an American observer is its stability. This is the fundamental difference between their railways and ours. It shows itself in their construction, their management, and their legal relations. The mere traveller sees it in the massive stone bridges, the tunnels and viaducts, the station accommodations, and a thousand details of less importance which combine to produce an impression of solidity and finish entirely wanting in the majority of American railroads."

The "standard gauge" of British railways — *i.e.*, the width of 4 ft. 8½ in. between the two rails—was not adopted for any scientific reasons. It happened to be the width between the wheels of the trucks used at the collieries on the Stockton and Darlington line. When the plans for another of the earliest lines — the Leicester and Swannington — were under discussion, someone suggested that 3 ft. might be a better gauge than 4 ft. 8½ in. "This won't do," George Stephenson is reported to have exclaimed. "I tell you the Stockton and Darlington, the Liverpool and Manchester, the Canterbury and Whitstable, and the Leicester and Swannington must all be 4 ft. 8½ in. Make them of the same width; though they may be a long way apart now, depend upon it, they will be joined together some day." Brunel, who was a much more scientific engineer than Stephenson, adopted a much broader gauge—7 ft.—for the Great Western Railway, because he thought that width necessary to obtain the low centre of gravity in his engines which, with large driving-wheels, he considered essential to safety and smoothness in fast running. Modern practice, however, has shown that engines with a high centre of gravity run smoothly and safely.

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Another reason for the introduction of the costly 7-ft. gauge was the theory—also now proved to be erroneous—that a wide rail gauge was necessary to support a commodious carriage body. Experience has proved that anything in reason as to size and shape of vehicle is possible on our standard rail gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in., provided there be sufficient latitude and altitude in the "loading gauges"—*i.e.*, the restrictions placed upon the width and height of the vehicles by the positions of the permanent structures abutting upon the running road. Unfortunately, when the main lines of our railway system were laid out, the capabilities of the standard gauge in regard to carrying wide and high vehicles with safety were seriously underrated, nor were any uniform loading gauges agreed upon—an omission which has robbed our hardly won uniformity of running gauge of a good deal of its value. Moreover, unnecessarily high platforms were adopted, which have added materially to the cost of the lines, besides restricting the width of the vehicles. Increased width of rolling-stock means increased earning capacity, and for many years to come our railway companies will have to face the expense of gradually increasing their load gauges. A beginning in this direction has lately been made in connection with the electrification of some of the lines in the north of England, where some slight alterations in the permanent structures, together with the abolition of side-doors, have permitted the running of passenger carriages 10 ft. wide. In the ordinary way, however, the width of our passenger carriages has to be restricted to 9 ft., and of our goods stock to 8 ft., although our running gauge is capable of carrying vehicles of considerably greater width.

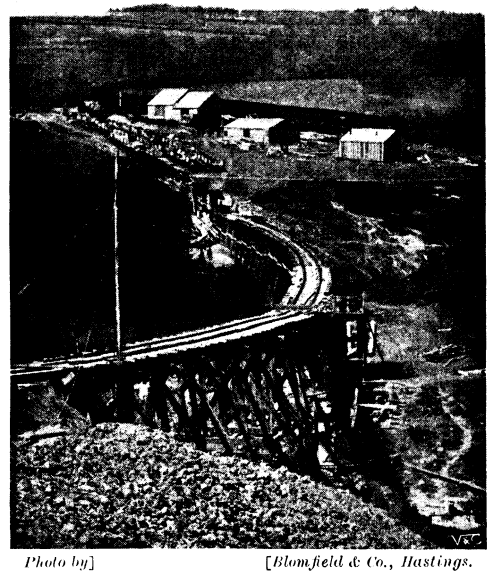
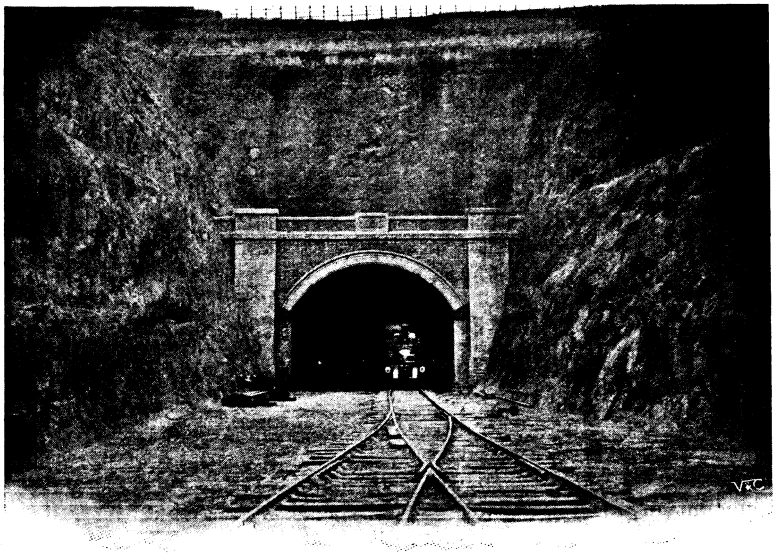


Photo by] [*Blomfield & Co., Hastings.*

THE TEMPORARY ROAD, BEING USUALLY LAID WITH AS MUCH SPEED AS POSSIBLE, AFFORDS VERY ROUGH TRAVELLING.

Another misconception generally entertained when the outlines of our railway system were laid down, has had consequences of an opposite kind. This was the notion that the locomotive could not climb hills, and that therefore all main lines of railway must be made practically level, the only alternative being to work the traffic over a hill by a stationary engine. Experience has amply demonstrated the hill-climbing capacity of



TUNNELLING IS A SPECIALLY DIFFICULT BRANCH OF RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION. THE EVENT OF THE FIRST RUN BY A CONTRACTOR'S TRAIN FROM END TO END IS ALWAYS ONE OF MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS.

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the locomotive, but modern engines have not increased in power faster than modern trains have increased in weight. Such few inclines as exist on main lines in Great Britain—the Lickey (2 miles of 1 in 37) on the Midland, near Bromsgrove, for example, or the Cowlairs Tunnel incline on the North British, near Glasgow (1 mile 450 yards of 1 in 45)—are a source of considerable extra expense and inconvenience to the companies which have to work them, and it is highly probable that it would have been cheaper to have constructed such lines differently, so as to obtain a more level run. As a rule, however, no expense was spared in getting easy grades for our principal lines of railway when they were first laid down, and this has saved the companies from the serious liability of having to "re-grade" for the sake of economy in working—an experience common in the case of American railroads.

Whether any more trunk lines of railway will need to be laid down in the United Kingdom is an open question; but anyone with a general acquaintance with the country can point to gaps here and there which it would be desirable to fill up by the construction of new branch lines. Such schemes may be talked of in a district for years before they take practical shape through the energy of some landowner, solicitor, estate agent, or peripatetic engineer. When a representative of each of these classes becomes keen on a new railway project, there is a good chance of things making a move. For many years past Parliament has made intermittent efforts to make the path smoother for promoters of local lines, and the Light Railway Commission, alluded to in our last article, was instituted about five years ago, mainly with that end in view. This tribunal holds local inquiries in place of investigation by Parliamentary Committee, and in various other ways reduces the expensive formalities of ordinary railway promotion. But in cases where the proposed new line is likely to compete for traffic with an established railway, the Light Railway Commissioners are bound to refer the scheme to the adjudication of Parliament.

Application to Parliament means the promotion of a Private Bill, the expense of which is sure, under the most favourable circumstances, to run into thousands of pounds. A certain substantial amount of financial backing has therefore to be assured, to cover promotion expenses; and of late years a strong disposition has been shown by Parliamentary Committees to require a good deal more than this, promising schemes having been rejected simply because the promoters could not say definitely whence the money needed for the making of the line would ultimately come. In the days when Committees were less exacting, solicitors and engineers were wont to go for Parliamentary powers for new railways "on spec." The Act, once obtained, was regarded as an asset which, if it were not carried into effect, could at least be marketed for something over the promotion expenses—the purchaser in nine cases out of ten being an established railway company, who bought the line either because they wanted it made or because they didn't—very often the latter. In that case it was comparatively easy for the company who had purchased the Act to obtain leave to abandon it in a future Session.

November 30th is the last day for depositing documents at the Private Bill Office of the House of Commons. All arrangements for doing so are put in the hands of a "Parliamentary agent," who thoroughly understands all the technicalities of procedure, and is responsible for the wording of the Bill. The book of reference, which gives the names of the occupiers, owners, and lessees, as well as a description of all property through which the projected railway passes, is usually prepared by the solicitor. The plan and section and estimate of cost is the work of the engineer. All local authorities are entitled to a copy of that part of the documents which affects their district, and notices also have to be inserted in the advertisement columns of newspapers circulating in the affected parts.

The details of the scheme now being public property, the opponents of the Bill prepare their objections in the form of petitions to Parliament, which have to be lodged by January 15th. If the promoters of the Bill satisfy, as they usually do, the examiners that "Standing Orders" (which describe the rules and regulations of Private Bill procedure) have been complied with, the Bill is then classified and duly comes for hearing before one of the Parliamentary Committees described in our last article. Both sides have to be represented by counsel, and the fees earned by some of the leaders of the Parliamentary Bar are enormous. It is not unusual for a well-known K.C. to earn considerably over £1,000 in a single week during a busy Session. The work, however, is often of a very trying nature.

In the House of Commons, a Committee gives its approval to a Bill by "declaring the

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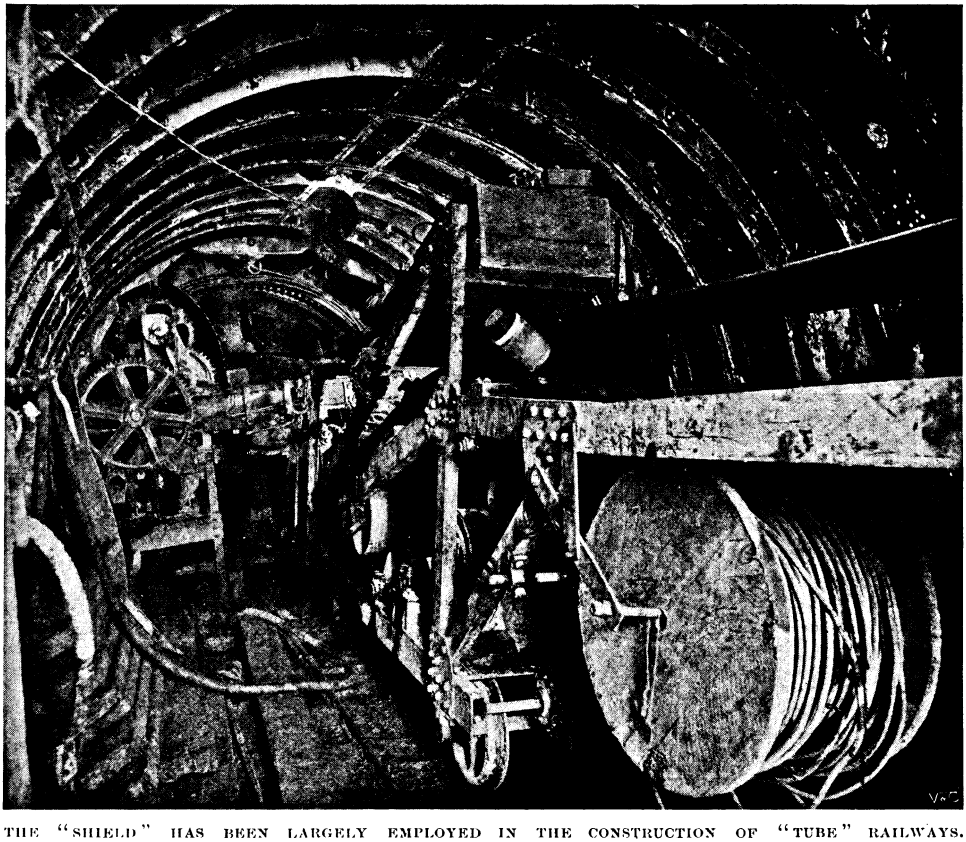
preamble proved." In the House of Lords, the formula is: "The Bill has leave to proceed." The three readings in each House are usually pure formalities, but occasionally an M.P. moves the rejection of a railway Bill before the full House, and this is even done sometimes after a Committee has heard the whole case and approved the measure. Then the chairman of the Committee becomes the champion of the Bill against the obstructionist, and almost invariably the decision of the tribunal is upheld.

Having obtained their Act, the promoters have as their next task the raising of the capital to make the line. The release of the cash deposit required by Parliament as a proof of *bona-fides* goes but a little way, and if the money market be favourable, the issue of a public prospectus is often resorted to. Should the public "come in," well and good; otherwise there is some strain upon the resources of the private backers, and not infrequently the whole scheme comes to shipwreck on the rock of finance. The timely assistance of a big railway company will sometimes save the project, or the more equivocal support of a big firm of contractors, who happen, perhaps, to have plant idle, and offer to construct the line for "paper"—*i.e.* to take shares instead of cash as payment for the whole or part of their work. Sometimes a contractor has been "in" the scheme right from the beginning, helping with the promotion expenses on the understanding that he will be rewarded by receiving the contract when the time comes. In such cases the price paid for the work naturally rules higher than when the engineer is in the independent position of being able to call in tenders from various firms, from which the directors, by his advice, choose the one whose figures are the most satisfactory.



THE "SHIELD" HAS BEEN LARGELY EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF "TUBE" RAILWAYS. SEVERAL IMPROVEMENTS AND ADDITIONS HAVE BEEN MADE SINCE ITS FIRST ADOPTION. THE LATEST IS THE INVENTION COMMONLY SPOKEN OF AS A "DIGGER."

Meantime the solicitor and the land agent have been busy with the often very troublesome negotiations and formalities involved in obtaining possession of the land required

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for the line. Although the Act gives compulsory powers of purchase, terms have to be arranged and title-deeds transferred. The most troublesome of the landowners will probably have already been encountered during the Parliamentary campaign; and if their opposition to the line has been of a determined sort, they have probably had to be bought off with a clause in their favour specially inserted in the Act, or by the promise of a "fancy" payment for the alleged disturbance of the amenities of their properties. In nine cases out of ten, a landowner stands to gain more than he loses by the making of a line through his estate; but the hope of compensation greatly stimulates his vision of inevitable damage, whilst the prospective advantages of improved communication—unless he be one of the promoters of the line—are carefully kept in the background of his mind. One of the most eminent of railway solicitors—himself an adept at a bargain—has testified that the acuteness exhibited by the landed gentry as to the means of wringing money from a railway company went beyond anything which he or any other individual could have conceived. This acuteness is reflected in the heavy capitalisation of the companies, and it needs to be borne in mind in comparing the cost of our lines with those of other parts of the world, where the land required for railway construction has often been obtained for nothing. Nor have our railway companies—with one or two exceptions in London—been permitted to make profit by selling their surplus lands—a proceeding which has been a source of much gain to railway-makers in other climes.

Until the purchase of the land is quite complete, the contractor proceeds with the work of constructing the line under conditions of peril. It is difficult for his agent to obtain a complete knowledge of the boundaries of the various estates; and should his men commence work on land the conveyance of which has not been duly carried out, he may find himself the victim of proceedings in the Court of Chancery, from which he will emerge a wiser but a poorer man. When it is desired to produce a good impression in the neighbourhood, and the promoters are of convivial temperament, the cutting of the first sod may be made the occasion of a ceremony at which the wife of some local magnate will perform the feat with a silver spade presented to her by the contractor, and a company will afterwards be entertained to luncheon. More often there is nothing done to mark the day when the contractor sets his men to work, and the first turf is hacked up unhonoured and unsung.

WITH "CUT AND COVER" THE WORK IS DONE FROM THE TOP. FINALLY THE REMAINING EARTH, VULGARLY CALLED THE "DUMPLING," IS REMOVED.

Prior to this, the engineer—who is usually a London man—will have sent down a staff to the scene of operations, under the command of one of his chief assistants, who is briefly known as the "resident." For this official the contractor erects an office on the line of route, usually next door to that put up for his own representative or "agent." The agent has under him an engineer (who sets out the work and takes the levels), timekeepers, and walking gangers. The timekeepers have to be up early of a morning and

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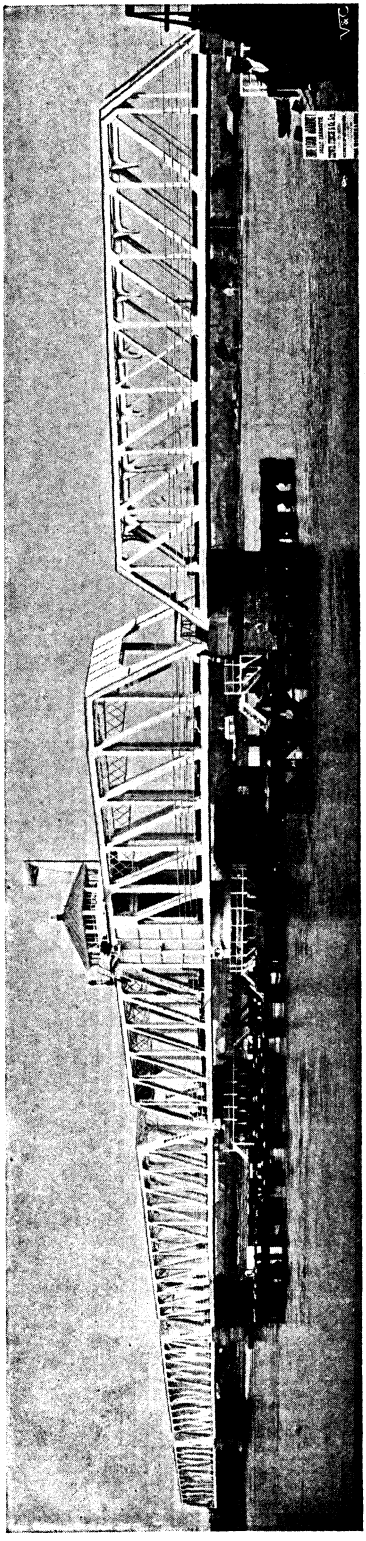

OFTEN IN CROSSING A NAVIGABLE RIVER A RAILWAY BRIDGE IS CONSTRUCTED WITH A SWING SPAN, WHICH IS USUALLY WORKED BY HYDRAULIC MACHINERY.

visit each gang of men; and during the course of the day they go their rounds again. For this purpose the work is divided into sections, so that there may be no overlapping. The question of how often a navvy may have a "sub"—*i.e.*, draw a portion of the money due to him—is one which is usually settled by the exigencies of the job. Sometimes "subs" are given once a week, or maybe twice, though it often happens that eventually they are doled out every day to those who demand them. The duties of a walking ganger consist in traversing his section to and fro, noting the daily progress of each gang, promptly dealing with any little difficulties which arise, and generally ensuring the working without hitch. For this office a man needs to be tactful, broad-minded, and able to hold his own against any nonsense.

Occasionally the contractor sublets the excavation of a small cutting to a ganger, who then pays the men under him out of his own pocket; or a number of navvies undertake to do some excavation, in which case they elect a headman from among them. In such a case the work is said to be done by a "butty gang." If the work is carried out, well and good; but in the event of any shortage of cash on the part of the ganger, or dispute amongst the men, the contractor has to make other arrangements to finish the work. If, however, no difficulties arise, a good deal of time is saved through the men having the incentive to work their hardest.

The navvy may be roughly classified under two heads—the navvy proper and the tramp navvy. The former is a respectable member of the community, despite popular notions to the contrary; he enjoys good health and is a good companion. He travels all over the country and acquires a peculiar *savoir-faire* as a consequence. If he is industrious, steady, and has a certain ascendancy of manner, he usually becomes a ganger. It is a curious fact that a navvy who has been raised to take charge of a gang will, when it is broken up, resume his former place as a member of another gang without demur. The tramp navvy is a less desirable person, being a poor specimen, addicted to drink, not over-scrupulous in his ways, and more often than not in need of a thoroughly good soap-and-water bath and disinfecting. Some of these individuals tramp the country, working in a gang for a day or so, perhaps even for a week; then live riotously for as many days as their wages last, and finding themselves again in a "stony-broke" state, move on to the nearest job and repeat the same demoralising tactics. So often are these men without any money that there is an unwritten law amongst them that if any out-of-work finds a former mate working in a gang, he may be absolutely certain of receiving a shilling to help him on his way, unless he is known to subsist in this way without ever doing any work. It is not unusual for a ganger who has worked under many contractors to disburse in this way several shillings in one day.

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The word "navvy" is abbreviated from "navigator," and was first applied to designate men engaged in the construction of works for inland navigation. When canals gave place to railways, the name not unnaturally was used to denote the same class of men, whose employment was but little different under the new conditions. A "nipper" is the generic term given to any boy employed in the construction of a railway, in whatever capacity.

The excavation of a new line of railway is commenced and proceeded with in such a way that a temporary line can be laid down as early as possible. When it is impossible, owing to local conditions, to push this forward as quickly as is desired, an "overland route"—*i.e.*, a temporary line laid on the natural surface of the ground belonging to the railway company—is put down, so that materials and plant may be carried directly from the nearest station to their destination, and the contractor thus be saved the heavy expense of cartage by road. At the commencement, horses pulling "tip-wagons" or three-wheeled carts called "dobbins" are worked between the face of the excavation and the "tip-head" where an embankment is being formed; but as this distance increases, locomotives are brought upon the scene. Where the "muck" (excavated material) has to be hauled for several miles or more, the train is drawn by an engine to the "bank" and left there to be emptied wagon by wagon by a "tip-horse" or by a light engine, known as a "tipping engine," which is specially constructed for the purpose. While this process goes on, the train of empties is taken back to the cutting, and a third train, which has been filled in the meantime, is then ready to be despatched. Whenever possible, the cuttings and embankments are so planned as to "balance" one another—*i.e.*, the excavated material suffices to complete the banks.

On nearly all jobs it is customary to bring a "steam navvy" on to the works where a cutting of considerable size has to be excavated. These tearing leviathans can be operated by one man, and fill a wagon with two or three scoops, thereby saving much time. Not only do they handle many more times the amount of "muck" in one operation than their human namesakes, but also combine the actions of excavating and filling.

The lines which are laid down at first, while the roughest work is being done, belong to the contractor, and are afterwards replaced, when the embankments have settled and the cuttings been cleaned, by the "permanent way," which is put down on ballast. The temporary road, being usually laid with as much speed as possible, affords very rough travelling; the sleepers often become damaged and broken, and derailments are, consequently, not unknown.

The weight of the rail for the permanent way varies according to the nature of the traffic which it has to carry, and ranges between 75 lb. and 100 lb. per yard. The tendency nowadays, owing to the ever-increasing weight and speed of express trains, is to have the rail 100 lb. per yard on main lines, and 85 lb. on branches; otherwise, "maintenance" becomes a very heavy item in the company's accounts. A sleeper is usually 9 ft. long by 10 in. wide by 5 in. deep. The chair, which is bolted to the sleeper, and into which the rail is wedged by means of small wooden keys, averages in weight 45 lb. to 50 lb. The fishplates, which hold the rail-ends together, vary in size and weight.

Tunnelling is a specially difficult branch of railway construction, and the contractor aims at having, if possible, men who have been engaged on this class of work before, and who are called amongst their mates "miners." Great care has to be exercised throughout that the true centre line is not deviated from. The most common method of working is for the centre line to be set out on the surface of the ground over the hill through which the tunnel is to be driven. At certain points shafts are sunk to the level of the heading, and a steel wire, to the bottom of which is fastened a heavy plumb-bob, is suspended in a bucket of water at the bottom of the shaft. The engineers have thus an absolutely perpendicular straight line from the true centre line at the top, from which they work down below, and check their previous calculations from the mouth of the tunnel. The two "headings" should meet without any divergence, and an appreciable error in the centre line of one is unusual. At various points in the heading, "break-ups" are made—that is to say, the excavation is enlarged sufficiently for the brick linings to be put in, and they are then extended in each direction. The number of rings of brickwork varies from four to eight, the greater number being used where the surrounding material is liable to swell or to fall in, or where much water is found. London clay is very bad to work in, and requires great thickness of arch. The heading is supported with timber struts, which sometimes give vent to most ominous-sounding cracks and groans, which the

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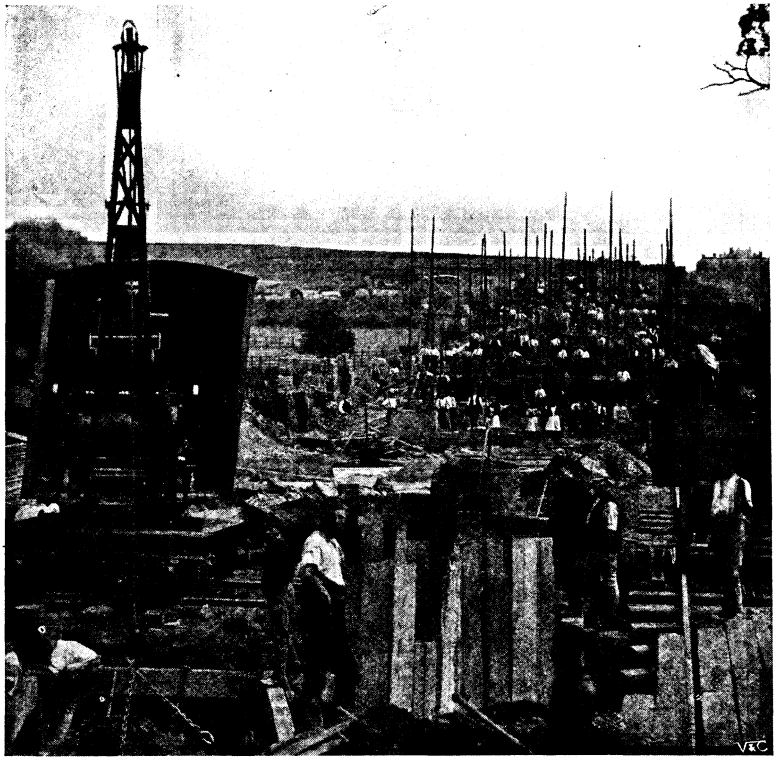
navvies refer to as "talking." Gases are a frequent source of danger, and a sure sign of their presence, when the odour is imperceptible, is given by the diminishing flame of a lighted candle. When it is impossible to strike a match, or when the lighted candle you are carrying quietly snuffs out from no apparent cause, then it is high time to "make tracks" for the fresh air. Tunnels frequently are very wet, owing either to fissures being cut into, or soakage through the roof and walls. To protect themselves, the miners wear thick flannel coats, called "donkeys," which are impervious to dripping water for some length of time. If, however, the leakage is very bad, the men resort to oilskins.

Old abandoned coal-workings are a frequent source of trouble in connection with tunnels. Their whereabouts are unknown, and consequently may remain undiscovered until a sudden break-away or settlement reveals the hidden danger. If much rock has to be removed, blasting is usually the method employed for dislodging it. The powder-box is placed in the charge of a thoroughly trustworthy man, who devotes his time to seeing that accidents are avoided from the powder going astray. In at least one case, however, the guardian of the box partook too freely at the public-house before coming on work, and was overcome by sleep on his arrival. Familiarity had apparently bred contempt, for he calmly lay down inside the well-filled box and, being somewhat timorous of absolute darkness, placed his lighted lantern by his side on the uncovered powder. Fortunately, he was discovered in time to be discharged—without any other explosion than one of wrath.



WHERE A VIADUCT HAS TO BE BUILT, THE WORK IS PUSHED FORWARD WITH SPECIAL ENERGY.

Underground railways in towns are constructed either by the method expressively known as "cut and cover," or by means of the "shield" invented by the late Mr. Greathead, the engineer of the City and South London Railway, which has been so largely employed in the construction of "tube" railways in London. In its original form the shield was an annular skin of steel, sufficiently large to envelop the circular iron lining of the tunnels, which is built up in segments inside it. It is sufficiently long to cover the last ring to be bolted up, and to project forward so far as is necessary to cover or "shield" the workmen who are picking at the solid face of clay in front. Several improvements and additions have been made since its first adoption. The latest is the invention of Mr. John Price, a well-known London contractor, to whom the idea occurred of fitting blades, set at an angle to the face of the clay, and causing them to revolve until the clay is pared off. These parings are caught in hoppers and carried thence on the endless rubber belt of a conveyor a distance of some fifteen feet or more back into the tunnel, where they are deposited into wagons.

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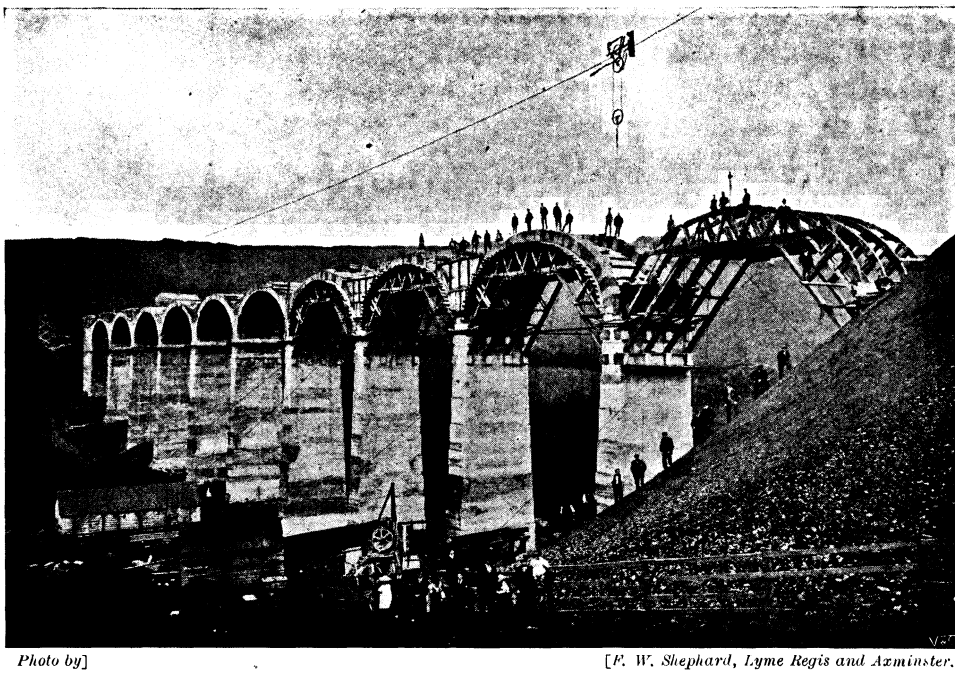

Photo by] [*F. W. Shepherd, Lyme Regis and Axminster.*

THE ERECTION OF A CABLEWAY IS OCCASIONALLY ADOPTED TO FACILITATE THE CONSTRUCTION OF A VIADUCT.

The wagons are then drawn by ponies to the foot of the shaft and taken up one by one to the surface in the lift. This tunnelling machine is commonly spoken of as a "digger."

The great advantage of the shield system over "cut and cover" is that with the former the surface of the ground is not disturbed. With "cut and cover" the work is done from the top by sinking two wide trenches in which the side walls are built up to about four feet high. Then the excavation is taken out full width down to that level, the centring fixed, and the arch turned. Finally, the remaining earth, vulgarly called the "dumpling," is removed.

The strata pierced by the tubes vary in different parts of London, but for the greater part of their length they are well down in the London clay. At some points, however, there appears to have been a geological upheaval, with the result that a less satisfactory stratum has to be pierced. Sometimes this proves to be water-bearing gravel, in which case the use of compressed air is resorted to, in order to keep out the water until the tunnel is complete. Such a step entails a good deal of extra expense, directly and indirectly. Air-locks have to be fitted, which takes time, and other plant has to be brought on to the site. Progress in driving the tunnels is necessarily much slower, the traffic between the working face of the tunnel and the bottom of the shaft being hindered by the time taken in passing through the air-lock, while shifts of miners are necessarily more frequent, owing to the limited period for which a man can safely endure the extraordinary atmospheric pressure. The illness resultant upon too long a stay in the air-chamber is usually of a most painful character. The pain, or, rather, agony—strong men have been known to implore their mates to kill them while under its influence—usually attacks its victim in one of his joints, such as the knee or wrist, and the sufferer experiences a sensation as from the incision of sharp razors. A doctor is kept on the works to attend immediately to all cases of sickness arising from this cause, the remedy being to put the patient back in an air-lock specially kept for this purpose. The fact that instant relief is thereupon experienced supports the theory that small globules of compressed air have made their way between the layers of the skin and expanded when the workmen returned to ordinary atmospheric pressure.

Compressed air has often to be resorted to in the construction of railway bridges over water, the best-known example being the sinking of the "caissons," or cylinders, which formed the foundations of the great Forth

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Bridge. This mighty structure is sufficiently high to clear al. navigation, but often in crossing a navigable river a railway bridge is constructed with a swing span, which is usually worked by hydraulic machinery and interlocked with the signals at either end of the bridge.

The building of bridges over or under public thoroughfares is often a matter of some bother to the agent, especially where traffic on the road must not be interrupted, even for one hour. It is usual to divert the road whenever possible, or else to build a temporary bridge alongside the site of the permanent one. In places where the foundations are bad owing to the presence of water in the ground, serious delay may occur to the works, owing to the necessity for bringing more men to the spot from another job, or the compulsory taking up of the temporary road to allow of additional foundations being put in. Though the erection of a bridge looks a very simple matter to the passer-by, probably he would be surprised if he were aware of the many details attendant upon its construction. The order in which it is to be built has to be carefully planned, so that the masons and bricklayers may not be overwhelmed with work at one time, and standing idle a few weeks afterwards.

Where a viaduct has to be built (provided that the ground is not water-logged, or the foundations treacherous from other causes), less worry attaches to the construction than might be supposed. Usually the work is pushed forward with special energy, and commences as soon as the staff and plant are on the site. Of course, there is always the feeling that in the event of some bad settlement taking place, a large interest is at stake, and much extra expense will be necessary before it can be rectified ; but, as compensation for this, there is the pleasure of seeing the structure gradually rising day by day.

The erection of a cableway, slung at each end from a mast, the travelling carrier of which is driven by a stationary engine on the ground, is occasionally adopted to facilitate the construction of a viaduct. When the line is straight, this has been found to prove an economical method of hoisting and transporting the materials and plant, especially during the early stages of the work, before the arches have been turned. It is not improb-

IF MUCH ROCK HAS TO BE REMOVED, BLASTING IS USUALLY THE METHOD EMPLOYED FOR DISLODGING IT.

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able that this method of handling the material in such places will be more widely used in the future, though the first cost is somewhat heavy.

At length there comes a time when those on the works become conscious of the approaching maturity of their labours. The locomotives which have been running daily can now travel miles without coming to a break in the line, and the event of the first run by a contractor's train from end to end is always one of mutual congratulations between the two staffs. The resident makes copious notes of odds and ends which still have to be done, and these are handed on to the agent, who in turn probably pockets them and tries to forget them, while his men are engaged in pushing forward the completion of those more important works which must be done before the line can be opened. The stations and station buildings, which have hitherto been in an embryonic state, are now the scene of active operations: bricklayers, joiners, masons, all hard at work putting finishing touches. Telegraph-poles spring up all along the route of the railway. Signal-posts appear, to mark from afar the site of the stations; and wires run along, to trip the feet of the unwary. Meanwhile the engineer has obtained from the Board of Trade printed forms detailing the works of the line, which have to be filled in and forwarded to the secretary, with plans to be examined by the Government inspector. The latter then arranges with the company's engineer the date of his visit, to travel over the line from end to end, stopping at all bridges and testing them, examining culverts, testing the signalling apparatus, and generally inspecting everything, so that he may be fully qualified to report to the Board of Trade authorities, whom he represents, whether, in his opinion, the line is ready to be opened to the public. A short period usually elapses between the inspector's visit and the opening, as minor requirements have to be effected before the necessary permission is given. In some cases where the embankments are still settling, or from other causes, the Board will sometimes sanction the opening of the line for goods traffic only at first, but it is fair to English engineers and contractors to say that this is the exception rather than the rule. The resident and agent have a busy time of it during the last few months, for all work has to be measured up and tabulated, so that the contractor may render his final statement, showing the amount still owing to him after the payments on his monthly certificates have been deducted.

The opening of a railway, like the cutting of the first sod, may or may not be attended with ceremonies of a public and convivial character. Representatives of the local newspapers usually consider themselves entitled to some attention on these occasions, as representing, and seeking favourably to impress, the wider public, upon whom the line will shortly have to depend for support. Whether or not there be a ceremonial opening, and the running of a "first train" filled with invited guests, the appreciative journalist is sure to be given an opportunity of making a survey of the works prior to the running of the public service. In the company of the resident or agent, or both, he receives careful instruction as to the engineering feats now successfully performed, difficulties or drawbacks being lightly passed over, and examples of courage and resource veiled behind the characteristic modesty of "the man who does." These men are the true makers of the modern world, though their names do not get into *Who's Who* or the personal columns of the newspapers.

THE LURE.

WHITE lamps along th' uneasy rim
Of some far ocean—God's sure stars.
Against the white Cross, black and slim
The swinging measure of our spars.
Red lamps along the foreign quays;
Strange voices hailing in the dark;
Hot winds across th' expectant trees.
So deeds weave dreamings to endure.
Adventure lights his pilot lamps,
And every landfall lifts a lure.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

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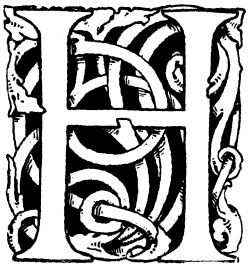
THE PLOTTERS.

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE.*



AD some occult power only lifted the veil and revealed to John Clifton's gaze the spectacle presented by the plotters as, in Margaret Milburn's candle-lighted cottage, they gravely attempted the elaboration of a scheme whereby he himself might be saved, he would have thrown himself back in his chair, the light would again have danced in his eyes, and his voice would have rung out in one of those peals of laughter which those who knew him best declared a better tonic than any of old Dr. Peel's nostrums.

Of the conclave, however, Clifton was supremely ignorant, and so he remained bowed by his study fire, his head dropped upon his hands, and the scratching nails of disappointment, perplexity, and grief tearing at the fibres of his heart. He realised now that his struggle had reached its climax; that the bitter battle waged so long in secrecy and silence must now be fought out with the glare of daylight upon it, and again and again he told himself that this was his Sedan.

Two years ago he had bade "Good-bye" to the dear little church in Devonshire in which the first happy years of his ministerial life had been passed, and, inspired by all a young man's energy and all a young man's hope, he had commenced a new career at Allerdale, that old-new, big-little town on Solway side, where men wrestle with fire for a living, and by night the flashing furnaces light up the heavens with the glare of an *inferno*.

At first the new broom swept clean and all went well. John not only preached well, but his life was quite equal to the standard he raised for others, and to crown all, as old Jack Miller declared, he was "a varra terror for wark"; so that there was at least more than a suggestion that under the mellowing influence of the years he might develop into a minister of the twenty-two carat variety.

Paradoxical though it may appear, when his trouble came upon him, it was all due to his restless energy, his passion for service; for his congregation and he found themselves utterly unable to agree as to the nature of his work, and they were equally at variance on the question of geographical limitation.

"He is our minister," the church declared; but Clifton insisted on regarding the world as his parish. The squalid misery of the slums fascinated him; in the Mark Tapleyan sense he revelled in wretchedness, and it was held against him as an offence that he spent so much of his time in the homes of those who never darkened the doors of a church, and so little by comparison with those whose church-going record was by themselves counted for righteousness.

"I can't imagine what he sees in such creatures," simpered Miss Snickett, as she toyed with her tea at the sewing-meeting; and Miss McNab rejoined—

"Neither can I, my dear; and I must say that it shows a lamentable lack of taste, rampagin' about in holes not fit for a dog to put its nose into, and neglecting decent, respectable folk whom he should feel it an honour to associate with. Why, just think of poor dear Mr. Smith—never missed a sewing-meeting tea the whole time he was among us, and Mr. Clifton never looked near since his first. It's perfectly outrageous!"

"And I quite agree with you," sententiously observed Mr. Peter Witton, one of the "pillars," adding with dark significance: "But he mustn't try us too far; as the immortal Shakespeare says"—Mr. Witton was great on Shakespeare upon festal occasions—"those who cast pearls before swine are sure to reap the whirlwind."

For some time, Clifton, working as he believed his Master would have him work, went on his way blissfully ignorant of the spirit of revolt that had crept into his little world; but at last it dawned upon his consciousness that something was amiss, that in some cases the old hand-grips had lost a

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little of their firmness, and the old smiles a little of their sunshine. At first he dismissed the notion as an idle fancy, laughingly felt his pulse, and declared that he must have a tonic; but on that night of nights, when the church was "at home," and he tramped over the moors to Salterscales to see "auld Geordie Thompson," and found that the angels had been there before him and had taken Geordie home, he received what a certain member of the church with expressive inelegance described as "an eye-opener." For the little, death-stilled cot contained a grey-haired woman whose world had suddenly become empty, and so he drew his chair to the fire and forgot everything except the widow and her loneliness. He remembered the party when his mother, with anxiety stamped upon her patient face, met him at his own door; and he thought more of it a few days later, when a deputation filed into his study and uttered an official protest against "the manner in which he was neglecting his church."

A few discreetly chosen commonplaces would probably have put the matter right, but Clifton was not overburdened with tact; and when he bitingly asked his visitors whether "tea-drinking and social high-jinks were regarded as the highest form of service in that part of the country," the fat boiled over into the fire, hot words were exchanged, and the deputation flung itself into the street in high dudgeon.

The seed of discord thus sown very soon yielded a fine crop, and sturdy shoots sprang up in the most unlikely quarters. Clifton, however, was made of stern stuff, and though he writhed in secret, he gave no outward sign that the iron had even pricked his skin, let alone entered into his soul. Neither did he allow his conduct to deflect by a hair's-breadth from the line he had marked out, and he went on serving his Master in his own way, whilst the folks who sought to buy salvation with a weekly threepenny-bit—sixpence on special occasions—waxed furious at the contempt for their methods which his behaviour implied.

There is no need to trace the rupture through all its stages. It is a tale that has been often told. Suffice it to say that for the man who had determined to conquer, who, for the sake of the common people who "heard him gladly," had made up his mind to "live the thing down," there dawned a day of bitter, black humiliation, a day of defeat.

With Clifton, conviction and action usually went hand in hand; but this time he hesitated, played with the crisis, and day after day and week after week delayed the blow which he knew he would have to strike. It was not for himself that he dallied; and as for his people, he assured himself, with a certain grim humour, that he longed for the time when he should put some of them "out of their misery."

But how to tell his mother—that was the rub. She had no suspicion of the skeleton in his cupboard—of that he was convinced. She was still living in a paradise of contentment; she still believed that his people were as well pleased with her idol as she herself. How, then, was he to break in upon her peace and shatter it with a single stroke? how reveal to her that in his ministry he had been written down a failure—that he, like his Master, had been "rejected of men"?

And so to-night, as he writhes in mental anguish before his study fire, his thoughts are not of himself, not of the sacrifice that he is about to make, not of the struggle that lies in front, but of the brave, loving woman who, in the early days of her widowhood, had so heroically shouldered his father's burden, who, after the manner of mothers, had scraped and pinched and gone without herself so that her lad might have all he needed, whose highest ambition had been realised the day that he was called to the ministry, and who ever since had regarded herself as the happiest woman on earth.

What is she doing now? he asks. Placidly resting by her sitting-room fire, no doubt; wondering now and again, maybe, what can be keeping him upstairs for so long. Resting, indeed! Poor, blind bat! What does he know of the mysteries of a woman's heart? Ignorant of his trouble, forsooth! As if anything under the heavens can hide the anguish of a child from the eyes of a mother. Why, she had heard the mutterings of the storm long before it had reached his ears; and at this very moment, when he imagines that she is taking her ease, she is on her knees by her bedside pouring forth her soul in prayer on his behalf.

Presently she rises, moves softly across the landing, gently opens the study door, and enters. The tears gush to her eyes as her gaze falls upon the stricken figure at the other side of the room.

"Oh, God help me!" the son, unconscious of his mother's presence, groans aloud. "Help me, help me! However can I tell her?"

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In a moment she is by his side, her arm around his neck.

"Mother!"

"My lad!"

That was all—all that strangers ought to hear.

When John Clifton went to his bed that night, his face was as that of one who has been on the Mount of Transfiguration, and his mother's sleep as that of a little child.

* * * *

That night, too, the plot matured, and on the morrow the conspirator-in-chief was driven in Peter Duff's spring cart to Netherport, lest an open departure from Allerdale might arouse suspicion, and thence she was despatched on that terrible journey to London.

II.

Margaret Milburn's faded figure and faded dress seemed strikingly out of place in the President's reception-room. She herself had been conscious of the fact at first, painfully conscious of it, and she had been woefully ill at ease; but now that she was face to face with the great man, all her fears and all her diffidence were gone—gone, too, the influence of her surroundings. The woman was lost in her mission.

How she had dreaded this meeting, no one but Margaret herself could tell. In her old-fashioned reticule she carried a portrait of the President cut from a church magazine, and a score of times during that long, never-to-be-forgotten journey from her home in the far North she had drawn it forth and closely studied the face that it revealed, and asked herself whether the piercing eyes and the tight-locked lips really belonged to a man with a heart.

She had no doubt on that score now. It was not often that Richard Howard, principal of Hampstead College, preacher of world-wide renown, and for the time being President of his own great church, entertained guests such as this in his home, but he had not forgotten the days of his youth. To give him a fair start, his own mother had worn a shabby dress, and such garments were sacred to him; and though a lady of title had been heard to describe him as a "disagreeable old bear," the woman now before him was welcomed with a hand-grip and a smile that put all her fears to flight and stifled all her timidity.

"Yo'll not ken who I am," Margaret began in that mixture of colloquial English and native dialect so much affected by the Cumberland lowlanders, "but I'se Margaret Milburn fra Allerdale, an' I've cum to see if yo' canna do summat for oor minister. Eh, sir, he's oanly a bit laddie an'——"

"'You're a load of bricks!'"

"From Allerdale?" Howard interrupted. "Why, that's in Cumberland, isn't it?"

"Aye, it's in Cummerlan'," the old dame responded, a trifle disappointed at being thus pulled up.

"But you don't mean to say that you've

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come all this way to see me about your minister?"

"Aye, bit I hev."

"And how long is it since you reached London?"

"Oh, nut seah varra lang. I wer' in t' train o' neet, an' axed my way straight on here as seun (soon) as I'd gitten till t' big station. An'——"

But the President was gone, and Margaret heard him bound up the stairs like a schoolboy, a couple at a time.

A few minutes passed, and then he reappeared, accompanied by one whom for the remainder of her life Margaret loved to describe as "t' bonniest lassie 'at ivver walked God's earth," and in a voice suspiciously husky he introduced his daughter.

"Mary, this is Margaret Milburn, and she has come all the way from Cumberland to see us. You'll get her a cup of tea and make her comfortable, won't you?"

"Neah, sir, neah," and the old woman rose in protest; but the President's daughter threw an arm about her shoulders, forced her back into her chair, and silenced her with a kiss on her withered cheek. And as Margaret's amazement melted away in tears, the President blew his nose with appalling energy and again rushed from the room, this time to wipe the dust from his eyes.

To the old woman the next hour passed like a dream. The tea was nectar, the dainty cup from which she sipped it a treasure almost too precious to handle, and Mary a ministering angel. Once she recalled the object of her mission, and began to talk, but the President, with an air of mock severity, shook a reproving finger at her and hushed her speech with "Now, you old chatterbox, not another word. All the way from Cumberland, and wants to talk the moment she lands!"

Not even with the ending of the meal did Margaret's tongue regain its liberty, for Mary again had to take her in hand and "titivate" her up; but at last the finishing touches in this process were administered, a fleecy shawl for her shoulders, slippers for her feet, and she found herself in audience with the President, seated in the cosiest chair that Mary could find for her.

"Now, then, Margaret," said the President, as the door closed upon them—how his familiarity astonished her!—"you may let me have this story of yours."

"Weel, yo' see, sir," she began, "it's this way. Oor young minister—na doot you'll ken him, he's Maister John Clifton; he's a canny lad wi' t' makkin' of a grand man in him, bit theear's a gey lot o' fratchin' cross-grained fwolk (people) amang them as he ministers till, an' the're just fashin' t' life oot o' him. An' I'se cum to see if yo'll be so kind as to pit a wurd in fur him afwore they drive him away fra us. He's a grand bairn, sir. He wur just born to be a preacher o' t' blessed Gospel, an' God'll miss him if they're allood to wark their ways wid him.

"Eh, sir," she went on with increased earnestness, "bit yo'll do it, willn't you? Yo' can do it, yo' can do it. Yo're t' President, an' a wurd fra you 'ill be aneuf."

"But, tell me, Margaret," the President interposed, as the old woman paused for breath—"tell me how it is that you come to take such an interest in this young man."

"An' who bit me should tak an interest in him? Did he nut save my lad; did he nut pull his feet oot o' t' mire and set them on a rock?"

And then in a choking voice she told how her Jack had fallen into the clutches of a "lot o' wastrels," how he had gone further and further astray, until his home had been threatened with desolation and his life with utter ruin. And how Clifton had taken him in hand, had followed him from day to day and week to week, had lain in wait for him at the door of the public-house and turned him back, and how in the end the minister had prevailed and restored the manhood to the man, the light to the eye and the song to the lips of the young wife, had once more made the home-coming of daddy a delight to the children, and to the old mother had given back the joy and pride to which she had bade farewell.

"That's the sort o' wark he's doin', sir," Margaret continued, "bit to some fwolk it's o' wrang. They think he should do nowt bit preach fine sermons an' drink tea at their grand hooses. Bit, praise t' Lord, he's med o' better stuff, an' I'd dee fur him, I wud, I'd dee fur him, fur what he's done for me."

Then there was Betty Kirkbride, who had solemnly promised never to reveal how Clifton had ministered to her—how Margaret had come into possession of the secret the President discreetly omitted to inquire—and Peter Duff, whose blasphemy Clifton had turned to praise, and Jack Milburn himself, and, last of all, "laal" Sarah Sharp, the minister's orphaned maid-of-all-work—each had a story of loyal devotion to tell, a devotion which had warmed into action and despatched old Margaret upon her strange mission.

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"We cudn't abide to see him turned away, an' so we clubbed up to beir t' expense o' me comin' to Lunnon. I'se afeered Sarah'll hev to gang widoot yan or two things she needs, an' mappen Betty'll hev to moil a bit langer at her weshtub, bit t' lad's worth it o'. An' yo'll give him a helpin' hand, sir, willn't yo'?"

During Margaret's recital, the President played a part that was not at all consistent with any reasonable conception of presidential dignity. He squirmed on his chair like a worm on a skewer, threw himself at full length, bunched himself up again, blew his nose with startling frequency, and manifested a most tender solicitude for the health of the fire. Margaret, however, was too much engrossed to notice these movements, but it must be confessed that she was scared when, as she unfolded the actual hatching and execution of the plot, the President bounded from his seat, and bringing down his hand upon her back with an approving slap, cried out—

"Margaret, you're a brick, and Betty's a brick, and Peter Duff's a brick, and so is Sarah Sharp! You're a load of bricks—ha, ha, ha! capital—a load of bricks!"

From this ebullition he instantly subsided into his old decorous self, became for a few seconds almost frigid. For at the moment of his outburst, a fearful thought had fastened upon him and forced a chilling shiver down the full length of his spinal cord. What if any of his students had seen him? What if any had heard that ridiculous joke? Where would his authority be?

From the contemplation of this awful possibility he was recalled by the pleading tones of Margaret's voice. In all the rich eloquence of her rude northern speech, she besought him to apply the power she believed him to possess and "save oor minister who's tryin' to do his Maister's wark." It was evident that she hoped for an instant response to her prayer; but in this she was disappointed, for as she finished, the President, muttering something about "time for tea," threw open the door and called for his daughter.

Margaret faced him when he returned. "Yo'll do it, sir, willn't yo'? I'm oanly an ignorant owd body, bit yo'll nut turn me empty away."

The President smiled. "Margaret," he said, "the prayer of the righteous availeth much." That was all, but somehow Margaret seemed content.

"Won't you come, too, father?" Mary asked.

"Not just yet, my dear. I want to consult one or two authorities first." As the door closed, he took down Hunter's "List of Ministers' Stations," turned up Clifton's name, muttered "Hm! the same, I thought so—Bideford to Allerdale," then he turned to his Bradshaw and looked up the Devonshire trains.

III.

CLIFTON entered his pulpit on the following Sunday in a mental condition which he found it utterly impossible to define. Tossed about on the wave-crests of two contending emotions, he was quite unable to say whether he was supremely happy or profoundly miserable. Laughingly he told his mother, as they walked to church together, that he was glad the trial was over, but that he dreaded the execution.

In spite of his dread, however, his mind was unalterably fixed, and he mounted the pulpit stairs determined that ere he descended his resignation should be publicly announced. But at that moment he knew nothing of the plotters and their plot.

It was not until the chant had been begun that he became conscious of the presence of strangers in the congregation. His first glance revealed an elderly gentleman and a very pretty girl—father and daughter, no doubt; but upon a second look, fact smote him full in the face, and he blenched beneath the blow. One of the strangers was none other than the Rev. Richard Howard, his own President—the man at whose feet he had sat, from whom he had learned his theology, and it was in his presence that he must proclaim himself one of the Church's failures.

The more he pondered over the situation, the more appalling did the prospect become; and finally he resolved that he would postpone his announcement until the evening service, when, as he hoped, the President would be elsewhere. Even under these circumstances the ordeal would be hard enough in all conscience—to preach in the hearing of such a critic. What business had the President there at all? Had he some object in view? Was he playing the spy? John began to feel angry.

But—ah! capital thought! He would dodge his Mightiness nicely. Accordingly it fell out pretty much as that very old bird the President had foreseen, and when, during the singing of the next hymn, Clifton came down the pulpit stairs, Mary Howard was sure that she heard her father chuckle, while, had

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"'Three cheers for oor minister!'"

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she had a thought for herself at the moment, she would have known that her face was aglow with smiling excitement. Oh, the plot was working beautifully!

A few seconds and Clifton was leaning over the door of the pew. "I'm proud to see you here, sir"—this as the President and he gripped each other by the hand—"and I cannot refrain from asking a great favour from you. Will you honour my people and myself by taking my place in the pulpit?"

"But what will your people say?" the President smilingly inquired.

"Oh! I'll make it all right with them. And, moreover, they'll vote the change a most excellent one. You'll come, sir, won't you?"

"Very well, I'll come—not to evict you, though. You must return with me, and I'll preach for you." As the two men walked down the aisle, the President thrust his arm through that of his old pupil just as a well-proved friend, as a father might have done. That was Clifton's second surprise on that most astonishing day.

His amazement would have been greatly magnified had he only beheld the exquisite little comedy in the far gallery. As the President came within her line of vision, Margaret Milburn thrust her handkerchief over her mouth and sank into her seat in an apparent paroxysm of coughing.

"I hed to do summat," she explained to her fellow-conspirators, "or else I'd a-given t'whole show away. I wantit to shoot, I wantit to sing, I wantit to dance. I canna' tell what t' President wur preachin' aboot, fur o' t' time I wur prayin': 'Oh, Lord, keep me quiet, save me fra cryin' Alleluia!' An', praise Him, He's stopped t' mooths o' lions afore to-day, an' He clapped a stopper ower my tongue. Bit it's a miracle how He manished it."

"Weel," Peter Duff chipped in, "I darsn't stay in t' church ony langer, so I just slipped oot on me toes in t' second prayer, an' sat on t' stairs till t' sarvice wur ower, an' laffed till me sides fair cracked. Eh, just think on't! President hissel comin' o' t' way fra Lunnon to save yon bit lad till us. Isn't it grand?"

In her ignorance of the sermon, Margaret was not alone. In fact, the problem served as a bone of contention in the church throughout the winter; for the drama of the evening completely eclipsed the exposition of the morning, and while one section of the congregation emphatically contended that the President preached about the Sermon on the Mount, another was equally sure that his discourse dealt with the translation of Enoch, and that old reprobate, Tom Currie, offered to wager a new hat that the President held forth on infant baptism.

None of them, however, had any doubt about the evening discourse. Had the morning congregation been a large one, the plot would have been carried to its final stage there and then, but it was by no means big enough to suit the President's plan. That demanded a crowd, if by hook or crook one could be gathered together. Hence the offer of a second sermon in the evening, and Clifton's appeal to his people to "go out into the highways and hedges" with the news of the President's visit.

For the response to his appeal Clifton was in no wise prepared. Indeed, when he followed his chief into the pulpit for the second time, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, for the building was packed from floor to ceiling. Even the gallery steps had been converted into seats, tightly packed forms blocked the aisles, and the communion and pulpit stairs had been invaded. More than this could not have been effected by a week's advertising, and, sorely perplexed, John Clifton asked himself how it had all come about.

Ah! little did he know how his good fairies had again been working for his salvation, how Margaret and Margaret's son, Betty Kirkbride and Peter Duff, and even Sarah Sharp, when she was supposed to be in her Sunday-school class, had once more joined forces and carried the tidings from house to house, and how nearly every member of the church, and many beyond its pale, had received a call. The dwellers in the cottages and they of the modern semi-detached, none too high and none too low for a visit.

Once the sense of mystification had exhausted itself, the sea of upturned faces acted upon the young minister as a tonic, the memory of his own trouble melted as in a mist, and he went through that part of the service allotted to him with all his old vigour, and then settled down for the sermon with all the anticipation of a hungry man at a feast.

That the sermon was a great one, the fact that it was preached by Richard Howard is in itself sufficient guarantee.

Alone with her father a few hours later, Mary, in whose eyes tears and smiles struggled for the mastery, informed him that he had been "just splendid"; but where her father's sermons were concerned, Mary was not,

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perhaps, a trustworthy critic, and it would be safer to accept the testimony of old Jack Bowes, who declared that "it wur as bonny as t' Solway wi' t' sun just dippin' behint Scotland's tail"; and those who remember

"'They've furgitten t' collection!'"

Jack, and have been privileged to gaze upon a Solway sunset, will recognise the completeness of the benediction. What the other listeners thought doesn't matter very much. That they were impressed by it is proved by the demonstration with which they killed the peroration.

Even the President himself, who was perplexed beyond measure by the applause that his discourses excited, and who was haunted by the ghosts of the things he ought to have said and the points he had not made, was heard to confess that he really thought this was the best of all his sermons.

Upon John Clifton it descended like a bolt from the blue. At first he listened with keen appreciation to the poetic trifles and the daintily trimmed phrases with which the preacher tickled the ears of his hearers and captured all their wandering fancies. Then, after the President had treated them to that strikingly complete definition of Manhood, and passed on to some of his examples, Clifton's heart throbbed responsively to the touch as he recognised a number of the men with whom his college days had been spent. Still complaisant, still suspecting nothing, he listened as the President introduced "one of the greatest of all my heroes," but the next sentence beat upon him with all the shock of revelation, and the blood surged madly along his veins, whilst preacher and people swayed and danced before his vision and chased each other round and round.

But still he heard it all, every word, every syllable; heard once more the story of that awful day—that one day of which he had never breathed a word even to his mother—when he was cast from college in disgrace, and carried back shoulder high in triumph, and the President begged his forgiveness, and the little thing he had done was foolishly magnified into a big one. Heard, too—aye, and understood now—the bell-like voice as it measured out its words so that not one should miss its mark: "The student that played the hero that day is now your minister, and it is an honour to me to preach in his

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church and stand with him in his pulpit," and heard also the rustling of the people and the startled cry that wouldn't be suppressed, the cry of the mother in the "minister's pew."

Again the President is speaking, and now, with his head bowed upon his hands, John listens to the tale of "what your minister did for one of you"—ah, Betty Kirkbride, Betty Kirkbride!—and after that, to the story of those dark days in that far-off Devonshire village when the pestilence laid its grisly hands upon the people, and to help them in their hour of woe he did what he thought so lightly of then and had rarely given a thought to since. Listens to this, and—no, there is no response from the pews this time, there is the silence of the spell-bound there.

Steadily, relentlessly—will the man never cease?—the President picks up another thread in his theme, and Clifton beholds one more chunk quarried out of his life and thrown into the public view. Another thing of which he had cried: "It is naught, it is naught!"—that holiday freak of his when he went to his home in the dear old Yorkshire fishing-village, and, because Jane Frostick had lost her man, donned a fisherman's jersey and day after day throughout his vacation took a trick at the trawler's tiller, or hung on the weeping nets as the silvery harvest was hauled from the waters, merely that the widow's heartache might be eased and the fatherless bairns have bread. Why, that was the jolliest holiday he had ever spent—those nights on the shimmering sea—that was not heroism! What foolery the President is babbling! Will no one stop him?

Ah, but the President is finished now. He has played on strings that can stand no more fingering. The climax has been reached.

From away back in the gallery a cry cuts the air like the crack of a whip: "Three cheers for oor minister!" and in a trice all regard for the conventional, for time and place, is flung to the floor and trampled on, and with shining eyes and glowing faces the congregation is on its feet and cheering like schoolboys. Shout after shout rings through the place, the shrill treble of female voices blending with the trenchant tones of the men in a grand *crescendo*.

The President confessed afterwards that the demonstration was more than he had bargained for, but he was far too smart a diplomat to attempt to check it, and the look of startled astonishment which flashed upon his face as the first cheer was born had become suspiciously like a smile of approval ere the feelings of the people had found full relief.

"I am not quite sure," he observed, when he had again obtained a hearing, "whether I ought not to be scandalised at this little exhibition, but I am afraid that I myself am to blame, and, after all, a cheer is very often only another method of saying 'Thank you.' At any rate, we will accept the cheers that have been shouted this evening as an expression of the thanks of this church for the gift of a good man, a manifestation of gratitude for the possession of a noble minister. I will say no more.

"'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

When John Clifton reached the foot of the pulpit stairs, the first to greet him was Henry Jenkinson, one of the ringleaders in the conspiracy against him. No words passed between the two, but their hands met in a vicelike clasp. That one handshake was accepted as the signal—or should it be called an excuse?—for others; and when at last he had fought his way through the friendly mob and found sanctuary in the vestry, John Clifton knew that his resignation was dead and buried.

The honour of the last of the day's discoveries fell to old Jacob Short, the "chapel-keeper." On the withdrawal of the official group that lingered long in the place discussing the drama in which all had played a part, Jacob proceeded to lock up; but suddenly his keys dropped from his hands, and, slapping his thigh, he cried—

"Loavin' days, they've furgitten t' collection! Weel, that caps o'!"

* * * * *

Somehow or other the President's visit was stretched out over several more days than the worthy man had originally intended; and before it was concluded, one other event was written into its record. John Clifton accepted an invitation to "a few days at your old college, my boy." Upon its being tendered, he was about to offer some half-hearted excuse—want of time, lack of opportunity, and so on—but with the words warm upon his lips he glanced at Mary Howard's pretty face, and Mary glanced at him, and before he knew it, the excuses had taken to themselves wings. Then "Good-bye" was spoken, and John walked home from the station with his thoughts. Strange to say, these were not of the resignation he had cancelled, nor of the congregation that had cheered him in his church, nor yet of the President, but of the President's daughter.

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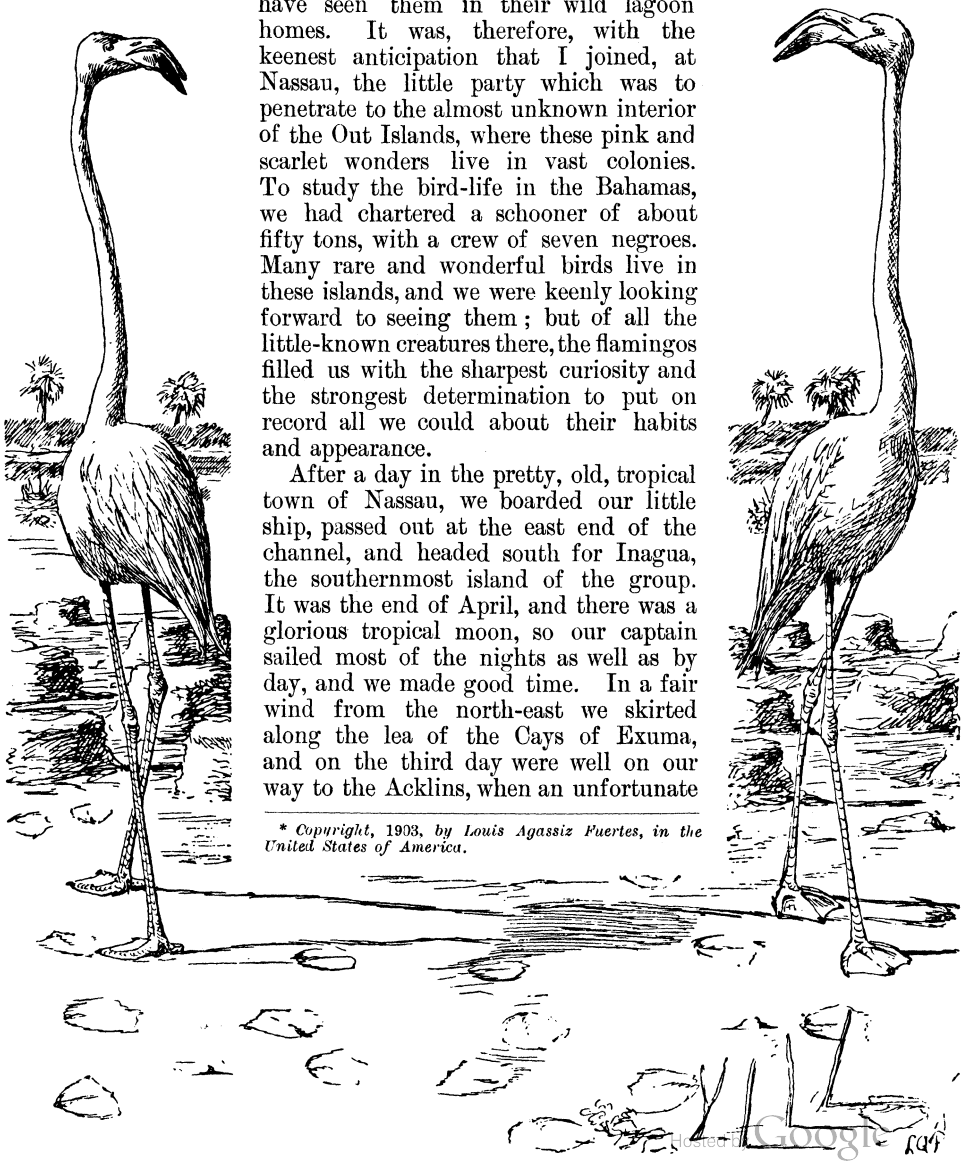
AFTER FLAMINGOS IN THE BAHAMAS.

By Louis Agassiz Fuertes.*

ONE often sees flamingos in zoological gardens—tall, white birds, with perhaps a flash of pink when they spread their wings, immensely long and slender necks and legs, with a curiously crooked bill and deep, nasal voice. These are interesting and queer, but are only the merest suggestion of what the unique birds are in their wild state, as, in common with many other brilliant red birds, they require perfect conditions to develop their colour. For by nature these birds are entirely brilliant pink, with the wings fiery scarlet and black, which startling colours they almost invariably lose with the first moult in captivity. For birds so well known in gardens, very few naturalists have seen them in their wild lagoon homes. It was, therefore, with the keenest anticipation that I joined, at Nassau, the little party which was to penetrate to the almost unknown interior of the Out Islands, where these pink and scarlet wonders live in vast colonies. To study the bird-life in the Bahamas, we had chartered a schooner of about fifty tons, with a crew of seven negroes. Many rare and wonderful birds live in these islands, and we were keenly looking forward to seeing them; but of all the little-known creatures there, the flamingos filled us with the sharpest curiosity and the strongest determination to put on record all we could about their habits and appearance.

After a day in the pretty, old, tropical town of Nassau, we boarded our little ship, passed out at the east end of the channel, and headed south for Inagua, the southernmost island of the group. It was the end of April, and there was a glorious tropical moon, so our captain sailed most of the nights as well as by day, and we made good time. In a fair wind from the north-east we skirted along the lea of the Cays of Exuma, and on the third day were well on our way to the Acklins, when an unfortunate



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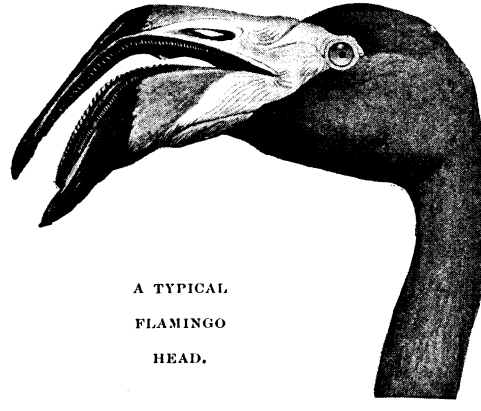
illness came to one of our number, making it necessary to go back to Nassau. As our time was limited, we had to abandon the Inagua trip, and so decided to make the best of our time among the Cays and larger islands near Nassau. The morning after our second start found us in the intense sunlight, surrounded by the glowing turquoise of the shallow water, coming up to a large, low island. There was the typical "coppet" along the rocky shores, and a little way inland, a deeper growth of sapadillo, palmetto, and small, straggling pines, which formed the horizon line. As we drew nearer, we saw that we were headed for a rather narrow opening, which led into the island as a channel with deeply indented lagoons leading out from both sides. We anchored and spent some time here, learning the country and collecting the coast forms before going into the interior. After a day or two, however, we took the ship's boat, a folding canvas boat, and a camp outfit, and started inland. As the only fresh water came from a rock-pit within a mile of the shore, we could only camp about four miles up, all our water having to be brought to camp in a small cask by one of the two negroes we took in with us. It was about ten miles up this "creek" that the flamingos were said to have their nesting-places. On Old Man's Cay, a small sandy island at a turn in the river-lake lagoon, we pitched our camp.



A TYPICAL FLAMINGO HEAD.

It was on the following day that we took the little boat, a day's supply of water and food, and with "Percy," a very keen young native of Great Bahama, started for the interior. Little animal life was seen: the back-fin and tail of a hunting-shark, exposed in the shallow water; the mysterious, shadowlike form of a ray, crossing in front of us and losing himself in the surface ripples a few rods farther on; a reddish egret, a few terns, a turkey vulture or two—these were about the only living things we saw. On and on we went, mile after mile, in the glaring silence of the tropical lagoons, under a sun that made everything glow, from which we had to shield even our hands, and never a sign did we see of the soldier-like ranks in which we had heard that the flamingos displayed themselves. My companion had been here the year before and knew the way. It seemed a mystery to me, for it was mile on mile of similar horizon, with nothing I felt I could hold as landmarks: lagoons opening out occasionally on either hand, and every mile or two a clump of dark green mangroves. These latter were the landmarks, and about noon, turning in to the left behind one of them, we came to a little bay of very shallow water and a carry of about a hundred yards. A short distance across was another lagoon, and we landed to look about.

By great good luck, it happened to be my eyes that sought the right direction; and as I looked inland across a low spit of sand, with an almost recumbent growth of scanty vegetation, I saw what I had dreamed of. Half-a-mile away, wavering in the intense heat, stood a line of about two hundred rose-pink forms, which from that distance looked like a solid bed of bright pink flowers. The waxy green of the mangroves behind them, the brilliant turquoise of the water, and the glaring brilliancy of the mass of birds made a picture that it was hard to believe even when looking at it, and I could hardly realise that I was one of the few naturalists who ever had the joy of seeing, alive and unalarmed, this most glorious sight that a bird-lover may look upon. For what can surpass in colour and brilliancy many hundreds of rose-pink birds, standing five feet high, and set in a picture of such wonderful colours as a tropic lagoon under a noonday sun?

As our first determination was to get photographs of their nests, and, if possible, the birds with them, we were resolved not to shoot or even to badly scare the birds until we had made every effort to secure the pictures, which were to show conclusively the manner in which nests were made and the mode of incubation. But we both wanted a nearer view of the birds, which were indistinct even through a powerful glass, so tremulous was the overheated atmosphere. So we made a long detour of about ninety degrees to put the wind in our

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"Sank into a lagoon to take up their interrupted feeding and slumber."

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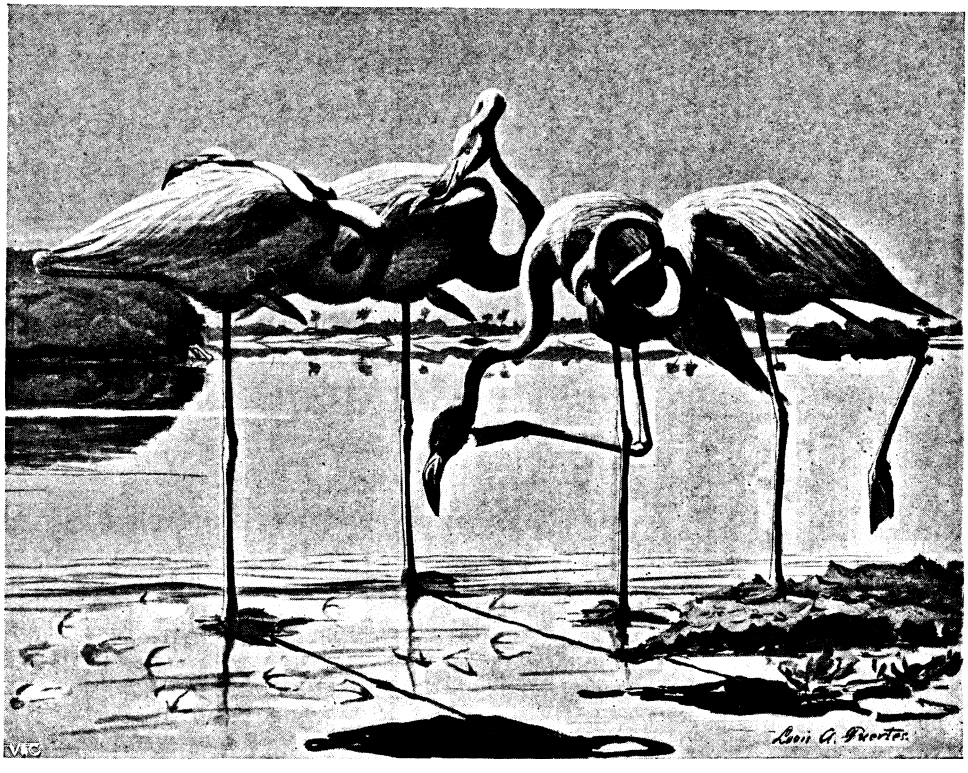
favour, and began a long stalk. Whether they heard or scented us, we never knew; but while we were yet a good quarter of a mile from them, we heard a deep, gooselike "honking," and, on looking up through the brush and trees, saw the whole flock strung out low and flying away from us. We were denied a nearer view for that day. So we got up from our uncomfortable position to look for the nests, but not until we had watched the long lines of "honking" forms dwindle and disappear against the bright horizon sky did we leave the spot. Just as they were nearly lost, the whole flock suddenly veered off at right angles, and, in so doing, exposed their glowing backs and wings, where before we had seen only the colourless line of their forms as they flew away from us. But now, the sun full on them, although they were far too distant to show as individuals, it appeared as if the bright blue sky suddenly flushed scarlet and as suddenly resumed its colour, as the glorious birds veered again and sank into some distant lagoon to take up their interrupted feeding and slumber.

We found that day eight separate nest colonies, of various ages. The one which was apparently used last year seemed nearly new, and we thought we could see signs of recent reparation on some of the nests. But this was disproved when we came up a week later and found no change. Some colonies were so old that the nests showed only as weathered and shrunken piles among the mangroves. The best colony, among the nests of which were fresh paths made by the birds, was built on an exposed spit of marl, without a bush of any kind to protect it. It contained over fifteen hundred nests, but had not been used for at least one year. There has long been a belief that flamingos build tall, conical nests, three feet high, and sit astride them with legs dangling or feet resting on the ground. While scientists have long known it, it is as well to say again that this is not the case. The tallest of the nests was only thirteen inches high, while over three-fourths of them would have measured under a foot. They are nearly flat on top, cylindrical or subconical in form, and built entirely of the marly mud, piled up and formed with the bills of the birds. Most of the water dries out, and the hot sun hardens the mass until it is almost like the solid lime-rock. Colonies stand for a good many years thus, those on the margins badly weathered down, but many in the sheltered interior among the mangroves remaining nearly intact.

During the next few days I had opportunities to try stalking small companies of from two to ten flamingos, and with the exception of the last and successful one, all were similar and the most mettle-testing work that has ever fallen to my lot. Percy and I went up alone from camp one day. We left the boat at the carry, as it was pretty heavy for two, and waded the first lagoon. The water here is everywhere about half-way between the knee and hip, and after a couple of hours' of this constant wading, one is about ready to sit down and rest. But weary legs are a poor excuse when birds so rare and hard to get are in sight. Soon we saw a bunch of about six up the lagoon to the left. The wind was nearly in our favour, so we lost little time in preliminaries. But cover was scarce, and I had nearly three-quarters of a mile to go before I could get a shot. The first third was easy, and could be made by simply crouching and working up-wind to a coppice in the middle of the rather broad spit. Beyond this was a nearly bare plain, with a little fringe of scrubby growth, marking an old waterline; then a marly space, nearly clean, save for the mangrove fingers which offered a cover about a foot high; a muddy margin, and then the clear water, shallow at first, but gradually

deepening to about two feet. In stalking flamingos, it is necessary to keep entirely hidden from the first, as they are wary and keen ; and once their suspicions are aroused, they become nervous, thus greatly increasing the difficulty of approach. So leaving Percy hidden in the first coppice, I went along on my stomach through the growth for about fifty yards to a lower cut, and then out on the level open space in a direct line, only occasionally looking up to see that my direction was perfect and to reassure myself that I was still unseen. I did not really see them after my first view until I had painfully crawled across the open level and peeped through the little tide growth next to the last stretch. There were eight—all fine red fellows—and I was looking at them from about three hundred yards. With my glass I reduced the apparent distance to about thirty yards, and watched them for a long time. Three were apparently sleeping, with their necks looped and heads lost in their long back feathers. The rest were sunning themselves, occasionally reaching down into the water to feed on the tiny molluscs with which the bottom was nearly covered. Until now, at least, I had been successful, and they knew nothing of my approach. I studied carefully the next, and by far the most difficult, step in the hunt. Quietly slipping off my coat, glass, and other impedimenta, and putting three loads of Number Twos in my old felt hat, I slowly advanced, flat on my face, pushing my empty gun, butt foremost, before me. The ground was in most places hard-caked marl, but there were spaces where the sharp coraline rock was exposed, making the going extremely painful. This rock weathers badly under the action of the salt water and hot sun, forming little pits with knife-sharp edges and points between them which cut and prick viciously. But I was straining my neck and eyes to watch every move the birds made, and was hardly aware of the difficulties until afterwards. I knew that the sun was so hot that I could hardly stand it on my back and hands ; I knew that I had to sink flat on my face every few yards to quiet down and get breath, for finger-and-toe crawling is violent exercise and soon wearies the hardiest hunter. But I was happy in hope, and was not sorry to be working painfully there in



"Their necks looped, occasionally reaching down to feed on tiny molluscs."

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sight of what I had made such an effort to get. In about half an hour I had covered two-thirds of the distance to the margin, and when I looked out cautiously under my hat, I found that the birds had shifted a little to the right, and it seemed to me that they had worked out a little, too. Very carefully I sidled behind a slightly thicker growth of "fingers" on the margin, and after a little rest, renewed the tedious and painful advance. Three yards at a time I forced my way along, and, after a few minutes of nervously exciting work, came to the last shelter on the water's edge. Cautiously parting the scanty cover, I was disappointed beyond measure to find that the flamingos had moved away from the shore and were feeding out of range.

But judging that the slight ripple on the water, the direction of the light, and the general colour of my light hat and bluish shirt would all unite to reduce my conspicuousness to a minimum, and knowing that I was too far to stand any chance of success, I decided to try a rather bold scheme. So, pulling my hat well over my eyes, and pointing my gun forward to reduce its apparent size, I crawled inch by inch right out on the light, greasy mud and down into the water. This was in many ways the most difficult part of the stalk, and the one which required the utmost patience and care. I had to use my elbows to crawl with, and the sharp rock was exposed nearly everywhere in the water. Then, too, my hands, being above water holding my gun, were useless, and the voracious "doctor flies" took unmerciful advantage of me. But my spirits rose high when I realised that my dodge was actually working, and before long I was in the deeper water, where I could go more quickly and easily. Yes, I was sure of a shot now, and could even afford to go still nearer and wait until they began to take off before rising to shoot. Nearer and nearer I got; I even stopped a second to simply look at these strange and beautiful creatures before trying to get one. They were standing in water about two feet deep. Two had their necks looped and their heads nearly buried in their long back feathers, apparently asleep. Two or three had their heads under the water, feeding. The rest were standing with their necks hanging *S*-shaped, their crooked bills resting on their throats—their most characteristic attitude. Suddenly, violently interrupting my wondering mood, one of the waking ones shot up nearly a yard of red neck, with an alert step or two and a deep and resonant "honk!" and up glided the heads of the other seven simultaneously. The alarm was sounded, but I felt I was near enough to waste a second or two and watch them take off. First, they stepped away with long, sidewise steps, retreating at an angle, but watching me over their backs, and all "honking" deeply. They had formed a line at once, and now the leader suddenly spread his flaming wings and held them up—a black and scarlet *V*, and the others all "burst into flame" at almost the same instant. For a second they held them up motionless. But I must be up and doing! As I rose from my uncomfortable position in the water, and grabbed the shells from my hat and thrust them into the chambers, the alarmed birds lowered their necks to a horizontal line, and, quickening their steps, took flight, using their glorious wings much as a goose uses his strong pinions. As I arose, I saw that I was even nearer than I had thought when my eyes were at the water's surface, and that I had a certainty of one or two of the birds. So I dropped on the deepest red one and pulled the back trigger. I at once became aware that something had happened—my right hand stung and was almost numb; a split fore-end was hurled into the water before me; my head rang with a great report; and my left barrel lay open in two places, a thick felt wad lodged in the front of the farther opening. And my flamingos, "honking" wildly, were flying away unharmed. In my surprise, shock, and disappointment, I grabbed up the broken fore-end, clapped it on, and—I think with shut eyes—sent the other barrel into the fast-retreating line. But they were safe.

Another day, I had the hunter's joy at seeing a beautiful one spread out on the surface at the first shot—my prize. Instead of running out after it, I placidly reloaded my one barrel and looked up in a moment to see—not my dead bird, but a fast-retreating form flying low over the water, already out of range, and gaining on the rest of the flock, which had risen and rapidly flown away at the shot.

But if one keeps at anything long and patiently enough, he generally succeeds. It was so with me this time. The day before we had to leave this colony—the only large one known north of Inagua—and after seven futile stalks, each as difficult as the others, I at last succeeded in getting a beautiful one, an even six feet from his bill to his toe-tips.

The largest flock we saw contained probably over seven hundred birds, and all were adult and fully red. While the unique colour and

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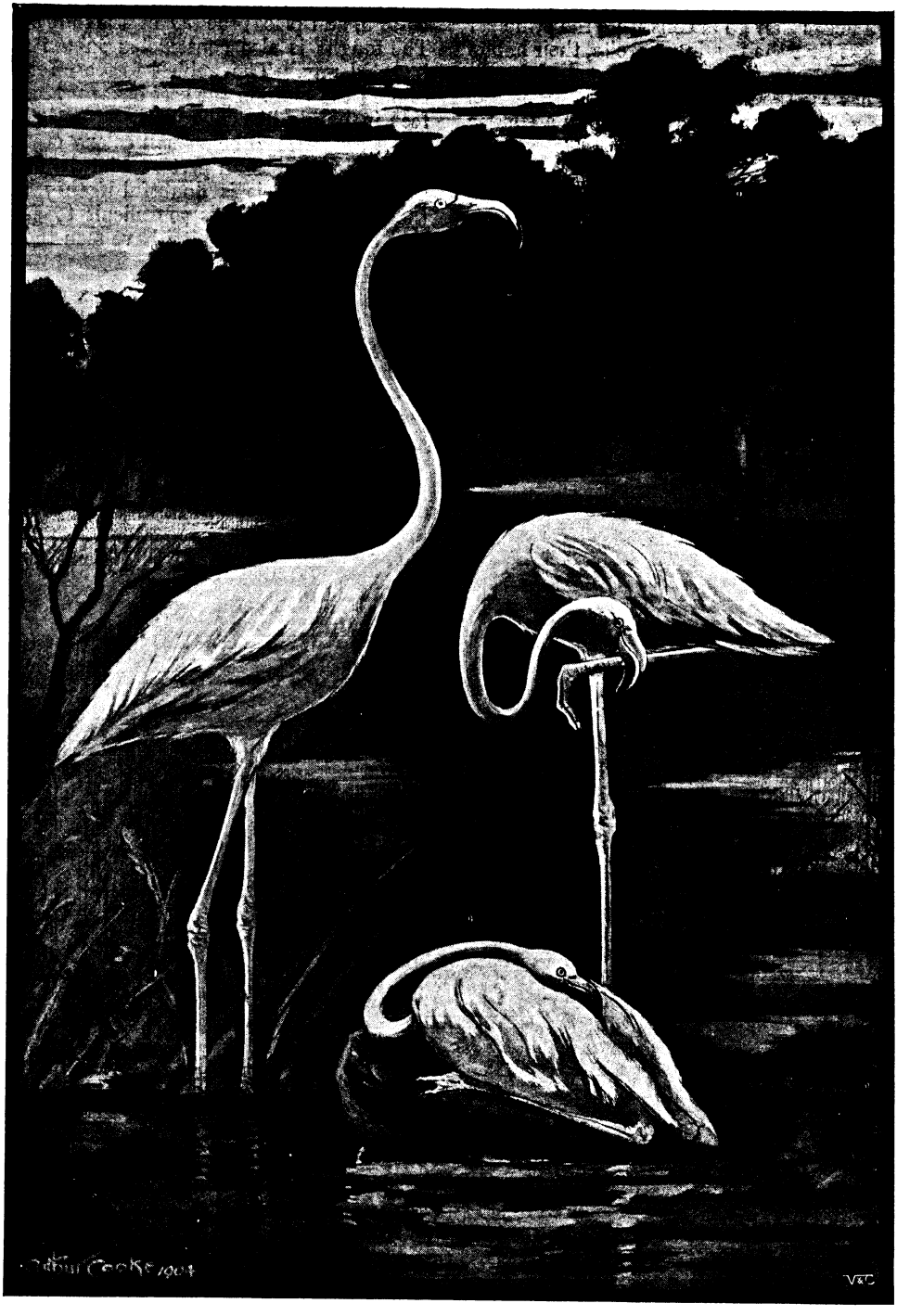

FLAMINGOS.

A Study by Arthur Cooke.

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the great mass of brilliancy created by the large flocks they go in constitute the principal interest that the flamingos excite, their habits and structure are certainly as wonderful.

They are probably as near to the geese as to any other order of birds, having a similar structure of bill and feet, and somewhat similar feather character. They are unique, however, in their curiously bent bill, which, though gooselike in general economy, is constructed in every detail *upside down*, as the bird in feeding reaches down to the bottom, and places the *top* of the bill *down*. The tongue is also constructed in the same inverted way. The webbed feet are for sustaining the birds in the soft ooze they love to feed in, acting like snowshoes.

There is said to be a small colony of flamingos in the southern part of Florida, on the Gulf side; but it is doubtful if they breed there, and the place is so difficult to get at that only a few naturalists have seen them.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST waits to be wooed:
Suitors shall court her, proud of mien,
Doff the cap to her velvet snood,
Bow the knee at her throne of green.
Love-in-a-Mist with steadfast eye
Watches them all come riding by.

Love-in-a-Mist waits to be wooed:
Suitors shall court her, glad and gay,
Doff the cap to her velvet snood,
Bow the knee, and go on their way.
Love-in-a-Mist with steadfast face
Sees them go, from her watching-place.

Love-in-a-Mist waits to be wooed:
What if the mist should never break,
One should pass who had stayed for good,
Go life-lonely for that fault's sake?
"Though he should go unloved, unkist,
Yet must I hide," says Love, "in a mist."

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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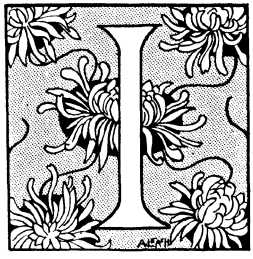
THE LOOT OF CITIES:

THE ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRE IN SEARCH OF JOY.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.*

No. II.—A COMEDY ON THE GOLD COAST.



IT was five o'clock on an afternoon in mid-September, and a couple of American millionaires (they abounded that year, did millionaires) sat chatting together on the wide terrace which separates the entrance to the Kursaal from the promenade. Some yards away, against the balustrade of the terrace, in the natural, unconsidered attitude of one to whom short frocks are a matter of history, certainly, but very recent history, stood a charming and imperious girl; you could see that she was eating chocolate while meditating upon the riddle of life. The elder millionaire glanced at every pretty woman within view, excepting only the girl; but his companion seemed to be intent on counting the girl's chocolates.

The immense crystal dome of the Kursaal dominated the gold coast, and on either side of the great building were stretched out in a straight line the hotels, the restaurants, the *cafés*, the shops, the theatres, the concert-halls, and the pawnbrokers of the City of Pleasure—Ostend. At one extremity of that long array of ornate white architecture (which resembled the icing on a bride-cake more than the roofs of men) was the palace of a king; at the other were the lighthouse and the railway-signals, which guided into the city the continuously arriving cargoes of wealth, beauty, and desire. In front, the ocean, grey and lethargic, idly beat up a little genteel foam under the promenade for the wetting of pink feet and stylish bathing-costumes. And after a hard day's work, the sun, by arrangement with the authorities during August and September, was setting over the sea exactly opposite the superb portals of the Kursaal.

The younger of the millionaires was Cecil Thorold. The other, a man fifty-five or so, was Simeon Rainshore, father of the girl at the balustrade, and president of the famous Dry Goods Trust, of exciting memory. The contrast between the two men, alike only in extreme riches, was remarkable: Cecil still youthful, slim, dark, languid of movement, with delicate features, eyes almost Spanish, and an accent of purest English; and Rainshore with his nasal twang, his stout frame, his rounded, bluish-red chin, his little eyes, and that demeanour of false briskness by means of which ageing men seek to prove to themselves that they are as young as ever they were. Simeon had been a friend and opponent of Cecil's father's; in former days those twain had victimised each other for colossal sums. Consequently Simeon had been glad to meet the son of his dead antagonist, and, in less than a week of Ostend repose, despite a fundamental disparity of temperament, the formidable president and the Europeanised wanderer had achieved a sort of intimacy, an intimacy which was about to be intensified.

"The difference between you and me is this," Cecil was saying. "You exhaust yourself by making money among men who are all bent on making money, in a place specially set apart for the purpose. I amuse myself by making money among men who, having made or inherited money, are bent on spending it, in places specially set apart for the purpose. I take people off their guard. They don't precisely see me coming. I don't rent an office and put up a sign which is equivalent to announcing that the rest of the world had better look out for itself. Our codes are the same, but is not my way more original and more diverting? Look at this place. Half the wealth of Europe is collected here; the other half is at Trouville. The entire coast reeks of money; the sands are golden with it. You've only to put out your hand—so!"

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"So?" ejaculated Rainshore, quizzical. "How? Show me?"

"Ah! That would be telling."

"I guess you wouldn't get much out of Simeon—not as much as your father did."

"Do you imagine I should try?" said Cecil gravely. "My amusements are always discreet."

"But you confess you are often bored. Now, on Wall Street we are never bored."

"Yes," Cecil admitted. "I embarked on these—these enterprises mainly to escape boredom."

"You ought to marry," said Rainshore pointedly. "You ought to marry, my friend."

"I have my yacht."

"No doubt. And she's a beauty, and feminine too; but not feminine enough. You ought to marry. Now, I'll——."

Mr. Rainshore paused. His daughter had suddenly ceased to eat chocolates and was leaning over the balustrade in order to converse with a tall, young man whose fair, tanned face and white hat overtopped the carved masonry and were thus visible to the millionaires. The latter glanced at one another and then glanced away, each slightly self-conscious.

"I thought Mr. Vaux-Lowry had left?" said Cecil.

"He came back last night," Rainshore replied curtly. "And he leaves again to-night."

"Then—then it's a match, after all!" Cecil ventured.

"Who says that?" was Simeon's sharp inquiry.

"The birds of the air whisper it. One heard it at every corner three days ago."

Rainshore turned his chair a little towards Cecil's. "You'll allow I ought to know something about it," he said. "Well, I tell you it's a lie."

"I'm sorry I mentioned it," Cecil apologised.

"Not at all," said Simeon, stroking his chin. "I'm glad you did. Because now you can just tell all the birds of the air direct from me that in this particular case there isn't going to be the usual alliance between the beauty and dollars of America and the aristocratic blood of Great Britain. Listen right here," he continued confidentially, like a man whose secret feelings have been inconveniencing him for several hours. "This young spark—mind, I've nothing against him!—asks me to consent to his engagement with Geraldine. I tell him that I intend to settle half a million dollars on my daughter, and that the man she marries must cover that half-million with another. He says he has a thousand a year of his own, pounds—just nice for Geraldine's gloves and candy!—and that he is the heir of his uncle, Lord Lowry; and that there is an entail; and that Lord Lowry is very rich, very old, and very unmarried; but that, being also very peculiar, he won't come down with any money. It occurs to me to remark: 'Suppose Lord Lowry marries and develops into the father of a man-child, where do *you* come in, Mr. Vaux-Lowry?' 'Oho! Lord Lowry marry! Impossible! Laughable!' Then Geraldine begins to worry at me, and her mother too. And so I kind of issue an ultimatum—namely, I will consent to an engagement without a settlement if, on the marriage, Lord Lowry will give a note of hand for half a million dollars to Geraldine, payable on *his* marriage. See? My lord's nephew goes off to persuade my lord, and returns with my lord's answer in an envelope sealed with the great seal. I open it and I read—this is what I read: 'To Mr. S. Rainshore, American draper. Sir—As a humorist you rank high. Accept the admiration of Your obedient servant, LOWRY.'"

The millionaire laughed.

"Oh! It's clever enough!" said Rainshore. "It's very English and grand. Dashed if I don't admire it! All the same, I've requested Mr. Vaux-Lowry, under the circumstances, to quit this town. I didn't show him the letter—no. I spared his delicate feelings. I merely told him Lord Lowry had refused, and that I would be ready to consider his application favourably any time when he happened to have half a million dollars in his pocket."

"And Miss Geraldine?"

"She's flying the red flag, but she knows when my back's against the wall. She knows her father. She'll recover. Great Scott! She's eighteen, he's twenty-one; the whole affair is a high farce. And, moreover, I guess I want Geraldine to marry an American, after all."

"And if she elopes?" Cecil murmured as if to himself, gazing at the set features of the girl, who was now alone once more.

"*Elopes?*"

Rainshore's face reddened as his mood shifted suddenly from indulgent cynicism to profound anger. Cecil was amazed at the transformation, until he remembered to have heard long ago that Simeon himself had eloped.

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"It was just a fancy that flashed into my mind," Cecil smiled diplomatically.

"I should let it flash out again if I were you," said Rainshore with a certain grimness. And Cecil perceived the truth of the maxim that a parent can never forgive his own fault in his child.

II.

"YOU'VE come to sympathise with me," said Geraldine Rainshore calmly, as Cecil, leaving the father for a few moments, strolled across the terrace towards the daughter.

"It's my honest, kindly face that gives me away," he responded lightly. "But what am I to sympathise with you about?"

"You know what," the girl said briefly.

They stood together near the balustrade, looking out over the sea into the crimson eye of the sun; and all the afternoon activities of Ostend were surging round them—the muffled sound of musical instruments from within the Kursaal, the shrill cries of late bathers from the shore, the toot of a tramway-horn to the left, the roar of a siren to the right, and everywhere the ceaseless hum of an existence at once gay, feverish, and futile; but Cecil was conscious of nothing but the individuality by his side. Some women, he reflected, are older at eighteen than they are at thirty-eight, and Geraldine was one of those. She happened to be very young and very old at the same time. She might be immature, crude, even gawky in her girlishness; but she was just then in the first flush of mentally realising the absolute independence of the human spirit. She had force, and she had also the enterprise to act on it.

"'I tell you it's a lie.'"

As Cecil glanced at her intelligent, expressive face, he thought of her playing with life as a child plays with a razor.

"You mean——?" he inquired.

"I mean that father has been talking about me to you. I could tell by his eyes. Well?"

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"Your directness unnerves me," he smiled.

"Pull yourself together, then, Mr. Thorold. Be a man."

"Will you let me treat you as a friend?"

"Why, yes," she said, "if you'll promise not to tell me I'm only eighteen."

"I am incapable of such rudeness," Cecil replied. "A woman is as old as she feels. You feel at least thirty; therefore you are at least thirty. This being understood, I am going to suggest, as a friend, that if you and Mr. Vaux-Lowry are—perhaps pardonably—contemplating any extreme step——"

"Extreme step, Mr. Thorold?"

"Anything rash."

"And suppose we are?" Geraldine demanded, raising her chin scornfully and defiantly and dangling her parasol.

"I should respectfully and confidentially advise you to refrain. Be content to wait, my dear, middle-aged woman. Your father may relent. And also, I have a notion that I may be able to—to——"

"Help us?"

"Possibly."

"You are real good," said Geraldine coldly. "But what gave you the idea that Harry and I were meaning to——?"

"Something in your eyes—your fine, daring eyes. I read you as you read your father, you see."

"Well, then, Mr. Thorold, there's something wrong with my fine, daring eyes. I'm just the last girl in all America to do anything—rash. Why! if I did anything rash, I'm sure I should feel ever afterwards as if I wanted to be excused off the very face of the earth. I'm that sort of girl. Do you think I don't know that father will give way? I guess he's just got to. With time and hammering, you can knock sense into the head of any parent."

"I apologise," said Cecil, both startled and convinced. "And I congratulate Mr. Vaux-Lowry."

"Say. You like Harry, don't you?"

"Very much. He's the ideal type of Englishman."

Geraldine nodded sweetly. "And so obedient! He does everything I tell him. He is leaving for England to-night, not because father asked him to, but because I did. I'm going to take mother to Brussels for a few days' shopping—lace, you know. That will give father an opportunity to meditate in solitude on his own greatness. Tell me, Mr. Thorold, do you consider that Harry and I would be justified in corresponding secretly?"

Cecil assumed a pose of judicial gravity.

"I think you would," he decided. "But don't tell anyone I said so."

"Not even Harry?"

She ran off into the Kursaal, saying she must seek her mother. But instead of seeking her mother, Geraldine passed straight through the concert-hall, where a thousand and one wondrously attired women were doing fancy needlework to the accompaniment of a band of music, into the maze of corridors beyond, and so to the rear entrance of the Kursaal on the Boulevard van Isoghem. Here she met Mr. Harry Vaux-Lowry, who was most obviously waiting for her. They crossed the road to the empty tramway waiting-room and entered it and sat down; and by the mere act of looking into each other's eyes, these two—the stiff, simple, honest-faced young Englishmen with "Oxford" written all over him, and the charming child of a civilisation equally proud, but with fewer conventions—suddenly transformed the little bureau into a Cupid's bower.

"It's just as I thought, you darling boy," Geraldine began to talk rapidly. "Father's the least bit in the world scared; and when he's scared, he's bound to confide in someone; and he's confided in that sweet Mr. Thorold. And Mr. Thorold has been requested to reason with me and advise me to be a good girl and wait. I know what *that* means. It means that father thinks we shall soon forget each other, my poor Harry. And I do believe it means that father wants me to marry Mr. Thorold."

"What did you say to him, dear?" the lover demanded, pale.

"Trust me to fool him, Harry. I simply walked round him. He thinks we're going to be very good and wait patiently. As if father ever *would* give way until he was forced!"

She laughed disdainfully. "So we're perfectly safe so long as we act with discretion. Now let's clearly understand. To-day's Monday. You return to England to-night."

"Yes. And I'll arrange about the licence and things."

"Your cousin Mary is just as important as the licence, Harry," said Geraldine primly.

"She will come. You may rely on her being at Ostend with me on Thursday."

"Very well. In the meantime, I behave as if life is a blank. Brussels will put them off the scent. Mother and I will return from there on Thursday afternoon. That night there is a *soirée dansante* at the Kursaal.

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Mother will say she is too tired to go to it, but she will have to go all the same. I will dance before all men till a quarter to ten—I will even dance with Mr. Thorold. What a pity I can't dance before father, but he's certain to be in the gambling-rooms then, winning money; he always is at that hour! At a quarter to ten I will slip out, and you'll be here at this back door with a carriage. We drive to the quay and just catch the 11.5 steamer, and I meet your cousin Mary. On Friday morning we are married; and then, then we shall be in a position to talk to father. He'll pretend to be furious, but he can't say much, because he eloped himself. . . . Didn't you know?"

"Passed straight through the concert-hall."

"I didn't," said Harry, with a certain dryness.

"Oh, yes! It's in the family! But you needn't look so starched, my English lord." He took her hand. "You're sure your uncle won't disinherit you, or anything horrid of that kind?"

"He can't," said Harry.

"What a perfectly lovely country England is!" Geraldine exclaimed. "Fancy the poor old thing not being *able* to disinherit you! Why, it's just too delicious for words!"

And for some reason or other he kissed her violently.

Then an official entered the bureau and asked them if they wanted to go to Blankenburghe; because, if so, the tram was awaiting their distinguished pleasure. They looked at each other foolishly and sidled out, and the bureau ceased to be Cupid's bower.

III.

By Simeon's request, Cecil dined with the Rainshores that night at the Continental. After dinner they all sat out on the balcony and sustained themselves with coffee while watching the gay traffic of the Digue, the brilliant illumination of the Kursaal, and the distant lights on the invisible but murmuring sea. Geraldine was in one of her moods of philosophic pessimism, and would persist in dwelling on the uncertainty of riches and the vicissitudes of millionaires. She found a text in the famous Bowring case, of which the newspaper contained many interesting details.

"I wonder if he'll be caught?" she remarked.

"I wonder," said Cecil.

"What do you think, father?"

"I think you had better go to bed," Simeon replied.

The chit rose and kissed him duteously.

"Good night," she said. "Aren't you glad the sea keeps so calm?"

"Why?"

"Can you ask? Mr. Vaux-Lowry crosses to-night, and he's a dreadfully bad sailor. Come along, mother. Mr. Thorold, when

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mother and I return from Brussels, we shall expect to be taken for a cruise in the *Claribel*."

Simeon sighed with relief upon the departure of his family and began a fresh cigar. On the whole, his day had been rather too domestic. He was quite pleased when Cecil, having apparently by accident broached the subject of the Dry Goods Trust, proceeded to exhibit a minute curiosity concerning the past, the present, and the future of the greatest of all the Rainshore enterprises.

"Are you thinking of coming in?" Simeon demanded at length, pricking up his ears.

"No," said Cecil, "I'm thinking of going out. The fact is, I haven't mentioned it before, but I'm ready to sell a very large block of shares."

"The deuce you are!" Simeon exclaimed. "And what do you call a very large block?"

"Well," said Cecil, "it would cost me nearly half a million to take them up now."

"Dollars?"

"Pounds sterling. Twenty-five thousand shares, at $95\frac{3}{8}$."

Rainshore whistled two bars of "Follow me!" from "The Belle of New York."

"Is this how you amuse yourself at Ostend?" he inquired.

Cecil smiled: "This is quite an exceptional transaction. And not too profitable, either."

"But you can't dump that lot on the market," Simeon protested.

"Yes, I can," said Cecil. "I must, and I will. There are reasons. You yourself wouldn't care to handle it, I suppose?"

The president of the Trust pondered.

"I'd handle it at $93\frac{3}{8}$," he answered quietly.

"Oh, come! That's dropping two points!" said Cecil, shocked. "A minute ago you were prophesying a further rise."

Rainshore's face gleamed out momentarily in the darkness as he puffed at his cigar.

"If you must unload," he remarked, as if addressing the red end of the cigar, "I'm your man at $93\frac{3}{8}$."

Cecil argued; but Simeon Rainshore never argued—it was not his method. In a quarter of an hour the younger man had contracted to sell twenty-five thousand shares of a hundred dollars each in the United States Dry Goods Trust at two points below the current market quotation, and six and five-eighths points below par.

The hoot of an outgoing steamer sounded across the city.

"'We shall expect to be taken for a cruise in the *Claribel*.'"

"I must go," said Cecil.

"You're in a mighty hurry," Simeon complained.

IV.

FIVE minutes later, Cecil was in his own rooms at the Hôtel de la Plage. Soon there was a discreet knock at the door.

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"Come in, Lecky," he said.

It was his servant who entered, the small, thin man with very mobile eyes and of no particular age, who, in various capacities and incarnations—now as liftman, now as financial agent, now as no matter what—assisted Cecil in his diversions.

"Mr. Vaux-Lowry really did go by the boat, sir."

"Good. And you have given directions about the yacht?"

"The affair is in order."

"And you've procured one of Mr. Rainshore's Homburg hats?"

"It is in your dressing-room. There was no mark of identification on it. So, in order to smooth the difficulties of the police when they find it on the beach, I have taken the liberty of writing Mr. Rainshore's name on the lining."

"A kindly thought," said Cecil. "You'll catch the special G.S.N. steamer direct for London at 1 a.m. That will get you into town before two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Things have turned out as I expected, and I've nothing else to say to you; but, before leaving me, perhaps you had better repeat your instructions."

"With pleasure, sir," said Lecky. "Tuesday afternoon.—I call at Cloak Lane and intimate that we want to sell Dry Goods shares. I ineffectually try to conceal a secret cause for alarm, and I gradually disclose the fact that we are very anxious indeed to sell really a lot of Dry Goods shares, in a hurry. I permit myself to be pumped, and the information is wormed out of me that Mr. Simeon Rainshore has disappeared, has possibly committed suicide; but that, at present, no one is aware of this except ourselves. I express doubts as to the soundness of the Trust, and I remark on the unfortunateness of this disappearance so soon after the lamentable panic connected with the lately vanished Bruce Bowring and his companies. I send our friends on 'Change with orders to see what they can do and to report. I then go to Birchin Lane and repeat the performance there without variation. Then I call at the City office of the *Evening Messenger* and talk privily in a despondent vein with the financial editor concerning the Trust, but I breathe not a word as to Mr. Rainshore's disappearance. Wednesday morning.—The rot in Dry Goods has set in sharply, but I am now, very foolishly, disposed to haggle about the selling price. Our friends urge me to accept what I can get, and I leave them, saying that I must telegraph to you. Wednesday afternoon.—I see a reporter of the *Morning Journal* and let out that Simeon Rainshore has disappeared. The *Journal* will wire to Ostend for confirmation, which confirmation it will receive. Thursday morning.—The bottom is knocked out of the price of Dry Goods shares. Then I am to call on our other friends in Throgmorton Street and tell them to buy, buy, buy, in London, New York, Paris, everywhere."

"Go in peace," said Cecil. If we are lucky, the price will drop to seventy."

V.

"I SEE, Mr. Thorold," said Geraldine Rainshore, "that you are about to ask me for the next dance. It is yours."

"You are the queen of diviners," Cecil replied, bowing.

It was precisely half-past nine on Thursday evening, and they had met in a corner of the pillared and balconied *salle de danse*, in the Kursaal behind the concert-hall. The slippery, glittering floor was crowded with dancers—the men in ordinary evening dress, the women very variously attired, save that nearly all wore picture-hats. Geraldine was in a white frock, high at the neck, with a large hat of black velvet; and amidst that brilliant, multicoloured, light-hearted throng, lit by the blaze of the electric chandeliers and swayed by the irresistible melody of the "Doctrinen" waltz, the young girl, simply dressed as she was, easily held her own.

"So you've come back from Brussels?" Cecil said, taking her arm and waist.

"Yes. We arrived just on time for dinner. But what have you been doing with father? We've seen nothing of him."

"Ah!" said Cecil mysteriously. "We've been on a little voyage, and, like you, we've only just returned."

"In the *Claribel?*"

He nodded.

"You might have waited," she pouted.

"Perhaps you wouldn't have liked it. Things happened, you know."

"Why, what? Do tell me."

"Well, you left your poor father alone, and he was moping all day on Tuesday. So on Tuesday night I had the happy idea of going out in the yacht to witness a sham night attack by the French Channel Squadron on Calais. I caught your honoured parent just as he was retiring to bed, and we went. He was only too glad. But we hadn't

left the harbour much more than an hour and a half when our engines broke down."

"What fun! And at night, too!"

"Yes. Wasn't it? The shaft was broken. So we didn't see much of any night attack on Calais. Fortunately the weather was all that the weather ought to be when a ship's engines break down. Still, it took us over forty hours to repair—over forty hours! I'm proud we were able to do the thing without being ignominiously towed into port. But I fear your father may have grown a little impatient, though we had excellent views of Ostend and Dunkirk, and the passing vessels were a constant diversion."

"Was there plenty to eat?" Geraldine asked simply.

"Ample."

"Then father wouldn't really mind. When did you land?"

"About an hour ago. Your father did not expect you to-night, I fancy. He dressed and went straight to the tables. He has to make up for a night lost, you see."

They danced in silence for a few moments. and then suddenly Geraldine said—

"Will you excuse me? I feel tired. Good night."

The clock under the orchestra showed seventeen minutes to ten.

"Instantly?" Cecil queried.

"Instantly." And the girl added, with a hint of mischief in her voice, as she shook hands: "I look on you as quite a friend since our last little talk; so you will excuse this abruptness, won't you?"

He was about to answer when a sort of commotion arose near behind them. Still holding her hand, he turned to look.

"Why!" he said. "It's your mother! She must be unwell!"

Mrs. Rainshore, stout, and robed, as always, in tight, sumptuous black, sat among a little bevy of chaperons. She held a newspaper in trembling hands, and she was uttering a succession of staccato "Oh-oh's," while everyone in the vicinity gazed at her with alarm. Then she dropped the paper, and, murmuring "Simeon's dead!" sank gently to the polished floor just as Cecil and Geraldine approached.

Geraldine's first instinctive move was to seize the newspaper, which was that day's Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. She read the headlines in a flash: "Strange disappearance of Simeon Rainshore. Suicide feared. Takes advantage of his family's absence. Heavy drop in Dry Goods. Shares at 72 and still falling."

VI.

"My good Rebecca, I assure you that I am alive."

This was Mr. Rainshore's attempt to calm the hysteric sobbing of his wife, who had recovered from her short swoon in the little retreat of the person who sold Tauchnitzes, picture-postcards, and French novels, between the main corridor and the reading-rooms. Geraldine and Cecil were also in the tiny chamber.

"As for this," Simeon continued, kicking the newspaper, "it's a singular thing that a man can't take a couple of days off without upsetting the entire universe. What should you do in my place, Thorold? This is the fault of your shaft."

"I should buy Dry Goods shares," said Cecil.

"And I will."

There was an imperative knock at the door. An official of police entered.

"Monsieur Ryneshor?"

"The same."

"We have received telegraphs from New York and Londres to demand if you are dead."

"I am not. I still live."

"But Monsieur's hat has been found on the beach."

"My hat?"

"It carries Monsieur's name."

"Then it isn't mine, sir."

"*Mais comment donc*——?"

"I tell you it isn't mine, sir."

"Don't be angry, Simeon," his wife pleaded between her sobs.

The exit of the official was immediately followed by another summons for admission, even more imperative. A lady entered and handed to Simeon a card: "Miss Eve Fincastle. *The Morning Journal*."

"My paper——" she began.

"You wish to know if I exist, madam!" said Simeon.

"I——" Miss Fincastle caught sight of Cecil Thorold, paused, and bowed stiffly. Cecil bowed; he also blushed.

"I continue to exist, madam," Simeon proceeded. "I have not killed myself. But homicide of some sort is not improbable if—— In short, madam, good night!"

Miss Fincastle, with a long, searching, silent look at Cecil, departed.

"Bolt that door," said Simeon to his daughter.

Then there was a third knock, followed by a hammering.

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"'Simeon's dead!'"

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"Go away!" Simeon commanded.

"Open the door!" pleaded a muffled voice.

"It's Harry!" Geraldine whispered solemnly in Cecil's ear. "Please go and calm him. Tell him I say it's too late to-night."

Cecil went, astounded.

"What's happened to Geraldine?" cried the boy, extremely excited, in the corridor. "There are all sorts of rumours. Is she ill?"

Cecil gave an explanation, and in his turn asked for another one. "You look unnerved," he said. "What are you doing here? What is it? Come and have a drink, and tell me all, my young friend." And when, over cognac, he had learnt the details of a scheme which had no connection with his own, he exclaimed, with the utmost sincerity: "The minx! The minx!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Harry Vaux-Lowry.

"I mean that you and the minx have had the nearest possible shave of ruining your united careers. Listen to me. Give it up, my boy. I'll try to arrange things. You delivered a letter to the father-in-law of your desire a few days ago. I'll give you another one to deliver, and I fancy the result will be different."

The letter which Cecil wrote ran thus:—

"DEAR RAINSHORE,—I enclose cheque for £100,000. It represents part of the gold that can be picked up on the gold coast by putting out one's hand—so! You will observe that it is dated the day after the next settling-day of the London Stock Exchange. I contracted on Monday last to sell you 25,000 shares of a certain Trust at 93⅜. I did not possess the shares then, but my agents have to-day bought them for me at an average price of 72. I stand to realise, therefore, rather more than half a million dollars. The round half-million Mr. Vaux-Lowry happens to bring you in his pocket; you will not forget your promise to him that when he did so you would consider his application favourably. I wish to make no profit out of the little transaction, but I will venture to keep the balance for out-of-pocket expenses, such as mending the *Claribel's* shaft. (How convenient it is to have a yacht that will break down when required!) The shares will doubtless recover in due course; and I hope the reputation of the Trust may not suffer, and that for the sake of old times with my father you will regard the episode in its proper light and bear me no ill-will.

"Yours sincerely, C. THOROLD."

The next day the engagement of Mr. Harry Nigel Selincourt Vaux-Lowry and Miss Geraldine Rainshore was announced to two continents.

"MY LOVE'S A RAINBOW."

MY love's a rainbow floating far
Across the void of grief and pain;
And all the world's discordant jar
Is hushed again.

It is built up of smiles and tears,
What was, what is, what might have been;
And o'er the silence of the years
It shines serene.

God gave it for a sign, they say,
That floods should 'whelm the world no more;
The dawning of a glorious day
Revealed the shore.

I only know God gave it me
As one that sorrowed more than most;
As one that on a shoreless sea
Was all but lost.

That sinking in a deep despair
Saw nothing of the light divine,
Till in the heavens shining fair
Those eyes of thine.

HAROLD SIMPSON.

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AN EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

TEACHER (desperately): Mary Jones! when Her Ladyship speaks to you, do try and look a little more agreeable.

MARY JONES: Please, teacher, there's nettles where I'm sittin'!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

TO A GIBSON GIRL.

SIMULATING ice and snow;
Proud, impassive, haughty, cold,
From your satin-slippered toe
To each tress of wayward gold!

Pouting-lipped complexity;
Daphnè, gay in crêpe de Chine;
Softer-souled Euryalè
Sedately gowned in étamine!

Child of old Deucalion,
Mocked by all this modern pomp;
Aphroditè, full of fun;
Juno, aching for a romp!

Dreaming-eyed, unmoved, austere;
Towering queen of dignity
To a hoodwinked world, my dear,
But impostor unto me.

For I know you—I alone—
Laughing wayward child of sun,
And impulsive, overgrown
Girl and angel, all in one!

JOHN ARBUTHNOTT.

IN THE TUBE.

[SCENE:—*The Central London Railway Station at the Bank. A liftman cries irritably: "Hurry in, please!" but shows no sign of hastening his descent, to the annoyance of an old lady, who has lost her breath by running, obediently, a full minute ago. The liftman ignores her offer to report him.*]

Female (*with a suburban accent*): Oh, Mary, *do* ask him is this right for Shepherd's Bush.

Her Friend (*with ditto*): No, *you* do! (*They both giggle.*)

Obliging Frenchman (*raising his hat*): Yais, thees ees rright for Shephaird's Bush.

F. W. A. S. A.: Oh, thank you, I'm sure. (*She blushes.*)

O. F. (*with a Society smile*): You go to see ze lambs on ze Shephaird's Bush, hey, as somvon say lately?

(The suburban-accented females turn a British back on his attempt at friendship. Suddenly a bell sounds, and the liftman slams the door. The lift begins to sink. All the ladies present cling firmly to the rail with one hand, keeping the other on their pockets, and their eyes on the "Pickpocket" notice. The men stand in *blasé* attitudes, conscious that their purse is trash, and resolved, even so, not to show its locality to

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pickpockets. The liftman hurls open the doors with a curt: "Hurry out, please!")

The Breathless Old Lady (*to her grandson*): I can't endure these new-fangled notions—always hurry, hurry! Give me a four-wheeler, my dear! (The grandson, boasting only 2½*d.*, shows no tendency that way.)

F. W. A. S. A. (*to her friend*): Now, then, run, lovey! (They dash madly forward and vanish down a passage marked "Public Subway." The other passengers walk slowly forward and find a train just arriving.)

The Breathless Old Lady (*to her grandson*): Step in, dearie!

Guard: Hurry in, please, mum! (He extends a stiff arm, *à la* railway signal. A whistle sounds. The train begins to move. The B. O. L., who has one foot on the carriage-platform, hurriedly draws it back, and sinks limply on a station seat, lamenting her grandson and blaspheming progress. As the train glides out, the F. W. A. S. A. and friend rush down the steps in a gallant spurt.)

F. W. A. S. A.: Well, I *declare*. (*Does so.*) Oh, I do hope this is right for Shepherd's Bush! (*To paper-boy.*) Is this for Shepherd's Bush, please?

Precocious Paper-boy (*scenting a joke*): Oh, you're too young to be out alone, you ain't!

(With much rattling, another train rolls in. The F. W. A. S. A. and friend make such a mad rush at it that the conductor omits to say "Hurry in, please!")

F. W. A. S. A. (*to Breathless Old Lady, who has managed to get in this time*): Oh, mum, do you mind? *Is* this right for Shepherd's Bush?

THE REMEDY.

"Is that the woman that young Sticker was so enamoured of all last season?"

"Yes."

"How did she cure him?"

"She married him."

SHORT-LIVED APPROVAL.

"WELL, Ethel, wasting your time over a novel, as usual?"

"No, auntie dear; I am reading Emerson on 'Culture.'"

"Oh, come! that sounds improving!"

"Yes. He says here: 'Let us learn to live coarsely, dress plainly, and lie hard.'"

"Good gracious, my dear! What *shocking* advice!"

B. O. L. (*inconsequently, and with a memory of Maeterlinck*): I have lost my grandson.

F. W. A. S. A. (*all sympathy*): Pore thing! You don't say. Was it a awful illness?

B. O. L. (*funereally*): He is not dead. He is in the next train.

(F. W. A. S. A. turns disappointedly away and asks Typical Briton next door whether she is right for Shepherd's Bush.)

T. B.: You are, ma'am. Don't know the tube? What I say is, Is this the good old Anglo-Saxon? Are they to burrow like sewer-criminals? Is this——

Mild-faced Youth (probably a clerk): Then you never tube, sir?

T. B. (*hotly*): Sir, I have a *book* of tickets. But I often ask myself——

M. F. Y.: Tu-be or not to tu-be? (He giggles, and grows red under the glare of the T. B., who is certainly his elder, and possibly his better. A cold silence falls. Suddenly the train stops in a tunnel, and the light begins to flicker. Amidst the silence, the Frenchman is heard to mention Paris. Everyone smiles uneasily and begins to talk. The train restarts, after a moment, amid general relief. There is a large exodus at the next

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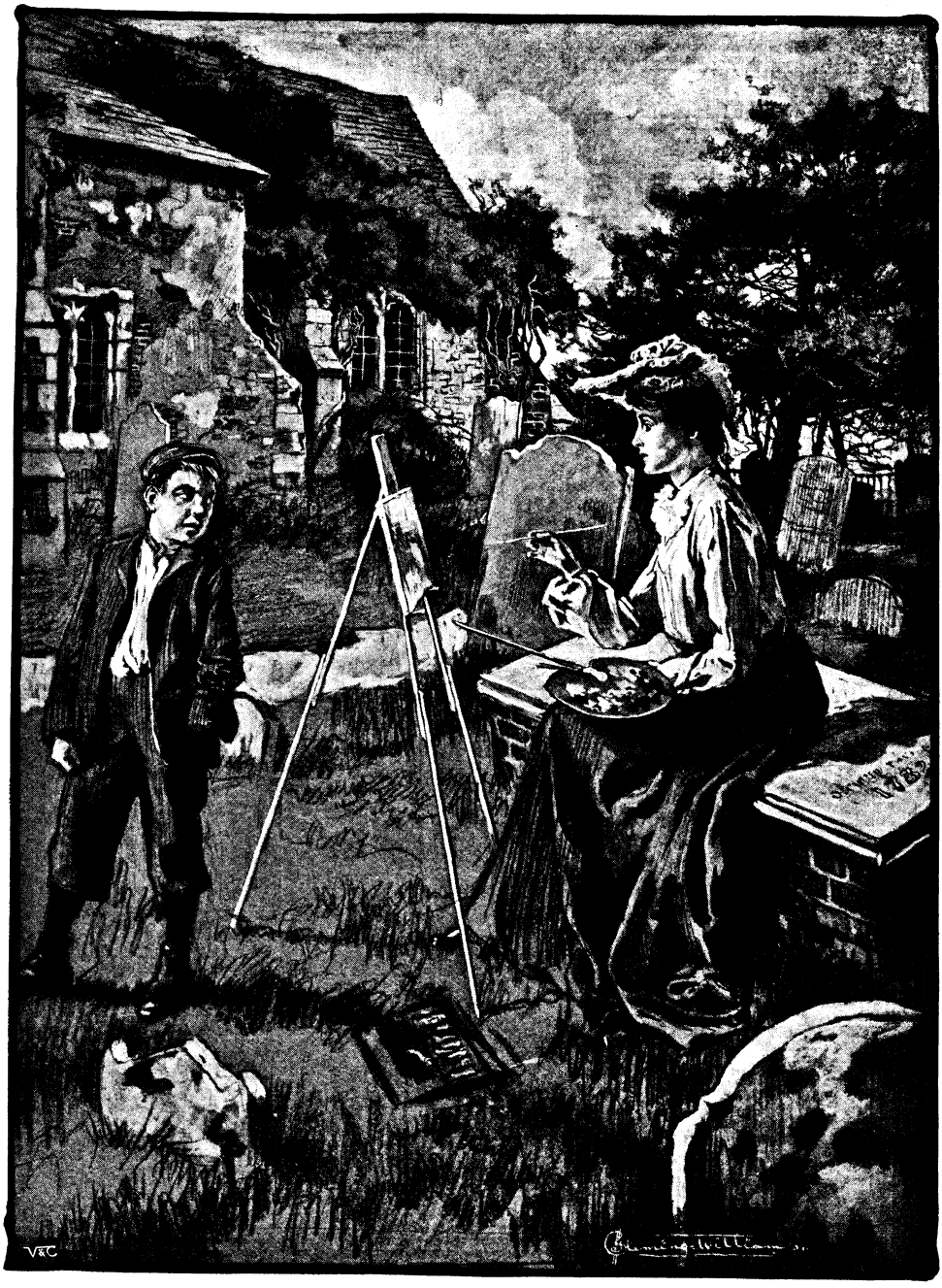

THE RIGHT OF WAY.
FAIR ARTIST: Now, then, little boy, please get out of the way.
SMALL BOY: Garn—you git off my family's tombstone!

stop. Passengers come and go, changing in class with the standing of the places passed.)

Conductor: Next station: Shepherd's Bush.

B. O. L.: Conductor, when do we pass Oxford Circus?

Conductor: We've passed it once, mum.

(B. O. L. vainly seeks his number, to report.)

Conductor: Shepherd's Bush. All change!

F. W. A. S. A.: Do I change here for Shepherd's Bush, please? (Conductor slams the iron gates, a confirmed misogynist. *Exeunt omnes* by the lifts, except the B. O. L., who resolves to try the slow old stairs—"nothing new-fangled"—but repents on the eightieth step, and descends to catch the next lift but one.) *Curtain.*

Desmond F. T. Coke.

THE PERFECT MAN.

MY wants are few; I envy none
Their hoard of worldly pelf;
I only ask, when all is done,
Sufficient for myself.

The sumptuous fare that others keep
I very rarely take;
I like to go to bed, and sleep,
And not to keep awake.

Some vulgar people overdress'd
Are actors off the stage:
I'd choose the plainest, tho' the best
In any fashion page.

I have a Bible on the shelf,
In church a pew to spare,
And tho' I do not go myself,
I send my people there.

I pity those whose need is great,
And wonder how they live;
I'm always one to hold the plate
For richer folks to give.

I never speak an angry word
Unless I have a cause:
There's many people I have heard
Defy all moral laws.

My watch is as a watch should be,
I never have been late;
If any man should wait for me,
It suits me he should wait.

I tell my son if he would be
Adored by everyone,
He as a type should study me,
And do as I have done.

GEORGE DE SAULLES

BEYOND RECALL.

"Is this girl a particular friend of yours?"
"Well—she was before I took that photograph."

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"THE COLISEUM." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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"LOVE IN IDLENESS." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., AND HIS ART.

By Percy Cross Standing.

When, a very few weeks ago, the writer stood in front of the beautiful painting which Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema has just completed for Sir John Aird, it did not take him very long to arrive at the conclusion that this noble picture is likely to challenge the accepted tradition that "The Death of the First-Born" is the artist's *chef d'œuvre*. It is true that Sir Lawrence himself would seem to lend colour to the popular opinion by the fact that "The Death of the First-Born" remains to this day his own property, and therefore, presumably, the favourite child of his hand and brain. But in the subject I refer to—the oft-treated one of "The Finding of Moses"—the master seems to me to have achieved the impossible in more senses than one. A member of Sir John Aird's party for the opening of the Nile Dam, Sir Lawrence then gave Sir John his choice of three subjects for the painting that the latter desired, and Sir John promptly chose "The Finding of Moses." Seeing that Alma-Tadema's workroom is, and always has been, what is known in the vocal *technique* of his occupation as an "open studio," it would be comparatively easy for one to betray certain secrets of the prison-house if one were so minded. But I will content myself with remarking that Sir Lawrence, in this latest achievement of his brush, will be found to have approached his subject after a manner never before dreamed of.

Alma-Tadema's "first period"—the Frankish or Merovingian period of his art—commenced with the celebrated "Education of the Children of Clovis," a painting which became the property of the King of the Belgians, who afterwards sold it to Sir John Pender. "The whole Merovingian period," wrote an enthusiastic critic, "seemed incarnated in these works." From 1862 onwards, however, Tadema appears to have been influenced by the craze that took him to the Nile to paint Egyptian subjects. This second period of his genius—preceding what one may describe as his Græco-Roman period—commenced with his "Egyptians Three Thousand Years Ago," which he exhibited in 1863. It was followed by "The Widow," "The Mummy," "The Egyptian at his Doorway," etc., and eventually, in 1873, by that epoch-making picture, "The Death of the First-Born."

The celebrated George Ebers once asked Tadema to explain why he had deserted his Frankish themes of mediæval romance in favour of the land of the Ptolemies. "Where else should I have begun," rejoined the painter, "as soon as I became ac-

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quainted with the life of the ancients? The first thing a child learns of ancient history is about the Court of Pharaoh, and if we go back to the source of art and science, must we not return to Egypt?"

Touching lightly upon the fact that Alma-Tadema next turned his attention to conceptions of the Græco-Roman *genre*, the reader may care to be reminded how wonderfully and subtly contrasted are some of the most celebrated of these subjects. Thus, the "Tarquinius Superbus" of Tadema stands for his highest example (in this kind) of high tragedy; "The Vintage" for perhaps the most exquisitely characteristic specimen of this his third period; and the "Pyrrhic Dance" for the most astonishing rejoinder to any who may have supported the view that "still life" represented the master at his best. In the Royal Academy of 1874 he exhibited a pair of companion pictures which attracted an enormous amount of public attention and comment — "The Sculpture Gallery" and "The Picture Gallery." I find, from notes supplied by Sir Lawrence himself, that these two subjects were originally painted for Gambart, the famous dealer. Gambart never parted with "The Picture Gallery," which for many years adorned his villa, and in which he himself was the study for one of the figures. "The Sculpture Gallery" was sold some ten years ago to Mr. McCulloch in London.

THE COVERED WAY INTO SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA'S HOME.

The work entitled "A Sculptor's Model" is remarkable as being the solitary instance in which Alma-Tadema has painted a life-size figure of the nude. It owed its inspiration to the Venus of the Esquiline, which at the time had been recently discovered. Further, it was painted as a model for the Hon. John Collier, who enjoyed the rare distinction of being a pupil of Tadema's.

It was once said of Lawrence Alma-Tadema that if David is the Corneille of the Roman Empire, so Tadema is its Sardou. How well this high compliment is deserved is perhaps best appreciated when we come to consider that wonderful theme of the death of Caligula and the election of his successor Claudius—a theme which has exercised such a fascination over the mind of this artist that he has painted it three several times—*viz.*, his "Claudius," "The Roman Emperor," and the extraordinary and grimly realistic "*Ave Cæsar! Iò Saturnalia!*" Sir Lawrence, who literally saturated himself with every aspect of this fascinating subject, however remotely minute, told me how much he had been impressed by the fact that Claudius was the first Roman Emperor to be selected by the soldiery. He added that it has always seemed to him that this election of an Emperor by the army in opposition to the Senate—in utter contradistinction to all that had gone before—actively foreshadowed the ultimate fall of Rome.

His first and second interpretations of this tragic theme were both painted to the order of M. Gambart. The artist must have smiled somewhat broadly at certain of the criticisms passed upon his "Roman Emperor," more especially by those who affected to detect in its author a tendency towards the then

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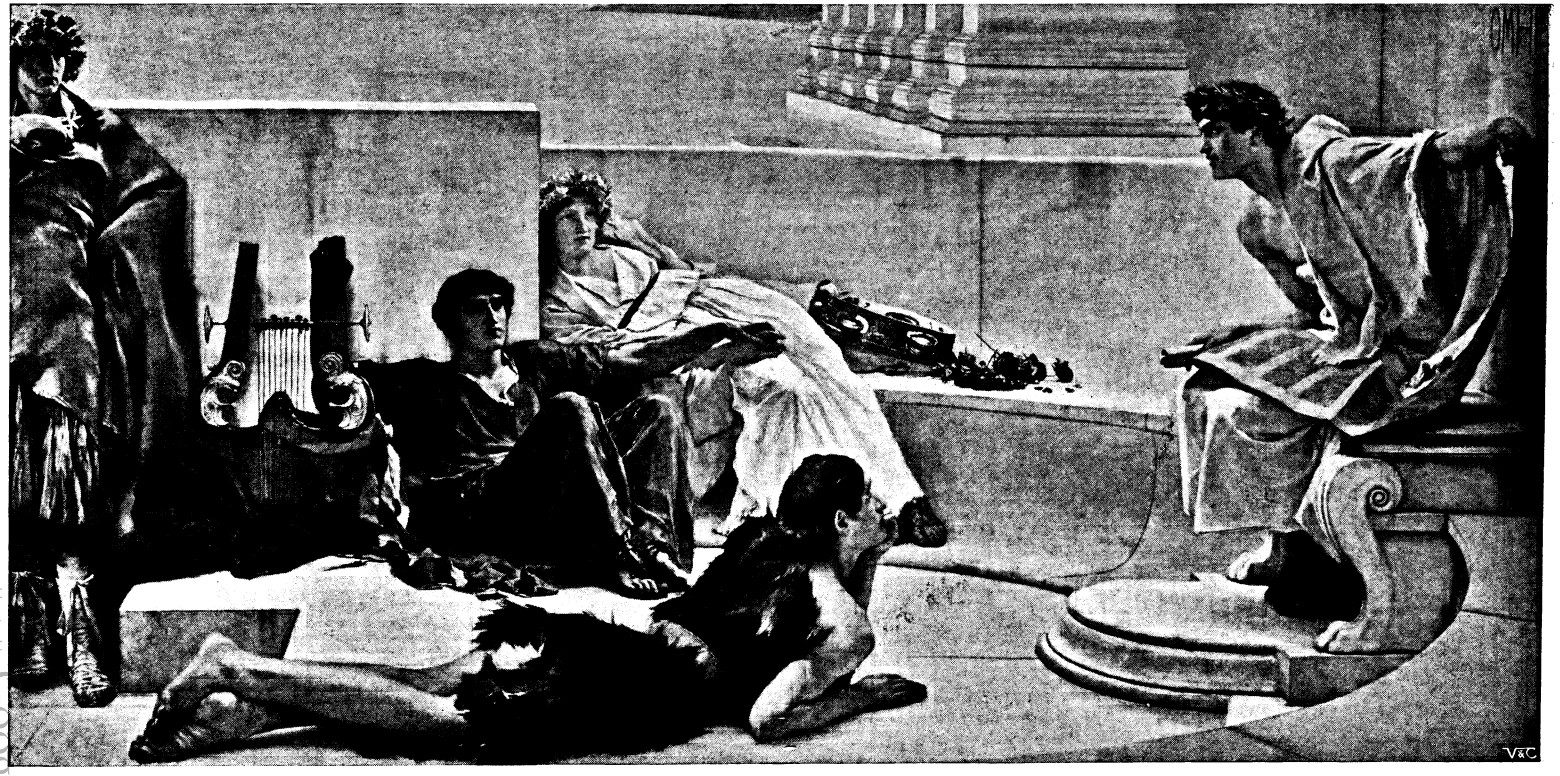

"A READING FROM HOMER." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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prevailing Pre-Raphaelitism of the day. In startling contrast were the red blood and the multicoloured mosaics that stained the Roman pavement, not to speak of the copper-haired girl, and the corpse of Caligula in its bright blue and purple robes. There were not wanting those who whispered with bated breath that this reactionary picture—reactionary in more senses of the word than one—foreshadowed a revolutionary change in the painter's methods. As a matter of fact, it foreshadowed nothing of the kind.

THE ANTEROOM IN SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA'S HOME.

It has been equally well said that the flowers in Alma-Tadema's pictures are poems. "Spring" and "Oleanders" are amazing illustrations of this saying. Cast in a larger and sterner mould is his wonderful "Audience at Agrippa's," painted in Rome during the winter of 1874-75. It was of this canvas that Sir Lawrence delightedly remarked to Miss Zimmern, in reference to the fidelity of the tiger-skin which figures in the scene: "Don't you see him wag his tail?"

"The Coliseum" was hung in the Academy of 1896, and to the announcement of it in the catalogue was affixed a well-known excerpt from Byron's "Don Juan"—

> And here the buzz of eager nations ran
> In murmur'd pity or loud-roared applause
> As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
> And wherefore slaughtered, wherefore, but because
> Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
> And the Imperial pleasure. Wherefore not?

It was of this painting that the critic of the *Athenæum* remarked at the time: "It would be difficult to do justice to the breadth, brilliance, and homogeneity—in spite of its innumerable details—of this splendid picture. The painting of the minutest ornaments, the folds of the ladies' garments, even the huge festoons . . . and the delicate sculptor's work of the vases and mouldings on the balcony, are equally noteworthy. Even more to be admired are the faces, of which that of the maiden in blue is undoubtedly the sweetest and freshest of all Mr. Alma-Tadema's imaginings. Her companion—the more stately maiden—who wears a diadem of silver in her black hair, illustrates a pure Greek type of which the painter has given us several examples, but none so fine as this one, which is very skilfully relieved against the peacock-fan of gorgeous colours which she holds in her hand. It is easy to imagine that in her noble spirit some thought of the victims of the amphitheatre arose, which explains the painter's intention in choosing the motto the Coliseum."

Before proceeding to the congenial task of a personal estimate of Alma-Tadema the man, I must devote a little space to a branch of his art wherein he has come to excel in a rare degree in the last couple of decades. I allude to his portrait-painting. The more important of the portrait-subjects that have employed his busy brush and busier brain include the present Prime Minister, the Duchess of Cleveland, Sir Félix and Lady Semon, Sir Henry and Lady Thompson, Lady Waterlow, Lady and Miss

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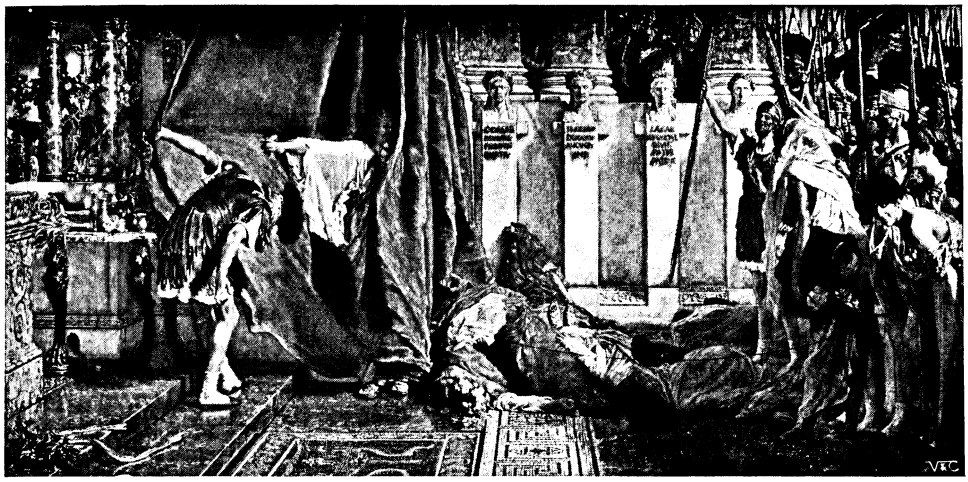

"AVE CÆSAR! IÒ SATURNALIA!" BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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Lewis, the Archdeacon of Durham, Sir Ernest Waterlow, the artist's own family, and—in the world of music—Paderewski, Dr. Joachim, Dr. Richter, and Mr. Henschel. Some of these delightful portraits are by this time of world-wide notoriety.

A number of Sir Lawrence's most celebrated paintings have been acquired by wealthy trans-Atlantic purchasers, while "A Listener" is in the Tate collection. Other notable private purchasers have included the Tsar of Russia, the King of the Belgians, the Marquis de Santurce, Baron Schroeder, Sir James Joicey, Lord Battersea, M. Coquelin, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Sir Ernest Cassel (who is the fortunate possessor of that delicious painting, "Under the Roof of Blue Ionian Weather"), and Sir Samuel Montagu. "The Pyrrhic Dance" and "Pleading" are to be seen in the gallery

"CARACALLA." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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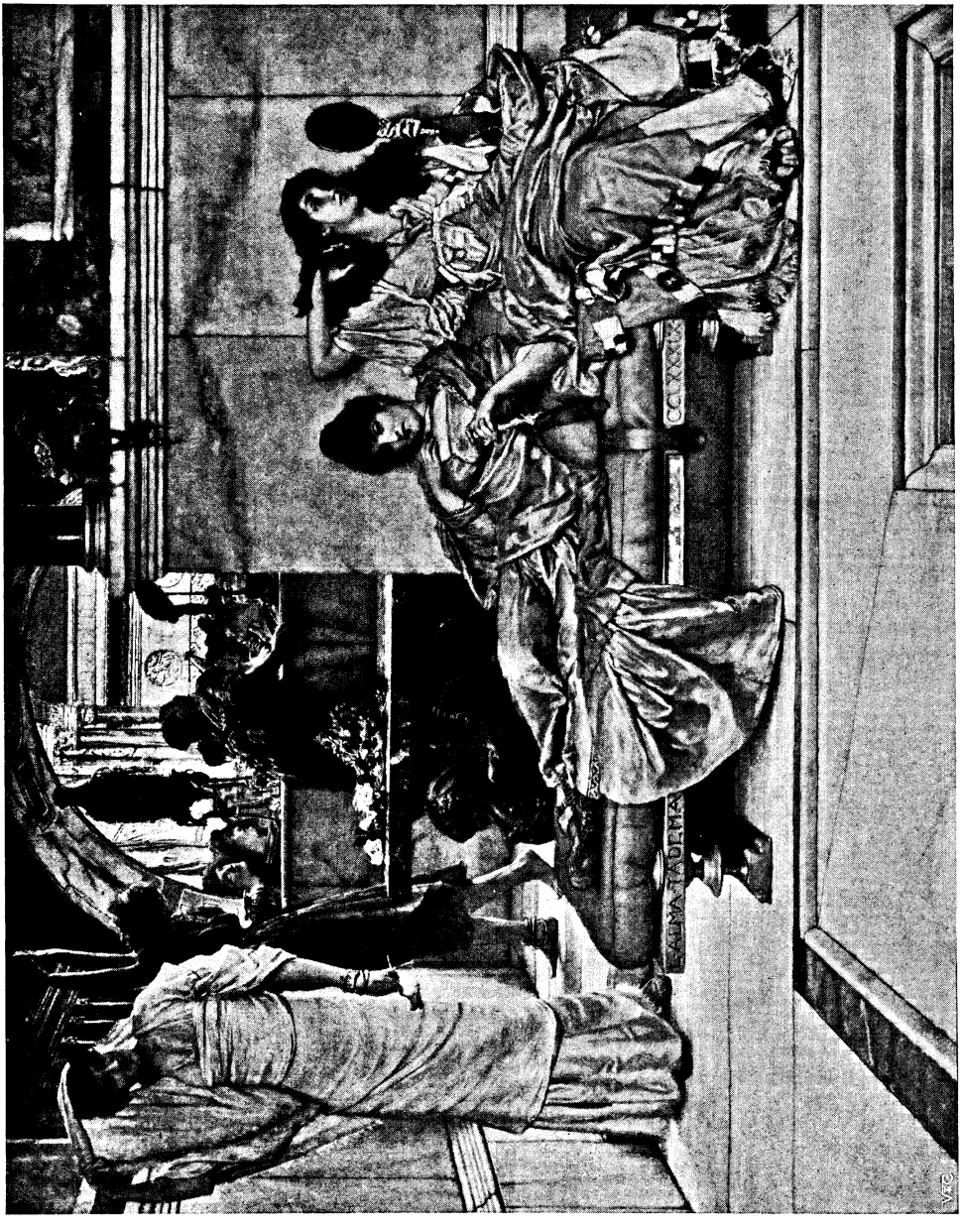
of the Guildhall Museum, while "The Silver Statue" is now the property of the Corporation of Glasgow.

In the direction of water-colour painting the artist has scored numerous successes, notably with such subjects as "Pandora," which is owned by the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and "Nobody Asked You, Sir, She Said." It may be said at once that in his water-colour effects, as with many of his portraits, his extraordinary "touch" and his inborn sense of beauty combine to enhance almost every effect that he essays. Incidentally, her paintings have won for Lady Alma-Tadema the gold medal of the Berlin Exhibition of 1896 and the silver medal of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1900, while Miss Anna Alma-Tadema is



"AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
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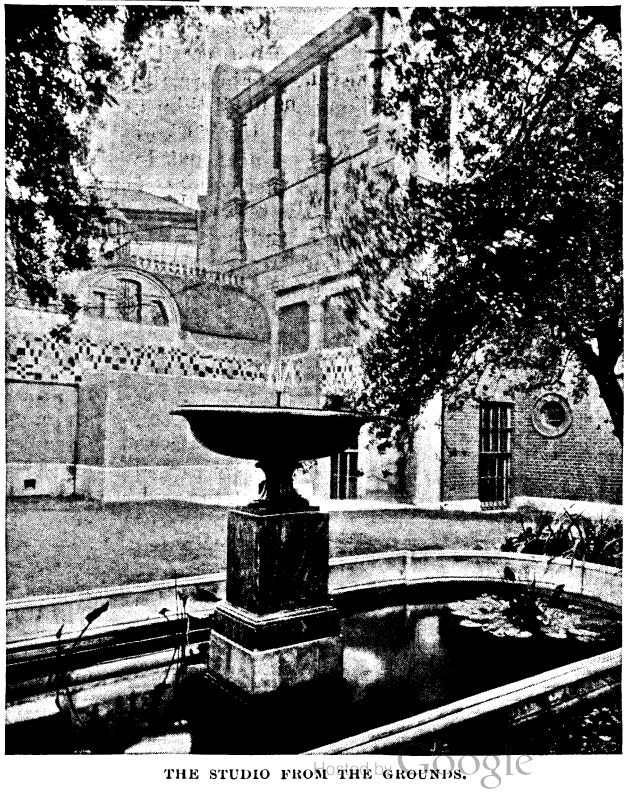
IN SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

meets with so well-stored or so well-arranged a mind as his.

It follows that Lawrence Alma-Tadema is one of the most engaging personalities that it has ever been the writer's good fortune to meet. Indeed, it is utterly impossible to remain long in his society before realising that the artist's innate kindliness of heart must rank as an important factor in any success that may have attended his life-work. In appearance he is a small but strongly built man, speaking English with a pleasant accent that betrays his Frieslander ancestry. The kindliness that I speak of beams in his bright eyes, and is almost equally marked in the forceful but always sympathetic manner of his conversation when animated.

The St. John's Wood home of Alma-Tadema is one of the most beautiful in the length and breadth of the Metropolis, and the artist is not unjustly proud of the domicile which his own art has so largely helped to beautify. In 1874, the the holder of the second medal awarded at the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

As illustrating the remarkable pains which Sir Lawrence habitually expends on whatever subject he happens to be working upon, I may mention that when painting his "Heliogabalus" during the winter months, he was in the habit of receiving fresh boxes of roses twice a week direct from the Riviera, so that the result was that he literally and actually had a new model for every individual blossom. Such attention to perfection of details cannot help but be its own reward. Obsessed not so much by the conventions of his art as by its infinite possibilities and limitless limitations, he lives his life in a world peopled with the absorbing beauties of an exquisite colour-sense and the legends and glories of a rarely beautiful imagination. It is not often, indeed, that one



THE STUDIO FROM THE GROUNDS.

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house which Tadema then occupied (subsequently rented by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones) was partially destroyed by the terrible explosion on Regent's Canal, which proved so disastrous to this portion of St. John's Wood. Anyone who knows Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema will appreciate that grave presence of mind with which she addressed her younger sister on this exciting occasion —the explosion taking place in the dead of night—"Anna, ring the bell!" However, the industry and artistic determination of Sir Lawrence quickly repaired the scene of desolation presented by his partly wrecked home.

The billiard-room of 34, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, is artfully sunk below the level of the front entrance, the comparatively obscure light thus afforded being relieved by an elaborate system of electric lighting. The tapestried hangings of this room are very fine, while on the walls hang a number of choice specimens of the art of Tadema and others. But, of course, the interest of the whole house centres in the studio, which is a setting in every way worthy the master who works therein. Needless to say, it is one of the most commodious and splendidly appointed studios in London, and here again is evidence of Alma-Tadema's indomitable demand for "perfection" in all things. He might truly say with Maeterlinck: "It was not possible for that it was not beautiful," so abnormally keen is his sense of the beauteous in all things. This perfection of beauty in all the work of his hand and brain is, as I pointed out to him, largely based upon his perfection of *detail*. Nothing is too small to escape him.

I enjoyed several long chats with him on the fruitful subject of his early struggles. It goes back to the days of his boyhood in his native Holland, when his widowed mother would regularly awaken him in the very early dawn "by the simple expedient of a string tied to my big toe" in order that he might study his beloved drawing ere setting out for school. But when he got to Antwerp and began to paint under the direction of the celebrated Baron Leys, the real struggle commenced. To this period belong "The Education of the Children of Clovis" and other celebrated Tadema pictures.

Sir Lawrence told me several anecdotes illustrative of Leys' character for criticism. The former was beginning to put forth that skill in the painting of marble which he has since brought to such a pitch of excellence. In one picture a Gothic table had to figure. "Yes," observed Leys, on seeing Tadema's efforts in this direction, "but I wanted you to draw me the kind of table people knock their knees against." Another time, this same keen critic drily remarked: "Yes, you *will* be able to paint marble; this already begins to look like cheese!" It may interest the lay reader to know that the picture causing all this pother is now the property of Sir Cuthbert Quilter.

As an example of the "thoroughness" to which I have just alluded, I should state that Alma-Tadema's "first sketch" for a picture is done upon the canvas itself and with the aid of models. Scrupulous care is taken with the arrangement of every figure and every detail, for no critic of his work is one half so severe as Sir Lawrence himself. After numerous erasures begins the really hard labour. He is often very, very despondent and dissatisfied when a picture is in progress, even now. This is especially true of one of his Academy pictures. I happened to call one day in February, and found the artist in an exceedingly "depressed" frame of mind. Perhaps the art wouldn't be so great if he were always buoyant!

It was during the 'sixties that the young painter executed two large commissions for Gambart, the dealer. The first of these was for twenty-four pictures, while the second was for the larger number of sixty-five paintings. These works were paid for upon a sliding scale, each six pictures to be treated upon a more generous scale than the preceding six, and the sequel shows that M. Gambart must have possessed in great measure the soul of an artist as well as the brain of a business man.

"Not only," said Sir Lawrence to the writer, "did Gambart, of his own volition, pay an unexpectedly generous price for one of the pictures which he liked very much, but at a banquet given to the artists of Brussels I had the gratification of finding near my plate a handsome silver claret-jug and a cheque for £100—gifts from my good friend Gambart. He was a splendid specimen of the *genus* dealer. My relations with him were always of the most cordial, and his real appreciation of my work was to me intensely gratifying."

"What is your favourite recreation?" a friend once asked him.

"Painting!" was Tadema's simple reply.

And it is true! His works now number from three to four hundred; and the effect upon the artistic sense is equally and delightfully edifying, whether we are examining his "Antony and Cleopatra," his "Unconscious

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"AN AUDIENCE AT AGRIPPA'S." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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Rivals" (the latter painting being, by the way, the "unconscious" outcome of his having "painted out" of another picture a ceiling which had failed to please him, and

"FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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which was here reinserted), his "Sappho," or his "Love in Idleness." At one moment he is pre-eminently the artist of Old Rome; at another he appears before us in quite a different guise—in the garb of a past so spiritualise and so idealised that in imagination we *live* the period that he spreads upon the living canvas.

Tadema's interest in the stage is well known. He has been professionally engaged in the artistic production of more than one of the historic triumphs of Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and country playgoers are familiar with certain of his designs in the very notable production of "Julius Cæsar," by Mr. F. R. Benson and his artistic company. But although Sir Lawrence often attends "first nights," he finds that—at all events, when he is working—the bright glare and the intense interest with which he follows a stage-play combine to fatigue his brain for the labours of the morrow.

He is passionately fond of flowers—of flowers and of music. The former, whenever they figure on his canvases (as they do very often) are obviously painted from "the life"; as for the latter, he is an accomplished musician, and I well remember his telling me, with a boyish enjoyment of the incident, how a professor of music of his acquaintance passed years in deploring the untoward fate that had made Tadema a painter instead of a musician—until, at long last, he was brought to acknowledge that fate had been right. But the artist's love for music survives, and musical parties are

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"AN EARTHLY PARADISE." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

"All the Heaven of heavens in one little child."

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"A LANDSCAPE."
BY H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

"APPLE BLOSSOMS."
BY ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A.

PANEL PAINTINGS DONE FOR SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA'S WALLS BY ARTIST FRIENDS.

of frequent occurrence at the St. John's Wood house, where, indeed, performers such as Paderewski and the Henschels have helped to entertain Tadema's guests. Simplicity is the keynote of his home life, and Tadema is never so happy as when in the society of his family. Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema is already a well-known literary force; her novel, "The Wings of Icarus," and other writings, have been widely read; and she is, in addition, an adept at amateur theatricals. Lady Tadema, as my readers are aware, paints with great skill, and she has her own studio in the house, apart from her husband's. Miss Anna Alma-Tadema is also an artist of no mean powers.

The "Pyrrhic Dance" was the first of Tadema's pictures to figure in the present Burlington House. That was in 1869. It was quickly followed by "The Juggler" (1870) and by "A Roman Emperor" (1871). "In this version," says Mrs. Gosse, "he ventured upon an entirely new scheme of colouring, to the despair, it is said, of certain of his clients, who saw in this departure an alarming tendency towards Pre-Raphaelitism. They felt that the public, which had lately learned to accept Mr. Alma-Tadema as the expounder of the beauty of cool white marbles and pale-tinted robes, was not being fairly treated; for here he was boldly introducing a copper-headed girl into the crowd of his Roman rabble, and clothing the very bodies of the dead in gay-coloured blues and vivid purples, while even the purity of the marble floor was not only stained with the redness of blood, but was everywhere cut up and intersected by distracting, many-coloured mosaics. This was, indeed, to open out a revolutionary prospect into the future!

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"TEMPLE AT PHILÆ." BY HON. J. COLLIER. "CHERRY GARDEN STAIRS." BY CHARLES WYLLIE. "A BIT OF OLD HAMPSTEAD." BY CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

PANEL PAINTINGS DONE FOR SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA'S WALLS BY ARTIST FRIENDS.

It is, as I have said, conceded that the greatest of Tadema's conceptions to date is "The Death of the First-Born," painted thirty years ago. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1876. Three years later this was supplemented by the more distinguished title of Royal Academician.

Tadema is an implicit believer in the gospel of hard work. He would tell you that there is no royal road to success—none; and certainly he is a shining example of what may be accomplished by pluck and determination, especially if, as in his case, it be linked to that great quality which has been cheaply described as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Friendless and

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unaided as he was when first he launched out on to the stormy sea of an artistic career, he has now climbed to a pinnacle which may not unjustly be defined as unique. "Nothing is to be done save by application," he is fond of saying.

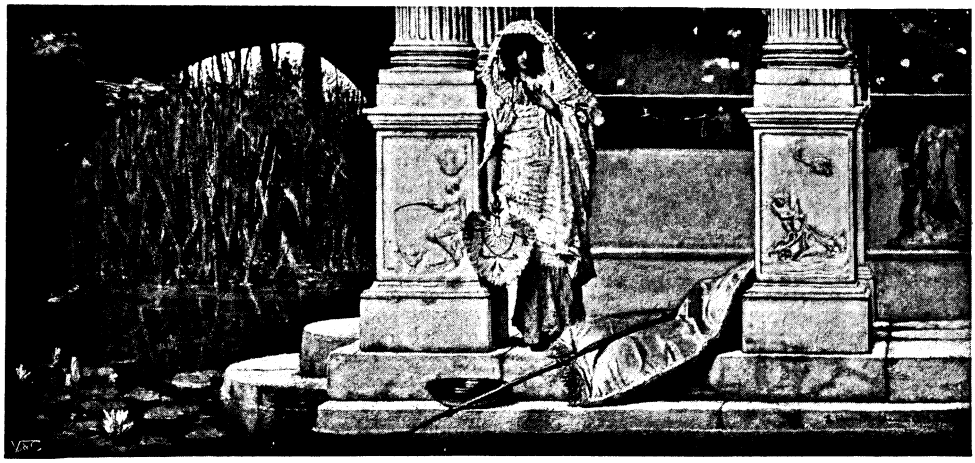
Earlier in this article I started to describe Sir Lawrence's beautiful home, but, speedily finding the task beyond my powers, abruptly stopped short at the studio and billiard-room. If the library is a thing of beauty, the dining-room is undeniably a joy for ever. The wall-paper is golden; the pictures, few in number, are headed by the painter's own portraits of his wife and daughter; the dining-table is of severe simplicity until you look closer and note its quaint originality; while, better than all, the view from the window is a view of the beautiful garden. The polished brass stairways that connect several of the rooms are an added feature of this delightful house. So, too, is the spacious conservatory, crowded with palms and exotics; while from the mantelpiece in the hall, Richard II. is made to speak that fine greeting: "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends"—words which do nothing if they do not bespeak the characteristic hospitality of Sir Lawrence and Lady Alma-Tadema.

Although it was as late as the middle of March when I was last in the conservatory at Grove End Road, it was even then a mass of flowering exotics, exquisite alike in loveliness and perfume. As we stood there, the artist called my attention to the spring song of birds in the garden, as being somewhat of a rarity here in the heart of London. The scene recalled to memory those picturesque lines of William Morris's in "The Earthly Paradise"—

> And all around were grouped the leafy trees:
> The elm for shade, the linden for the bees,
> The noble oak, long ready for the steel
> That in that place it had no feartto feel.

Lawrence Alma-Tadema is the most methodical man I know. Care and orderliness distinguish every little task of his daily life, and he does not care even for his daughters to "tidy up" the studio. His paint-brushes are washed by his own hands. His library is catalogued and classified by himself. The whole of his correspondence—and this is a big slice out of the working day—is conducted by himself. And woe betide the unwary visitor who calls in the morning hours when Tadema is painting! Every hour of the daylight is dedicated to art when he is at work upon a picture.

If Tadema is the most methodical man I know, he is also the most courteous and the most forgiving. Not long ago a journalistic acquaintance did him a great injury—unintentionally perhaps, flagrantly certainly. The blunder was so gross that the artist would have been more than justified in never receiving the man again. Yet, after the first outburst of anger, he became the soul of cordiality towards the contrite penman, and I heard of many personal kindnesses subsequently received by the latter from the man he had offended, as one would have supposed, past forgiveness.



"FISHING." BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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FOREORDAINED.

By ANTHONY HOPE.*

"I DON'T say," observed the Colonel, "that limited liability companies haven't great advantages. In fact I'm a director myself—it's a big grocery—and draw three hundred a year—a very welcome addition to my half-pay—and, for all I know, I may supply some of you fellows with your morning bacon. If I do, it just exemplifies the point I was about to make; which is this—When it comes to limited companies, you never know who anybody is. I could tell you a little story to illustrate that; it's rather a sad one, though."

The club smoking-room was cheerfully lighted, the fire burned brightly, we each had a cigar and a drink. We intimated to the Colonel that we felt in a position to endure a touch of tragedy.

"It's some years ago now," he said, "but it affected me considerably at the time. Do any of you go to Stretchley's for your clothes?"

Three of us shook our heads wistfully. The fourth—a young man, and a new member, whom none of us knew, but who had a legal look about him and wore admirable trousers of a delicate grey—answered the Colonel's question in the affirmative.

"If I may say so, you and Stretchley's do one another credit, sir," said the Colonel, with an approving glance at the new member's trousers. "And I needn't tell you that Stretchley's have few equals—and no superiors. When you say Stretchley's, you say everything. I have never gone to them myself: partly because I couldn't afford it, more perhaps from motives of delicacy—from consideration for poor George Langhorn's feelings. He has always preferred not to act professionally for his personal friends, even though he lost money in consequence."

"How does George Langhorn come in?" I ventured to ask.

"He is Stretchley's, to all intents and purposes. It's a small family company. The business was founded by George's maternal grandfather, and carried to greatness by his mother's brother, Fred Stretchley, whom I used to see at Brighton years ago. Fred made it into a company, but of course kept the bulk of the shares to himself, besides the entire control; and when he died, he left all he had to George, on condition—mark you, on condition—that George remained in the business, and in active control of it. He did that because he knew that George hated it, and, at the same time, had a wonderful turn for it."

"Rather odd, that!" the new member observed.

"I don't think so, sir," said the Colonel. "He had a knack for it, because it was in his blood; and he hated it, because he'd had it crammed down his throat all his life. He'd been right through the mill from a boy; the only holiday he'd ever had from it was a year at Bonn—and that was to learn German, with a view to business. It was at Bonn that I became acquainted with him, and a very nice fellow he was—quite a gentleman, and extremely well-informed. We became great friends. His only fault was his exaggerated dislike of his own occupation. On that subject he was morbid—and, I'm afraid I must add, a trifle snobbish. All the same, he was unmistakably proud of Stretchley's. He was quite alive to the fact that if he had to be a tailor, it was a fine thing to be Stretchley's, and in moments of confidence he would thank Heaven that he hadn't been born in the ready-made line—'reach-me-downs,' he called it. 'It might have been worse,' he would say manfully. At those times I felt a great respect for him."

"They do know how to make a pair of breeches," murmured the new member, regarding his own legs with pensive satisfaction.

"Nobody better, nobody better," the Colonel agreed, with a solemn cordiality—and we all looked at the new member's legs for some moments. "Well, as I was saying," the Colonel then resumed, "George Langhorn and I became real friends; but I was abroad on service for two or three years after he came back from Bonn and got into harness in Savile Row, and so I lost sight of him for a bit. But after I'd been home a few months,

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I was passing through town on my way to the Riviera, on six weeks' leave, and I dropped in at his place and saw him. I found him in a sad way—very depressed and down in the mouth, railing against the business, utterly sick of it. He told me he couldn't endure the sight of a frock-coat, and spent all his time at home in pyjamas and a dressing-gown—just because those were portions of apparel not supplied by Stretchley's. Morbid, of course, but sad, very sad! It looked to me as if he was on the verge of a breakdown, and I took a strong line with him. I told him that he owed it to himself to take a complete holiday—to get right away from the shop for a bit, to forget all about it, to put plenty of money in his pocket, and give himself a real holiday—he told me he hadn't taken more than a week here and there for two years. I said: 'I'm just off to Monte Carlo. You come with me. Sink the shop—dismiss it from your mind—and come along.' Well, he saw how wise I was, made his arrangements, and joined me at Charing Cross three days later. Off we went, and a very good time we had of it. George was a handsome young fellow of four or five and twenty, with lots to say for himself, and a very taking way with women. Nobody knew who he was, but I and my friends gave him a good start, and he could take care of the rest for himself. In point of fact I received a great many compliments on the good taste I showed in choosing my travelling companion. Ah, yes, we had very good fun!" The Colonel leant back in his chair for a moment, with a smile of pleasant—possibly of roguish—reminiscence.

"No signs of the tragedy yet, Colonel," said I.

"Wait a bit; I'm just coming to it. When we'd been there about a fortnight, a young lady appeared on the scene. She was one of the prettiest creatures I ever saw—and I've seen some in my day—and as merry as she was pretty. Besides that, she was evidently uncommonly well off; she travelled with a companion, a maid, and a toy-poodle, and threw away her money at the tables as if she was made of it. I needn't tell you that such a girl didn't want for attentions at Monte Carlo, of all places in the world. The fortune-hunters were hot on her track, besides all the young fellows who were genuinely smitten with her. If I'd been ten years younger, I'd have had a shot myself. But it wouldn't have been any use. From the very first George was the favourite, just as from the first George had been drawn to her. There seemed really to be what they call an affinity between them. I never saw an affair go so quickly or so prosperously. Yes, there seemed to be an affinity. George was carried right off his feet, and I was intensely pleased to see it. He wasn't thinking of Stretchley's now, and he was putting on weight every day! My treatment was being a brilliant success, and I didn't mind admitting that more than half the credit was due to pretty Miss Minnie Welford—that was her name.

"I was only waiting to hear the happy news when one morning George came down looking decidedly pale and with a face as long as your arm. I made sure he'd received a telegram calling him back to Savile Row. But it wasn't that. This was it. In conversation, in the garden of the Casino the evening before, somebody had begun talking about *mésalliances* and that sort of thing. One took one side and one another—the people who had nothing in particular to boast about in the family way being the loudest in declaring they'd never make a low marriage, as they generally are. Minnie, who was sitting next George, took the high romantic line. She said that if she loved a man (George told me she blushed adorably as she said this—you can believe that or not, as you like) neither family nor fortune would weigh for a minute with her. That made George happy, as you can imagine. Then some fellow said: 'You'd marry the chimney-sweep, would you, Miss Welford?' 'Yes, if I loved him,' says she. 'Absolutely nobody barred?' the man asked, laughing. She blushed again (or so George said) and laughed a little and said: 'Well, just one—just one class of man; but I won't tell you which it is.' And no more she would, though they all tried to guess, and chaffed her—and worried her to tell. When the talk had drifted off to something else, George seized his opportunity—he told me he had a horrid sort of presentiment—and whispered in her ear: 'Tell me!' She looked at him with eyes full of fun and said: 'Well, I'll tell you; but it's a secret. Swear to keep it!' George swore to keep it, and then she leant over to him, put her lips close to his ear, and whispered—— Well, of course, you've guessed what she whispered?"

"'Tailors!'" said the new member in a reflective tone.

"Yes, 'tailors,'" said the Colonel mournfully. "She just whispered 'Tailors!' and ran off with a merry glance (so George said)—a merry glance. And he hadn't had a wink of

sleep all night, and came to tell me the first thing in the morning. I never saw a man so broken up."

"Had she found out about him?" I asked.

"No, no, sir; not a hint—not an idea.

"Spent all his time in pyjamas and a dressing-gown."

You'll see later on that she couldn't have had the least idea. But there it was—tailors! And what the dickens was poor George Langhorn to do? He took one view, I urged the other. His was the high-flying line. He must tell her the whole truth before he breathed so much as a word of love to her! Fatal, of course, but he said it was the only line an honourable man could take. I denied that. I said: 'Tell her you love her first. Get her consent—because you will get it. Let the matter rest for a week or two—let her love grow, let the thing become fully settled and accepted, so that to break it off would cause talk and so on. Then, when it's all settled, just casually observe, in a laughing kind of way, that you're sorry she has a prejudice against a certain estimable occupation, because you happen to be indirectly connected with it.' Machiavellian, you'll say, no doubt; but effective, very effective! 'Indirectly connected' I consider was justifiable. Yes, I do. I am, as I said a little while ago, a director of a grocery business, but I don't consider myself directly—not directly—connected with lard and sugar. No, I didn't go beyond the limits of honour, though possibly I skirted them. In helping one's friends, one does. However George wouldn't have it, and at last I had to be content with a compromise. He wasn't to speak of the business before he spoke of love, nor to speak of love before he spoke of the business. He was to speak of them both at once. That was what we decided."

"Rather difficult," commented the new member, with that reflective smile which I began to recognise as habitual.

"Pray, sir, would you expect such a thing to be easy?" demanded the Colonel, with an approach to warmth. "We did the best we could, sir, under exceptionally awkward and delicate circumstances." The Colonel leant back again and took a sip of barley-water. That is his tipple.

We all waited in silence for the Colonel to resume his narrative. I remember that, owing perhaps to the associations of the subject, my regard was fixed on the new member's grey trousers, to which he himself continued to pay a thoughtful attention. The Colonel took up the tale again in impressive tones.

"It has been my lot," he said, "to witness many instances of the perverse working of what we call fate or destiny, and of the cruel freaks which it plays with us poor human

creatures. I may mention, just in passing, the case of my old friend Major Vincent, who, himself a vegetarian, married a woman whom he subsequently discovered to be constitutionally unable so much as to sit in the same room with a cabbage. But neither that case nor any other within my experience equals the story which I am now telling you. You will agree with me when you hear the *dénoûment*, which is of a nature impossible for any of you to anticipate."

"I think I know it," observed the new member.

"It's impossible that you should, sir," said the Colonel firmly, though courteously; "and when you have heard me out, you yourself will be the first to admit as much. Where was I? Ah, I remember. Well, George Langhorn left me in the condition which I have attempted to describe, and with the understanding which I have mentioned. How, precisely, he carried out that understanding, I am, of course, unable to say, as his interview with Miss Welford was naturally a private one, and he never volunteered any detailed account of it, while it would have been absolute cruelty to press him on the subject; for if his state of mind was lamentable when he left me, it was as nothing to the dismay and horror which held possession of him on his return some two hours later. He rushed into my room really like a man distraught—I am in the habit of measuring my words, and I don't use that one unadvisedly—plumped himself down on my sofa, and ejaculated: 'Merciful Heavens, she owns half the Sky-high!'"

At this climax—for such his manner obviously indicated it to be—the Colonel looked round on us in sombre triumph. We were all gravely attentive (except the new member, who still smiled), and the Colonel continued, well satisfied with the effect which he had produced.

"There's fate for you, if you like!" he exclaimed, with uplifted forefinger. "There's the impossibility of evading destiny or escaping from a foreordained environment! Out of all the girls in the world, George had fixed his affections on that particular one; he had gone straight to her, as it were; and, for my part, I can't doubt that the very thing he hated, and she hated too, had, all the same, served in some mysterious way to bring them together. And there was the situation! Not only was George, as a man, forbidden the escape which he had prayed for, but Stretchley's was brought into contact with the 'Sky-high Tailoring Company.' No doubt you are all familiar with its advertisements—chubby boys in sailor suits, square-legged little girls in velveteen, dress-suits at thirty-seven and sixpence! I need not enlarge on the subject; it's distasteful. It is enough to say that any connection between Stretchley's and the Sky-high was to George's mind almost unthinkable. Observe, then, the curious and distressing psychological situation. As a man, he hated Stretchley's; as Stretchley's, he loathed and despised the Sky-high. His love—his most unfortunate love—was in conflict at once with his personal feelings and with his professional pride. And what of her? When he grew calmer, George entered on that subject with some fulness. She had suffered, exactly as he had, from the obsession of the family business, in the shadow of which she had been bred, to a half-share in which she had succeeded on her father's death. In early days, before fortune came, she had even been dressed from the stock! Like George, she had looked to marriage for a complete change of life and associations. It was not to be. And, more than that, she was acutely conscious of what George must feel. Her training and the family atmosphere had not failed to teach her that. She knew only too well how Stretchley's would feel towards the Sky-high. And George was Stretchley's, and she was the Sky-high! One sometimes reads of *mésalliances* in the papers or meets them among one's acquaintance. Never have I met one like this. The very fact of the occupation being in essence the same intensified the discrepancy and the contrast. Which, gentlemen, would surprise and, I may say, shock you more—that a duke should marry oil or soap, or that a really first-class purveyor should take his bride from a fried-fish shop? No man of perception can hesitate. It is within the bounds of the same occupation that the greatest contrasts, the greatest distance, the greatest gulfs of feeling are to be found. I value an otherwise painful experience because it exhibited that philosophic truth in so vivid and striking a manner. You would sooner ask the Commander-in-Chief to lend a hand with a wheelbarrow than propose to him to take command of a corporal's guard. Your *chef* would no doubt put on the coals to oblige a lady, but not to oblige a thousand ladies would he wash the dishes!"

"I dare say that's all true," I made bold to observe, "but, nevertheless, your pair of lovers seem to me rather ridiculous."

"Exactly, sir," said the Colonel—and I

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"And whispered — "

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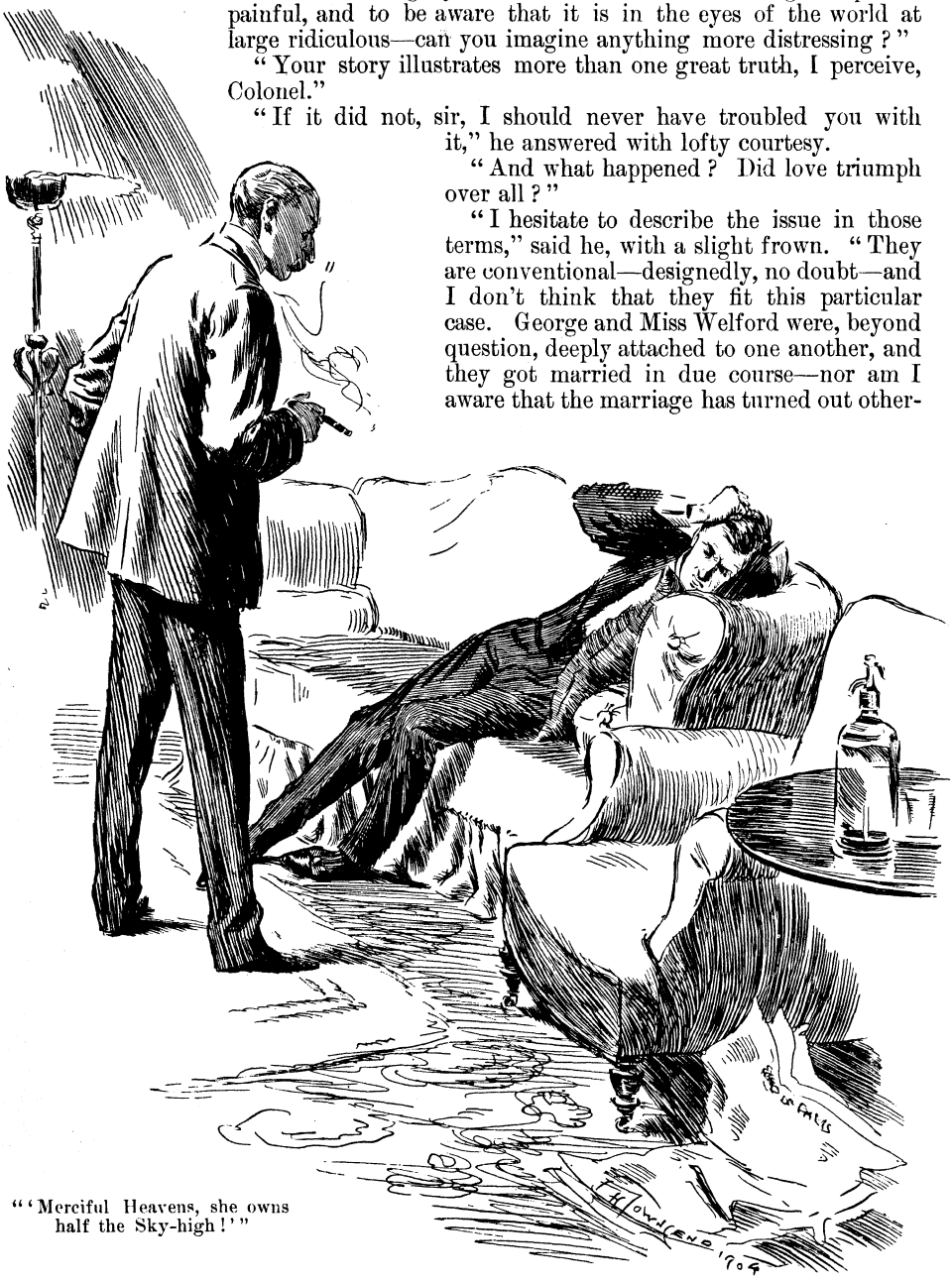
was relieved that he took my interruption so well. "They would seem to you ridiculous. Probably the *chef* seems ridiculous too? A man of another profession can't have the feeling in its full intensity. It seems ridiculous! But think—doesn't that very fact increase the tragedy? To suffer from a feeling deep and painful, and to be aware that it is in the eyes of the world at large ridiculous—can you imagine anything more distressing?"

"Your story illustrates more than one great truth, I perceive, Colonel."

"If it did not, sir, I should never have troubled you with it," he answered with lofty courtesy.

"And what happened? Did love triumph over all?"

"I hesitate to describe the issue in those terms," said he, with a slight frown. "They are conventional—designedly, no doubt—and I don't think that they fit this particular case. George and Miss Welford were, beyond question, deeply attached to one another, and they got married in due course—nor am I aware that the marriage has turned out other-



"'Merciful Heavens, she owns half the Sky-high!'"

wise than well in the ordinary sense. Mrs. Langhorn is a very charming woman. But was it a triumph of love? I look deeper, gentlemen. In my view love was but an instrument in the hands of Fate. The triumph was the triumph of Fate, and I am persuaded that, when they went to the altar, resignation to destiny was the most prominent feeling in the minds of both of them. That is why I said at the beginning that the story was rather

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a sad one. The very night before the wedding I found George poring over the Sky-high's illustrated catalogue! What does that fact carry to your minds?"

"It looks bad," I admitted, with a sigh.

"It speaks volumes," said the Colonel briefly, and he finished his barley-water.

The new member flung the end of his cigar into the grate and rose to his feet. His face still wore the reflective smile which had decorated it throughout the Colonel's story.

"And what," I asked the Colonel, "are the present relations between Stretchley's and the Sky-high?"

"It would be curious to know," he answered; "but as to that I have no information. I've never ventured to interrogate George Langhorn on the point."

"I think I can answer the question," said the new member, flicking an ash off his trousers. "The two companies were privately amalgamated last week. I drew the articles of association myself. Mr. Langhorn is to be chairman of the joint concern."

The Colonel might plausibly have resented a silence so long maintained as to border on deceit. He showed no anger. He nodded his head gravely, as though to say: "Here is the Epilogue! Here is the Catastrophe complete!"

"Stretchley's and the Sky-high!" he murmured. "Poor George Langhorn! Poor George!"

I went home to dinner really quite depressed.

THE TIDES.

WHEN the voice of God Almighty called the waters of the Sea,—
From the firmament He called them to await eternity,—
He gave to that wide ocean,
Dumbly lying without motion,
That it should beat the time of God and mark the days to be.

And the Waters, nothing loath, rose to meet the task with mirth,
Looked aloft upon the moon, joying in her sudden birth,
Caught the rhythm of her gliding,
Sought the secrets of her riding,
Took them for their own and followed where she led them round the earth.

So the Tides were born, and never, since the charge upon them lay,
Have they faltered in the faithful, rhythmic counting of each day.
And we say, "The tides are flowing."
Or, "Behold, the tides are going,"
But we think not on the charge they keep at every shoal and bay.

Where the placid coral islets watch the needle stars prick forth;
Where Atlantic's hurtling surges storm the bastions of the North;
On a thousand, thousand beaches,
To old Ocean's drearest reaches,
The constant Tides are showing what they hold their honour worth.

Swinging, smoothly swinging up the green earth's every strand,
Marking off the minutes till the circuit shall be spanned,
Till the moon shall cease her gliding,
And the stricken sea subsiding,
The faithful Tides shall rest them, having kept their Lord's command.

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FREDERICK WALWORTH.

Photo by] [*F. G. Callcott.*

BARNET FAIR.

TRAVELLING SHOWS.

By Arthur J. Fenwick and S. L. Bensusan.

And, do you know, there beats
Something within my breast, as sensitive?—repeats
The fever of the flag? My heart makes just the same
Passionate stretch, fires up for lawlessness, lays claim
To share the life they lead: losels who have and use
The hour what way they will.—R. Browning.

THE song of the open road is one for which the majority of mankind are ever listening. Towns cannot dull our interest in it, difficulties cannot always bar the way to its enjoyment. Chaucer was keenly conscious of the call; and though he thought it came with the April of the year, he realised that others than the dwellers in the spring season of life could hear it—witness the grave procession that set out for Canterbury from the Tabard in Southwark and travelled through country that even twentieth century villadom cannot wholly rob of its pristine charm.

Some few of us have had the good fortune to be able to gratify our nomadic instinct and to pay no greater penalty than this, that henceforth we must be for ever a-journeying, since no home can hold us long. But there are hundreds of men and women in whose ears the song of the open road is full of persuasive charm, though they cannot yield to it as others may to whom Fortune has been more kind. They may not seek the world's highway, knapsack on shoulder, stick in hand, and travel light of heart and pocket where fancy leads them. They may not resume the intimate relations with Nature that were the birthright of our forefathers, the precious gift that we realise so incompletely nowadays. Time was when Nature was a kindly pied piper to whose strains we all went dancing, sometimes in the name of religion, as in the Crusader's era, sometimes in the name of scholarship or statecraft, but ever in truth because the old piper charmed our ears and set our feet a-straying.

Myself a wanderer, whether over the byways of East Anglia or beyond the limits of Europe and civilisation, I am ever on the watch for the men and women who share my sympathies. I find them among the Bedouins of North Africa and Western Asia, but I meet them at home, too. Sometimes I find them upon a country road, moving with a few living-vans drawn by sleek horses, and followed by a roundabout in pieces and the paraphernalia of swings and shooting-galleries. They are going from one market town to the other, emancipated from early spring to late autumn from the thraldom of an abiding dwelling-place. To be sure, the proprietor may be bent upon the making of money, but I know that if that had been his sole goal in life he would hardly have chosen this

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road. There are too many ups and downs in it, almost as many as in the country he travels over. With regard to the rank and file of his company, it is clear—to me, at least—that the joy of the open road must atone for the troubles of tenting, or they would have chosen some occupation in the towns, where a man with wits about him and good health may make money at the trifling cost of growing rusty, becoming deaf to the larger calls of life, and dying many years before he is dead. I see the procession of men, women, and children passing down the summer lanes that separate one country town from another, and know one and all for Bohemians, who might claim kinship with the Bedouins of the desert. And in a flash I seem to see these Bedouins again, to hear the tinkling camel-bells, and see the procession of these true children of the desert passing slowly and full of content from oasis to oasis, all their possessions represented by a few camels, a tent, some furniture of most primitive kind, and some scores of sheep and goats that may be vanquished by the sun on the road from one well to another.

For one and all of these wayfaring folk there is no rest—the hum of a busy city is distressing, lengthy sojourn in one place impossible, the journey is from the cradle to the grave, even though the travellers themselves are unaware of it.

THE OLD KIND OF ROUNDABOUT, WITH HAND SET OF HORSES.

In England we find the travelling circus at its best. Here, "tenting" is practised to an extent unknown on the Continent, where there are special buildings in every town, and circus-riders—particularly if they are of the *haute école*—are as popular as the

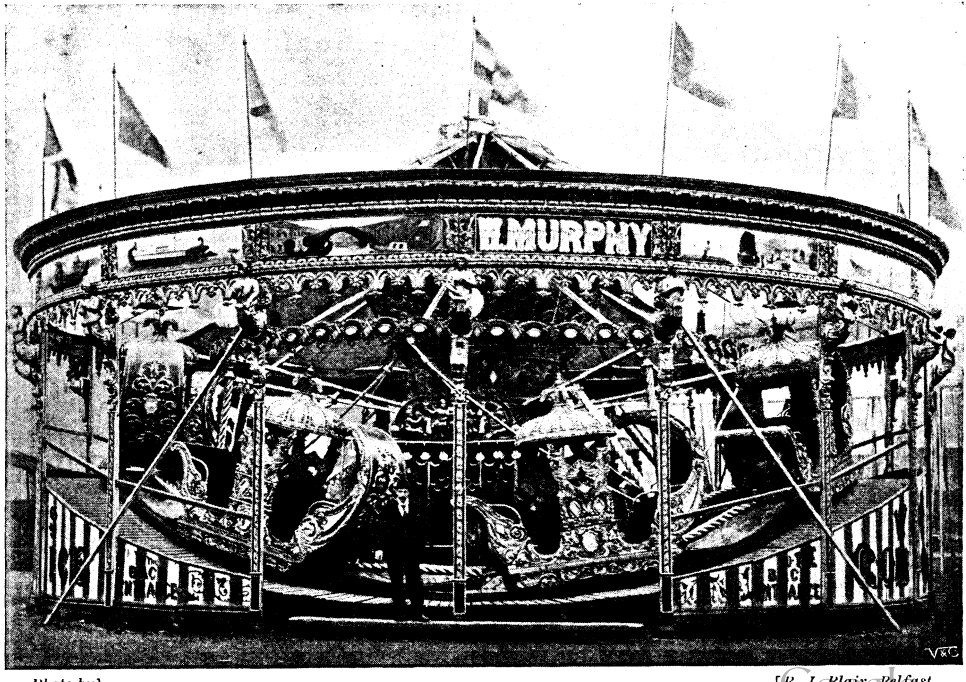

Photo by] [*R. J. Blair, Belfast.*

A "ROUNDABOUT," NOW IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, WHICH HAS ALSO TRAVELLED THROUGH AMERICA.

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première danseuse was in the days of our grandfathers, before the abominations of "cake-walk," "splits," and "catherine-wheels" were known. On the Continent, the show travels by train from town to town; in England, "tenting" is the rule—that is to say, the whole performance is given in tents, and the company travels through the country, making a formal entry into each town. It approaches with flags flying, drums beating, clowns striving to raise a laugh or a cheer, circus-riders facing the cold in scanty garments, elephants plodding contentedly along as if they realised that they can outlive most of their persecutors, and camels sneering at all the townfolk in the well-known fashion affected by these supercilious beasts. Is there a playgoer in London or any great city of the world who is stimulated by the theatre as the country lads and lasses are stirred by the circus? To them it is a realisation of fairyland, and there is hardly a showman on the road who has not received hundreds of letters in his time from boys and girls ready and willing to leave home and friends and join the great procession that travels from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof. In fact, it is rumoured that many of the men and women on the road to-day started their roving life with some truant escapade.

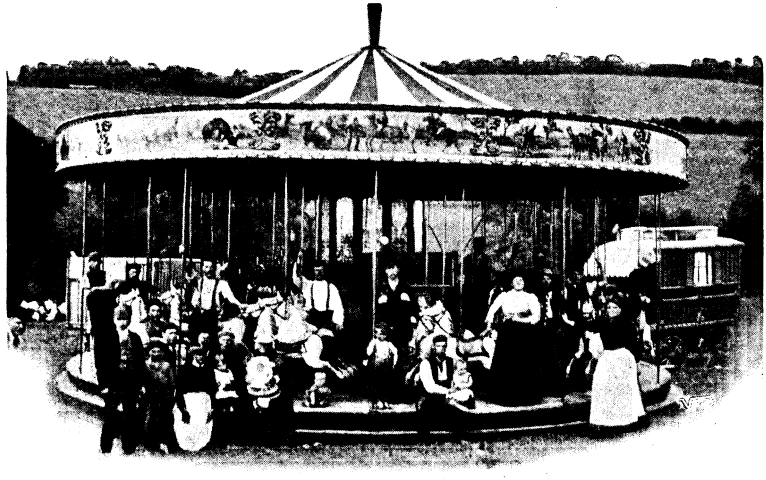

Photo by] [*A. Hopkins, Torquay.*

A MERRY-GO-ROUND AT BUCKFASTLEIGH FAIR.

Nowadays, something of the picturesque quality of the travelling show has gone. The advent of traction-engine and motor-van has been detrimental to the picture side of the life, and it is difficult to associate the romance of the road with such an institution as the United Kingdom Showmen and Van Dwellers' Protection Association. But, after all, whatever there is that remains picturesque in the showman's life belongs to this country, and few of us who have been dwellers in truly rural districts, are likely to forget the days

Photo by] [*F. G. Callcott.*

ON THE ROUNDABOUT.

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given over to the annual fair when the travelling circus makes its long-expected appearance. In one village well known to me, a sleepy place miles beyond railhead, where the oldest inhabitants have never seen a train, and the younger ones fight shy of it, where the nearest big town of any size lies fourteen miles away, there is no entertainment saving the fair from one summer to another. The circus that comes to this place recalls the *fêtes foraines* of Paris in some respects; it has nothing of the luxury of equipment associated with more pretentious exhibitions that serve leading country towns. The advance agent makes the briefest possible appearance, on a bicycle—bills, paste, and brushes carried in a bag on his shoulders. He puts a few bills on the walls of the alehouses and one or two on the posts of the field where the fortnightly cattle auction is held, and then he shakes the dust of the village from his wheels and seeks the next that the circus will visit—some seven miles away. In this place, where there is no rival performance of any sort, the simple billing suffices for all purposes. Neither man nor boy passes to or from work without pausing to read or have it read to him. The approaching visit is the one topic of conversation in the alehouse and the home. The fair comes at the end of the fortnight's holiday given to the school-children in June for pea-picking. Labour being scarce and the crop valuable, the school authorities must come to the assistance of the farmers, and local custom has decreed among all, save the very poorest of the villagers, that the children shall be allowed to have a fixed proportion of their earnings to spend at the fair. It is their annual treat, and the parents of the present generation remember how they looked forward to it in their young days. Not that they are indifferent now. When the great day comes, no farm-labourer will remain on the land after dinner; some leave at "beever"-time, a sort of luncheon-hour whose name probably came to the land by way of the French *bouroir* or *boire*. By the evening you shall find the roundabouts all chock-a-block full of blue-eyed, golden-bearded country-

Photo by F. G. Callcott.

THE TRAVELLING THEATRE.

HANCOCK'S BIOGRAPH SHOW.
Photographed at Babbacombe Regatta.

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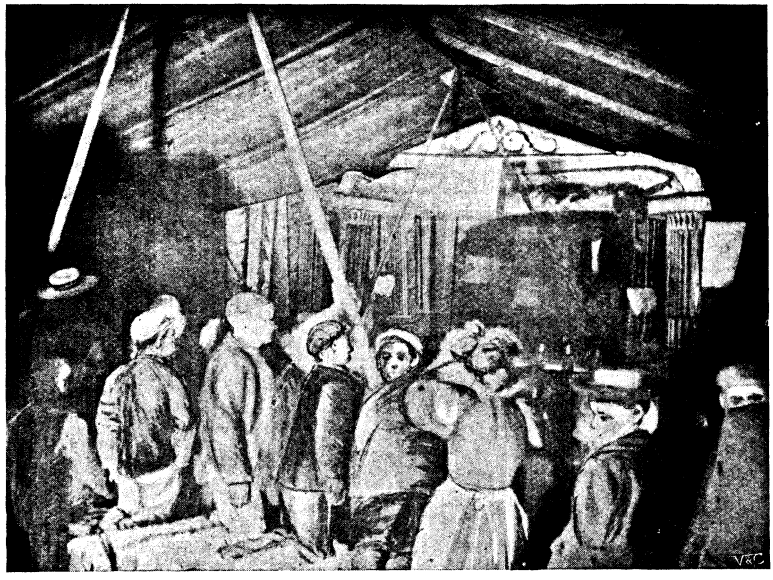
men enjoying the fun as heartily as their ten-year-old children.

Liberty has degenerated and become licence, they say, in speaking of fair time, and the restrictions it has been found necessary to impose upon travelling circuses are many and irksome; but in the part of the country I have in my mind as I write, there is nothing in the procedure to which any man can take offence. Perhaps the presence of the rector and the squire exercises a wholesome restraint—the best sort of restraint, because it leaves the healthy enjoyment of the village folk unimpaired, and guards against the readmission of the men who may have won prizes in shooting-gallery or at the cocoanut-ring, and have celebrated their own prowess too generously at the village alehouse.



THE TRAVELLING THEATRE: THE AUDIENCE.

Photographs by] [*F. G. Callcott.*

THE TRAVELLING THEATRE: A PERFORMANCE OF "TRILBY."

It is impossible to avoid a certain thrill of excitement—or, at least, of interest—when your rest is broken in the very early hours of morning by the tramp of the circus-horses and the creaking of the vans. Many a time I have looked out of my window at the hour when the sun looks almost as sleepy as I feel, and only the swallows darting in and out of the porch serve as a warning that another day has begun. The vans have been travelling overnight and are timed to reach the fair grounds before five o'clock brings the earliest labourers to the fields. Yet I am assured that the cottage windows that open on to the road are seldom untenanted at daybreak, for all the youngsters want to catch a first glimpse of the show that serves to make their summer memorable.

Arrived on the ground, the work begins at once, for the fair opens at half-past twelve,

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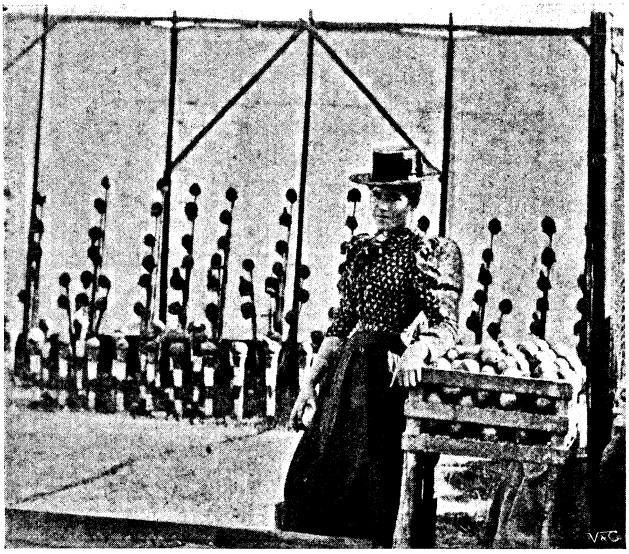
and there is nearly six hours' labour by way of preparation. How it is accomplished within the time limit by men, women, and children who have been travelling for the greater part of the night, I can't pretend to understand. The night journey is essential, because horses are rendered more restive by the passing of camel or elephant than they are by a motor-car. If there were lions or tigers, the difficulties would be increased, for every domestic animal can scent its natural enemies a long way off. There is no procession

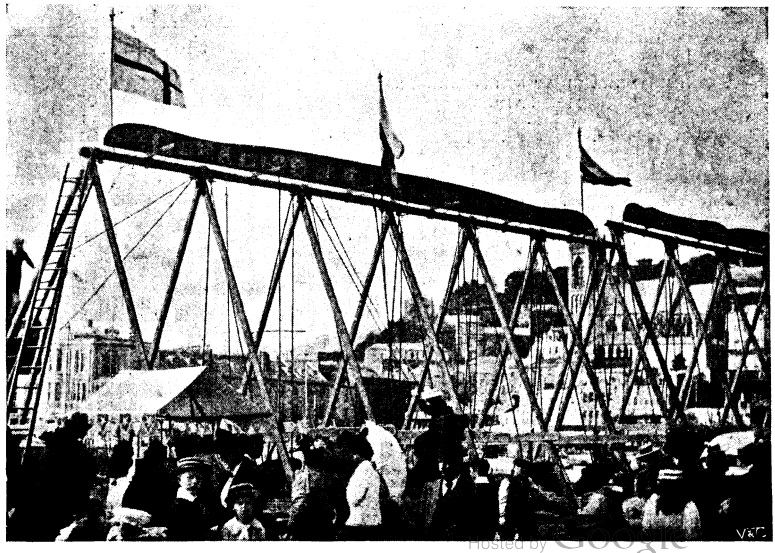
Photo by] [*F. G. Callcott.*
"AUNT SALLY."



ALF JONES'S COCOANUT-STALL AT DARTMOUTH REGATTA.

of fireworks as advertised," consisting of a dozen rockets, some squibs, and a big catherine-wheel, brings festivities to a close. Tired, but well content, the circus-folk sleep by the side of their stock-in-trade, and on the following afternoon they start their packing, the roundabout being left intact up to the eleventh hour to attract the pence that escaped it yesterday. Then, when the villagers are dreaming of the splendid sights they have seen and the thrilling experiences that have been theirs, the circus moves off as quietly as it came, and the place thereof

in our village—it is not necessary. Saving the bedridden, you shall hardly find a tenant in any house by the afternoon, and for some miles round men and women have walked, cycled, or driven in to see the great show. Nobody finds fault, everybody is in high spirits, and the fun of the fair lasts until ten o'clock, when a "splendid display



SWING-BOATS AT TORQUAY REGATTA.

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knows it no more until another autumn, winter, and spring have brought their varying gifts to the quiet village. How bare the green looks on the following day! how disconsolately the boys and girls roam about looking vainly for treasure trove among the rubbish and *débris* that must presently be cleared away!

Time has brought but few changes to our fair. I asked the village Nestor, a very old shepherd with pronounced opinions upon everything, if the style had changed; and he could only point to the Biograph pictures as something the village had done without very well before. They were "wery wunnerful," he'd "grant," but they were something

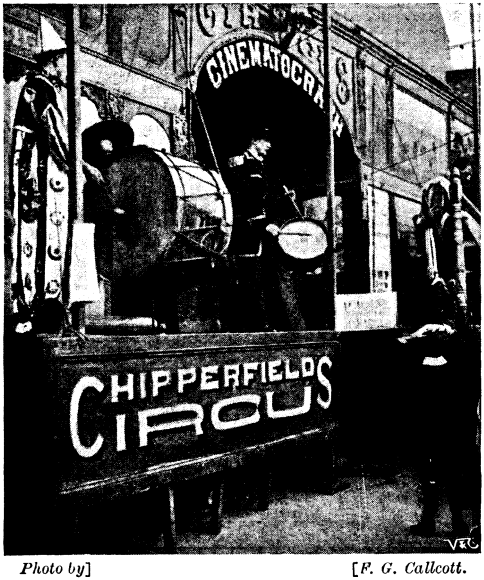

Photo by] [*F. G. Callcott.*

A CINEMATOGRAPH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON MOP FAIR.

opposed to the spirit of fair-time. At least, he thought so, and ninety years have passed since first he went to one. Merry-go-rounds had become far more ornate than they used to be, and were worked by steam instead of by hand; but the old man did not resent this change so much, though he would not patronise a thing that might "blow up whiles ye're settin' on it quite comfable."

We have a travelling theatre at fair-time, with some half-dozen performers, who stand outside their booth and draw the public patronage with the help of a big drum, just as Nedda and her companions do in Leoncavallo's opera of "Pagliacci." We have a champion stilt-walker, an Eiffel Tower in miniature, whose feats—or should I say feet?—are regarded with wonder and amazement by the lads of the village. Some go to the extent of imitating his work when the fair has passed to fresh triumphs in country town remote; and their efforts are by no means successful, if one may judge by the bruises they exhibit.

Aunt Sally is a familiar figure. She and her sisters stand in a long line and smile at their assailants. Time out of mind an Aunt Sally is "strook wunnerful 'ard," but nothing can spoil the amicable creature's patience or rob her of the simple smile that stretches from ear to ear. She is, in her modest way, a type of highest womanhood, enduring patiently, and turning a cheerful countenance to all the trials and troubles inflicted upon her by the brute called man.

The shooting-gallery has passed from our neighbourhood, and the gentleman who presided over it now runs the toy-stall. There is deep wisdom here. You used to receive a small gift, a few years ago, if you could hit the more difficult marks, the running rabbit and the swinging bird. In the past decade, however, the use of the gun has been developed all over the countryside, rough shooting is let in small pieces varying from one hundred to two thousand acres. For the most part the tenants are men from town, who can do no more than give a week-end to their favourite sport, and they engage villagers to look after the land for them, sometimes even to carry a gun, in order to wage war against stoats, magpies, and carrion-crows. Although it is to be feared that some of these "lookers" are given to mistaking partridges and rabbits for vermin, they have become very fine shots, as the proprietor of the shooting-gallery found to his cost, so now the gifts that were supposed to reward the first-class shot are sold in one of the tents at prices never exceeding a shilling. One night, when the fair was about to close, and the owner of the toy-stall had been toasting his own prosperity, not wisely but too well, he declared that shooting-galleries could not thrive in days when every village was full of "poaching varmints." In a more sober moment he told me that the standard of shooting had improved throughout rural England, and the old-time shooting-gallery no longer offered a fair return to its owner.

Even the cocoanut-stall is suffering from the steady hand and straight eye of the yokel, who must now be content to take aim from a greater distance and to find the nuts arranged on a corner of the ground that lacks most of the qualities associated with a bowling-green.

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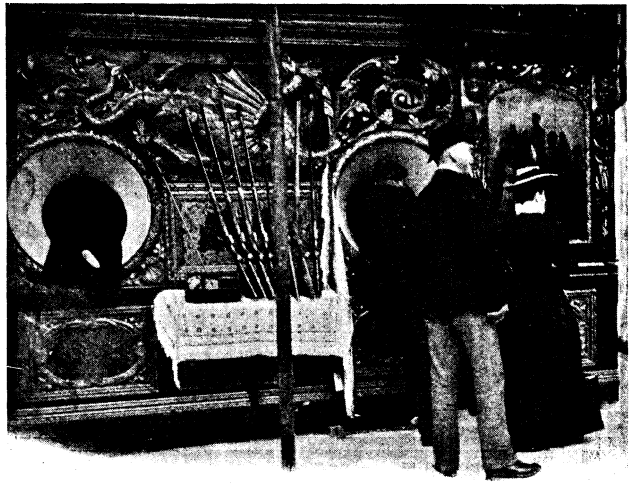
TOY-STALLS.

me of nothing so much as a Channel-crossing in a head-wind. But this form of *mal de mer* is quite popular, perhaps because it gives the country-maids a fair excuse for screaming.

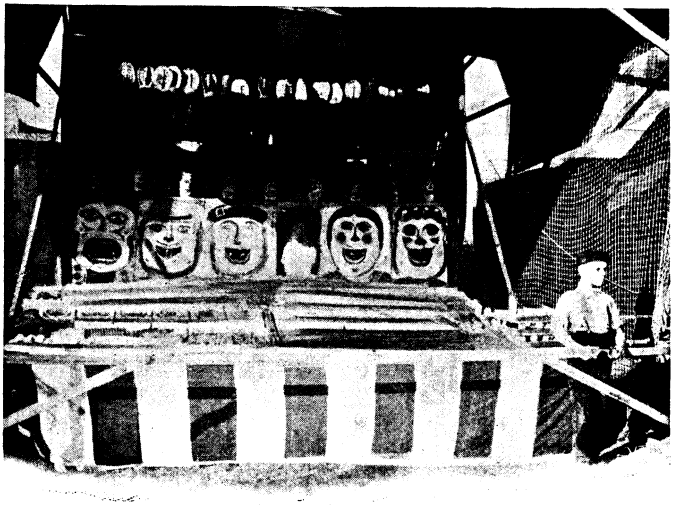
A boxing competition that need not be taken seriously, a wrestling match in which the local champions are challenged to take part, a six-legged calf and two-headed lamb are other attractions not lightly to be dismissed, and I have been impressed by the outlay

It seems quite an easy matter to hit the mark, but there are half-a-dozen little devices known to the fancy by which the chances of the striker are reduced. Far be it from me to give them away. The profits of the proprietor are not too big. But it is a fine sight to see a happy yokel win a nut and eat everything but the shell without perceptible effort. *O dura illa messorum!*

We have our swing-boats, too, in which you can experience all the joys of sea-sickness for a penny. Tempted to make an experiment, I found it reminded



A SHOOTING-GALLERY.



Three photographs by] [*F. G. Callcott.*

"THREE SHOTS A PENNY!"

involved in bringing the show along and the absolute necessity for big receipts. But, as one of the head men explained to me, this village is a "safe thing." It has but one fair in the year, there is no competition, and children save their money for months, to spend it royally in the booths and on the roundabouts. If any other form of amusement claimed the village attention, or even kept the people of the outlying villages away, if the pea-picking holiday were suspended for any reason, it would be impossible to bring all the

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vans to the village and to secure for all the works some return commensurate with their labours. There are places, said my informant, where a steam merry-go-round pays a visit at short intervals throughout the summer, and the proprietor adds a "cocoa-nut-shy" and an "Aunt Sally" to this chief attraction. A small matter, perhaps, to outward seeming; but no circus can visit such villages—there is not enough money left among the rustics to justify the necessary

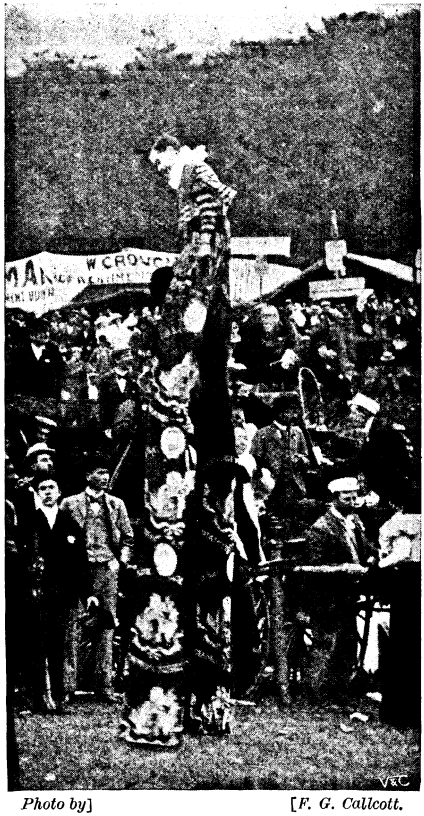

Photo by] [*F. G. Callcott.*

STILT-WALKER.

outlay. "There are people," said the showman sarcastically, "what would rather have a bit o' bacon-rind every day than goo wi'out and 'ave a nice bit of beef wi' greens o' Sunday." I give diplomatic assent to the proposition that his entertainment is beef and greens, while that of his competitors is bacon-rind, for no man will take you into his confidence if you dissent from him on first principles.

Of course, the circus I have attempted to describe, though a very important one indeed to the small country villages through which its summer course is taken, would not challenge comparison with the really important establishments that "tent" all over the country while weather permits. One and all go into winter quarters and do not leave them before the spring. Whether your caravan is a very extended affair, drawn by motors and carrying its own electric installation, or a modest collection of half-a-dozen vans drawn by horses and depending upon naphtha for its light, the rule with regard to the winter does not change. You must seek the shelter of a town and depend on summer's profits for winter's keep. To take the road is to risk being snowed up, to lose valuable animals through cold, and at the best to find that the tents cannot be made warm enough to tempt a large audience or keep the performers from serious chills. Only when the spring returns and the circus takes the road again, all its component parts bright as care and fresh paint can make them, can the proprietor say whether the past year has been one of loss or gain.

We cannot realise very readily how large the circus has become or how it has developed from old-time peep-shows and the waxworks of the immortal Mrs. Jarley, enshrined for all time—so far as time concerns this generation—by Charles Dickens. Perhaps we can learn something of the commercial value of circus undertakings by considering the prices at which they have been offered to the public. Barnum and Bailey's, the leading limited liability company of circus-land, has a capital of four hundred thousand pounds. Lord George Sanger, whose first Christian name was assumed, I believe, to balance the effect of Colonel Cody's* title, runs his great show as a limited company with one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds capital, while Collin's Circus, a very well-known visitor to country towns, is capitalised at one hundred thousand pounds.

The work required to carry one of these great entertainments from place to place requires no ordinary skill in management, and I have often thought that the master mind capable of the direction of our largest circuses would not be out of place as director of land-transport work in time of war. The tiny vans whose owners tramp across country, finding a pitch for the night on common land, cooking the supper by putting a tripod over an open fire and hanging an iron

* Colonel Cody is best known as Buffalo Bill.

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pot from it, and occasionally finding the supper itself less than a hundred miles from poultry-yard, game-preserves, or rabbit-warren—these simple establishments require much care for their safe conduct. What, then, shall we say of the large circuses? Bostock's, for example, can only move about the country by the aid of fifty men and seventy horses. Lord George Sanger's demands the work of two hundred men, some two hundred and ten horses, and sixty vehicles. Barnum's can show figures that are still more remarkable. The late P. T. Barnum, king of showmen and advertisers, started his professional career with a few trained cats and a freak or two. He ran his little entertainment in a van drawn by a single horse. Now, when Barnum and Bailey, Limited, move from America to England, a huge ship has to be chartered—one of the Atlantic liners is just large enough to accommodate the company if no strangers are allowed to join. The wages bill amounts to three thousand five hundred pounds a week—say one hundred and eighty thousand pounds for the year—all of which must be earned before the vast undertaking can begin to pay a penny in interest on its four hundred thousand pounds capital. When Barnum and Bailey's moves from town to town by rail, nearly sixty special carriages, each fifty feet long, must be provided, and in its winter quarters there is a complete installation of electric light, and water-pipes are laid for heating. Is it too much to say that the master minds that control the passage from continent to continent of such a circus could administer the transport business of an army corps?

The *personnel* of a circus is exceedingly valuable, and no liberties can be taken with it. It is no economy to save a few pounds and risk the loss of some animal that can never be replaced. Freaks are very rare and very costly; their attraction to the public may indicate a rather depraved taste; but it cannot be denied that they bring in their big salary and a bit over. Under these circumstances, the showman, whose work in life is to make money, must not be too particular. Fat people, whose size is very often increased by methods that do not call for examination here, are greatly in demand among the primitive amusement-seekers; and the fat women, who are to more thoughtful folks the least attractive item on the circus bill of fare, are said to come in large numbers from the pottery country in Staffordshire. It is hard to say where skeletons come from, or why they are deemed attractive, but they do bring in money. Whether they live long enough to enjoy their own savings is another matter. Good circus-horses are hard to find. The best are broken in by very experienced trainers, and when they have passed successfully through this ordeal are worth a large amount of money. Elephants require careful handling; it is notorious that they never forget a friend or forgive a foe; but if they are properly tended, elephants are a fine investment for the circus-master—they live to be a hundred years old.

Camels are difficult beasts. They have or seem to have a huge contempt for their master, man. Alike in the circus that is amusing a provincial town, and in the Sahara, where the camel attains to a very great speed and is invaluable to the Bedouin, I have noticed the same undisguised contempt for man the master. Moreover, there are times of the year when a camel is likely to run amok, and then he can do enough damage to make his circus unpopular for all time. Among themselves camels are quarrelsome beasts and strangely dainty. They often refuse to eat from the bare ground, and reject food that is not brought on a tray, and the fight for precedence among them is truly amusing. It is the custom of Eastern cities to provide separate *fandaks* for camels, because they will not be tied up with horses or mules. Strange horses, as I have said, will not pass camels, elephants, or wild animals of any sort, and on this account the passage of a "tenting" circus across country must be handled with the greatest discretion, and adds not a little to the burdens of circus life.

Questions of commissariat are not to be lightly dismissed. The amount of foodstuffs consumed is so great that a slight rise in prices is a matter of considerable financial importance to a

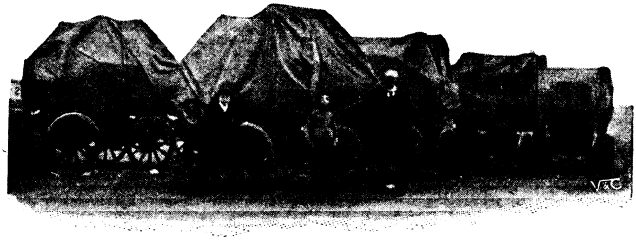

Photo by] [*A. J. Penwick.*

THE GONDOLA CARS OF A LARGE ROUNDABOUT READY FOR THE ROAD.

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circus. Some of the largest companies take their own butcher with them when "tenting," and buy up all the broken-down or worn-out horses they can pick up on the road. The rate of progress is necessarily slow, and it varies considerably according to the state of roads and weather, the absence of breakdowns, and the quantity of the food supply. Sometimes the circus covers no more than twelve miles in a day, while on very favourable occasions this distance may be doubled or nearly trebled.

The status of the circus is much higher on the Continent than it is in England. Great Continental circuses, like those of Hengler, Carré, and Eduard Wulff, pass from city to city, and always find a great building that was originally erected for their class of work. In Berlin, the German Emperor rents a box at the circus for the season, and the result of this action has given these entertainments a vogue throughout Germany. In every garrison town the officers subscribe for a box at the circus, and that patronage gives it a distinct place in the town's lighter life. Tenting is unknown, and Lord George Sanger created quite a sensation when he first took his show across the Channel and proceeded to travel through France and Germany, tenting as he went. That the experiment was successful is best proved by the fact that his last tenting tour was his fifteenth. The circus has improved in popularity in England in the last few years, as may be gathered from the fact that the six weeks' rent of the World's Fair at Islington has more than trebled in the last twenty-five years. But circus-riding and clowning are more highly esteemed abroad than at home, and the best clowns before the circus-loving public are to be found on the Continent, though the most of them are English born and bred.

The ring is uniform in size all over the world of the circus. Fourteen yards and nine inches diameter seems to be the arbitrary measurement. The case for uniformity need hardly be insisted upon. Riders and horses are constantly changing their city, and so long as every ring has the same diameter, a trick once learned is always known. And, by the way, it may be remarked that few lessons are more amusing than the first given to a circus-rider who is learning to ride barebacked. She is supported by a revolving pole stretched at right angles to another that stands upright from the ground. Should her earlier efforts land her in air or on the horse's head or the horse's tail, she does not suffer any other inconvenience than the sarcastic comments of the ringmaster.

It must not be imagined that the life of the circus is invariably a very happy one. For the rank and file there is hard work by day and night, and the cleverest entertainer may be reduced by some unexpected accident from affluence to poverty. With the circus proprietor the case is not different. If his luck is "out," he may have a series of unavoidable misfortunes and find himself a beggar at the time when his contemporaries, their day's work done, are taking a well-earned rest.

I have in my mind the case of old George Wombwell, nephew of the original George Wombwell who started the famous circus. This man had enjoyed good fortune and widespread popularity, he had appeared before Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort at Windsor when our present King was a little boy. He used to recall incidents connected with his appearance and tell how the young Prince Albert Edward nursed one of his baby tigers. Only a little while ago the correspondent of a great newspaper found the old man in an underground room just off the City Road, old, feeble, and penniless. His wife was in the workhouse infirmary. The misfortune that had overwhelmed him seemed to have been unavoidable. Loss of one valuable animal after another, often through bad weather in open country, slow deterioration of the show by reason of its losses, keen competition of the younger generation—these things had made for the old showman's downfall. In his day insurance and the benefit societies that serve to succour those who fall less by their own fault than because "Man is one, and the Fates are three," were in their infancy, and showmen were forced to regard chance and luck as the most serious elements in their life.

Yet no profession is free from troubles peculiar to itself, and it would be as unfair to overestimate the showman's share as it would be to pass it over altogether. By comparison with the lives of men and women who live "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in great cities or manufacturing towns, the life of our English nomad must needs appear attractive. If he has more of the showers, he has more of the sunshine, too; and there must be hours in his life, when all is well with the company, the business, and the weather, that go a very long way to atone for the times when he finds that good fortune has passed him by.

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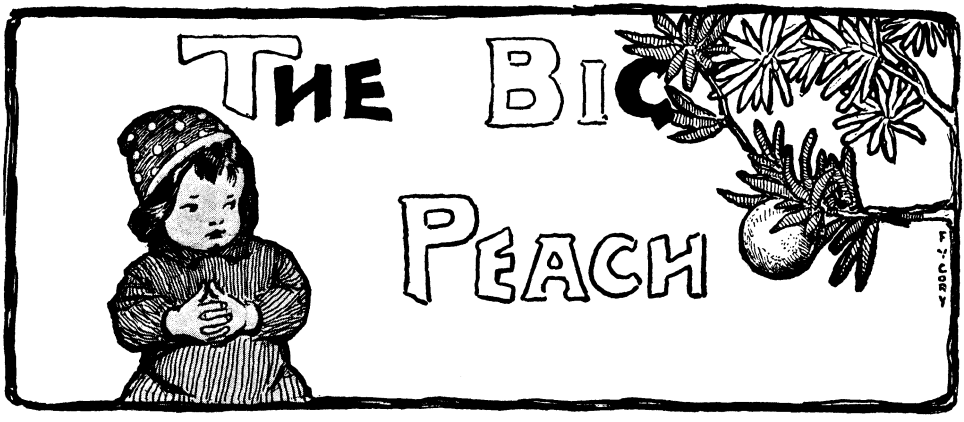

By HENRY HARLAND,*

Author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," etc.

WE had been speaking of early memories—of earliest memories, indeed, of one's far-away, fragmentary memories of early childhood—and we had said, no doubt, most of the obvious words.

We had said, of course, how curiously pleasant, in their melancholy-mirthful fashion, such memories are apt to be; and we had spoken of their singular pale distinctness, likening them (in an imaginative outburst) to faded tapestries, in which, though the colours are attenuated to mere reminders of themselves, the figures remain quite clear. We had mentioned, too, their extraordinary detachment, their inconsequence and irrelevancy: how we will remember trifles, isolated details, meaningless accidents, things that should have passed (one would suppose) almost unnoticed when they happened, whilst circumstances that were momentous or continuous, and ought to have impressed us, are gone utterly. And thereupon somebody had suggested that this was perhaps not so much due to the capriciousness of memory as to the child's erratic standards of importance, which would lead him to observe and to overlook in a sense entirely without correspondence to that of grown folk. Then we had remarked upon the difficulty of selecting, amongst earliest memories, the very earliest—of telling what the "very first first-thing" one can remember is; we had agreed that in considering objects all of them so distant, it is next to impossible to settle questions of relative distance. They are all visible on the same shadowy horizon: one has no range-finder, no means of comparison. And from that we fell to asking how much, in what we take for an early memory, is really pure personal memory, and how much is the alloy of hearsay. It would need nice alchemy to determine. There are those little family legends, anecdotes, allusions, which we have heard repeated hundreds of times, implied thousands of times; and we seem to remember the matter very well. How much do we really remember? It is a bold man who can swear to his own experience; fancy and the hypocritic years have every chance to trick him with a changeling. We had said, in effect, most of the obvious words.

For my part, I wondered whether the very first first-thing I could remember would not be the mysterious disappearance of the big peach. I am sure that it is one, at any rate, of the first first-things—I know that it must have happened, for example, a good while before I had attained the grand climacteric of five. It stands out all alone, caught, like the Sultan's turret, in a noose of light, the single discernible "feature" amid reaches of primordial mist; and the light is a mellow-wan primordial light. As for the alloy of hearsay, I will concede the largest measure scepticism can decently demand; a sufficient nucleus of authentic memory will abide. The big peach is a proverb in our family, to be sure—"As unaccountable as the disappearance of the big peach"; but I can conjure up, when I wish, at least one little scene of

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a poignancy by far too intense to be attributed to the second-hand. Besides, there is—there is a secret concerning the big peach; deep in my private heart there is a secret. Oh! not a secret fact—facts are such slippery inconveniences, who can be confident that any fact is secret?—a secret feeling, a secret surmise, suspicion, deep in my private heart. How—if you impugn the validity of my memory—how did it arrive there? I have guarded it close, all my life. And now, to-day, suddenly, somehow, I am seized by an impulse to divulge it.

* * * * *

The theatre of the episode was our garden at Saint-Graal; and that, at all events, I hope you will allow, I remember perfectly, since it was my annual summer playground until I was thirteen.

I don't even need—recognised part of the ritual though it is—to close my eyes, for the whole place to come back to me vividly: the bright lawns, the flowery alleys; the old trees, their trunks green with moss on the side where the west wind touched them—the west wind moist from the Bay of Biscay, a dozen miles away; the pond where the frogs croaked at nightfall, and the tall, white irises that grew about its margin; the gentle air, the countless garden perfumes; the birds, the squirrels, the lizards—yes, and also the occasional terrific excitement of a snake; the view of Granjolaye Forest, brooding in sunshine, to the east—of the Pyrenees, purple with shadow, in the south; and over all a strange, sweet silence. Was it really so silent, I wonder? Nay, it was most likely vocal. For, without reckoning again the frogs that croaked at nightfall, mustn't the birds have piped, and the breeze have whispered, and the leaves have rustled? Mustn't the locust have sung his Gaudeamus, to elate the toiling ant with a sense that he, thank goodness! was no such improvident fool? And people—mustn't they have talked and laughed? And mustn't the tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil have reached us faintly from the village? Mustn't there have been, in fine, a complete gamut of cheerful country sounds? Yet, as it comes back to me, it is silent, silent—a silent, smiling phantom. In rather a remote corner of our garden—five minutes' stroll from the house, perhaps—there was a small plantation of peach trees; not espaliered along a wall, but growing free, for it isn't necessary to espalier your fruit under that friendly sky. I say, a small plantation—being in England, and speaking with English reticence But we were in Gascony, if you please; and we called it our Peach Orchard.

Always a pleasant place—whither one liked to go with a story-book, and lie on the cool turf, in the shade—our peach orchard, in spring, became quite marvellously lovely. The Gascon spring is really spring, tender and eager, the young wooer of the earth, and not senile winter masquerading in spring's garments. It has tingling red blood in its veins, and not chill water; it breathes promises of fire and promises of life, not reminiscences of ice and death. Really spring, it is really Gascon too; and so it sometimes defiantly emulates midsummer, giving you brave days of blue and gold in March, or an April that you might mistake for a bashful English June. In March the nightingales begin their lamentations; celandine twinkles in the woods; anemones, narcissuses, jonquils grow in such luxuriance, it requires attentive navigation to cross a meadow without crushing them beneath your feet; and everywhere, everywhere, the scent of the wild hyacinth—that faint, plaintive scent—pursues you, troubles you, like a kind of undeserved reproach. In March our peach orchard blossomed, and looked as if an ensanguined snow had fallen on it. Is anything lovelier than a peach-tree in bloom, its wry branches brown against the sky, and not a leaf, but only innumerable sprays and clusters of warm-pink little roses? I do not wish to brag—I know the perils of my Gascon theme—but——! But fancy a whole orchard of such trees, against the ardent sky of the south; fancy the petals scattered on the new grass under them, the fragrance of the air round about.

In March, you will guess, our peach orchard was by no means a neglected portion of our domain. But it was never that precisely; for (apart from the incident of one's liking to take a story-book thither, and read in the shade) after the blossoms had gone, there was the exquisite beauty of the young leaves, delicate little lances of translucent gold; and later still there was the peach crop, its progress, its vicissitudes, to be watched; and so the orchard would remain a more or less frequent goal for pilgrimages all summer long. It was a particularly frequent goal during the summer that the Big Peach marked red. In the cool of the afternoon we would walk out, the whole family together, and group ourselves before the big peach as before a sort of fetich, to calculate and admire its increase, to conjecture how many morrows must elapse ere it would be

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"We stood speechless, expectant, almost awed."

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ripe for plucking. In perspective, as I behold it, that famous peach looms very big indeed. I shall say nothing specific of its measurements—I know the perils of my Gascon theme—but—— But unless in sober truth its dimensions notably exceeded those of ordinary peaches, however came it to be singled out and surnamed The Big?

* * *

In the cool of the afternoon we would saunter through our garden, towards the peach orchard, the whole family together, a merry procession. A merry procession then, indeed; a procession of merry, living people. A procession of the dead for the most part now, as I evoke it. For, besides my father and mother and myself, and my cousin Elodie—who is likewise, I believe, still living, somewhere at the other end of the world—there was my grandmother, there were my great-aunts Anne and Rachel, there was my beautiful young aunt Louise, there was my uncle Ferdinand, there was my brown old nurse Manuela; and they have all long since gone their way. So, as it passes before me now (in that mellow-wan primordial light), it is a procession of ghosts—the ghosts of people who were alive and are dead; the sadder ghosts of people who were young and are old, who were happy and are sorrowful; the ghost of one who was a child and is . . . well, well, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, and perhaps the omelette is somehow, in some occult fashion, worth the making—though when it is bitter to the palate, and when the eggs were rather precious eggs, not to be replaced, one can't always help wondering a little . . . . However, we weren't ghosts then; we were solid actualities of flesh and blood, moving through a garden, over bright lawns, down flowery alleys, among old trees, to look at a big peach; moving gaily in the gay Gascon weather, with no sharper anxiety in our hearts than to find the big peach safe where it belonged, and mayhap a trifle bigger. We moved gaily in the gay Gascon weather, all unconscious of the shadow that accompanied us—the shadow that I can see so plainly from this distance to-day: the shadow (as Paraschkine has it) of "the time that was then still the future, smiling with false promise; the time that is now too irrevocably the past, seated, like the Lorelei, amid derelicts and dead men's bones."

But I must be getting on with my story.

* * * * *

Well, then, there came a day—

> Un jour d'été que tout était lumière,
> Vie et douceur—

when the big peach, pronounced to be at the proper point of maturity, was solemnly reft from its parent stalk and transported to the house. Oh! but that was a ceremony, a function. Even my uncle Edmond, who was not commonly of our number, even he joined us. And we stood speechless, expectant, almost awed, as my grandmother stepped forward, put up her hand, gave a little pull, a little twist, and the deed was done; I am sure we felt a thrill; I think we uttered an involuntary sigh—of emotion, of satisfaction. The whole long season had been but prefatory to this hour, this consummation. The big peach, clad in velvet, golden on one cheek, roseate on the other, warm with the warmth of the sun, heavy with luscious juices, the big peach, the peach of our heart's desire, lay now at length verily in our grasp, a fact accomplished, a treasure definitely won.

My grandmother held it aloft for a moment, by its twin-leaved stem, to let a realising sense of the achievement sink into our souls; and then we carried it in triumph to my grandmother's room, and posed it in a crystal dish, and exalted it high and conspicuous on the mantelpiece, that we might gloat over it for a while before devouring it. That we decided we should do next morning at breakfast. We were a family of ten: it should be partitioned in ten equal fractions. "Two bites at a cherry—ten bites at a peach," you scoff? Aye; but this peach was —Big. And though I say nothing specific of its measurements (knowing certain perils), you will perhaps form your own conclusions when I protest that each of those ten fractions would have been a very comfortable mouthful.

Would have been. . . . Alas! I am constrained to put my boast in a mood conditional; for next morning the family of ten were startled by a rumour that the big peach had disappeared.

Yes, it had disappeared. Haggard, we flocked to my grandmother's apartment, refusing to believe, only to find the bad news confirmed. There was no slightest vestige of the big peach. It is that poignant little scene which you will never persuade me I do not positively, personally remember. No

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amount of hearsay, nothing but absolute experience, could have impressed a thing so deep, so clear, so permanent, in a fellow's mind. It was more than thirty years ago, if you choose to insist on figures; it is visible, alone amid blank wastes, away on the uttermost horizon; but it is unmistakable and undebatable: a cloud of agitated people, parents and aunts and uncles, one's grandmother, one's nurse, oneself, gathered before a tall white mantelpiece, in a sunny room, looking up at an empty crystal dish, gazing bewildered into each other's eyes, and uttering exclamations: "The big peach? What has become of the big peach?"

* * * * *

That is the question that has never been answered even to this day. The big peach had vanished like a beautiful illusion and left not a wrack behind. Inquiries were instituted, of course; scared servant-maids were put upon their honour; but no trace, no clue, was ever brought to light. And so the big peach became a byword with us—"As mysterious as the disappearance of the big peach." And yet—someone must have taken it? It could scarcely have *walked* away!

Ah! now we are approaching my secret.

* * * * *

But my secret—let me hasten to avow—is not what you are very naturally thinking. It is not that *I* took the big peach. How could I? A child under five? Guarded by a brown old Manuela? In the dead of night, in darkness and in silence? When the mantelpiece was high, and a chair must needs have been brought, and scaled, and restored to its normal position? And then, the stone, the stem, and those twin leaves upon it? How had a child made away with them? No, no; I see no sort of reason for supposing that it was I who took the big peach. And, besides, if I had done so, would I not remember it? I remember nothing of the kind. I remember perfectly the scene after the disappearance: why, if it was I, should I so perfectly forget the action of the theft? It must have been a most stirring, ticklish, terrifying adventure: how should one forget it? And, besides, if it was I, must I not have eaten the succulent thing, all its ten equal mouthfuls? Is it conceivable that I should forget *that* fearful joy? No, no; I maintain there is not one atom of evidence against me; I maintain that every presumption is in my favour; I submit that I am entitled to a full and immediate acquittal.

And yet—and yet——

Well, here is the curious truth: I have never heard the big peach mentioned without feeling a sudden queer feeling of mal-ease, a feeling of unrest, discomfiture, a little flush of heat, a little tremor, an impulse to hang my head, a desire to change the subject: without feeling something as near as possible to a feeling of shame, a pang of remorse, a dread of discovery. That is the curious truth. I do not in the least remember, I do not even believe, that it was I who took the big peach; but—why have I always borne the burden of it on my conscience? It seems a little unfair, seeing that I have none of the thief's retrospective pleasure, by way of compensation.

Once upon a time I was the owner of two dogs—a young and mischievous terrier, a middle-aged and well-conducted mastiff. But now and again, at rare intervals, the middle-aged and well-conducted mastiff would have a naughty moment and commit some misdemeanour. Then, when it was found out, the young and mischievous terrier would exhibit all the signs of guilt and contrition—the cringing gait, the evasive eye, the pendent tail. He knew, no doubt, that he was innocent for the nonce; but he also knew, the rascal, that his innocence was a mere affair of luck—he knew what he would have done if he had just happened to have the opportunity or the inspiration.

I wonder why the others never suspected me, why they never have suspected me. It seems very strange. When the big peach is mentioned, I instinctively expect them to cast a sly glance sidewise in my direction, a glance of meaning. Why don't they? . . . . Good gracious! it suddenly strikes me—am I quite sure they *don't? Do* they? Good Heavens! I—I must take pains to notice next time.

A PENNY PARTY.

BY LEWIS PERRY.

Photographs by G. and H. Ancell.

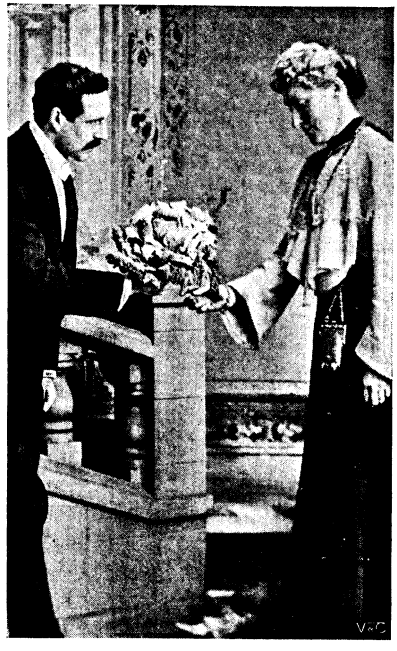
SHE is a very clever hostess who can readily provide novel and amusing entertainment for her guests.

It rather too frequently happens that a hostess gathers her friends around her with apparently no other object than that they should bore each other to death. The conventional evening party is, as a rule, an exceedingly stupid affair.

A GUEST ARRIVES CLOTHED IN A NEWSPAPER COSTING A PENNY.

How much nicer it is to make one's guests interested enough to be lively, and amused sufficiently to smile in a natural manner! Certain things have to be remembered in trying to accomplish this desirable end.

Nothing that calls for a strain on the intelligence will do. Only a stupid hostess would dream of suggesting anything of the kind. The idea must be enlivening without being painfully frivolous; amusing, yet beyond the shadow of the unrefined; giving everybody a little to do, and not too much to say—something, in short, out of the old rut.



A GUEST PRESENTS HIS HOST WITH A LARGE CABBAGE COSTING ONE PENNY.

The hostess who yearns after these things may be called daring. But she is also original. And originality is a bad friend to monotony.

That is why a certain popular hostess invented and carried out what she described on the cards as "a penny party"; and according to those who were lucky enough to receive authority to be present, the idea proved entirely successful. There was a simplicity about the details that appealed to everybody who naturally objected to strenuous exertion of the intellect. Then, again, it was such an easy subject to talk about. One didn't need to be a sort of animated encyclopædia to explain how it was worked. And so people talked about it, and expressed their opinion that it was "ripping" and "splendid."

And the "penny party" was really quite simple. It was constituted on lines like these: The cards impressively informed the recipients that invitations were only to be accepted on the express understanding that each guest must, on the evening of the party, bring with him or her something in the shape of goods or chattels which cost no more than the limited sum of one penny. Nobody, on pain of disqualification, was to expend

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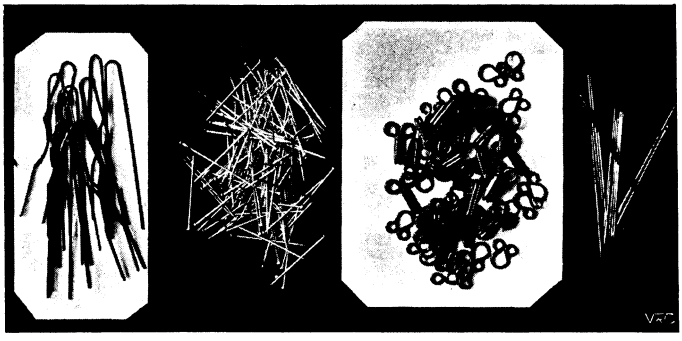
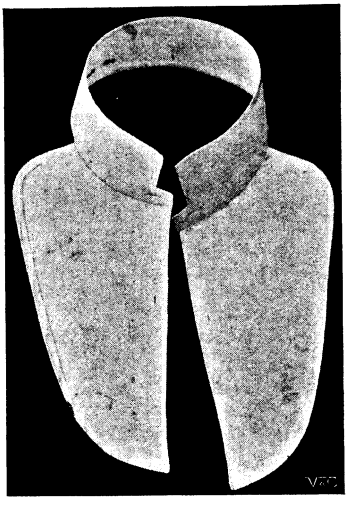
more than the solitary copper upon the article or articles which were to be laid, so to speak, at the feet of the hostess as a kind of offering. The penny was to be



A FARTHING'S WORTH OF PINS, NEEDLES, HAIRPINS, HOOKS AND EYES.

spent to the very best advantage according to the view of the purchaser.

To stimulate an ambitious desire amongst the guests to get as much as possible for their money, it was further stated that a very handsome prize would be given to the lucky guest who arrived on the scene with the purchase which, in the



COLLAR AND FRONT FOR ONE PENNY.

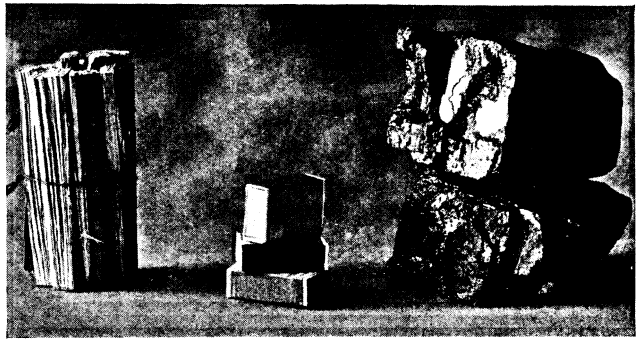
opinion of the hostess, was top value for the cash expended!

Nothing could be simpler. Everything was clear. It was all plain sailing. The point was to get hold of the best and biggest penn'orth in London—and everybody knows that one may buy a lot of things for a penny if one only knows where to go.

In due course, the evening of the "penny party" arrived, and so, in rapid succession, did the guests, each one bearing the fruits of his or her invested "copper."

Early among the arrivals was a bright youth, clothed in quite an out-of-the-way style; in fact, his garments were made of paper! On closer inspection it was seen that the material used for the purpose simply consisted of the sheets of a newspaper, cut out in the various shapes necessary to complete a very passable pair of nether garments and a lounge coat, somewhat erratic about the shoulders.

"Made them myself!" announced the bright youth



A COMFORTABLE FIRE FOR ONE PENNY.
(*Coal, ½d.; bundle of sticks, ¼d.; and three boxes of matches, ¼d.*)

with pardonable pride. "The material is neither more nor less than an ordinary copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, consisting of sixteen large pages of stout paper, for which I paid the sum of one penny. The suit is not faultless, I admit. I would not care to venture to play football in it, nor ride a bicycle. Even sitting down, I fear, would produce disastrous consequences, and I cannot guarantee that I could get out of it, now that I am inside, without a big chance of ruining it for ever. It's a 'ripping' suit, really; fashionable but frail, perhaps; still, there it is. I have succeeded, for the trifling sum of a penny, in clothing myself respectably—even if it is only in paper. Under the circumstances, I fancy there will be little difficulty in awarding me the prize for the biggest penn'orth of the evening."

And the paper-clad genius retired, amidst a good deal of laughter and chaff, to make way for the next claimant, a budding Pinero, who proudly produced a collection of articles chiefly feminine in their uses.

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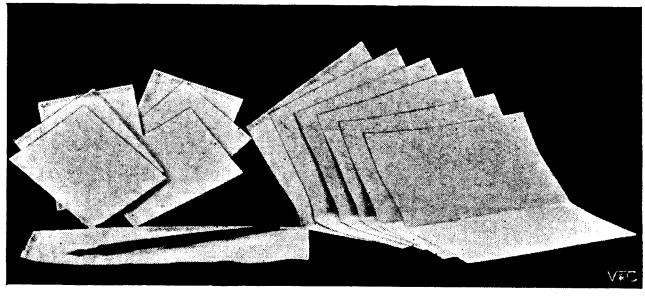
"Here," he exclaimed dramatically, "you behold the result of an hour's exploration this afternoon in the fastnesses of a well-known Oxford Street establishment. Quite a bundle of hairpins cost me but a farthing; whilst I expended the remainder of the wealth at my disposal on pins, needles, and hooks and eyes. I shall leave it to the ladies to decide whether a penny could be better spent under any circumstances. I'll thank you for the prize——"

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed a voice at the door, and there entered in haste a man excitedly waving a large cabbage over his head. "The prize is mine! Look at this!"—and he placed the vegetable in the hands of his hostess. "What can surpass it? Consider the possibilities of a cabbage! Soup, meat, and sweets, all at once, for a single penny!"

At this point the attention of the amused company was attracted by the efforts of a blushing young lady to extract a series of brown-paper parcels from a small leather bag which she had carried ostentatiously into the room.



SIX SHEETS OF NOTEPAPER, ENVELOPES TO MATCH, A PEN, AND A PIECE OF BLOTTING-PAPER, ALL FOR ONE PENNY.

A BREAKFAST FOR A PENNY.

(*Consisting of bread, ½d.; milk, ½d.; tea, ½d.; and sugar, ½d.*)

Slowly the packages were unwrapped and exposed to the view of the astonished spectators. A couple of lumps of shiny coal, a bundle of firewood, and three boxes of matches completed the little exhibition.

"A good fire for a penny!" said the young lady. "There is the firewood, a farthing for the bundle; the coal cost a halfpenny, at the rate of one-and-fourpence a hundredweight; and on the three boxes of safety matches I expended the remaining farthing. Think of it, my good friends: a cheery coal fire—all for a penny."

And the young lady gazed around the rapidly filling reception-room as though she thought she had solved one of the greatest of social problems.

I dare say, had the weather been colder just at the moment, the lady's remarkable purchase would have met with more appreciation than it really did. Still, there was a murmur—just a murmur—of approval, and the fair fire-provider on rock-bottom terms sank back gracefully in her seat, looking rather disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm shown towards her purchases.

Then there arose a little shriek from each of the ladies present, for sauntering through the room, a tall man, immaculately dressed, approached the hostess with outstretched hand, from which dangled a curious article of man's wearing apparel.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies," said the new-comer. "I beg to submit my penn'orth. It is a very popular article, used largely by a democracy that pines after appearance. It is certainly showy and undoubtedly cheap. It forms quite an inexpensive set-off to the personal charms of those who cannot boast of an unlimited linen-cupboard. Wearing it, a man is civilised, he looks clean and classy, the whole world might be at his feet. Take it away from its rightful position, and —where is your man? He has lost the hall-mark of respectability. Without a clean collar, what is a man? Here you have that which to a man is as the cutting to the diamond. It yields the indispensable lustre that produces appreciation. It is a paper collar and shirt-front combined, and cost, in

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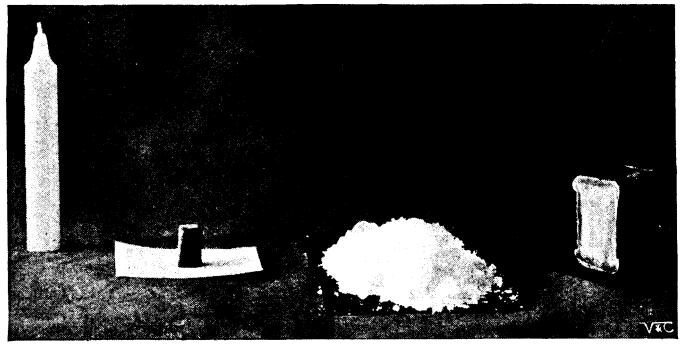
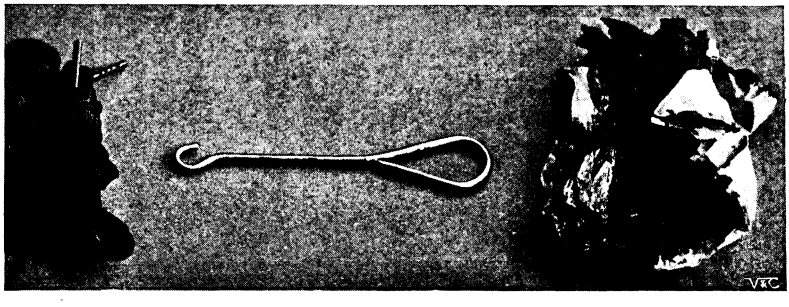
Kennington, a solitary copper! Now I'll thank you for the prize."

But it was gently intimated to the over-sanguine young man that there were others—and he subsided.

The pennyworth which the next guest was responsible for took a very practical shape. It is apparently a very difficult matter to starve in London. For the sum of one penny, it was plainly demonstrated, quite a satisfactory breakfast is procurable, if one only knows where to go for the materials. Here was a nice little exhibit, consisting of the following articles of food: a third of a pound of bread, sufficient tea to make a couple of strong cups of that popular beverage, eight lumps of sugar, and a ½-gill of new milk.



HOW TO DO THE FAMILY WASHING BY CANDLELIGHT FOR ONE PENNY.
(*Candle, ¼d.; blue, ¼d.; washing-soda, ¼d.; and soap, ¼d.*)



A PAIR OF BOOTLACES, A PIECE OF BLACKING, AND A BUTTON-HOOK, ALL FOR ONE PENNY.

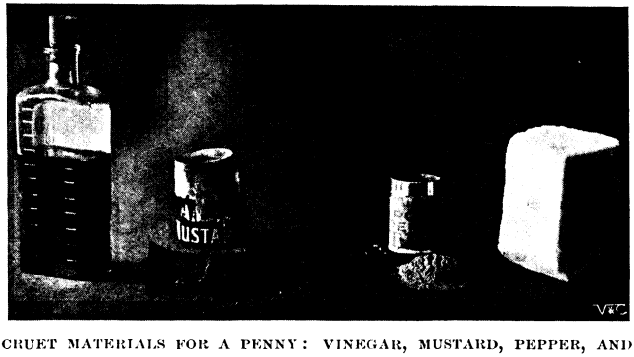
"Beat that for a well-expended penny if you can," triumphantly cried the guest who had made the marvellous investment. And everybody admitted that there would be some difficulty in accomplishing the feat.

Next came a lady guest of a literary turn of mind. Her contribution consisted of a packet of stationery, including half-a-dozen envelopes, and notepaper to match, together with a sheet of blotting-paper and a good pen—a complete correspondence outfit, in fact!

"Six roses for a penny!" sang out another one of the party. "Bought 'em in Piccadilly Circus on my way here. Beautiful, aren't they? It is a wonderful privilege for Londoners to be able to buy half-a-dozen of these exquisite blooms for such a trifling sum. Hallo! what's this?"

For, as the floral enthusiast threw down the "exquisite blooms" upon the table, the bouquet fell to pieces, the blooms dropped off the stalks, and lo! nothing was left but a mass of loose petals and somewhat *passé* foliage and a few lengths of thin wire!

A roar of laughter from the company completed the discomfiture of the unlucky contributor to the evening's pennyworths, and he retired in confusion to a quiet corner, to ruminate, no doubt, on the wiles of flower-girls and the frailty of flowers.



CRUET MATERIALS FOR A PENNY: VINEGAR, MUSTARD, PEPPER, AND A LUMP OF SALT.

"A practical lesson on the cheapness of

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cleanliness" was illustrated by a smiling matron whose penny had purchased a piece of soap, a few ounces of washing-soda, part of a packet of blue, and a farthing candle—the latter indicating, no doubt, that the night hours might be utilised for the purpose of completing the family washing.

Another contribution included a farthing button-hook, a pair of bootlaces, and a piece of blacking.

Someone else added a little condiment to the proceedings by producing a goodly pennyworth in the form of a block of salt, a portion of pepper, a tiny mound of mustard, and a bottle of vinegar.

Other pennyworths offered for consideration on the occasion do not call for particular mention—I have chosen the more typical—but nearly every item created amused discussion among the guests.

The prize, after due consideration on the part of the hostess, went to the penny breakfast caterer.

And everybody declared that there was plenty of fun in a penny party.

THE EMIGRANT.

I'M sending this across the Pond to try
To find you somewheres West, fer little Chris
Is waitin' fer a line from you, an' I—
I'm sendin' this.

She wonders if it be the post you miss,
Or if, maybe, ye're sick, an' like to die;
Bes' write 'er, Jim, an' jes' enclose a kiss.

An' when you 'ave the pen an' inkpot nigh
You'll let me know 'bout them big salaries,
An' if a pal should come—but *that's* not why
I'm sendin' this.

KATHERINE MANN.

The Editor regrets that, owing to an oversight, the form of acknowledgment for permission to reproduce the picture by Mr. Isaac Snowman, entitled "Butterflies," was erroneously expressed in the June number of THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE. *The permission should have been ascribed to Messrs. Landeker and Brown, of Worship Street, E.C., the owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate of this painting, who kindly consented to the reproduction of it in the selection from Mr. Snowman's pictures.*

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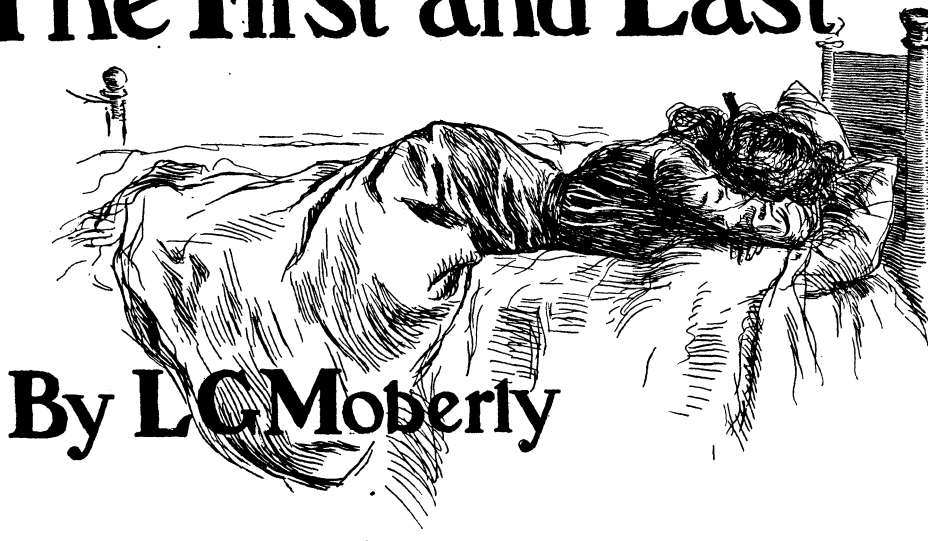
The First and Last



By L. G. Moberly

THE boy and girl stood outside the wooden courthouse, looking along the one street of the township. The white dust was inches deep in the road; the wind from the prairie blew hot and fierce against their faces and tossed the girl's curls against her forehead and into her eyes. The sun blazed down upon the silent street, its two rows of wooden houses, the unpretentious courthouse, and the pretentious saloon, from which issued a Babel of voices.

The girl looked at her companion. Her face bore the promise of great beauty in some future day; just now it was tanned and freckled, the brows were drawn together in a heavy frown, and there were sulky lines about the well-cut mouth. Had the boy been a few years older, he would have realised what a promise of loveliness lay in the clear-cut features and, above all, in the shifting colour of the eyes, at one moment blue as the sea, at the next, green and deep as a mountain pool. But seventeen summers had barely passed over her head, and he was only nineteen, and he had a secret certainty that the black-eyed lady of the saloon, who was old enough to be his mother, was far more interesting and attractive than the sallow and ill-tempered wife from whom the easy-going law of the State had just separated him.

They had been married only for a few months, and the elders on both sides had prophesied that, considering her temper and his pride, no good could possibly come of the marriage.

The elders were right. They sat now in the courthouse discussing the affair, as elders will, whilst the two culprits stood without in the dusty road, eyeing each other askance and wondering vaguely what next.

"I'm off," the boy said suddenly.

"Off where?" she looked up at him again from under the tangled curls that rioted over her forehead.

"West," he answered briefly, waving his arm vaguely towards the hazy distance, where by and by the sun would drop into the plain like a ball of fire. "I shan't stay here."

Her eyes did not leave his face.

Now that she was no more to him than any other girl in the world, she, womanlike, forgot that they had quarrelled at every turn, and only remembered that she used to think no grey eyes were like his!

She sidled nearer to him.

"I'm sorry, Jack," she said.

"Are you?" The boyish voice was grim. "It's a bit too late now, Mercy. The thing's done. And, anyway, we didn't seem to suit, did we?" he added almost apologetically. The nonchalance beneath the apology sent the colour flaming over the girl's face.

"No—we didn't suit at all," she said fiercely, "and I'm—I'm very glad I'm not your wife any more. I shan't ever marry again." She laughed, but her laugh ended in something suspiciously like a sob, and she dashed her hand angrily across her eyes.

* Copyright, 1903, by L. G. Moberly, in the United States of America.

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"Well, good-bye," she exclaimed after a moment; "it's no use our standing here in the sun and dust. I'm going home. Good-bye." She was turning away from him when he caught her by the shoulders and drew her back.

"I say, Mercy," he said, "you might just—just—kiss me good-bye, as it's—for the last time."

"Oh, I don't mind," she answered nonchalantly. "You'll be the first and last boy I've ever kissed, or ever shall kiss. I'm off boys for the rest of my life."

He still held her by the shoulders, and at this juncture gave her a little shake.

"Some day you'll find a man who'll——"

"No, I shan't—and he won't," she said vehemently. "I tell you, Jack, I'm sick of boys, and men, and the whole thing. I can promise you this: I will never marry. I will never let any man kiss me! You're the first and last—kiss me quick and let me go. They'll be coming out."

True, a murmuring of voices was audible from the courthouse, and the delinquents had no desire to be caught confabulating together in the dusty road, when their divorce for incompatibility of temper had just been declared.

The boy stooped his tall head and kissed the face uplifted to him.

"I'm—I'm sorry, Mercy," he faltered, seeing the dimness in her eyes. "I wish——"

"Oh! it's all right," she cried defiantly. "Don't you fash yourself about me. I'm all right. You go West and—and enjoy yourself, Jack."

And before the boy could utter another syllable, she had dashed from him down the street, the dust flying round her in a white cloud, the bronze curls of her hair gleaming in the sun as she ran.

Jack watched her till she vanished into one of the wooden houses, then he walked off slowly and thoughtfully in the opposite direction.

But Mercy lay upon her bed, a pitiful little heap, sobbing as though her heart would break—because—well, because she had got her way and said "Good-bye" to Jack for ever and ever.

* * * * *

The silver clock upon the mantelpiece tinkled the hour in soft chimes.

The woman who sat beside the fire started and looked up quickly.

"Oh, bother!" she said aloud. "In ten minutes I must go and dress for the seventh stupid dinner-party I've been to this week!" Then she lay back in her chair again and resumed her former occupation of staring into the glowing fire.

"Thirteen years," she said aloud, "thirteen years. I wonder——"

Then she fell silent again, sighing softly.

It was not often that Mrs. Clive, the lovely widow who was fascinating all London by her charm, was allowed to sit alone and see old pictures in the coals. It is doubtful whether the usually wholesome sanity of her nature really enjoyed this pastime.

But to-night, although the shaded lamps diffused a soft light in the room; though she could, if she pleased, have read one of the many books that lay on the table at her elbow, she remained lying back in the arm-chair, her eyes fixed on the fire.

The scene she saw in the glowing coals was as unlike her present surroundings as could well be imagined.

A long, dusty road, wooden houses straggling along its edges, and beyond, a wide expanse of open prairie which melted on the horizon into the far sky of the West.

There were two human beings in her vision—a girl, whose face, across the years, seemed to her merely a blurred smudge of freckles and tan; and a boy, whose fair, boyish features and grey eyes were as vividly in her recollection as though she had seen them yesterday.

"Thirteen years," she said again. "I wish——"

There was a tap on the door, and an elderly lady with a nervous manner looked in.

"Oh, Mercy," she said, "I just came to see if you had forgotten that dinner to-night, you know—at the Blake-Garners'. I was afraid you had forgotten."

The woman by the fire stretched her arms over her head and smiled.

"Cousin Charlotte, you're the very best *duenna* in the universe," she said lazily; "you never let me forget my duties." She rose slowly. "Do you think I'm altered much since you first brought me to Europe?" she went on, facing the elderly lady, with a smile.

"Oh, my dear! when I think of you as you were then—a raw, freckled girl, undisciplined and—and everything, and look at you now, it is hard to think you can be the same person."

"You are a very nice *duenna*," and Mercy stooped to kiss the other woman's thin, wrinkled countenance. "I don't know what

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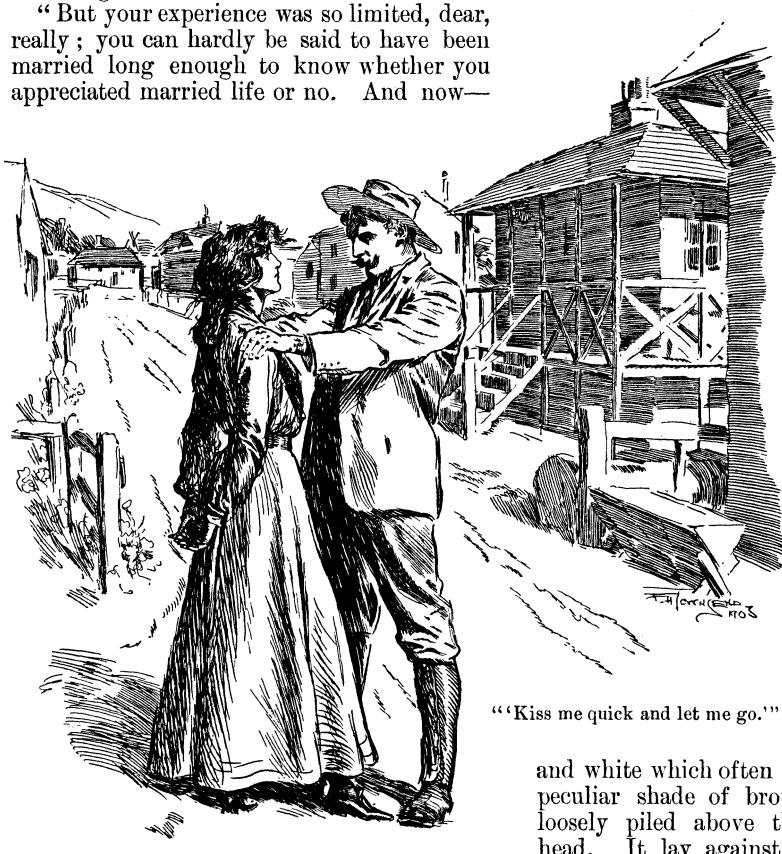
made me remember those—those funny old days to-night." She laughed and sighed.

"Oh, my dear!" (Cousin Charlotte seemed physically incapable of opening a sentence in any other way), "I hoped you never remembered those—funny old days, as you call them. I hoped that perhaps—now—at last you were thinking of—of marrying again?"

"I—marry again? No thank you, Cousin Charlotte," there was a mocking note in her charming voice.

"But your experience was so limited, dear, really; you can hardly be said to have been married long enough to know whether you appreciated married life or no. And now—



"'Kiss me quick and let me go.'"

so many delightful people want to marry you—surely——"

"I don't mean to marry." Mercy shook her head firmly. "Why should I? I am supremely happy. I have money, position, luxury, every mortal thing I want. Why hamper myself again with that doubtful blessing, a husband? *Pas si bête.*"

"Oh, my dear!" Cousin Charlotte ejaculated feebly; but she said no more, as the younger woman walked across the room, humming an airy little tune.

"It is really more amusing to be a widow," Mercy said as she reached the door, and turned her laughing face to her elderly relation, who could only murmur deprecatingly—

"Oh, my dear!"

* * * * *

"And now I want very much to introduce you to Mrs. Clive. You and she belong to the same country," and the hostess preceded a tall man across the room, bringing him up finally before a woman, who turned with a smile to greet the stranger.

She did not catch his name.

Lady Denvers had a perfect genius for mumbling her introductions in such a fashion that nobody ever knew to whom he or she was introduced.

The tall stranger bowed and looked for a second time at the lady called Mrs. Clive, distinct admiration in his glance.

He saw a woman of perhaps thirty years; but she wore those years lightly, and might have been taken for considerably younger, save for an assurance of manner which told of a lengthy acquaintance with the world and its ways.

Her colouring was of that brilliant pink and white which often accompanies hair of a peculiar shade of brown, such hair as was loosely piled above this woman's shapely head. It lay against her white neck and forehead in delicious little curls and tendrils, and a sudden wonder seized him as to what they would look like, blowing about her head in a high wind.

Her eyes were peculiarly beautiful, neither blue nor green, but a curious combination of both colours; and her smile worried him in some odd way. It was familiar, yet unfamiliar; he racked his brains to remember whether he had ever in his wanderings met anyone of the name of Clive.

"Excuse me," he said, after they had talked before-dinner platitudes for a moment, "but have we ever met before?"

"Not that I know of," she answered,

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smiling that irritatingly familiar smile once more. "I don't think I should have forgotten you if I had seen you; although, just for about half a second, *I* also had a dim impression that we had met before."

She drew her eyebrows together into a pretty, puzzled frown, as she looked into the stranger's face.

His was a striking personality. To begin with, his unusual height made him a conspicuous object, wherever he might be. His broad shoulders and massive strength recalled to Mercy the stories she had read of the Norse heroes, and his face bore out her whimsical fancy.

He wore a short, fair beard which failed to hide the massive jaw and chin and the firm mouth. The well-opened, grey eyes had in them the look of men accustomed to gaze across vast distances and to live in the great solitudes of the earth.

"I don't well see where we could have met," he continued, with a certain abruptness characteristic of him, "seeing that for years I've spent my time in climbing mountains and exploring strange places. It must be merely some chance resemblance."

"Yes, no doubt a chance resemblance," she repeated vaguely, but the little puzzled frown did not leave her forehead until they had been seated several minutes at the table.

Her companion interested her; he was so utterly unlike the average Englishman of her acquaintance.

Of small talk he possessed none, but he had travelled over the greater portion of the globe, and was ready to tell his interested listener everything she wished to know upon the subject of strange lands.

He observed that her interest was especially roused when he spoke of his journeyings in the far-west of America, and once he said to her—

"Our hostess told me that you were a countrywoman of mine. Do you know the Western States well?"

"I was in a Western town many years ago; but I have lived in England now longer than I care to remember, and I have almost forgotten what Western life is like."

She laughed; but as she laughed, she saw a dusty road, a new township, a wide reach of prairie, with all the vividness of a photograph.

"I suppose you came to England after—when——" He stumbled and broke off his sentence. This big, fair man was not a man of the world. He spoke out the thoughts that came into his mind, as they arose. To his great relief, his companion did not look offended by his outspokenness.

"When—I—lost my husband?" she answered. "Yes; I came to England a year or so afterwards. I had some money left me, and I thought I should like to see something of English life. And I have settled here for good and all."

"For good and all?" He looked into her beautiful, laughing face, and a faint wonder stole over him why this very attractive woman had not married again.

"Yes. Why not? My experience of—of the West—was not altogether delightful. I do not wish to repeat it. Here, I am very happy and very independent."

"Is independence the height of bliss?"

"Yes—quite. I—have been my own mistress for so long now that I can't imagine any other state of existence." He was seized by an insane desire to ask her how long she had been a widow, and what had been the length of her married life. But fortunately prudence this time tied his tongue, and with a diplomacy rare in his open nature, he changed the subject.

"I've met an old Scandinavian god," Mercy said that night to her cousin, whose faded eyes opened wide at the announcement. The poor old lady never understood a quarter of what her young cousin said to her.

"Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed, "whatever *do* you mean?"

"Well, he wore evening clothes, of course, and talked like—almost like the average man. But he was fair, and grey-eyed, and bearded, and I think altogether good to look upon. The kind of man that I——"

"That you what, dear?" Cousin Charlotte spoke eagerly. It was the keenest desire of her kind little soul to see Mercy happily married; and Mercy, as a rule, had no word of praise for any man.

"That I could fancy might be very masterful—on occasion," Mercy ended mischievously.

"What was his name, dear?" Cousin Charlotte ventured timidly.

"I haven't the remotest idea! Lady Denvers never says anyone's name audibly. But as I am not likely to meet the man again, it really doesn't matter. I'm not sure that I want to meet him again. He is too——"

"Too what, dear?"

"Too—masterful."

Again a mischievous gleam shot into Mercy's eyes. Not for worlds would she

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"'Excuse me, but have we ever met before?'"

have hinted to Cousin Charlotte that the big stranger had attracted her, and yet—and yet—she was neither sorry nor surprised when she met him again two evenings later. It was at a big "at-home," and Mercy looked more than usually lovely, in a gown of some filmy material, in colour neither green nor blue, matching curiously her own wonderful eyes.

"I wonder if you would let me come and call on you?" he said abruptly, as they stood talking under the palms in the great conservatory.

A quick leap of her heart warned Mercy that if she intended to keep this stranger at arm's length (as she had always said in her own mind that she would keep every man), she had better gracefully decline to receive him. Indeed, she opened her lips to say as much, when some look in the grey eyes fixed upon her made her falter like a girl, and to her own no small surprise she found herself answering—

"I shall be very pleased to see you."

"Didn't I say the man was masterful?" the thought shot through her mind. "But—so am I," followed another thought as quickly.

"Do you know," she said, after a moment, "it's very absurd, but I don't even know your name."

"My name?" He looked vague for an instant. "My name is Dane. I hesitated—but—it is odd, I was almost forgetting and giving you another name. I had to change names for some property, but mine really *is* Dane. I'm not an impostor."

She laughed.

"You couldn't be if you tried," she said. "You would blurt out the truth by mistake if you did begin 'practising to deceive.'"

It was the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened rapidly into friendship, a friendship upon which Cousin Charlotte looked with hope.

The big stranger appealed to her as a most delightful being, so full of strength and helpfulness, and the poor soul wondered how it was possible for Mercy to look with laughing eyes at this godlike being, and to chaff him—yes, actually chaff him, when he attempted to cross the line between mere friendliness and something deeper.

But Mercy had been a problem to her meek little cousin ever since, thirteen years ago, she had instituted Cousin Charlotte her

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duenna and dragged her from a dull Western town into the whirlpool of European existence.

The little woman ventured on one small protest.

"Oh, my dear! I do wish you could see your way to—your way to allowing that charming Mr. Dane—to—to——"

"To what, Cousin Charlotte? To worry me by masterfulness into doing what I vowed I would never do again?"

Her laughing face grew suddenly grave.

"Yes. I said—I would never marry again, and I mean to keep to what I said. I shall never let another man—— Oh, well! never mind, Cousin Charlotte; don't let us trouble about those tiresome creatures, men, and their tiresome ways. We break their hearts—they ours. It is best to—keep them at arm's length.

But Mercy sighed in spite of her light laughter.

* * * * *

"I don't follow your reasoning in the least."

Mr. Dane stood upright, his back to the mantelpiece, on which the silver clock ticked softly; his face towards the pretty room, fragrant at this moment with the scent of roses.

There was a stubbornness about the set of his big frame and in the lines of his mouth which his hostess observed with some inward quaking. She also was standing, and though her lips smiled, a look that bore some distant resemblance to fear lurked in her lovely eyes. It was not fear of the man before her; perhaps it was fear of herself. Who knows?

"I don't follow your meaning in the least," he repeated firmly.

"Oh, dear! don't you, really? Shall I have to go through it all again?"

She tried to meet his eyes with a mocking smile. The effort was a failure. Her own eyes wandered to the bowl of roses on the table, thence to the sunny street outside. A faint flush crept up her face, and he, watching her closely, noticed it.

"No. There is no object in your telling me again that you don't mean to repeat the experiment of matrimony because your first marriage was unhappy. That line of argument seems to me to have nothing to do with the case."

"Nothing to do with the case?" She spoke a little breathlessly. "I should say it has everything to do with it."

"Not in the least. Because one man failed to make you happy, it doesn't in the least follow that another man would also fail. Besides, you say you were quite a girl when—your husband died?"

She moved a little uneasily. The flush on her face deepened.

"I was *quite* a girl when—when—I lost my husband; but——"

"Well, then, the circumstances are entirely different. Perhaps Mr. Clive—was also young? Perhaps—you did not understand one another. Perhaps you had not learnt then what love means?"

A curious expression—half shame, half defiance—shot into her eyes.

"He was also young," she said; "but I—think I knew what love meant—even then."

Her voice dropped.

"Was he—adamant enough not to love *you?*"

The words were shot out abruptly, almost fiercely, and Mercy laughed, her eyes glowed softly.

"I think—*he* didn't know what love meant," she said. "He was very young—only a boy." There was a sort of tender apology in her tones. "Girls are always older than boys at that time of life. He——"

"Look here, Mrs. Clive, don't let's go on talking about him." The speaker moved nearer to Mercy. "I want a plain answer to a plain question, not a lot of arguments against it. I want you to tell me whether you will be my wife?"

She shook her head.

"No—I can't be that," she said.

"But why not—why not?" he persisted. "Don't pretend to me that you don't care." His voice softened into tenderness. "You do care a little bit even for a great, hulking brute like me, don't you?"

She laughed a little hysterically.

"I—oh, yes—I do care; but I wish you weren't so masterful as to make me say it, when it's no good, no good whatever." She turned away from him, but he could see how the colour swept over her neck and face to her forehead.

"Why is it no good? Why should you let a dead man——"

"That's it—that's partly it," she turned sharply back to him. "He—isn't dead. But even if he was," she went on hurriedly, in response to the startled look in his eyes, "even if he was, I can't, I couldn't marry another man. I said so, I sort of promised it to myself, and to him, even though he didn't care a fig."

She laughed again, but the laugh ended in a sob.

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"'You see—he is—the first—and last boy—I've ever kissed!'"

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"Not dead?" her listener repeated slowly. "You promised him? What do you mean?"

"Oh! how can I make you understand?" she cried. "There is nothing wrong. Only—when he said 'Good-bye,' I said to him: 'You are the first and last boy I have ever kissed—or ever shall kiss.' I can't seem to forget I said that."

Mr. Dane's hand suddenly fell on her shoulder.

"Do you mind saying that again?" he said quickly, and his words fell over one another in an odd sort of confusion.

She glanced up at him, and the look in his eyes gave her a strange sense of bewilderment and familiarity.

"Say it again? Why—if you like. I said: 'You are the first and last boy I've ever kissed, or ever shall kiss.' I said: 'I can promise you I will never marry.' I said that, too. And the wind blew my hair into my eyes, and the dust came sweeping over us. And oh! how the sun had freckled my face!"

She smiled, but the man beside her stood like a statue, staring at her stupidly.

"You were a good bit tanned," he said slowly. "No wonder—I—I—didn't know you again—Mercy."

"*You*—know me again?" She faced round on him, her eyes large with wonder.

"But why do you call yourself Mrs. Clive?" he went on, pursuing his own train of thought. "And why has your cousin never called you Mercy whilst I was here? I might have guessed then that——"

"That what? What is it you mean?"

"That—*I*—am the first and last boy you ever kissed," he said softly; and as he said the words, he stooped and kissed her.

"Oh!" she gasped feebly, "you don't mean to tell me that I—that you——"

"I simply mean to tell you that you are going to marry—for the second time—Jack Mansfield, now Jack Dane," he said quietly. "But why did you call yourself Clive?" he went on with some abruptness.

"Because I wanted to start quite fresh; and I couldn't pose as a girl again. So I just took my mother's name and said I was a widow."

"And you didn't ever mean to marry again?" he asked her. "Did you, after all, care for that scapegrace, Jack?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I think—perhaps—I felt I was still his wife. I—couldn't have married anybody else. Yes—I—did care—a lot for that Jack, even though I teased him."

"And what about this Jack?" he bent his head close to hers.

"This Jack—I—care for—too—a good lot," she whispered. "You see—he is—the first—and last boy—I've ever kissed!"

CONSUMMATION.

LOOK in mine eyes, Beloved! Is it true
That you and I have found each other now?
And when I smooth the dear hair from your brow,
Do I touch you and not the shadow of you
That I have known in dreams the slow years through?
My soul made long ago its maiden vow
Before no other than its mate to bow
In spiritual submission; for it knew—
Beloved Brother of the Inner Shrine!—
That in the long procession of the years,
Slow with the weight of destiny's arrears,
One laurel-crowned would bring me what was mine.
So I will offer incense to the spheres,
And drink with you Love's sweet and bitter wine.

E. B.

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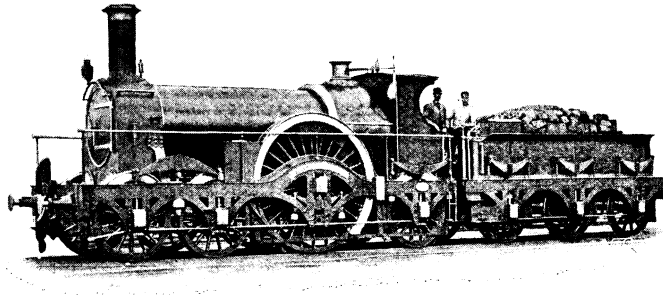
THE WAYS OF OUR RAILWAYS.

By CHARLES H. GRINLING.

No. III.—THE MECHANISM OF THE MOTIVE-POWER.

WITH a great number of people the fascination of the railway system lies in the phrase with which I have headed this article—the mechanism of the motive-power. Such phenomena as the economic revolution wrought by railways, or the problems of organisation they involve, make but a limited appeal to the imagination, compared with the interest and charm of the machinery by which the traffic is moved. Will this interest and charm be enhanced by the entrance into the field of railway traction of that strange, invisible power which we call electricity? I doubt it. The steam locomotive in its general outlines is a piece of mechanism comparatively easy to comprehend. We call it the "iron horse," and the analogy of its parts with those of a living animal is close enough to make the simile an apt one. Steam is as the breath of life to the locomotive, being inhaled and exhaled to and from the cylinders, which act as lungs, while the boiler fulfils functions analogous to the digestive organs of an animal. But the generation of electricity, and its application to the work of moving a train, are matters far more complex, and most of the work is done outside the range of vision of "the man on the station platform," whose delight it is to stare at "the man on the footplate" and study the points of his iron steed before starting on a railway ride. Should the steam locomotive be superseded by the electric current, railway travelling may become cleaner, quicker, and more pleasant, but the iron horse will be missed by many whose affection for it could hardly be greater were it actually a thing of flesh and blood. Every steam locomotive has, in sober truth, an individuality all its own; its genealogy, name, and achievements all help to endear it to the thousands who follow its career with interest from the erecting-shop to the scrap-heap. It seems hardly possible to conceive of similar sentiments being aroused by the reciprocating engines or turbo-generators in an electric power-station, or by the motors or contactors carried on an electric train.



G. W. R. "IRON DUKE."

The speeds attained nearly sixty years ago by Sir D. Gooch's famous engines, with 8-foot driving-wheels, on the Great Western, have never since been much surpassed.

However, electric traction as applied to heavy railway work is still in its early childhood, while the steam locomotive is very far from decrepitude; on the contrary, never did it show greater evidence of vigour than at present. In every department the demands made upon the capabilities of the motive-power have enormously increased, and on the whole the locomotive superintendents have responded triumphantly. There has, it is true, been no marked increase in the maximum speed of railway travelling during recent years; indeed, the speeds attained nearly sixty years ago by Sir Daniel Gooch's famous engines, with eight-foot driving-wheels, on the Great Western, have never since been much surpassed. A mile a minute for the point-to-point run, with short breaks of seventy, eighty, or even ninety miles an hour on favourable grades, has been throughout its history the limit of the steam locomotive's record-breaking power. Gooch simply grasped the rather obvious principle that if you double

* I am indebted to Mr. C. J. Bowen Cooke, of Crewe, for the details given in this article of the organisation and working of the locomotive department of a great railway, and for other valuable assistance.

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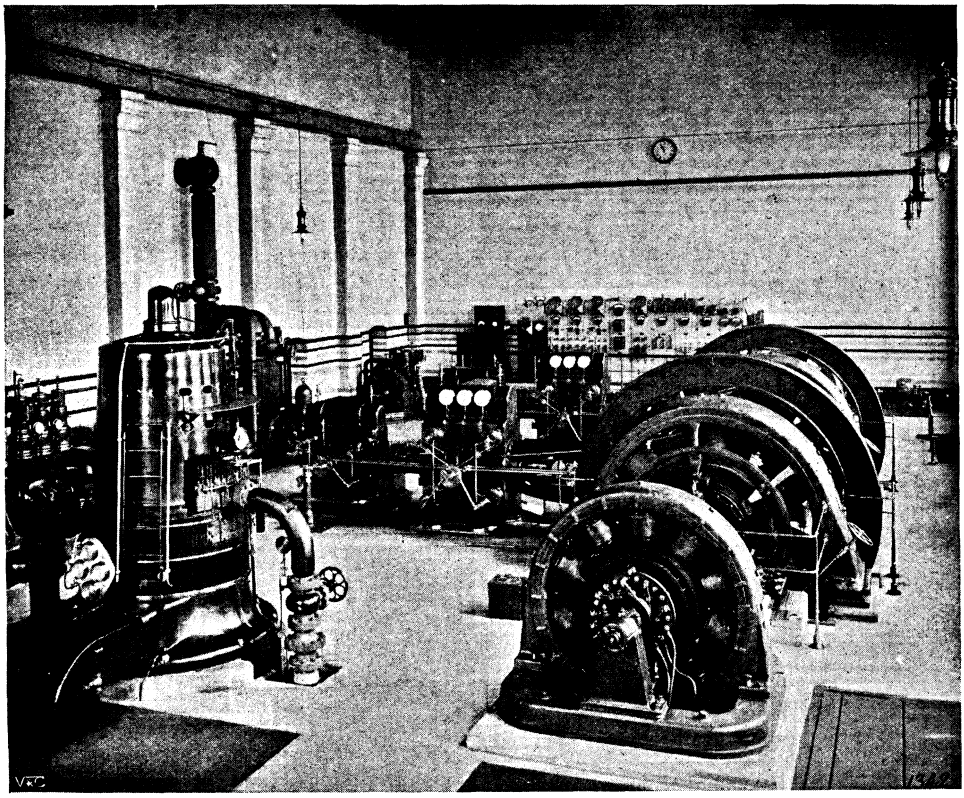
the circumference of the driving-wheels, the distance they will travel in one revolution, and consequently the speed of the engine, will be in like proportion. But twice as much power will be required to turn the large wheels as the small ones; and you then encounter the natural law that the resistance to be overcome increases more than in proportion to the speed. This means that the capacity of the boilers, cylinders, and other parts of the locomotive must be greater, with maximum speed obtainable under all the conditions of operation.

The task of the locomotive superintendent of a British railway is not, as some writers would lead one to believe, to turn out machines designed for breaking speed records. He has to supply the motive power for doing the whole work of the line in such a way as to attain a reasonable combination of efficiency and economy, and at the same time not to fall short of the standard of accomplishment



INTERIOR OF BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON COMPANY'S POWER STATION AT RUGBY, SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) THE FIRST CURTIS TURBO-GENERATOR ERECTED IN ENGLAND.
The reciprocating engines or turbo-generators in an electric power-station.

a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. But the weight per wheel is limited by the endurance of the permanent way, and the size of the boiler by the loading-gauges; consequently, we soon reach a point beyond which the size of the driving-wheels and other parts cannot be enlarged. In other words, there is a certain proportion of wheels, cylinder, and boiler—relative to the strength of the permanent way, the position of the side and overhead structures, and the loads to be hauled—which gives the set up by the past achievements of the company or by the rivalry of its competitors. The strength of the permanent way—or, rather, its weakness—is often a seriously limiting feature, and so also may be the restrictions imposed by the loading-gauges; but it has of late years become an axiom of economical railway management that "the road must be fitted to the rolling-stock, and not the rolling-stock to the road." In the case of poor companies this axiom may be almost a "counsel of perfection"; but in

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several recent cases enlightened administrations have, at some risk of temporary financial embarrassment and at some sacrifice

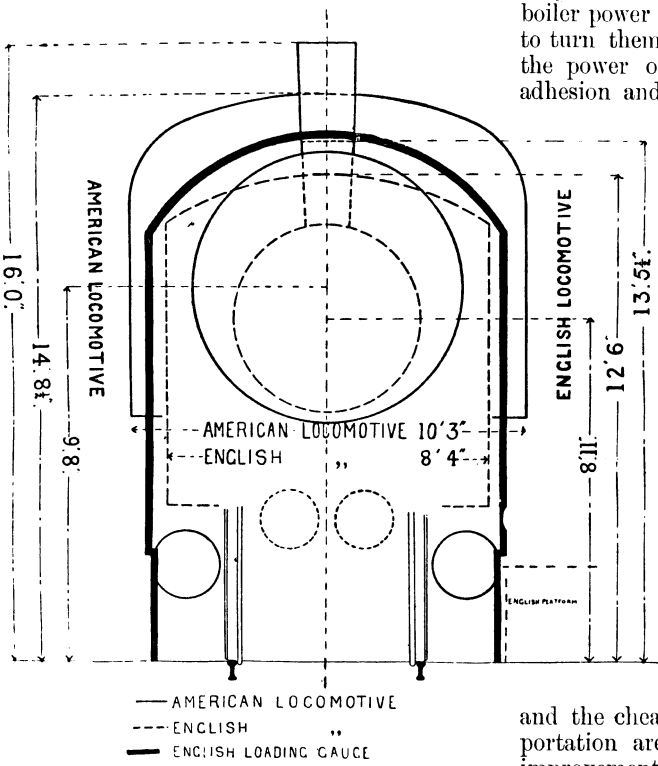
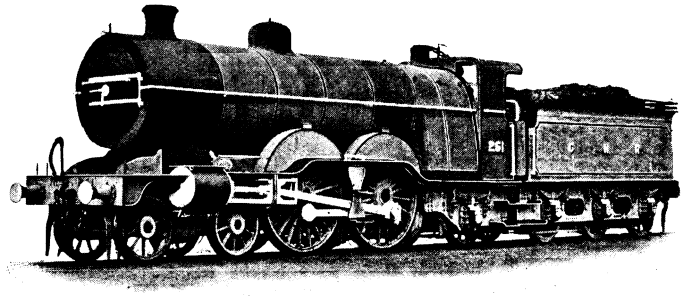


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN CONDITIONS IN RESPECT TO LOCOMOTIVE DESIGN.

of popularity with shareholders, courageously grappled with the problem of strengthening the permanent way as a condition precedent to the introduction of larger and more economical types of rolling-stock. There is, indeed, no subject of anything like so much importance in railway management as that of having well-designed rolling-stock; and when the traffic conditions demand engines of greater power or vehicles of larger capacity, engineering obstacles should not be allowed to stand in the way. For although the cost of putting down heavier rails, of strengthening bridges, and of setting back structures may amount to a large sum, the amount may be dwarfed into insignificance by the savings accruing from the employment of increased wheel-loads in the haulage of the traffic.

All that is needed to increase the hauling power of a locomotive is to add to the weight on its driving-wheels, and to provide boiler power and cylinder capacity sufficient to turn them in spite of it. That is to say, the power of a locomotive depends on its adhesion and, as Mr. Sturrock, of the Great Northern, the *doyen* of our locomotive engineers, was wont to say, on "its capacity to boil water." But the weight on the wheels must have some relation to the material of which they and the rails are composed, for both wheels and rails will be crushed if the loads be too great. Hence it follows that the introduction of steel rails instead of iron, and the subsequent improvements made in the processes of manufacturing steel, lie at the root of practically all the advance which has been made by our railway system during the past fifty years, since the use of that material for rails and wheel-tyres has made it possible to double the weight carried on each wheel. Both the luxury and the cheapness of modern railway transportation are attributable primarily to this improvement.

Prior to the year 1872, the general practice of all English railway companies was to convey by the mail and principal fast passenger trains only first and second class passengers, third class passengers—*i.e.*, "penny-a-milers"—being compelled to travel by less important



LATEST G. N. R. EXPRESS ENGINE.
The "Atlantic" type of passenger locomotive was first introduced into this country by the Great Northern.

trains calling at a greater number of stations, or by the "Parliamentary" trains which stop at every station, and which the companies are bound by law to run over their lines at

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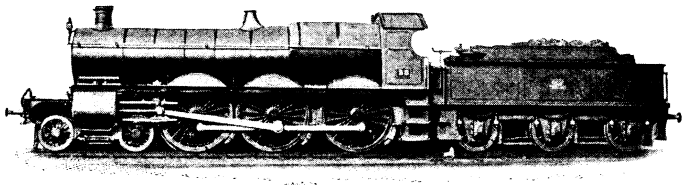
least once a day in each direction. In April, 1872, the Midland Company adopted the innovation, which was immediately followed by all competing companies, and more gradually by others, of conveying third-class passengers by all trains. From this change dates the great and continually growing increase in the weight of British passenger trains—an increase which has been but slightly mitigated by the abolition of second-class carriages on many lines, whilst it has been very much enhanced by other causes. Prominent amongst these have been the introduction of the Parcel Post, dating from 1883, and the now almost universal provision of dining and lavatory accommodation on all important expresses. These improvements, together with the luxurious sleeping accommodation provided on the fast night trains, have not only added much extra weight, but have very much reduced the carrying capacity of a given length of train, thus making it necessary to put on extra vehicles to accommodate the same number of passengers as before. Thirty years ago, the Scotch expresses on the West Coast Route weighed approximately 134 tons, and were timed at an average speed of 38 miles per hour. To-day some of our expresses weigh upwards of 350 tons, and they are timed to run 150 miles at a break, at a booked speed of over 55 miles per hour from start to stop. There you have in a nutshell the development of the demands made upon the locomotive department during the last thirty years.



LOCOMOTIVES HAVING 6-COUPLED DRIVING-WHEELS WERE ADOPTED SOME YEARS AGO FOR HEAVY EXPRESS TRAFFIC.

To gain this absolutely necessary increased power under modern conditions, locomotive engineers generally have been expanding the cylinder diameters, increasing the boiler pressure, and enlarging their boilers to obtain increased heating surface, grate area, and steam space. The ordinary "simple" engine of to-day has cylinders varying from 18 to 21 inches in diameter, and in many cases a boiler pressure of 200 lb. to the square inch. But the British engineer, whilst he can enlarge his cylinders and increase his boiler pressure, has not the scope which engineers on younger railway systems enjoy, and his chief difficulty is to design a boiler of sufficient capacity to supply steam continuously, at the full working pressure, to cylinders whose piston surface has increased from 201 to 298 square inches. This difficulty originates in the fact that no locomotive in Great Britain may be more than 13 ft. 6 in. above rail level at the highest point, whilst the width of every locomotive is restricted by station platforms and by the close proximity to each other of the British tracks.

The difference between British and American conditions in this respect can be seen at a glance by referring to the diagram on page 295. The black line shows the external dimensions in width and height of a modern American engine, whilst the dotted lines show the external dimensions of the latest Lancashire and Yorkshire passenger engine, which has attained the extreme limit possible with the British loading-gauge. The heavy black lines show the British loading-gauge, which no dimension must exceed.

THE NEWEST NORTH-EASTERN EXPRESS PASSENGER ENGINES ARE OF THE "ATLANTIC" TYPE.

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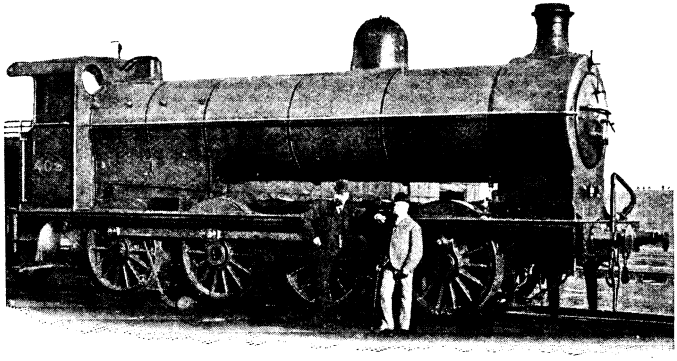
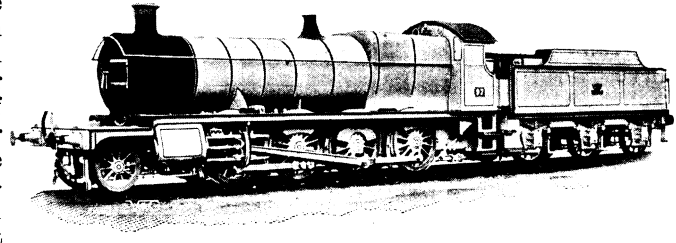
This, without comment, will give some idea of the different conditions under which British and American engineers have to work to attain the same standard of boiler efficiency.



G. N. R. MINERAL ENGINE, WITH PORTRAITS OF MESSRS. IVATT AND STURROCK.

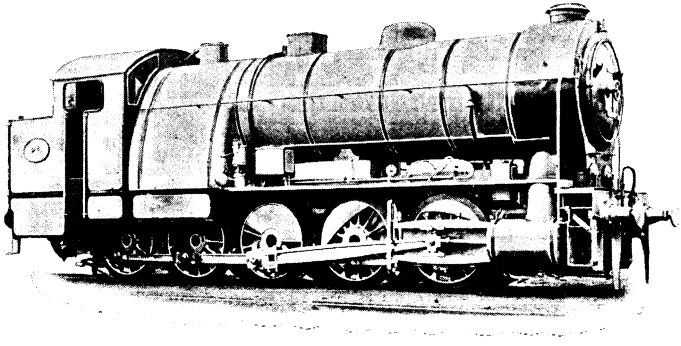
The most modern types of mineral engines on British railways are p ovided with 8-coupled driving-wheels.

The necessity for providing for the heavy passenger train loads has put an end to the reign of the big "single-wheelers" which made the names of Gooch and Stirling so famous in our earlier locomotive history. Most of the British express passenger engines of modern design have two pairs of coupled driving-wheels with a four-wheeled "bogie" or swivelling truck at the leading end to assist them in going round curves at a high rate of speed. In some cases there is also a small pair of "trailing" wheels under the back end of the firebox, this arrangement constituting what is generally known as the "Atlantic" type, first introduced into this country by Mr. Ivatt, of the Great Northern, in 1898. Locomotives having six-coupled driving-wheels were adopted some years ago on the North-Eastern Railway for hauling the heavy East Coast Express traffic; but it was found that, while this arrangement admits of an augmentation of the efficacy of the adhesive weight by the extension of the area of contact between the "drivers" and the rails, it is attended by a greater amount of internal friction than is the case with the "Atlantic" type. In the newest North-Eastern express passenger engines, the latter (a 4-4-2) arrangement of wheels has accordingly been adopted, and also by the Lancashire and Yorkshire and Great Central. For hauling heavy loads up stiff gradients, however, the "six-coupled" type may be of great service in passenger working, as has been proved by Mr. M'Intosh, of the Caledonian Railway Company, on that wonderfully picturesque "corkscrew switchback," the Callendar and Oban line, where grades of 1 in 50 or thereabouts are common. Some of the Great Western and Great Central latest express engines are also of this type.



G. W. R. "CONSOLIDATION" TYPE.

The first 10-wheel goods engine to be employed in this country.



IN THE GREAT EASTERN "DECAPOD," ALL TEN WHEELS ARE COUPLED.

In the departments of goods and mineral traffic, a great increase in the weights of trains has been brought about by the necessity of working the traffic as economically as possible, so as to leave a margin of profit out of the low rates charged, particularly on the mineral class. For hauling the heavy mineral trains of the present day—the weight of some of which approximates to 1,000 tons—a very

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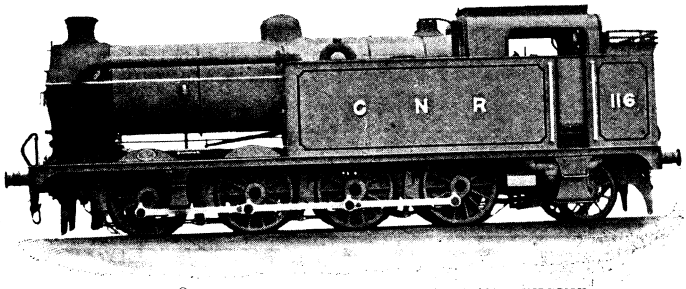
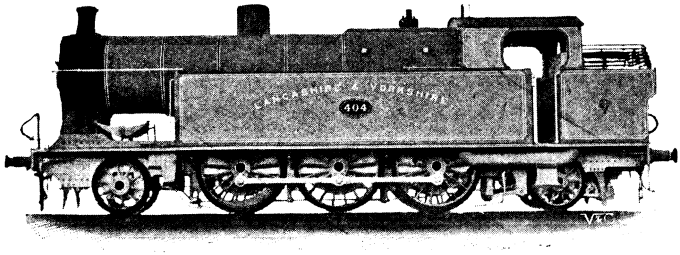
large amount of adhesive weight is required to permit the requisite draw-bar pull to be exerted at starting. Consequently, the most modern types of mineral engines on British railways are provided with eight-coupled driving-wheels, carrying the whole weight of the boiler and other parts. This type of locomotive was first introduced on the Barry Railway, in South Wales, in 1889—an example shortly afterwards followed by the London and North-Western Company, under the guidance of Mr. F. W. Webb, their late distinguished locomotive engineer. The Great Western Railway Company, on the initiative of their new locomotive superintendent, Mr. Churchward, have lately brought out a type of freight engine having the same number of coupled driving-wheels, together with a leading pair of smaller radial wheels. This is known as the "Consolidation" type, and was the first ten-wheel goods engine to be employed in this country, though the type is common in Canada and the United States.

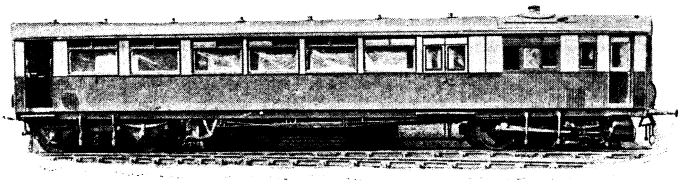


G. N. R. 8-WHEELS-COUPLED SUBURBAN TANK ENGINE.



L. AND Y. R. 6-WHEELS-COUPLED SUBURBAN TANK ENGINE.

The immense growth of the suburban traffic which has to be hauled daily in and out of London and other large cities has necessitated the provision of specially powerful locomotives for this class of work, not only because the trains are very heavy—weighing over 200 tons in many cases—but because the congestion of the lines and the number of stops demand the quickest possible acceleration and retardation—*i.e.*, as little time as possible must be consumed in starting and stopping. The Great Eastern, Great Northern, and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Companies have all recently brought out ten-wheeled engines for suburban passenger work, but the arrangement of the wheels differs in each case. In the Great Eastern "decapod," all ten wheels are coupled; the Great Northern's is an eight-wheels-coupled locomotive with a pair of radial wheels at the back, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire engine has only six of its wheels coupled, there being a radial pair both in front and behind. All three engines are what are known as "tank" engines—*i.e.*, they have no tenders, but carry their own supply of water and coal, the weight of which is thus available to increase the adhesion. In the case of the Great Northern and Lancashire and Yorkshire designs, the same boiler dimensions are provided as in the eight-wheels-coupled goods engines of these same companies. The Great Northern type was designed for quick acceleration and to improve the speed up the heavy gradients of the High Barnet branch. Mr. Holden, the designer of the Great Eastern "decapod," also aimed at quick acceleration, and in this he was wholly successful, a speed of 30 miles an hour being attained within 30 seconds from the start, with a load of 300 tons. But in order to get this great draw-bar pull at starting, he had to increase the weight on the wheels—not-


THE GREAT WESTERN HAS LATELY COMMENCED TO MAKE CONSIDERABLE USE OF RAIL MOTOR-CARS.

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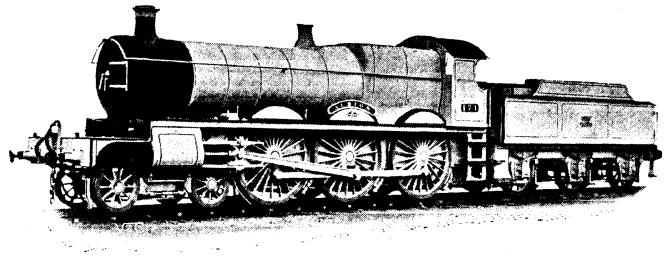
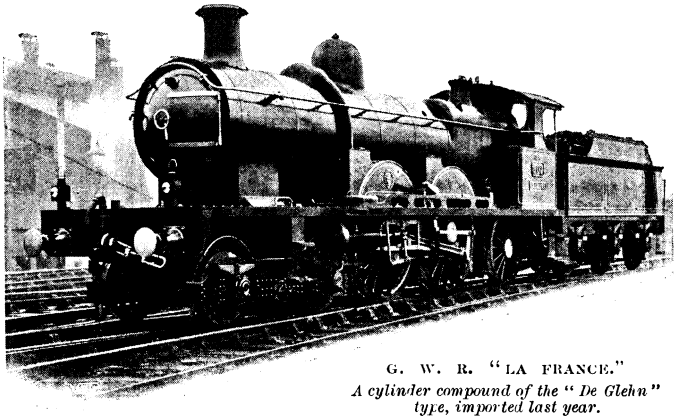
withstanding there were ten of them to spread it over—to such an extent as to endanger the safety of the bridges over which the engine had to pass. Having regard to the possibilities of electric traction, the directors of the Great Eastern shrank from the expense of fitting their road to this exceptionally heavy type of locomotive, and the "decapod" is to be utilised at a reduced weight for other purposes.

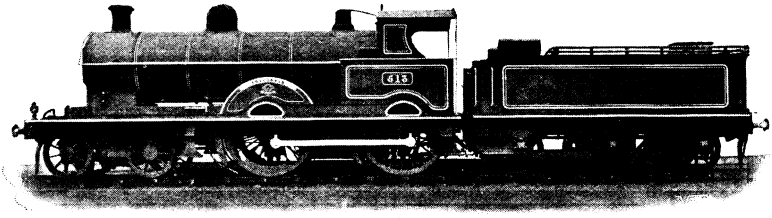
This word "acceleration," it may be remarked in passing, is the key to the claim of electricity to supersede steam as the best motive power on urban and suburban railway lines where frequent stops are required. Whereas in the case of a steam locomotive the whole brunt of the starting effort falls upon the driving-wheels of the engine, with electricity the motive power can be applied to a large number of wheels throughout the train, thus utilising the weight of the carriages, and also of the passengers, for increasing the adhesion. Moreover, such part of the motive machinery as is carried on the train can be distributed over its length, so that there is not an excessive load on any one pair of wheels. Again, for the same weight on the "drivers" an electric motor can exert a much greater tractive effort than steam, because of the absence of the reciprocating motion in the driving-machine. In this respect the electric motor has the same advantages for railway work as the steam turbine has for marine propulsion.



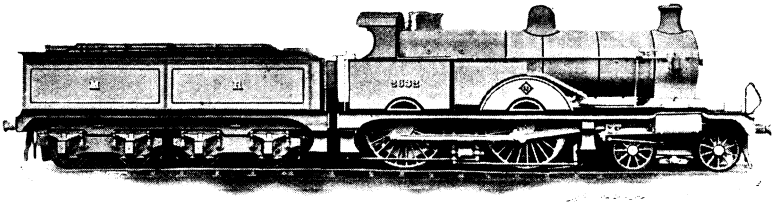
G. W. R. "ALBION."



G. W. R. "LA FRANCE."
A cylinder compound of the "De Glehn" type, imported last year.



L. AND N. W. R. "PRECURSOR."
Mr. Whale has just brought out a "simple" engine.

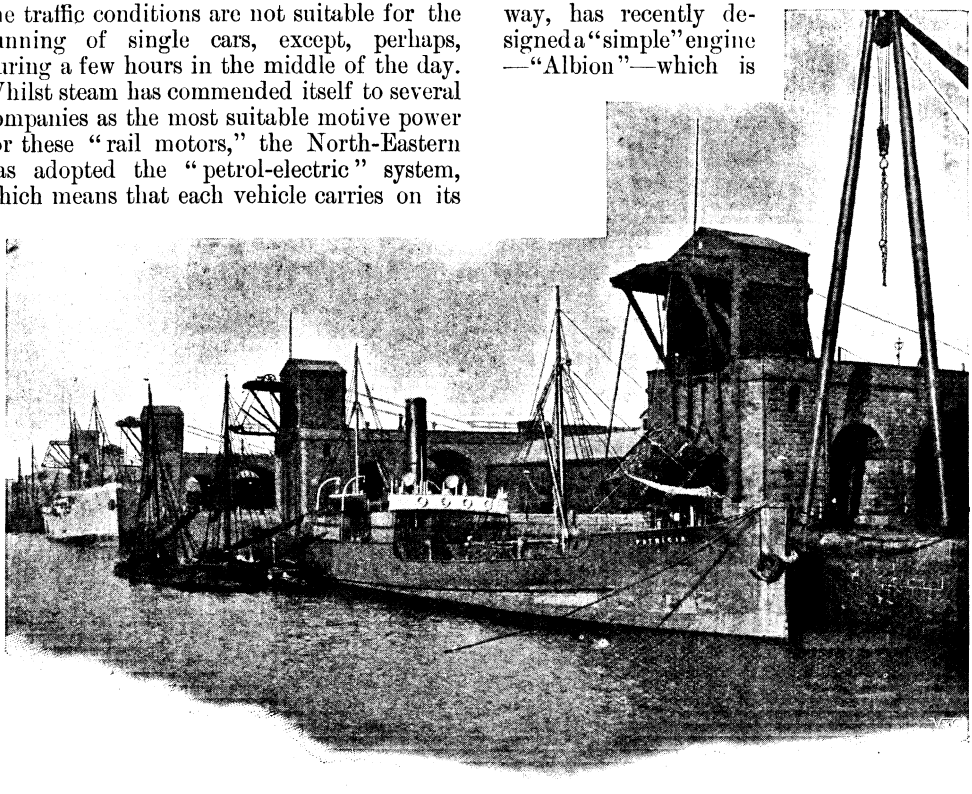


THE MIDLAND HAS BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL LATELY WITH SOME COMPOUND EXPRESS ENGINES.

Advantages of a similar kind, though much limited in degree, are obtainable under steam conditions of operation by placing the motive machinery and the carriage on the same set of wheels in the form of a "rail motor-car." The Great Western and other railway companies have lately commenced to make considerable use of this class

of vehicle in order to give a frequent and rapid service on lines of light traffic, usually where there is tramway competition to be fought against. When the number of passengers to be carried at a time does not, as a rule, exceed fifty, "rail motors" may be employed with success, and the frequency and acceleration of the service may be economically increased by their use; but on most suburban lines the traffic conditions are not suitable for the running of single cars, except, perhaps, during a few hours in the middle of the day. Whilst steam has commended itself to several companies as the most suitable motive power for these "rail motors," the North-Eastern has adopted the "petrol-electric" system, which means that each vehicle carries on its back a small electric generating plant, driven by a petrol gasoline engine of the road motor-car type.

Although the power of the locomotive depends primarily upon its capacity to generate steam by the boiling of water, and upon the adhesion which converts the expansive power of steam into draw-bar pull, the arrangement of the cylinders and their capacity to utilise the steam at high pressure also have an important bearing upon the result obtained. Here we touch upon the controversy, which has long raged and is still unsettled, between the advocates of "simple" and "compound" engines. The chief merit of the former system is, as its name denotes, its simplicity, and its champions assert that "compounding" whilst introducing additional cylinders expensive to construct, work, and maintain, gives in reality no greater power to a locomotive, except what is derived from the very high steam pressure employed. The advocates of "compound" engines retort that their system is necessary to allow the higher steam pressure to be properly utilised. As a practical answer to this, Mr. Churchward, of the Great Western Railway, has recently designed a "simple" engine—"Albion"—which is to employ as high a steam pressure as any compound—*viz.*, 220 lb. per square inch. This engine is to be tested alongside the four-cylinder compound of the "De Glehn" type—"La France"—which the Great Western Company last year imported from that country on the strength of the very fine achievements of that class of locomotive on the Nord and other French railways. Moreover, Mr. Whale, successor to Mr. Webb as chief mechanical engineer of the London and North-Western Railway, has just brought out a "simple" engine having a steam pressure of 175 lb. per square inch; and the comparisons between the performances of this type and the Webb "compounds" so long used almost exclusively on the North-Western will be of great interest in elucidating this vexed problem of loco-



COAL-TIPS AT L. AND N. W. R., GARSTON DOCKS, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

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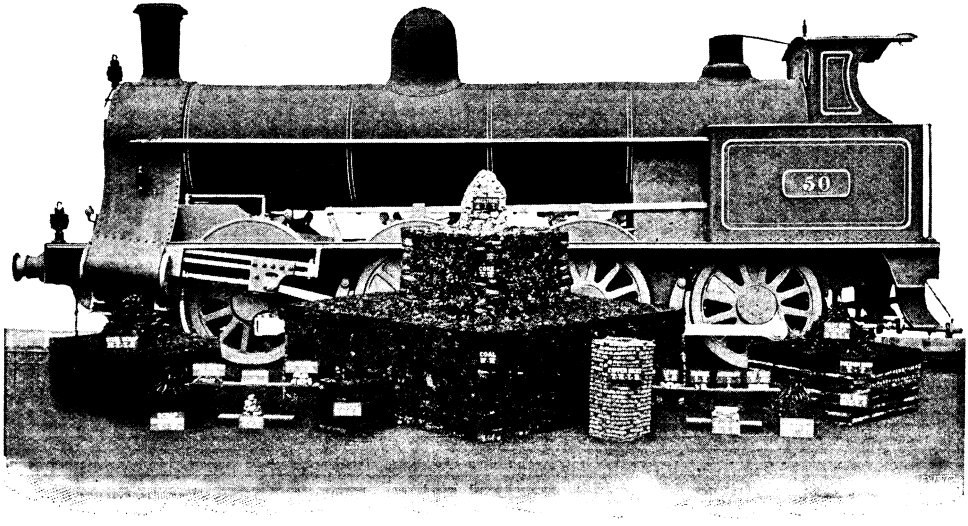
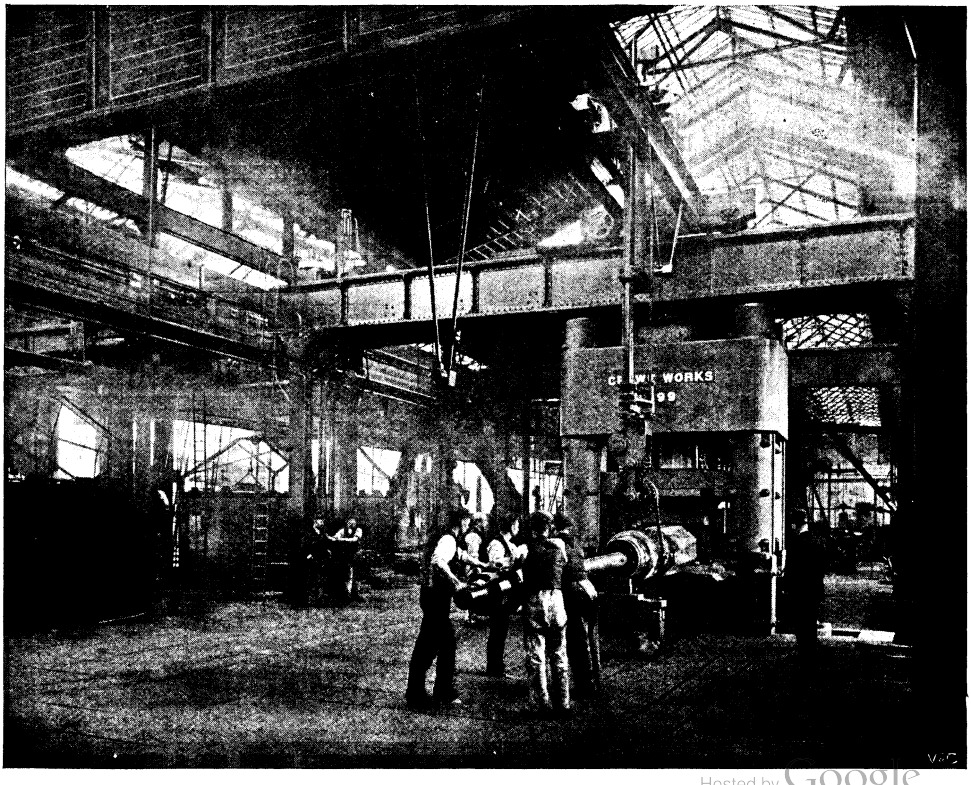


L. AND N. W. R. 8-WHEELS-COUPLED MINERAL ENGINE.
Arranged in front are all the different raw materials required in the manufacture.

motive engineering. The work so far done by Mr. Whale's "Precursor" type of "simple" express locomotive has been very satisfactory.

In France, there are now more than a thousand engines of the four-cylinder compound type in use, and it is claimed that they have enabled the French companies to increase greatly the weight and speed of trains



FORGING AN AXLE UNDER A 2,000-TON PRESS AT CREWE LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.

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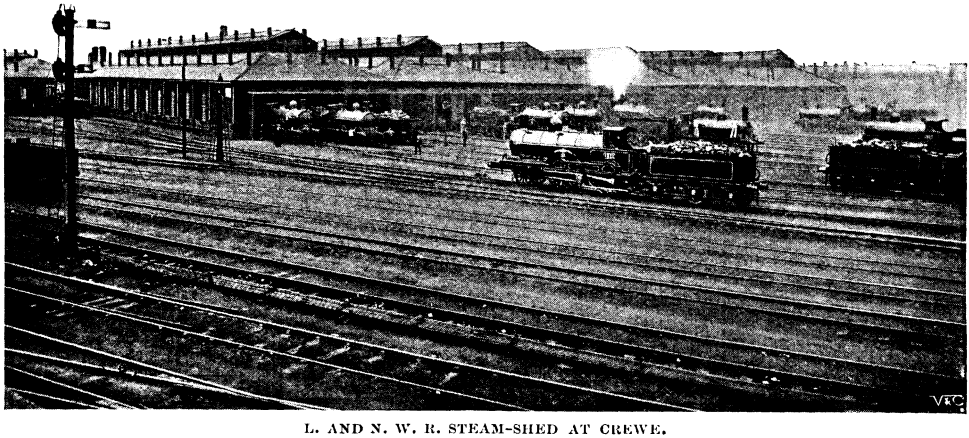
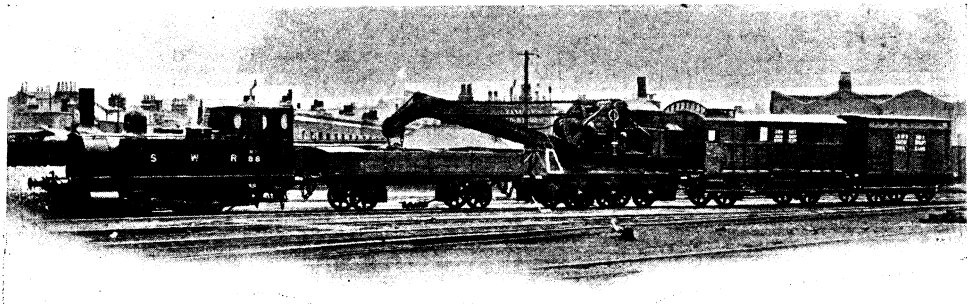


L. AND N. W. R. STEAM-SHED AT CREWE.
At every large station there is a locomotive depôt.

without unduly enhancing the wheel-loads and without any large increase in coal consumption as compared with the "simple" engines previously employed. Generally speaking, however, the verdict of locomotive engineers who have the hardest tasks to perform in the matter of fast running, long distances between stops, and heavy trains, is against the adoption of "compound" engines; and although engines of this class have done such good work in the past on the London and North-Western Railway, it is significant that Mr. Webb's successor at Crewe has come to the conclusion that an ordinary four-wheeled coupled engine, with cylinders 19 in. by 26 in., and a boiler with moderate steam pressure, well-proportioned heating surface and grate area, is from all points of view likely to be the most useful type that can be employed for dealing with the heavy passenger traffic of that railway. On the other hand, the Midland has been very successful lately with some compound express engines having two low-pressure and one high-pressure cylinders. This arrangement, which is the opposite of Mr. Webb's, is known as Smith's compounding system.

The principal British railway companies build as well as repair, maintain, and run their own engines, and in some cases more than a quarter of the whole staff of the concern is employed in the locomotive department. When it is considered that the head of that department is responsible not only for the discipline, but also for the work performed by an army that may perhaps exceed 20,000 men, a large number of whom are experts in various highly scientific branches of engineering industry, it will be realised that the burdens and cares of his office are anything but nominal or light. In addition to the work connected with the organisation and control of such a huge body of men, in itself no light task, the locomotive engineer has to devote in study the time necessary for keeping himself thoroughly up to date in all commercial and scientific engineering knowledge affecting his department, and in all the questions of applied science generally which are so intimately connected with the working and management of the mechanical engineering department of a railway. The headquarters of this department are in most cases situated outside London, at



L. AND S. W. R. BREAKDOWN TRAIN.
A breakdown plant is provided at each chief station.

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some convenient town near the centre of the railway company's system whence issue the mechanical forces working throughout the length of the mileage owned or worked over, be it hauling crowds of holiday-seekers to and from watering-places, collecting coal from a labyrinth of collieries, or controlling the tides of daily traffic that flow and ebb, morning and evening, around and between the great cities of the land. And, be it remembered, the building and maintenance of locomotives is only a part of the duties devolving upon the locomotive engineer. There are many other mechanical appliances employed on a railway; and wherever knowledge of machinery is required in any form, whether it be the designing and erecting of coal-tips weighing 300 tons at a railway dockyard, or fixing a "dolly tub" in one of the company's steam laundries, the work finds its way to the department of the chief mechanical engineer.

G. E. R. OIL-BURNING LOCOMOTIVE WITH TRAIN.
The Great Eastern employs petroleum oil for fuel as an alternative for coal.

When we consider the enormous spending power vested in the hands of this official, we realise that the commercial prosperity of a railway depends to a great extent upon the skill and care bestowed upon engineering manufacture and maintenance. In these times of keen competition, not a chance improvement in cost of production must be missed, not a point overlooked. A few pence too much spent in the purchase, manufacture, or upkeep of even a single small article, when multiplied by thousands may constitute a serious leakage, and very watchful care must be exercised to guard against any such waste.

It is, of course, quite impossible for all details to be brought before the man who sits in the chief seat of office, nor does any good general allow himself to be harassed with detail, when his time can be more profitably employed in dealing with weighty matters of principle and policy. To use the analogy of an army, the chief must rely upon

G. N. R. WATER-TROUGHS NEAR PETERBOROUGH.
The ingenious arrangement for enabling a locomotive to pick up water whilst running.

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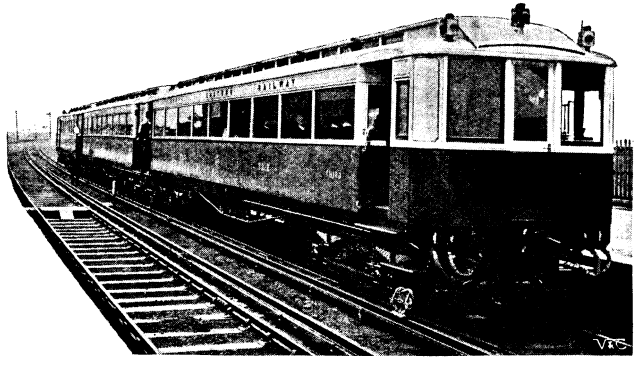
his officers, the heads of the departments, who in their turn have their assistants to act as subalterns, and their foremen and inspectors as non-commissioned officers. By this means the links in the chain of responsibility are coupled together from the leading hand in the shop, or the foreman cleaner in the steam-shed, to the chief superintendent; and while each man in any position of trust has his own cycle of duties, which he can perform without troubling his superior officer, every question going beyond well-defined limits must come before the superintendent of his department, who in turn is held responsible for bringing matters of special importance under the notice of the chief mechanical engineer.

The two chief divisions of the locomotive department of a British railway are known as the "Works" and the "Running" departments, and on large systems there is a third chief division, known as the "Outdoor" department, to deal with matters lying outside the scope of the locomotive work proper. There are also other smaller sections, dealing with important work, scientific, engineering, or commercial, whose staff are confined within the walls of the headquarters offices. These are the "Laboratory," "Drawing," "Accountants," and "Stores" departments, each of which has its responsible head.

Next in rank to the locomotive superintendent (who on large railways is now frequently styled "chief mechanical engineer") is the works manager, who, as a rule, assumes supreme control of the whole department in the absence of his superior officer.

In the London and North-Western Railway Works at Crewe—the largest of their kind in the United Kingdom—the process of manufacture goes back as far as the actual making of the steel, not only for building the engines, but also, amongst other things, for making the rails upon which they run. About 76,000 tons of steel are made at Crewe yearly, and converted into the thousand and one articles required for the purposes of the mechanical and permanent way departments of the system.

To give an idea at a glance of the amount of raw material that has to be converted and used up in various ways in the manufacture of a locomotive, an illustration is here given of one of the large mineral hauling engines on the London and North-Western Railway, and arranged in front of it are all the different raw materials actually required, either directly or indirectly, in its manufacture. Among these raw materials may be mentioned coal (chiefly used to make gas for heating the steel furnaces), steel scrap, pig iron, wrought iron, Swedish iron, spiegeleisen, ferro-manganese, red ore, and chrome (all used in the manufacture of different grades of steel), coke, cast-iron scrap, and lime stone (used for the manufacture of iron castings), block tin, antimony, copper, phosphor, and aluminium. All these are among the ingredients, if one may use the word, that are concocted in various ways according to highly scientific receipts in the manufacture of that most complicated "pot-pourri," a locomotive engine. Manifestly it would be impossible in the space of this article to take the reader through the process of making a locomotive. Even to allude to the multifarious operations going on under the roofs of workshops covering nearly fifty acres of ground is out of the question; but some idea of their magnitude and diversity may be gathered when it is mentioned that they range at Crewe from forging an axle, under a 2,000-ton hydraulic press, to making a three-sixteenth of an inch brass screw, 500 of which weigh 2½ lb.



N. E. R. ELECTRIC TRAIN.
It will be no longer necessary for each train to carry its own supply of the raw materials of power.

In the early days of railways, before their development brought about the necessity for departmental subdivision, engine-drivers were usually recruited from the ranks of men who had been mechanics, and most of whom had assisted in the building of the machines of which they afterwards took charge. However, as time went on, it became evident that these were two entirely different branches of locomotive engineering. A separate division

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of the locomotive department, therefore, sprang into existence, which was called the "running department," and it is this section that controls the whole of the locomotive staff engaged directly or indirectly with the working of the trains. On certain of the larger railways, as on the London and North-Western, where there are upwards of 11,000 men in the running department, it is for purposes of administration split into two subdivisions, which are again subdivided into districts. At every large station there is a locomotive depôt, called a "steam-shed," in charge of an official who is usually designated "district locomotive superintendent." This official is responsible for the working and maintenance of the locomotives within the area operated from his head-quarters. The smaller steam-sheds in his district are called sub-stations, and are in charge of some capable man responsible to the district superintendent.

A breakdown plant, equipped with a powerful travelling crane, hydraulic jacks, and all the necessary paraphernalia for dealing with any kind of accident, is provided at each chief station, with a competent gang of men who must be prepared to accompany it, on being called upon, at any hour of the day or night.

The working of all regular engines, both passenger and goods, is arranged in the office of the superintendent of the running department, who allocates the number of engines to each district and appoints the trains they must work. The latter are arranged with the view, as far as possible, to give each engine-driver and fireman a reasonable day's work from every time of booking on, and (excepting in the case of long-distance goods trains) to enable him to finish at his "home" station. If the reader will glance at "Bradshaw" and imagine himself attempting the task of providing engines to work all the trains shown therein under the conditions I have just named, he will understand that the making of "working diagrams" for engines and engine-drivers is rather a complicated undertaking; and if he will further consider that passenger trains form only a small part of the train service of a big railway company, he will be able to form some idea of the intricacies involved.

The duties of the district locomotive superintendents are very diversified, and most of his work brings him in close contact with the operations of the traffic department. In addition to his technical knowledge, he should be fully conversant with the running of the trains in his district in order to get the best possible mileage out of his engines for the time they are in steam. Here is a fruitful source of leakage unless carefully watched. A locomotive engine is worth, roughly speaking, £2,500, and every minute of wasted time means that amount of capital standing idle, besides waste of fuel and enginemen's wages, so that it will be readily understood that the dividend-earning powers of the locomotive and the interest on the amount of capital it represents depend upon keeping it usefully employed in running profitable train miles. In former days it was rather the fashion for the head of each department to fight for his own hand, and I fear that state of thing is not altogether unknown even in these days. But it is a ruinous policy where such a state of things exists, and thousands of pounds have been wasted by arranging train services without considering (and, indeed, often ignoring when pointed out) that a little "dove-tailing" in of the interests of the two departments would save engines in steam and expense to the shareholders. On every properly managed railway it is considered of the highest importance that the traffic and locomotive officials should work "hand in glove" with each other, to arrange train services and engine-working with the greatest possible economy in engine-power. The desirability of modifying the staff organisation to further this end was alluded to in the first article of this series (p. 74).

From the time an engine leaves the shop until it "goes in" again for general repairs, it is in the hands of the running department, whose superintendent during that time is responsible to the chief mechanical engineer for its proper cleanliness, care, and maintenance. Its working parts require periodical inspection and repairs. Its boiler, alluded to already as analogous to the digestive organs of an animal, must have the strictest supervision; indeed, it is as liable in its particular way to almost as many ailments as those accredited to the human digestive organs by the advertising pill-vendor. It is the duty of the district locomotive superintendent to cure those ailments before they assume too acute a form. Where a boiler is supplied with water that does not agree with its internal working, the evil influence must be counteracted; for a lack of attention in this respect may, in the course of time, result in damage to the copper firebox which will cost perhaps two or three hundred pounds to put right. The driver in charge of a loco-

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motive is, of course, responsible for reporting at the end of his day's work any special repairs that are needed, but the district locomotive superintendent and his assistants must, in addition, keep an ever-watchful eye on every part of its mechanism that is the least likely to go wrong, and they are responsible for "stopping" an engine and sending it into the works as soon as its condition renders it necessary for that course to be taken.

The mileage an engine is capable of running between repairs, should no special defect occur, such as a cracked tubeplate or flawed axle, amounts to as much as 80,000, and sometimes 100,000 is the figure attained; but as a general rule it is found advisable to send an engine to the works when it has run 70,000 to 80,000 miles, because, although the engine may not be necessarily "run down," the wheel-tyres will have worn hollow and the flanges deep.

Minute care and careful observation on the part of the driver when examining his engine prior to starting out with his train are the best security for a successful run, and he should examine everything that could *possibly* go wrong, whether at all likely to do so or not. Notwithstanding every preventive care, however, there are many very small things which may cause the concentrated strength and herculean powers of a locomotive engine to be set at naught, and reduce it from a thing of superhuman energy and strength to a mere mass of dead weight and inertia. The least little bit of scale getting into the apparatus for feeding the boiler may cause a shortage of water and consequent total disablement. The bursting of the little glass tube which records the height of water in the boiler may have a similar result, as may also the melting of about 3 oz. of lead in the plug screwed into the top of the firebox. Again, when we consider that the slightest suspicion of bad workmanship in the adjustment of a bearing or in the fixing of a pin an inch long in the valve motion may cause the total disablement of the mechanism of the motive power, it speaks volumes for the care and attention bestowed on locomotives that they should run millions of miles with punctuality and immunity from failure and accident. The engines of one British railway alone, the London and North-Western Railway, are running upwards of 72,000,000 miles per annum, which is equal in total distance covered to a journey round the world every three hours, or to the moon in twenty-nine hours, or to the sun in about every fifteen months.

No animal, human or otherwise, can live without water; and again to liken the locomotive engine to an animal, we may remark that its digestive organs are consumed by a most rapacious thirst. The reader will gain some idea of that extraordinary rapacity when he is told that the locomotives on one large railway alone consumed in the course of last year no less than 12½ million gallons of water. In the matter of solid food the "iron horses" of this company are no less rapacious, for during the same period it took over 1½ million tons of coal to satisfy their appetites. The commissariat departments are, therefore, kept busy, and no small proportion of the labours of the coal-miners delving in the bowels of earth, and of the pumping-engines extracting water from the same source go towards providing solid and liquid refreshment for the rapacious maw of the "iron horse." Some companies—notably the Great Eastern—employ petroleum oil for fuel as an alternative to coal. In 1886, Mr. Holden, the locomotive superintendent of the Great Eastern, was led to devise a locomotive oil-burner by his desire to find a use for the waste product of the oil-gas works established by that company at Stratford for the purposes of train-lighting. When the oil has to be specially bought, however, it is usually found in this country to be dearer than coal.

As regards water supply, the chief mechanical engineer is responsible not only for the consumption of his horses, but for multitudinous other purposes. Whole towns, such as Crewe and Wolverton, are provided with water by railway companies, and every railway-station throughout the country, great and small, requires a water supply for domestic use. Then there are the large dockyards and goods warehouses, with their continuously working hydraulic machinery, all using an enormous quantity of water. For all these purposes the chief mechanical engineer is responsible for providing the necessary water supply, in addition to the yearly consumption of millions of gallons by locomotive engines mentioned above. The "outdoor" department deals with this matter, and the foregoing remarks will show that the office held by the head of that department is no sinecure.

In connection with the subject of a railway's water supply, we must not omit to notice the ingenious arrangement for enabling a locomotive to pick up water whilst running,

which has done so much to facilitate long "non-stop" runs, since it was first introduced by Mr. Ramsbottom, the then locomotive superintendent of the London and North-Western, about forty years ago. Long confined to its inventor's own railway, it has since been adopted by others of our leading lines. All that is needed is a stretch of level line about half a mile in length in the neighbourhood of a spring of good, soft water. Along this stretch a trough is laid between each pair of rails, into which the engine-driver lowers a scoop without slackening speed, whilst the fireman stands ready to watch the rise of the incoming stream in the tank. In about ten seconds from the lowering of the scoop, the water is splashing up against the top of the tank. The driver and fireman, uniting their strength, hastily draw up the scoop again, and the train speeds on its way supplied with the raw material of tractive energy for another fifty or hundred mile run. A great advantage of this system, in addition to the delays which it obviates, is that it enables an engine readily to fetch its own water from a place where the supply is suitable for locomotive work, instead of having to put up with the quality—good, bad, or indifferent—available at the stations where in the ordinary course it would have to stop for water.

Not least amongst the advantages which electric traction promises to introduce into railway locomotive work is that it will no longer be necessary for each train to carry on its back its own supply of the raw materials of power—water and coal, these being utilised at the central generating-station, which can usually be located on a site convenient for their economical supply. There is not, however, space in this article to treat of future developments of the mechanism of the motive-power of our railway system. But it is fairly safe to prophesy that the electric train will no more completely supersede the steam locomotive than the iron horse has superseded its prototype of flesh and blood.

(*For eleven of the illustrations included in the foregoing article we are indebted to the courtesy of the Locomotive Publishing Co., 3, Amen Corner, E.C.*—EDITOR.)

'WAY OFF.

I WANT to go 'way off, as far as ever I can walk,
'Way off from houses and from beds, from lessons and from talk.

No other people will be there, but only me alone;
Everything will be glorious and everything my own.

There will be ponies I can ride, and lots of climbing trees;
I'll never have to go to bed; I'll get up when I please.

Perhaps I will come back sometimes a little while to stay,
And tell them of the land I've found, but *never tell the way.*

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

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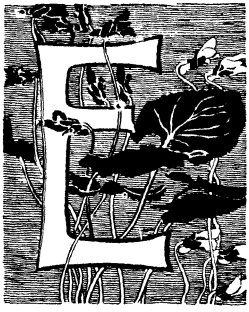
CHARLES EDWARD.

By HARRISON RHODES.*

No. III.—THE STATE *VERSUS* CHARLES EDWARD.



EVEN the most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Charles Edward Austin and his exploits would not claim for him that he is, broadly speaking, a great public influence, or that in the realms of politics or the high finance he is generally recognised as a man of force. His wife would say, in moments of confidence, when Charles Edward was not present, that this can only be because he has not applied his intelligence and his peculiar gifts along these lines. But no one could see the Austins together for five minutes without discovering that in anything concerning her husband Lady Angela is a most prejudiced witness.

Still, there is a story in which young Mr. Austin may be seen moving in unaccustomed regions and producing therein somewhat astonishing results. Indeed, to put the matter concisely, Charles Edward, upon the occasion of a visit to Washington shortly after his marriage, may be said to have brought the Government of the United States to terms. That is what it amounted to; yet no patriot, alarmed for the stability and integrity of the national power, need fear that there is a permanent likelihood that it will be open to the influence of gentlemen so young and so light-hearted as Charles Edward. Even he could scarcely hope to use the methods he employed a second time. No one else would have dreamed of trying them even once.

A dinner and a ball, which, it was supposed, would present Washington society to Lady Angela in a singularly favourable light as both elegant and cosmopolitan, had been the reason urged upon the Austins for running over from New York for a few days with a gay party. The reasons were sufficient, for Charles Edward could always contemplate a dinner with pleasure and a ball with resignation. Still, he preserved an open mind and hoped for better things. It is always possible, and particularly in a strange town, that more than one expects will occur. So, as he slowly descended the steps of the Capitol after a morning spent in the gallery of the Senate Chamber, he wondered if anything were likely to happen. It is a curious though unexplained law that when Charles Edward, after a period of some few unadventurous weeks, begins to speculate in this fashion, something always does happen. In the present case, what took place did not at first seem startling. A vaguely familiar figure was preceding Charles Edward down the steps; this, when he overtook it, proved to be George Turner, whom he had known in Harvard. Turner, an intelligent, plodding, and earnest person, had in no way adorned the somewhat frivolous circle in which his friend had been intimately known. His acquaintance with that young gentleman had begun when they had been detailed to perform experiments together in the laboratory of the department of chemistry. Charles Edward had relinquished the study of the science after his first term of it, but he had not given up friendly relations with Turner. They had seen each other at intervals during all the four years; but since graduation Charles Edward had lost track of his friend, who, he remembered, had intended to devote himself to chemical research. Turner, though of unquestionable ability, had never seemed to his more volatile companion a man of practical gifts, so it was no surprise that his clothes looked shabby and that his whole aspect was correspondingly dejected. Fortune had not, thought Charles Edward, treated the student of science kindly. So much Turner admitted, after the first burst of pleasure at seeing his old friend.

"Yes, I am, I must confess, down on my luck."

"You've got to tell me all about it and about yourself," said Charles Edward, with

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"Lady Angela leaned forward."

one hand on Turner's shoulder. "But first you need cheering up. The woman who bears my name is to be at the only decent restaurant this capital affords at 1.30. We'll lunch, and you'll feel better. Ordinarily I don't approve of it at this hour, but if necessary, there could even be champagne."

Turner objected vaguely. It was to be gathered that he had doubts of Lady Angela's welcoming at a fashionable place a guest so unfashionable in appearance.

"I hear from London," remarked Charles Edward, with a casual air, "that it is no longer good form to be perfectly well dressed."

Turner had a flicker of humour.

"I'm afraid that view hasn't reached Washington yet."

"It will to-day, then," came the answer.

And, in passing, it may be mentioned that some people, who recognised in Turner's hostess the offspring of a British peer, discussed seriously that afternoon the correctness of entertaining guests so informally attired. There are many people in America who are inclined to let an earl's daughter do as she likes. In justice to Lady Angela, however, it must be said that if this were not so, she would do as she liked just the same.

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Charles Edward hailed an electric cab. Within a quarter of an hour Lady Angela had made it evident to Turner how thoroughly it pleased her that he should have come to lunch. And there even was champagne. When the Austins are in a mood to invite confidences, most men tell their troubles at once. It was only the shortest time before Turner was engaged in a somewhat long account of his experiments in artificial refrigeration.

To Lady Angela, whose mind was innocent of scientific knowledge, and to Charles Edward, whose half-year's laboratory experience had not given him any remarkable grasp of the subject, a great part of what Turner said verged on incomprehensibility. But they understood in the end all that it is, perhaps, essential that a reader of this tale should know. Turner, after a long study of the problem of refrigeration by means of liquid ammonia, had perfected what one may describe briefly as an ice-making machine of great efficiency, of the smallest possible size and the least possible weight. It could not be actually packed in one's dressing-bag, but short of that it was portable in the widest meaning of the word. The manufacture of ice by artificial means had always meant heavy engines in enormous buildings. Turner's invention enabled one, with a trifling expenditure of money and trouble, to carry the inestimable comforts of cool drinks and of healthful and fresh food everywhere.

"This is no longer experimental?" inquired Charles Edward. "You can really do this?"

"Yes," said Turner.

"Then," his friend went on, "I gather that you have to all intents and purposes reclaimed and made inhabitable both the Sahara Desert and the infernal regions."

"Perhaps even New York in August," suggested Lady Angela.

"But what I don't understand," continued Charles Edward, "is why, instead of conferring with Mr. Pierpont Morgan about the formation of enormous stock companies in every civilised country, I find you coming down the Capitol steps with a dejected air, saying you're down on your luck. You ought to be, within fifteen or twenty minutes, the richest living man."

The look of earnestness and efficiency which had been on Turner's face while he talked of science had changed to one of vagueness and uncertainty at the mere mention of commercial matters. In a second he had become a figure of impracticability. This, somehow, modified the dreadful feeling of ignorance which Charles Edward had been experiencing, and his fingers began to tingle with a desire to meddle in his friend's affairs.

"Oh, I don't know!" Turner was murmuring. "I don't understand anything about business, and I thought—— You see, my father was in the Army——"

"Yes, I see," said Lady Angela vaguely, but sympathetically.

"I don't," put in Charles Edward; "neither do you really, Angela. Go on, old man!"

"Well," continued the inventor, "there's so much talk now of this possible war of ours in Mexico and Central America—and, of course, it's hot there—and I thought my invention would be so splendid for the Army."

"Wonderful for field hospitals," said Lady Angela.

"Yes," assented Turner, brightening. "And so I've been trying to sell the whole thing to the Government; but it's no good."

"Oh, well, of course, if it has anything to do with the War Office——" began Lady Angela. At last the conversation had reached a point where, as an Englishwoman, she felt that she thoroughly understood it.

"You mean to say," interrupted her husband, "that you offer to the Secretary of War an invention which would be absolutely invaluable if we got into this Central American row, and he won't buy it? Why, this is nothing short of Anglomania on his part!"

He glanced at his wife—the remark had been of the kind which he knew English people prefer to make themselves; then, as she gave no sign, he went on—

"I don't understand. You must ask too much for it, don't you?"

"I don't know," replied Turner doubtfully; "I tried to be businesslike, of course. It's very difficult to start manufacturing yourself. Still, I thought I had better not sell my patent altogether, so I offered to sell the Government for five years the right to make my machine for the use of the Army, for" —and he hesitated—"for fifteen hundred dollars."

"Businesslike!" commented Charles Edward scornfully. "This, Angela, is the image of an inventor as you read of them. Do you wonder they die poor in garrets? Would it annoy you in the least, George Turner, if I told you that of all the blithering idiots, you are——? No, perhaps it might annoy you. Fifteen hundred! Fifteen thousand would be more like a price!

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Naturally, they wouldn't even suspect that anything they could get for fifteen hundred could be worth anything. The question of spending such a trifle just isn't a question at all when you're as rich as the United States Government. If your price were twenty times as high, they might think of it; the papers might discuss it; the public might become interested in it."

"But people like getting things cheap," protested Lady Angela.

"Do you yourself, my dear?" inquired her husband. "I have never seen you succeed. Suppose that a dressmaker should come to you and say that she could produce a gown equal to one of Paquin's for twenty-five dollars——"

"It's no good being absurd; she couldn't do it. If she could, naturally she would charge the same dreadful price they do."

Charles Edward turned to the inventor.

"Your machine is worth fifteen thousand, well worth it, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it really is."

"Then why," pursued Charles Edward, "when you only ask fifteen hundred, do you expect the War Department will ever think it equal to one of Paquin's? It's the same principle, you see."

As a commercial theory, this will perhaps not bear examination; but neither Turner nor Lady Angela was a political economist, and Charles Edward, as he warmed to its development, was coming to believe it thoroughly.

"You may take it from me"—and it appeared they must—"that if you offer a thing for less than its worth, no one will believe it is worth anything; no one will trust it; no one will believe it is genuine. Why, I dare say I might go up to the Capitol and offer to everyone who came along——"

Charles Edward stopped with extraordinary abruptness and his eye gleamed. Lady Angela leaned forward. It was the moment she had learned to know, when an electric spark flashed and, as she described it in the most modern phraseology, her husband paused like a quivering automobile about to plunge forward at a terrific pace. The silence in which the three sat was eloquent of unknown possibilities.

"We may consider it settled, then," said Charles Edward at length, and with the utmost calm, "that to-morrow, upon the steps of the Capitol, I will publicly prove all that I have just been saying, and, I trust, end in selling your invention to the War Department for a reasonable price."

"Would you mind explaining?" asked Lady Angela.

"I think I should," replied Charles Edward slowly.

For a moment there was a puzzled look on his wife's face. Then it cleared.

"Ah! I see," she said. "You want it to come to Mr. Turner as a surprise."

"Why not to both of you?" was the polite inquiry.

It was a suave and apparently harmless answer. To Turner, for example, it did not show how complete a revolution of custom in the Austin family was implied. They had always played games together; now some passing imp had prompted Charles Edward to this policy of secrecy. This brief interchange of question and answer was as near a quarrel as he and Angela had ever come. Quarrel, however, is an exaggerated term to employ, for Charles Edward regarded his wife with merely humorous and affectionate defiance, and Lady Angela looked not angry, but mischievous.

"I should be sorry to discourage you, Mr. Turner," she said, "but I cannot possibly lead you to hope that Charles Edward will succeed in this or any other enterprise in which he has not my assistance."

"I can only do my best," put in her husband, with an air of humility and moral earnestness.

"You won't mind my talking about myself," continued Lady Angela to Turner, in tones of singular sweetness. "And I'm sure you will not be surprised in these modern days to learn that I am a *femme incomprise.* There are in me possibilities that no one, my husband least of all, understands or appreciates. For example, if I choose to move in the matter, I feel quite capable of ruining his present plans, whatever they may be."

"What I have always so liked in women," remarked Charles Edward, "is the sprightliness of their imaginations."

A scientific mind, unless trained to the subject, is perhaps not well adapted to follow the Austins in all their moments. Turner's face expressed a certain mental confusion, and Charles Edward, noticing this, recollected his duties as a host.

"At any rate," he said, "to return to the original subject—to-morrow, on the steps of the Capitol——"

"Would you mind mentioning the hour?" asked Lady Angela. "Mr. Turner and I will want to be there."

"It would be," said Charles Edward, with

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engaging frankness, "a pity for you to miss it. At about eleven, I should say."

II.

At about eleven, a Western member, hurrying to an appointment for which he was already late, descended the steps of the Capitol two at a time. Half way down he was stopped by a young gentleman who had been standing contemplatively in the sun.

"I beg your pardon," began the stranger, in a tone at once confidential and confident, putting his hand upon the legislator's arm.

"I'm sorry," broke in the Congressman, "but I can't give you a moment. If you want an interview, come to the Ebbitt House to-night about nine and ask for me."

"That would be delightful," said the young man. "But I don't know who you are."

"Don't know who I am! Then why the dickens have you stopped me?"

"I wished to propose to you," was the response, "that you should buy this five-dollar gold piece for a dollar."

"As I live," said the Western member at last, after a stare of great intensity, "you are a cool one. Sell your gold-brick to some hayseed from the prairies. I'm from California, where we make the metal."

"It might be worth mentioning," said Charles Edward, "that this is a genuine piece and is worth five dollars."

"Then why do you want to sell it to me for one?"

"Just to prove," was the answer, "that you wouldn't buy it when it was a real bargain. That's all," he continued, turning languidly away. "You'll hear more of this."

Such incidents are not what one expects when leaving the Capitol. The Congressman gazed after the young man in astonishment and indecision. At the top of the steps, a good climb back in the hot sun, stood a policeman. The legislator, remembering his appointment, decided that he would leave it to others to recapture this escaped lunatic. As he stepped into a tram, he turned and saw the unknown young gentleman address

"'That you should buy this five-dollar gold piece for a dollar.'

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Hoffsted, of Pennsylvania, who is so strongly for a vigorous foreign policy.

"Do you," asked Charles Edward suavely, "take any interest in the Army?"

"I do, sir," answered Mr. Hoffsted.

"Then for the sake of the country I hope I may find you more enterprising than the War Department. I can offer you this twenty-dollar gold piece for five dollars. Will you buy it?"

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"No; naturally you wouldn't buy it at this price. You don't believe it's good. Neither do the people in the War Department."

"Have you been trying to sell twenty-dollar gold pieces to them for five dollars?"

"Not exactly," said Charles Edward, "but a friend of mine has been doing what amounts to the same thing."

People with strange crazes and curious manias are not unknown in Washington, but they are apt to be shabby and wild looking. A young man with a clear, twinkling eye and a coat of the latest cut is a novelty. Mr. Hoffsted could not decide whether this were an ordinary case of lunacy or not.

"Is your friend as mad as you are?" he asked at last, surprised at himself for putting the question so seriously.

"There is more method in my madness. You stay and watch if you like. No one will buy from me."

"Hi, there, Joe!" shouted Mr. Hoffsted, as if in response to this. A fat man with a red tuft on his chin turned and came towards them. "Here's a good thing for you, Joe," continued his friend. "Twenty dollars for five."

The new-comer's comment was in almost too picturesque and extravagant language, yet the would-be salesman did not seem downcast.

"Of course you won't, Mr. Joe," he said; and then, turning to the Congressman from Pennsylvania, "no one will."

"I will," said Mr. Hoffsted bluntly, as if with a sudden resolution.

"No," said Charles Edward; "the offer doesn't remain open. The price is raised now, and gold pieces cost what they are worth. The War Department will have to pay my friend a bigger price also. Now you two say nothing and stay and see the fun. Hallo, there, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, as two men in straw hats commenced the ascent of the steps.

The story of the morning may be read to greatest advantage in the newspaper accounts of it. As it is not uncommon, what is lost in authenticity is gained in picturesqueness. The report in the New York *Daily Daily* of how a young man had unsuccessfully offered a five-dollar gold piece for a dollar to five hundred and sixty-nine people can be read by anyone with pleasure. And the version in the more conservative *Evening Globe*, which gave twelve as the probable number, acted as a tonic corrective and enabled those who might care about it to guess that the truth lay somewhere between these extremes, without especially detracting from anyone's pleasure in the more generous narrative, if one may call it that.

But for our part of the morning's events nothing can serve the purpose of this narrative better than the actual facts. At about eleven-fifteen, a young woman, dressed in a cream-coloured gown adorned with a considerable quantity of Irish lace, and wearing a hat enriched by many pink roses, trailed a somewhat negligent way up the Capitol steps, accompanied by a gentleman who failed, at least in his attire, to do her complete justice. She paused for a moment near our hero, and was a witness of one of his unsuccessful attempts to induce a passer-by to accept his whimsical offer. Nothing happened to suggest that she had ever seen the strange young gentleman before; but by dint of meditative smiling and idle tapping of the stone with her foot she apparently evolved some plan of action. With the utmost abruptness she turned to her companion.

"Wait here for me, Mr. Turner. I shan't be long. And don't do anything in the meantime."

She cast one glance—a mocking one it almost seemed—at Charles Edward, went down the steps with great speed, and in the twinkling of an eye was being rapidly whirled away in the motor-cab which had conveyed her to the Capitol.

It speaks volumes for the merits of the automobile, and perhaps not quite so much for the efficiency of the Washington police in enforcing the law against excessive speed, that within twenty-five minutes she returned. It speaks more for Lady Angela's strength of purpose, and yet more for her charm of manner, that within this time she could have accomplished anything worth accomplishment. It is not the purpose of this narrative to disclose the secret influence which any young woman, however delightful, may have exercised upon a high official of the United States Government. It would not be good public policy. Moreover, it would be difficult — detailed

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information is lacking. One can put the reader in possession merely of such facts as are really public property. It has been ascertained that she drove straight to the Mint, and it is a significant fact that the night before, at dinner, chance had placed her next to a certain person—one cannot wisely be more definite than this—prominent in the administration of that institution. It would only be natural that he should have asked her to come to see the processes of coinage and the various curiosities, in the shape of coins, good and bad and of all countries, on view in its museum. Twelve minutes and a half would not ordinarily be considered sufficient for an inspection, but this space of time was, as near as one can discover, as long as Lady Angela found it necessary or expedient to remain.

When the automobile drew up for the second time at the foot of that long, white flight, a group of some fifteen persons was gathered about Charles Edward, who was engaged, apparently, in delivering an oration. The young gentleman's eye was one trained to observation, and it did not fail to notice his wife's second appearance, though his flow of eloquence did not appreciably abate. Was absenting herself, he wondered, all of Angela's revenge for his secrecy? It seemed commonplace; besides, the adventure had been really worth her seeing. Thirty-seven people, by actual count, had turned a cold shoulder to Fortune as impersonated by Charles Edward. (If any reader doubt the probability of this statement, he has only to fill his pockets with sovereigns and make a similar experiment for himself at the north end of Waterloo Bridge.) Of course, luck had favoured Mr. Austin; no millionaire and no madman, it was probable, had gone by. He now thought it as well to let a point well proved alone. So, having sent word by a willing bystander to the reporters in the Press-gallery that it was hoped they could spare time to attend to a slight matter outside, he had started an impromptu address. Angela's advance he viewed with lurking suspicion; but one cannot stop to think of the possible mischief a wife may do, when one hopes to have one's words served up hot, so to speak, the next morning to five hundred million people. (The population of the country is considerably less than this, it is true, but the circulation claimed by even a few great American newspapers would easily reach such a figure.)

"The time has unquestionably come," said Charles Edward, "to end this interesting experiment. It has been my privilege to prove satisfactorily a profound truth concerning human nature. This is in itself a beautiful and admirable thing to have done. You will, I trust, let me go so far as that. The practical application, to which I shall shortly direct your attention, is equally important. I look to the American public, guided by the American Press, to right a crying wrong. But to take things in order——" And Charles Edward told of the thirty-seven unsuccessful offers.

"This story," remarked the representative of a metropolitan journal, "with care, can be made a warm one. Only why—tell me why, was I up there with a debate on the Tariff while this show was going on here? Would you as soon as not," he asked Charles Edward, "try it on again, just to let me see the game?"

"I might, I suppose," was the response, not too enthusiastically given.

"Well, here comes somebody, and she's a 'corker,' too!" exclaimed the journalist, espying Lady Angela and paying this prompt tribute in the vernacular to her charm of appearance.

It was manifestly the wish of his audience that Charles Edward should renew his offer to this interesting stranger. He could scarcely refuse, yet he felt somehow that Fate was placing him like a toy in his wife's hands.

"Madam, I offer you a most unparalleled opportunity"—"of behaving discreetly," he would have liked to say—"of purchasing a five-dollar gold piece for a dollar," he said instead.

He went no further, for the young woman clasped her hands together in an apparent ecstasy of innocence and rapture.

"Oh, I should just love to!" she said.

What Charles Edward said beneath his breath was fortunately almost wholly inaudible. The crowd gathered round, the transfer of gold and silver was effected, and Lady Angela, carelessly dropping her prize into a kind of network purse she was carrying, turned as if to go. Meanwhile her husband had recovered something of his equilibrium. Angela had made him fail, in a sense, and yet——

"I have not," he remarked to the representative of the metropolitan journal and to the crowd generally, "found the thirty-eighth misguided and foolish person. I have, instead"—and the speaker glowed at the thought of the personal and private generosity of spirit he was displaying—"I have, instead, discovered for you a pearl

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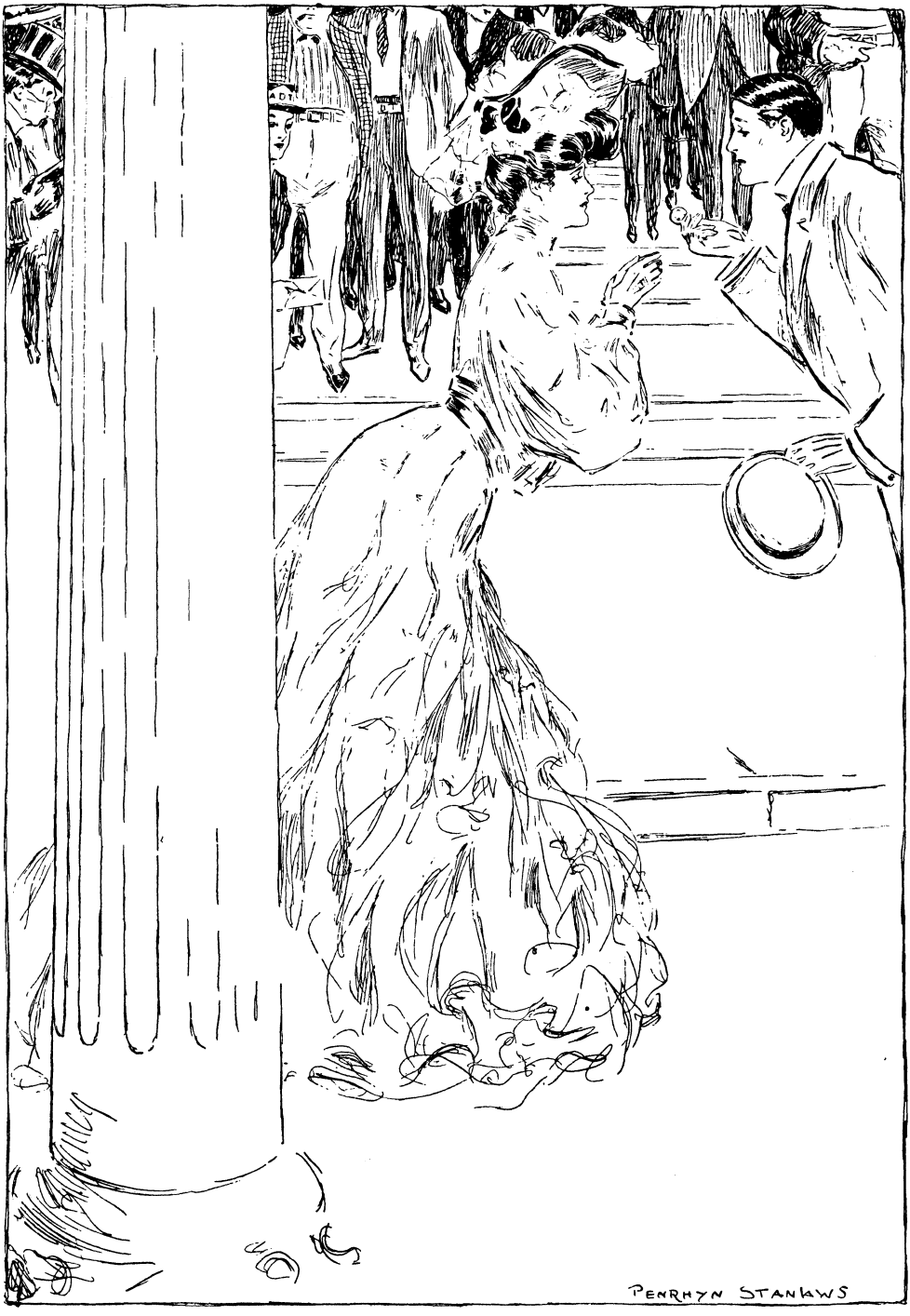

"The young woman clasped her hands together in an apparent ecstasy of innocence and rapture."

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among women. It would be my proposition that this lady be put at once in charge of the Department of War. Then no such unfortunate event as has recently taken place would be possible. If a valuable invention were offered to her at a low price, she would none the less perceive its value. Up and down these marble steps have passed this morning the rulers of the nation, but it has been reserved for this young woman—a foreigner, by her accent—to know a good thing, in the classic phrase, when she sees one."

Charles Edward was about to make clearer his allusions to the War Department. But the ingenuous creature with the network purse had opened it and was inquiring prettily, although she hesitated in a ladylike way at the slang phrase—

"I hope it is a—a 'good thing.' Is it? This looks very funny to me, somehow."

Everyone started. This, then, was the explanation of the young man's seeming madness.

Lady Angela produced a gold piece and looked appealingly at the men around. Moved by chivalry, and by the love of sensation also, the representatives of the Press rushed forward to examine the coin. Charles Edward caught murmurings of "counterfeit," but he smiled rather scornfully. He had secured his supplies at the United States Treasury itself, and he could swear by patriotism that they were genuine. But the excitement in the little group around Lady Angela was rising.

"It's a bad one, madam, if ever there was," said a reporter with red hair.

"I think it's horrid of him," complained the young woman, turning an accusing face upon Charles Edward. "What ought I to do?" she asked of the red-haired gentleman who seemed so markedly sympathetic.

"Arrest him, of course. It's a pretty way to do it—quite a novel idea; but we can't have people planting the stuff right on the Capitol's steps," and he bounded away towards the policeman at their top.

"This is absurd," said Charles Edward, plunging a hand in his pocket and bringing out a handful of gold. "Look at 'em, all of you, I ask you to! They're all right!"

"*They* may be," said Lady Angela plaintively; "but look at this one." And she advanced, displaying upon the palm of her hand a singularly pale and anæmic-looking coin.

The young gentleman was visibly startled.

"Yes, it does look a bit overtrained," he muttered. "I don't understand——"

At this point he was interrupted by a stalwart, blue-clad arm laid upon his own. It is not pleasant for the chronicler of Charles Edward to recount such a vulgar proceeding as his arrest. Such, however, is the curious efficiency of the law that it can take into custody a lively and original young gentleman as easily as if he were the most tiresome of criminals. One must content oneself with saying that Mr. Austin bore himself perfectly and cast no more than a dignified word of reproach at Lady Angela.

"Woman," he said solemnly, "does it mean nothing to you that you are sending me to prison?"

"I felt sure," she replied, "that it would have to happen sometime. Why not now, and get it over? Besides, we're not engaged anywhere for lunch."

"But we are for dinner."

"True," said Lady Angela languidly. "Well, I suppose I must get you out by then."

III.

CHARLES EDWARD has a generous spirit, and he would be the first to admit that his wife's intervention had given to the whole affair a publicity beyond anything to which his own unaided efforts could have attained. The story of the attempted sale of coins might indeed, to quote the metropolitan journalist, "have been made a warm one." But, humorous and whimsical though it was, it had not that solid sensationalism which in the end makes the strongest appeal to the American public. This Lady Angela had given it. It was a sheer delight to write the headlines—

MEMBER OF SMART NEW YORK SOCIETY
ARRESTED FOR
PASSING COUNTERFEIT MONEY.
EARL'S DAUGHTER ACCUSES HUSBAND
OF BEING BLACKLEG.

There had been no particularly interesting murder that day, so that one may say, without exaggerating, that the affair, even at this step, was the sensation of the moment the country over. As for Washington, especially in fashionable circles, it did nothing less than bolt its lunch and precipitate itself upon the dingy police-court, where it was understood that the examination was to be held. No other social function that afternoon stood the ghost of a chance of success.

The procedure was perhaps a little informal;

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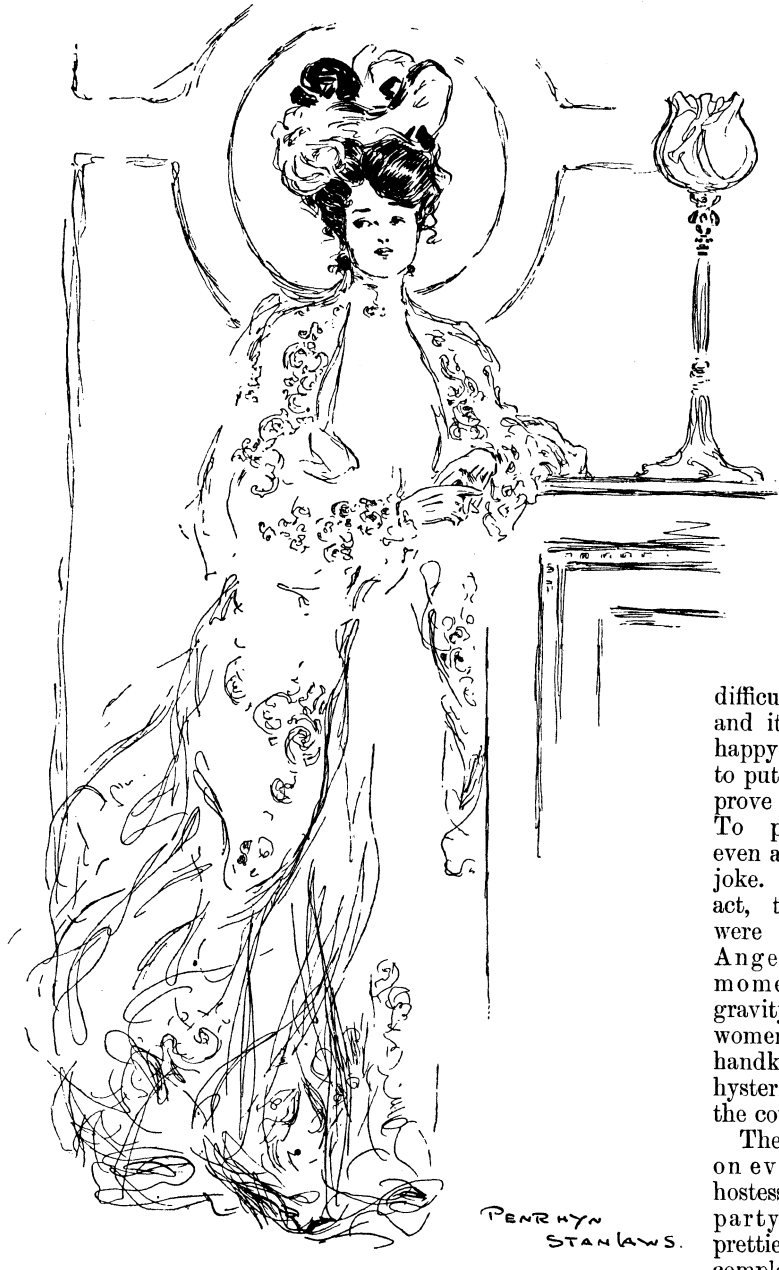
the remarks of the prisoner were certainly so. Anyone else would have incurred the heaviest penalties for contempt of court. To take things in order, evidence was first given that every gold coin found upon Mr. Austin's person at the time of his arrest was genuine.



"The appearance in the witness-box of Lady Angela quieted the assemblage."

"Naturally," interpolated Charles Edward lightly, as though they were all at a pleasant, large party. "I hastily swallowed the thirty-three counterfeit ones which I had concealed upon me."

Several people screamed "Silence!" in fiercely official voices, just audible above the rippling of laughter; and then the appearance in the witness-box of Lady Angela, in a mauve costume of Parisian origin, quieted the assemblage. Conjecture fastened its eager eyes, not only upon her frock, but upon her face, trying to read there the reason of her curious action in the matter. Since noon Charles Edward's reputation for eccentricity had become common property. A bet of some sort would have satisfactorily explained everything; but it was difficult to see why his wife—and it was supposed to be a happy marriage—should wish to put him in what might easily prove an awkward situation. To pass counterfeit money, even as a joke, is simply not a joke. Legal processes would act, though Charles Edward were thoughtless and Lady Angela forgiving. For a moment everyone felt the gravity of the situation. Several women started a hunt for their handkerchiefs, and a kind of hysterical tremor passed over the court-room.

Then, as if to ease the strain on everyone, including the hostess of that evening's dinner-party, the witness, in the prettiest, most ladylike, and completest way, broke down in her evidence. Yes, she had just admitted, she did buy a gold piece from her husband, paying him a silver dollar.

"And he gave you this coin, now in the possession of the police?"

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"Well," said Lady Angela, "that's just what, now I think of it, I can't be sure of at all. You see, I put it at once into this purse"; and she held up the network article for inspection. "There were a good many other gold coins there; they may have got mixed up."

"But you assumed at the time that you had the right one?"

"I took out the one on top, and the next moment a gentleman with a red beard had taken it and my husband was arrested."

"But you said nothing of this at the time."

"Well, you see, we weren't lunching—I mean, I didn't suppose I could do anything until I got into court. You see, I am so easily confused"—which was not the impression Charles Edward was receiving.

"Do you usually carry much gold coin with you? Where do you suppose what you had came from?"

"Oh," said Lady Angela, "I might have got it a week ago in New York."

"As though she kept money a week!" muttered Charles Edward satirically to himself.

"And you never remember noticing anything peculiar about any coin you received?"

"But isn't that just the object of counterfeit money," inquired Lady Angela, "that you shouldn't notice? At any rate, I never did."

"Then you have no idea how you came to have this coin?"

"I cannot possibly tell," replied Lady Angela, evading the question and the necessity of lying at one and the same moment. One gentleman, squeezed uncomfortably into a corner of the gallery, heaved a sigh of relief. The American public appreciates a joke—still, that an important official in a Government department should have lent any kind of aid to an escapade like the present one—fortunately he and we may let the matter lie where it is.

It was evident Charles Edward must be acquitted, since there was no evidence against him. There it was; but the judge experienced a pardonable and human curiosity to know the reason of the prisoner's behaviour.

"Let me tell you, then," cried Charles Edward enthusiastically, and did so. An enunciation of the great moral truth, such a description of Turner's portable ice-machine as in the overheated atmosphere of the courtroom moved everyone, a picture of the horrors of war without the machine, and its happy conclusion with it, and in peroration a ringing denunciation of the War Department and an appeal to the American people to buy Turner's patent at once and at an honourable price—all this he managed to pack into his brief oration.

At first, it must be confessed, the incongruity and humour of the whole thing were what chiefly struck people. Then the representatives of the Press regained headway, as it were. Turner, being at hand, was interviewed at length. Then they descended upon the Secretary of War. Somewhat confused, that gentleman admitted that he had heard nothing of the Turner machine, that it was doubtless being investigated by the proper authorities, that he would himself personally see that it was so investigated.

"He had better," was, succinctly put, the editorial comment everywhere next day. Telegraphic news from the South was warlike, and the opponents of the Administration began to inquire in what condition the Army was likely to be found. Recent events had not encouraged them, so they said, to place much faith in the alertness of the Government. It was rumoured that cables from Paris had instructed the French Ambassador to open negotiations with Mr. Turner. There was a vigorous attack in the House of Representatives upon the clauses in the Appropriation Bill relating to the Army. Charles Edward's photograph appeared in sixteen illustrated weeklies and in two hundred and fifteen dailies. A leading merchant in New York put on sale the "Lady Austin Dust Cloak," and the proprietors of three patent breakfast foods approached Charles Edward with propositions to manage their advertising. He could probably have gone on the stage or had a hair tonic named after him without the slightest difficulty. And on the fourth day the Department of War offered Turner $20,000 for his invention.

Everyone, of course, now knows the value of the machine. It has become celebrated, even though the war in Central America never took place. Lady Angela has apparently some kind of a theory that Charles Edward prevented it. And even if the enemy took fright at America's new equipment, she almost seems to forget that it was Turner who invented the refrigerator. Also, as Charles Edward generously says, if she had not behaved in a most unwifely way, they probably could never have bullied the United States Government. Alone, he says, it is probable that he could do little more than bring a second- or third-rate Power to terms. Lady Angela, incidentally, he classes as first-rate.

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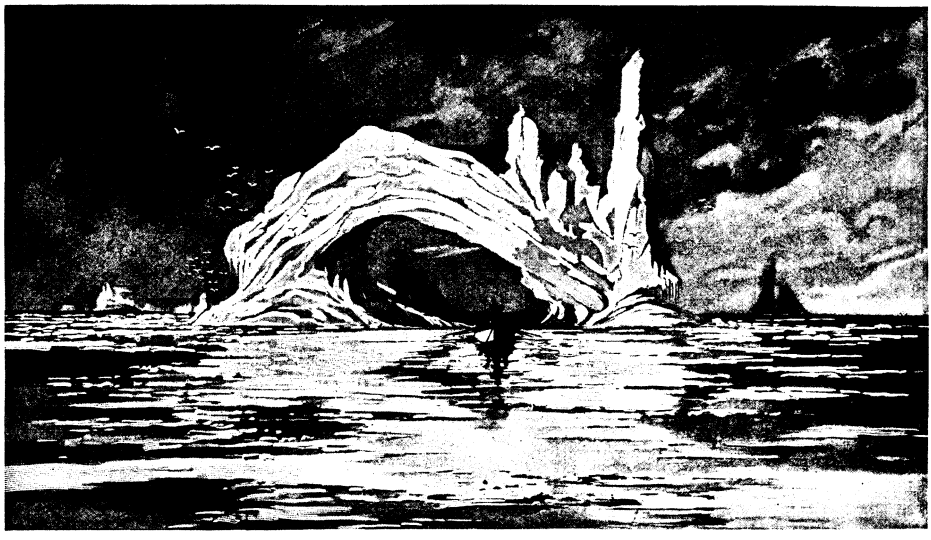

THE PERIL OF THE ICEBERGS.

BY P. T. McGRATH.*

JUST so surely as midwinter comes, it brings in its train mishap, if not disaster, upon the Atlantic. The season never passes without a big liner being overdue and causing anxiety, almost panic, while freighters vanish from the sea and leave never a trace of how destruction overtook them. Then the mariner nerves himself for conflict against blizzard and berg, and in all the Western ocean ports navigators con the weather record to track the movements of the mighty ice-masses that encumber the waters beyond the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Difficulty and danger beset the voyager on every side, and they who go down to the sea in ships become, all too often, the sport of misfortune and the actors in dramas which thrill the world with their weird and sometimes ghastly scenes. But a special risk attends the navigation of the North Atlantic —that of encounters with icebergs. No other great trade route suffers from this peril, the most deadly the mariner has to reckon with.

As the passengers on some crack flyer throng her rail on a glorious day, to view and snapshot the dazzling spectacle of one of these stately wanderers drifting slowly south in lonely grandeur, a grim smile will probably flicker on the captain's countenance as he hears the exclamations of delight and recalls the fact that, only the previous night, in a dense fog, as the passengers lay sleeping, the ship and all on board barely escaped colliding with one of those floating crystal islands. Human science and ingenuity have never devised any contrivance to detect these silent foes ; the mightiest fabrics constructed by human hands are frail as eggshells against them, and they have wrought more ruin than any other obstruction that threatens the traffic of the ocean.

These bergs are the terror of every shipmaster crossing the North Atlantic. They are fragments from the stupendous Greenland glaciers, forced out of the Arctic seas by thousands every summer, and carried south by the currents, passing Newfoundland during the winter and being dissolved by the warmer embraces of the Gulf Stream as they enter it the next spring. The largest of them ground on the Newfoundland coast and on the Grand Banks, as a berg carries seven-eights of its bulk below water, and they often stick fast for weeks. Hence, in this area they linger the whole year round and are a never-absent source of danger. Nature offers few more impressive sights than these

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beautiful ivory sea-castles, endowed with every graceful and fantastic outline, and often five hundred feet high and a half a mile long. They excite the admiration of all beholders when viewed from a position of safety, but no object is more dreaded by the sailor when, in the inky blackness of a midnight storm, the blinding fury of a snow squall, or the ghastly shroud of a sodden fog, his ship is crossing the ice-belt on the Banks. For the bergs are thickest there in the path of the steamers, unwarning in their approach and deadly in their embrace, and woe to the ship, however staunch, that tests herself against the towering crystal cliffs!

So many and serious were the accidents from this cause that, in 1897, the chief New York lines abandoned the direct route across the Banks for a safer sea-road farther south. This lessened but did not end the risk. In September, 1899, the *City of Rome*, from Glasgow for New York, with 1,600 humans aboard, 500 being saloon passengers, struck a berg at midday, in the steamer-track, while running half speed through a fog. With a double watch set, and the passengers at lunch, the crash came. Men and meals were shot into a heap below the stairway, whence a frightened crowd rushed for the deck. Fortunately, discipline was good; the rush was stemmed, and the panic soon ceased. The berg, a small, flat one known as a "growler," was cut in two by the ship, whose bow was stove below water. Her bulkheads kept tight, however, and she reached port safely.

The most remarkable case on record of an iceberg collision is that of the Guion liner *Arizona*, in 1879. She was then the greyhound of the Atlantic, and the largest ship afloat—5,750 tons—except the *Great Eastern*. Leaving New York in November for Liverpool, with 509 souls aboard, she was coursing across the Banks, with fair weather, but dark, when, near midnight, about 250 miles east of St. John's, she rammed a monster ice-island at full speed—18 knots. Terrific was the impact and indescribable the alarm. The passengers, flung from their berths, made for the deck as they stood, though some were so injured as to be helpless, and the calls of those forward, added to the shrieks of the frenzied mob of half-clad men and women who charged for the boats, made up a pandemonium. Wild cries arose that the ship was sinking, for she had settled by the head, and with piteous appeals and despairing exclamations the passengers urged the boats over, that they might escape the death they thought inevitable. But the crew were well in hand, the officers maintained order, and, a hurried examination being made, the forward bulkhead was seen to be safe. The welcome word was passed along that the ship, though sorely stricken, would still float until she could make harbour. The vast white terror had lain across her course, stretching so far each way that, when descried, it was too late to alter the helm. Its giant shape filled the foreground, towering high above the masts, grim and gaunt and ghastly, immovable as the adamantine buttresses of a frowning seaboard, while the liner lurched and staggered like a wounded thing in agony as her engines slowly drew her back from the rampart against which she had flung herself.

She was headed for St. John's at slow speed, so as not to strain the bulkhead too much, and arrived there thirty-six hours later. That little port—the crippled ship's hospital—has seen many a strange sight come in from the sea, but never a more astounding spectacle than that which she presented the Sunday forenoon she entered there.

"Begob, captain!" said the pilot, as he swung himself over the rail, "I've heard of carrying coals to Newcastle, but this is the first time I've seen a steamer bringing a load of ice into St. John's."

They are a grim race, these sailors, and, the danger over, the captain's reply was: "We were lucky, my man, that we didn't all go to the bottom in an ice-box."

Her deck and forepart were cumbered with great fragments of ice, weighing over two hundred tons in all, shattered from the berg when she struck, being so wedged into the fractures and gaps as to make it unwise to start them until she was docked. The whole population of St. John's lined the water-front to witness her arrival. Her escape was truly marvellous, and the annals of marine adventure may be searched in vain for its equal. From toprail to keelson her bows were driven in, the gaping wound fully twenty feet wide, and the massive plates and ribs crumpled up like so many pieces of cardboard. All the ironwork was twisted into fantastic forms, the oak planking was smashed into splinters, the beams and stanchions which backed the bow were shattered and torn, and her stem-piece had been wrenched off when she had bitten into the berg. As her dead weight, including engines and cargo, must have been fully 10,000 tons, and this propelled through the water at an 18-knot clip must have produced an enormous

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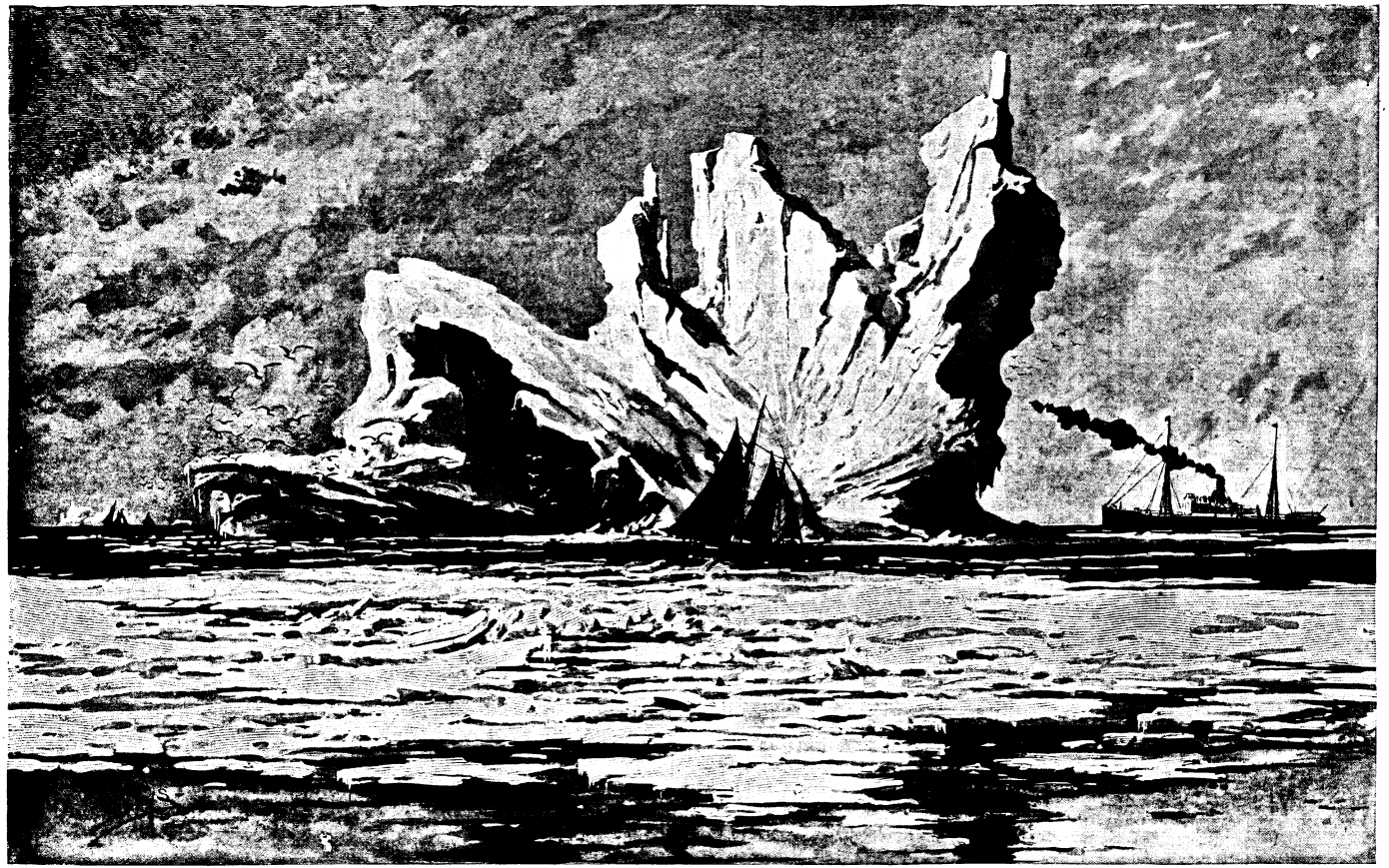

VIEWED FROM A POSITION OF SAFETY, THE ICEBERG AWAKES THE ADMIRATION OF ALL BEHOLDERS.

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momentum, the wonder is that she was not ripped apart and sent to bottom with all on board in the twinkling of an eye.

That she was well built her experience attested. Had her forward bulkhead started and the water poured in, they must have abandoned her and taken to the boats, a most hazardous as well as unpleasant alternative. Everything fragile aboard her had been broken, and every human being had participated in a unique adventure, one which none wished repeated. She remained at St. John's some months, had a temporary wooden bow built into her, and then returned to New York for permanent repairs.

Many curious incidents occurred in the panic, as always do on such occasions. A New York millionaire's wife rushed on deck barefooted and in her nightdress, drawing her stockings on her hands, and vainly endeavouring to find the fingers. A man appeared from the saloon with two gripsacks and a lifebuoy. He tossed this overboard first, then threw the bags after it, and was following himself when seized by a sailor. An elderly gentleman with a weak heart fainted away in the saloon at the shock of the impact, and was found there when the passengers returned from the deck to clothe themselves. Recovering to see the anxious-faced, half-clad watchers about him, and believing for the moment that he was the cause of their concern, he deprecatingly observed: "I am very sorry. Do not be alarmed. It is nothing, I assure you."

But to the one wounded ship that survives collision with a berg, a dozen perish. Presumably, when the shock comes, it loosens their bulkheads and they fill and founder, or the crash may injure the boilers or engines, which explode and tear out the sides, and the ship goes down like a plummet. As long ago as 1841, the steamer *President*, with 120 people aboard, crossing from New York to Liverpool in March, vanished from human ken. In 1854, in the same month, the *City of Glasgow* left Liverpool for Philadelphia with 480 souls, and was never again heard of. In February, 1856, the *Pacific*, from Liverpool for New York, carrying 185 persons, passed away down to a sunless sea. In May, 1870, the *City of Boston*, from that port for Liverpool, mustering 191 souls, met a similar fate. It has always been thought that these ships were sunk by collision with icebergs or floes. As shipping traffic has expanded, the losses have been more frequent. In February, 1892, the *Naronic*, from Liverpool for New York; in the same month in 1896, the *State of Georgia*, from Aberdeen for Boston; in February, 1899, the *Alleghany*, from New York for Dover; and once more in February, 1902, the *Huronian*, from Liverpool for St. John's—all disappeared without leaving a trace. Between February and May, the Grand Banks are most infested with ice, and collision therewith is the most likely explanation of the loss of these steamers, all well manned and in splendid trim, and meeting only the storms which scores of other ships have braved without a scath.

This theory finds support in the fact that many crews have cheated death whose ships have gone under from contact with ice during the winter. A story whose amazing features outrival even the tale of the Ancient Mariner is that of the nineteen persons from the Arctic ship *Polaris*. She was crushed off Northern Greenland in October, 1871, and the survivors were rescued from an ice-floe on the Grand Banks the following April by the Newfoundland sealer *Tigress*, after having been adrift 193 days, and traversing 1,600 miles of ocean on this island of ice. In March, 1893, the sealer *Diana* rescued the crew of the steamer *Castlegate*, from Dundee for New York, who were adrift on the floe, their ship having sunk by collision with a berg the previous night. In May, 1897, the crew of the steamer *Windsor Lake*, which had also met disaster among the bergs, were taken off by the sealer *Labrador*, and in 1900 the steamer *Iceland* stove in her bow against a berg and narrowly escaped foundering.

When the big cargo-boat *Concordia*, in July, 1896, was ploughing her way through Belleisle Strait, for Liverpool, she hit a berg bow on and tore a gaping rent in her forepart big enough to drive a street-car through. Only the hardest of work kept her afloat to reach St. John's. Equally marvellous was the escape, the next June, of the four-masted freighter, *Knight Bachelor*, which, on her way to New York, met a still more cruel wound and had her bows stove to the bulkhead butts, so that she had to be hurried to land stern first to relieve the strain on her battered stem. In May, 1899, the *Hatasu*, timber laden from Quebec, entered a berg-strewn area of the Banks with a dense fog prevailing and only the "loom" of the bergs to guide her. Going dead slow, in wheeling to avoid one she plumped into another and crumpled her bows up from forefoot to hawse-pipe, the stem-plates overlapping and giving a flat surface as if a giant wedge had been cut out of her forward. The *John Bright* rasped off part of her bottom on a

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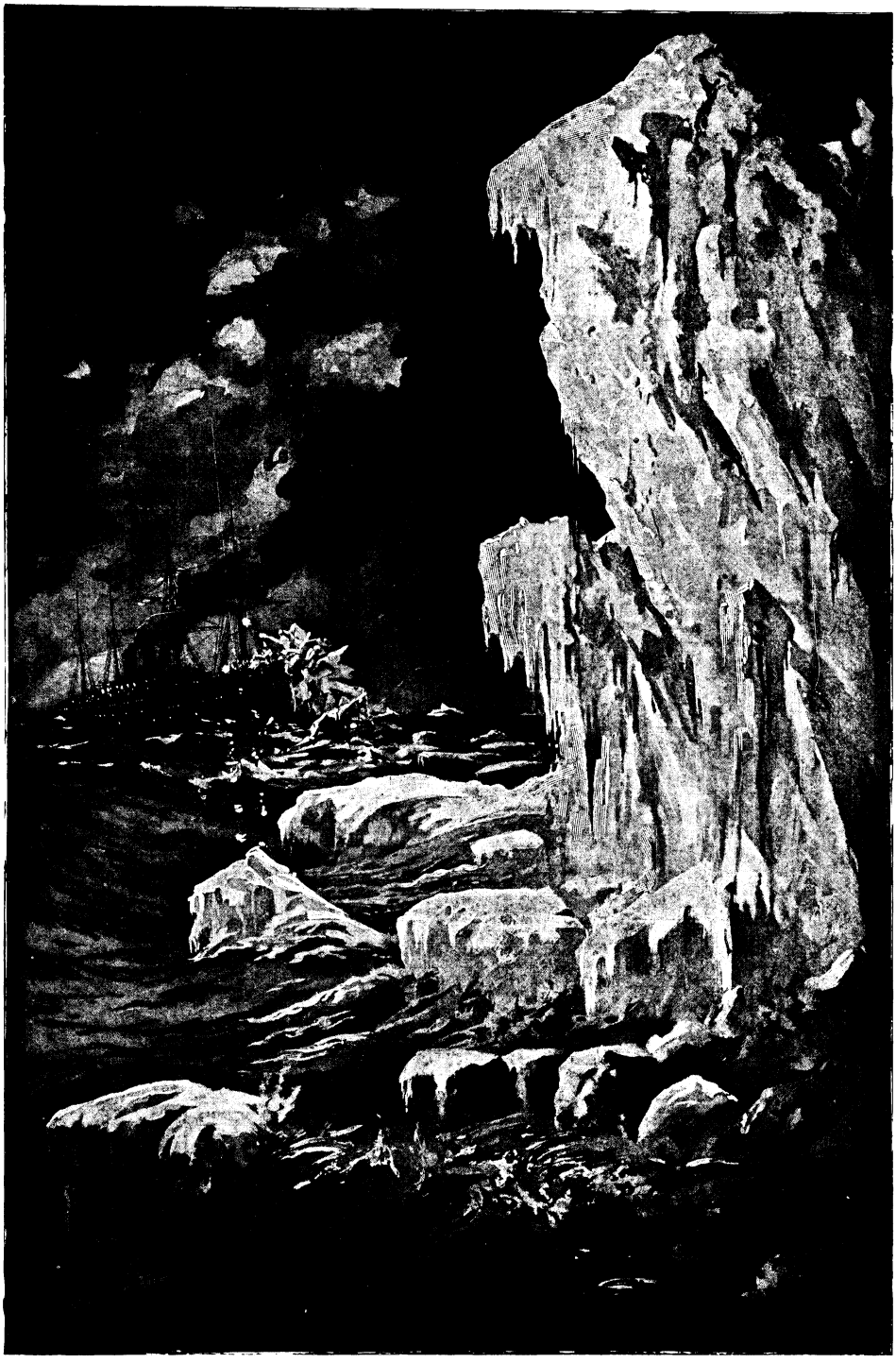

THE GUION LINER "ARIZONA" BACKING AWAY FROM AN ICEBERG UPON WHICH SHE HAD SHATTERED HER BOW.

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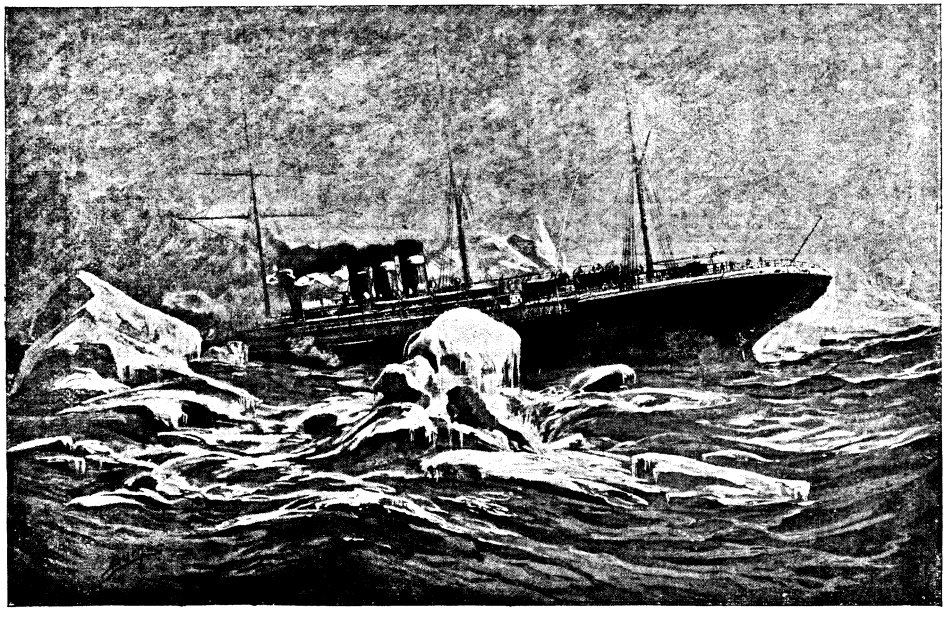
"growler" in June, and the two were repairing in St. John's together. Most curious was the accident to the *Alcides* in 1890. She was struck in the side by a berg, while caught in a floe, and had her flank scored by a jagged gash that almost sent her to bottom. In the dock at St. John's they rolled sugar-butts in and out through the gap.

The most marvellous story of all is that of the steamer *Portia*, which embodies an incident as fanciful as ever Clark Russell conceived. She plied between New York and Newfoundland, her captain being Francis Ash, an experienced navigator of St. John's, who had been ice-pilot of Schley's squadron when it rescued the survivors of the Greely Arctic expedition in 1884. In June, 1893, while off the Newfoundland coast with many tourists aboard, she sighted on a clear day a gleaming northern monarch, the magnificent proportions of which excited the admiration of the passengers, who had never seen the like before. Captain Ash estimated its length at 800 feet and its height at 200, and, with its fantastic pinnacles and crystal sides giving back a flood of rainbow tints, it is not surprising that the delighted onlookers begged the skipper to go near, so that they might snapshot or sketch this ocean colossus at close range. Suddenly, as the ship slowly advanced, a gunshot from the berg, a jar was felt, the ship grated heavily, a low rumbling sound was heard, the berg quivered and split asunder, and, to the horror of all on board, it was realised that the ship was "aground" on part of the icy isle. As this mighty fragment sought a new equilibrium in the ocean, its submerged base, being tossed upwards, caught the *Portia* as in a cradle, or dock, and lifted her clear out of the water.

For a moment or two the situation of the ship and those aboard was critical beyond compare. She lay, nearly upright, in a shelving section of the berg, and if this completed its somersault, she and her *personnel* must meet instant destruction. The horror of it blanched every cheek and stilled every tongue. Fortunately the weight of hull and cargo checked the up-ending motion and sent the mass settling back again. A huge wave created by the cleavage swept over the fragment holding the *Portia* and launched her back into her native element, with bottom scarred and bruised, but otherwise uninjured.



THE "CITY OF ROME" STRIKING A BERG IN THE FOG.

Though the story seems incredible, yet it is undeniably true. As the *Portia* approached the berg, she ran on a submerged ledge of it. This disturbed the equilibrium of the main body, and the ice below the surface being honeycombed, or "rotten," from the effect of the salt water and the summer sun, the shock caused it to turn over, and in doing so it split apart and she was caught on one

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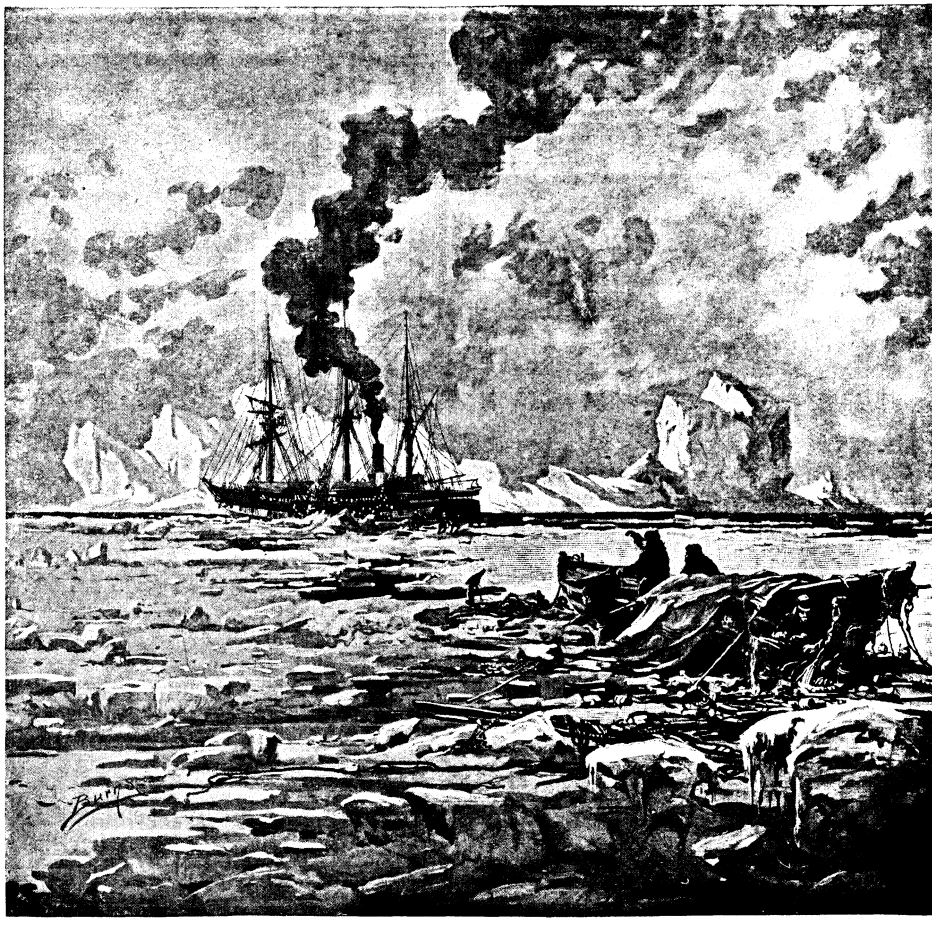

THE SURVIVORS OF THE "POLARIS" BEING RESCUED FROM AN ICE-FLOE ON WHICH THEY HAD BEEN ADRIFT FOR OVER SIX MONTHS.

portion. The escape seems still more miraculous when one realises that, had she not kept a fairly even keel, she must surely have sunk as she swept back into the sea. As it was, she had all she could do to battle with the mighty billows that threatened to engulf her, and she was headed away from this scene of peril with all hearts rejoicing that they had been mercifully spared after an experience that no others had ever been brought face to face with.

The very next year, the *Miranda*, a sister ship of the *Portia*, was chartered to convey to Greenland a party of sixty scientists—professors and students from American universities. She sailed from St. John's in July in charge of Captain William Farrell, another skilled ice-pilot, and two days later, off Belle-isle Strait, in a thick fog, punctured her bow against a berg. Fortunately she was going "dead slow" and thus escaped serious injury, but she had to put back to effect repairs. These accomplished, she started again, but on the uncharted Greenland coast she struck a reef, tore out her bottom, and sank in due course. The ninety-two persons comprising the party and crew got back on the Gloucester fishing-vessel *Rigel*, which was in Greenland waters seeking halibut. In the summer of 1900, an American yacht, cruising on the Labrador coast, struck a berg in a fog, while slowly making her way along, and one of the party dropped dead of heart disease at the shock of the collision. The craft floated, but the passengers had quite enough of icebergs for that season, if not for ever.

Even the French and British warships that patrol the Newfoundland coast during the fishery season do not escape this danger, crowded with men and carefully navigated

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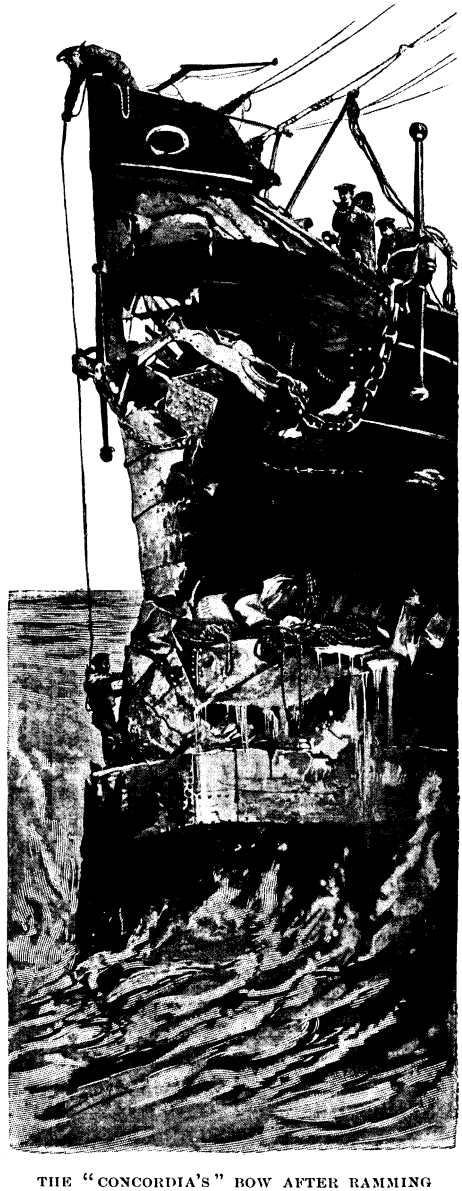
ough they are. In 1899, the British gunboat *Buzzard* stove in her bows against a "growler" off the French shore, and the next year the French corvette *Manche* had a similar experience. In the early 'eighties, when the Americans sent a warship to this coast every summer on fisheries service, the old *Powhatan* came near ending her days by testing her strength against a floe. The ice-masses serve a novel purpose for the fleets all the summer through, being used as targets for big-gun practice. When a specially formidable one drifts along past St. John's, a cruiser slips her moorings and runs to sea after it, pelting it with projectiles until she fires away her allowance. It is one of the sights of St. John's, the endless procession of icebergs of every size and shape that drifts by day after day, charming the eye and cooling the summer atmosphere. Sometimes they ground in the harbour mouth and prevent ships entering or leaving.

As you go north they are in still greater number. Off Belleisle Strait they can be counted by hundreds; and since the New York liners choose the southern route, it is the Montreal boats, which traverse the northern channel, that are chiefly menaced by these ocean destroyers. The first ship of the Allan Line ever lost—the *Canadian*—came to her ruin there in 1861, by running into a berg, and she carried down thirty-five humans with her, trapped like rats by the inrush of water when her forepart was burst open. The 266 survivors were brought to St. John's in a fishing-vessel. Every few years since, there have been other ocean tragedies to record, the latest being that of the *Gibraltar*, in 1896, which foundered so quickly that five men went to the bottom with her, the remainder of her people getting away in their boats and being picked up by the Colonial cruiser *Fiona*, conveying Governor Sir Terence O'Brien and Commodore Curzon-Howe of the British squadron around the French shore on an official trip.



THE "CONCORDIA'S" BOW AFTER RAMMING A BERG.

But the steamers are not the only ships that fare badly against bergs. Sailers meet even worse disasters. In April, 1897, occurred the most heartrending tragedy in the records of the Grand Banks, one whose horrible story outrivals even fiction. The French brigantine *Vaillant*, from France for St. Pierre, Miquelon, with seventy-four men aboard to engage in cod-fishing there, dashed herself against a berg at midnight, 120 miles off St. John's. The craft went to pieces like a bundle of boards, and those half-clad wretches who escaped being killed by the broken timbers when she struck rushed on deck and threw over the boats. The wildest confusion prevailed, and the frightened crowd swarmed into the skiffs, overturning them and drowning themselves. About twenty-five perished this way, and thirty-five got away—twenty-one in the life-boat, seven in a jolly-boat, and seven in a "dory"—a flat-bottomed skiff used in fishing. They had no food, no water, no sails, and no oars. The men lacked adequate

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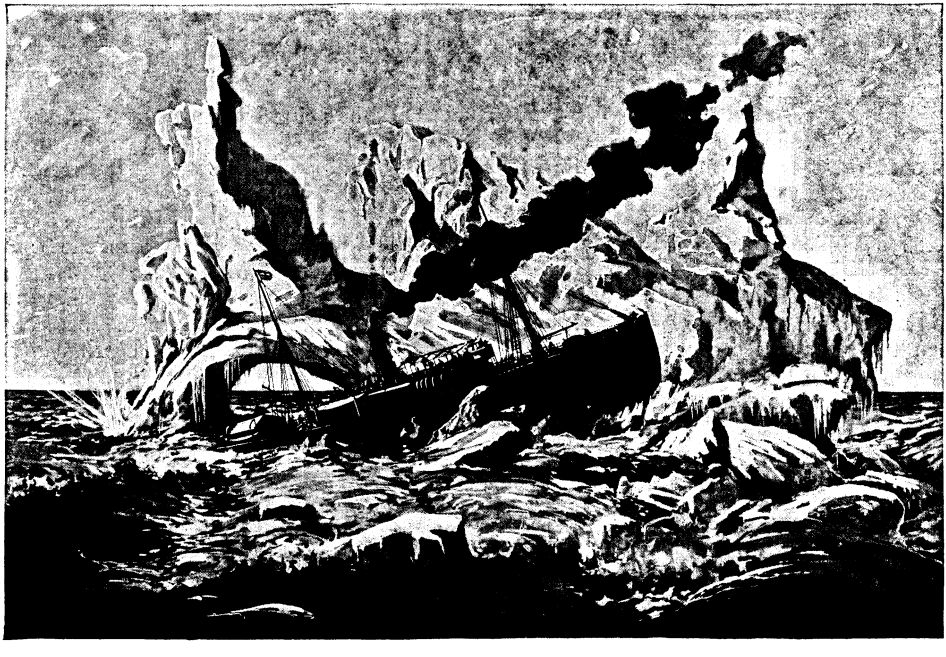
clothing, being coatless and wearing wooden "sabots" without stockings. The sea ran high and drenched them, and the frost chilled their marrow. The flotilla separated before morning, and the jolly-boat was never seen again. In the life-boat was the captain's dog, and they killed and ate it the second day. That night four men died of the cold and were thrown overboard, after being stripped of their clothes to cover the living. The third day the boat got among the ice, and they allayed their thirst by sucking pieces broken off the bergs. That night seven more died, and, being stripped, were consigned to the deep. After this the narrative is a blank. On the seventh day the schooner *Victor* sighted the boat, and, bearing down on her, found four frost-bitten wretches alive, while the mutilated corpses which shared the skiff testified to the fact that the starving, freezing survivors had kept the vital spark alive by the last desperate resort of cannibalism. They were landed at St. Pierre, and two days later the schooner *Eugene* brought in three survivors of the dory's crew, who had prolonged existence only by the same dreadful alternative. All seven had such badly frosted feet that these extremities had to be amputated, and five patients succumbed to the knife, only two surviving to tell the tale of this dreadful outcome of a marine disaster.

Every few years a horror results from the coming together of the wooden fabrics against the ice-masses. To give them in detail would be impossible. The shock of the impact starts every plank in the hulls; they leak like a sieve, and, having no compartments, fill rapidly and go down almost before the panic-stricken crews can launch their boats. One incident may be cited because of its extraordinary features. In 1883, as the schooner *Albatross* was driving east across the Banks in a murky storm, she met her end from a low-lying berg. Of her crew of ten, only two escaped, having cut clear the dinghy and launched it over the stern. Next day they were picked up by the fishing-schooner *Energy*, making for the Newfoundland coast. Driven south by bad weather, she sighted, two days later, the steamer *Liddesdale*, with a load of cotton from the Southern States for England. The steamer agreed to take the castaways, and, in approaching to get to them, collided with the *Energy* and sank her, though saving the crew. Thirty-six hours later, the *Liddesdale* herself went ashore near Cape Race and became a total loss. Thus the two men from the *Albatross* were wrecked three times within a week—by



THE WEIRD EXPERIENCE OF THE "PORTIA."

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berg, steamboat, and rock—an experience probably unique.

The fishing-vessels on the Banks cruising about in quest of cod often fall a prey to these destroyers also, and weird are the circumstances attending some of the catastrophes. The portions of bergs above water are absolutely pure and fresh; the submerged parts become saturated with salt. The former are commonly attacked by the bank-men for ice to preserve their bait and fish, or to melt for refilling their water-casks. In 1899, the crew of the schooner *Mervyn*, of St. John's, were taking ice from a small berg when it turned over. One man was "ashore" on it, hewing out the blocks with his axe, and the next instant found himself elevated twenty feet in the air, with the boat upset and his comrades struggling in the water. They righted her again and stood by to aid him. His only chance of escape was to slide down the sloping side of the berg. He could not spring clear of it into the water, owing to its formation. He let himself go and struck a projecting fragment in his descent. It tore the scalp off the back of his head and flung it out over his eyes. Senseless and seemingly dying, he was taken to land and put in hospital. Then the ship returned to the Banks and was never afterwards heard of. Another fishing-vessel sighted some wreckage on the base of a berg and sent a boat to examine it; she returned bringing a name-board with the word *Mervyn* on it, so it is surmised that the vessel struck this berg and went down.

How many other fishing-smacks meet this fate and leave not even this melancholy evidence, is beyond conjecture. When a small craft strikes one of these monsters, she is doomed. Once wounded, a few minutes will see her founder. Those on board have barely time to order their faculties ere they are battling for life in the vortex of their sinking ship or penned below decks through the damage to the hatchways. Occasionally some fortunate sailor escapes the general fate. Four years ago, as a Newfoundland coastal steamer was passing a lonely rock off the land, she descried a signal of distress flying. A boat was lowered and sent to the islet, returning with an unconscious man. He was one of the crew of the banker *Emmeline*, which had sunk from collision with a berg. His fifteen comrades perished, but he, grasping an oar, contrived to swim to this rock, the only foothold for miles around. He attached his shirt to the oar and set it up for a signal, and here he remained for four days and nights, without food or drink, suffering tortures also from the cold.

Nowadays, with the cellular system by which modern liners are subdivided, the likelihood of a catastrophe to an Atlantic greyhound is very slight. She may telescope her stem, or drive in her forefoot, but her bulkheads will keep her afloat. It is the old-time steamer or the one with insufficient compartments which goes down when she rams a berg in these Northern waters and carries her whole crew to their death. Of the mysteries of lost ships which leave not a name-board or scanty spread of wreckage to tell some part of their tale of tragedy, how many are due to berg or floe, no man may say, but the grimmest happenings about the Grand Banks are certainly chargeable to this cause.

Earthly monarchs, however mighty, dare not disregard the peril of this route, in their impotence against Nature's giant lords. In the royal tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall (now Prince and Princess of Wales) in 1901, the only place where the *Ophir's* escort of two cruisers—the *Diadem* and *Niobe*—had to be supplemented was off Newfoundland, and because of the icebergs there. The *Crescent* and *Indefatigable* accompanied them from Halifax to St. John's, scouting cautiously for these silent ocean foes; and again in crossing the Banks, on the final run to Portsmouth, this precaution had to be renewed. The *Diadem* discovered one large berg at night and threw her searchlight on it while the squadron sped past in safety.

It is only when a liner gets disabled and is swept among the floes that there is reason for anxiety. Such was the plight of 1,200 humans in the French liner *Gascoigne*, in March, 1897, when crippled on the Grand Banks and at anchor there, with the whole ocean covered with floes and bergs. She had broken her shaft, and adverse gales drove her there. She anchored and apprised a passing schooner, which brought the news to land. Meanwhile the ice was drifting down and worked around about her. She was in danger of being "nipped" by the floes, and the captain held on as long as he dared, hoping for help from St. John's or elsewhere, but eventually had to slip his cables and let her drift south into the Gulf Stream with the floes which enmeshed her; there the heat and sun soon relaxed their cohesive powers, and she was freed, to reach New York in due course. There was grave

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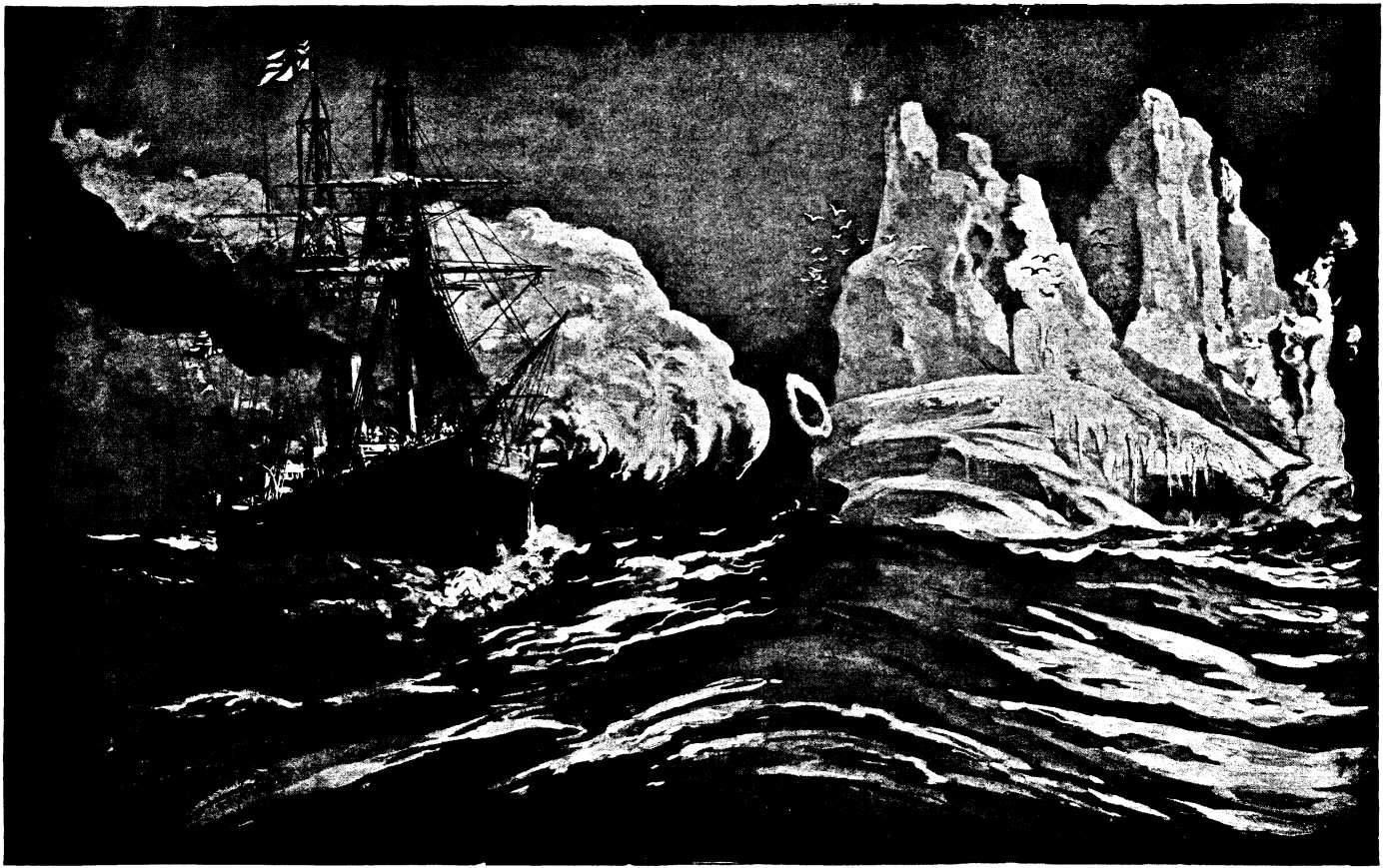

THE BERGS AFFORD GOOD TARGET PRACTICE FOR THE BANKS PATROL-FLEET.

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THE WRECK OF THE "VAILLANT."

apprehension for her welfare for a time, two steamers sent out from St. John's failing to locate her, and it was feared the ice had sent her to the bottom. But she escaped this danger and got to port without mishap.

It is only when a berg overturns that an idea of its immensity is obtained. This occurrence usually results through one berg fouling with another, the nicely adjusted balance being disturbed and the colossus floundering forward and throwing off fragments with noises like the discharge of a park of artillery, the movement communicating itself in turn to the bergs in the vicinity, until they are turning turtle like a school of whales at play. Such a scene is not uncommon along the Labrador coast in summer, where hundreds of bergs are to be sighted every day; and the mail-boat gives them a wide berth as she makes her risky runs up and down the rugged seaboard. An American college professor two years ago counted 176 one day from a hilltop at Cape Charles.

These figures cease to excite surprise when it is remembered that the bergs are the product of the Greenland glaciers and are formed by the thousand in the far Northern fiords. As the glaciers sweep into the sea, they "calve" or throw off mighty blocks, and these are what we know as icebergs. Some are of stupendous dimensions. Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition saw one $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, aground in half a mile of water in Melville Bay.

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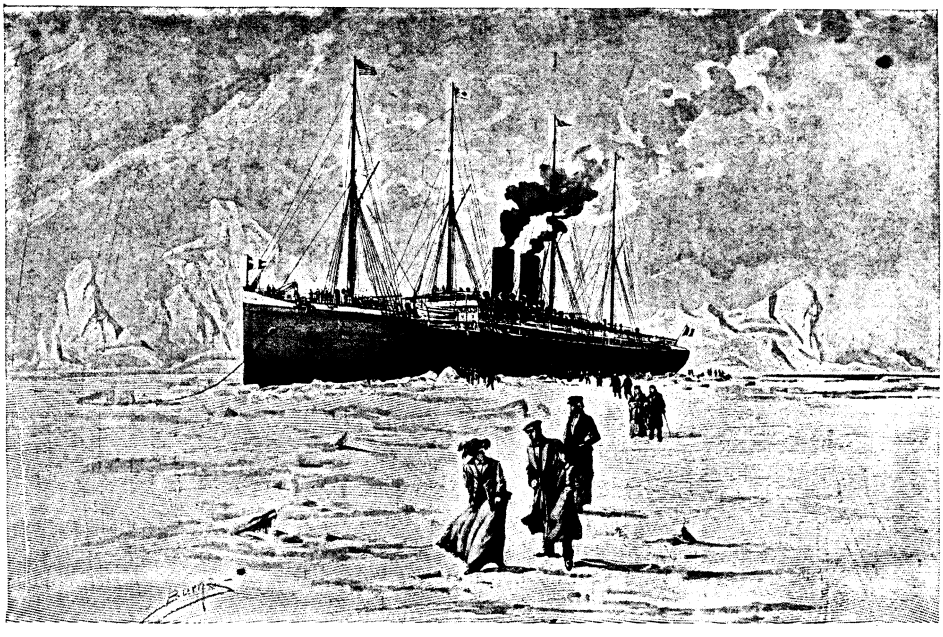

THE FRENCH LINER "GASCOIGNE," CRIPPLED ON THE GRAND BANKS.

This, of course, broke up into small pieces in time, which sun and sea and tide moulded into the beautiful and fantastic forms familiar to the Arctic voyager. As they drift south, and the sun plays on their *façade*, it melts them into shimmering cascades which leap into the sea, while below the tide frets them into delicate traceries. Then the berg gets top-heavy, turns over, and exhibits an absolutely new contour, and so the process continues until they disappear in the Gulf Stream. The Labrador current which carries them on its bosom extends from the Polar Sea to the south of Newfoundland, an oceanic river 2,000 miles long, and 100 wide, and generously bejewelled with these gorgeous creations.

The fishermen of Newfoundland possess the curious faculty of being able, as they say, to "smell" bergs, and thereby escape many encounters with them. Really, however, the fact is that the approach of a berg is heralded by a sudden and decided cooling of the atmosphere, which these experi nced mariners soon perceive and are warned by. But oftentimes a vessel will run into a nest of them, and may have to be towed to safety by her boats. A frequent cause of disaster is that, the submerged section of a berg being caught in the grip of a current, the mass moves steadily against wind and sea and crashes into the craft before she can escape. The same circumstances cause the remarkable sight sometimes witnessed, of floes driven one way by the wind, while bergs cut a wide swath through them in another direction, impelled by the currents. The lee of a berg is often a favourite shelter from storm, and Arctic steamers, Northern whalers, and Newfoundland sealers frequently adopt the novel expedient of anchoring to bergs which experience shows them to be surely balanced, and by this means they avoid disaster in gales which, if they lacked such security, would cripple, if not destroy them,

No discovery or invention relating to maritime matters would be of as great benefit to the shipping world as a contrivance which would give timely warning of the proximity of icebergs. Bells, whistles, lights, rockets, and other devices have been provided for protecting ships against colliding with one another, and now we are assured that wireless telegraphy will soon be enlisted for the same object. This, if it succeeds, should make running through fog as devoid of danger as speeding across a cloudless sea—except for the bergs. But, until this peril has been eliminated, the passage of the North Atlantic will be attended by an element of danger which must compel the greatest precaution on the part of seafarers and occasionally bring about a disaster like some of the foregoing, in spite of the utmost vigilance of shipmasters and men.

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VISITORS.

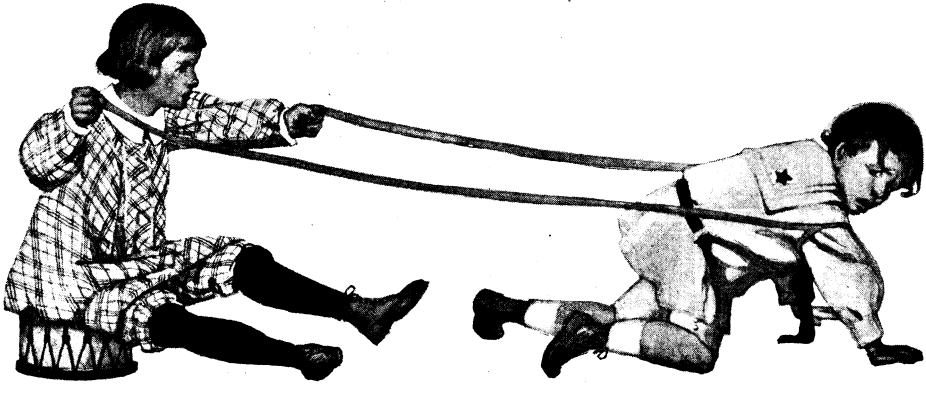
By HELEN HAY WHITNEY.

WHEN little boys come in to lunch
And stay till after tea,
My mother says: "How kind they are
To come and play with me!"

They take my marbles, break my toys,
And when I want to fight,
My mother says: "They're visitors,
And you must be polite."

"Give George the whip," she says,
"and you
Can be the little horse."
And "He must have the biggest pear,"
And "Be the king, of course."

When we are hunting, he's the "cat,"
I'm just the frightened mouse—
I'd rather be the visitor
At someone else's house.



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'My mother says: 'They're visitors, and you must be polite.'"

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WHEN THERE IS NO SHADOW.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.*

"COOLNESS and counsel come in the night, and both are of God," says the Arab proverb; nor, evil though his plight was, did Ali Hassan, sitting bound upon the floor of Sheik Ilbrahim's divan, doubt its truth. Though some, because of the bonds which cut both wrist and ankle, might have questioned the wisdom of the counsel, he did not. That which he had done he would do again, and to a hundred times, even though he knew that bonds and worse might follow. What should be shall be, and the wisdom of God's counsel is not to be measured by a man's bungling execution.

As to the coolness, Ali Hassan threw back his head and drew a deep breath of satisfaction. The divan lay to the north, and the air behind the woven grass blinds was still a delight, though the day was three hours old. Presently these pendent mats would crackle like warping wood down their whole length, and the air they enclosed grow breathless as an oven in the dry heat, and yet the sun never smote directly upon them. When that hour of the day came, heat and coolness, sun and shade, would be all one to the man bound hand and foot upon the floor, so in the wisdom of his philosophy he sucked what good he might out of the passing minute. Sheik Ilbrahim was a just man, and Ali Hassan had no illusions as to the outcome of his judgment.

That was well, for he could not have retained his illusions long. His guards, set two behind and two before him, and all armed, saw to that. But yesterday they had been as dirt under Ali Hassan's foot; now, a dog that hunted garbage in the gutter, or growled at the flies in the dust, was happier than he, and they strove to bring his reversal home to him. Many were the reminiscences of Sheik Ilbrahim's stern justice, and their talk at last drifted into an academic discussion as to whether death by thirst or the swifter road of impalement afforded the larger satisfaction to the onlooker.

At first, perhaps because of the growing heat, opinion favoured thirst as presenting the finer spectacle.

"Nay, but, brother," said Muley, leaning aside that he might the better see his opponent, Ali's bound body being crouched between them, "remember there is thirst with impalement also. The time may be shortened a day or two, but the agony begins the sooner and is the sharper all through. Which is the sweeter—a spoonful of honey in the mouth, or the same honey mixed through a skin of water? So is it with the other—sharp at the first, but sharper with every hour. I have seen and I know. And," he added meditatively, "the last man who so died had but lifted a common woman's veil against her will, while Ali Hassan here has dared to cross my lord's harem door."

But not even then could they agree; and when, to pass the time, they put it to the vote, they were two and two.

"But there are five of us," said Muley, thrusting a sinewy toe into Ali's ribs and laughing pleasantly. "Let us ask my lord; though my own thought is that to-morrow his opinion will be better worth having. 'Tis a pity he can't die both ways, and so prove it. What dost thou say—a parched throat or a smooth spear's shaft?"

"All is as God wills," answered Ali, again filling his lungs, but this time not so refreshingly as before, for the air was already heavy with heat.

So they talked for an hour, then Sheik Ilbrahim entered and took his place upon the cushions. Had he pleased, he might have called himself the Sultan of Mandarâ, but the louder-sounding name would have added nothing to his power. Sultan or Sheik, no man said him nay, and the title by which his forefathers had been known for many generations pleased him better. In that there is nothing either new or curious—it will be remembered the Rohans of France had the same pride.

His age all men knew, but few would have guessed, for he bore his fifty years as if they were thirty-five, and his beard was as coal-black as his shining eyes. Some called his full-lipped mouth sensuous, some called it

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cruel; but Sheik Ilbrahim was a man of many moods, and those who saw him but once or twice were apt to cramp him to their narrow experience. These were chiefly they who came before him for judgment, and who had no opportunity to reconsider their verdict. He was Eastern—Eastern blood and brain; let that sum him up. For the rest, he could ride twelve hours without weariness, go hungry without complaint, and seldom struck twice in anger; when his mood relaxed, he laughed from the chest outwards, and some said that he loved children. Now his face was hard, and set like a bronze mask.

"Half kneeling, half sitting on his heels, Ali Hassan faced his judge."

For a moment or two there was a silence, broken only by a drone of flies, or whirr of locusts in the fig-trees beyond the fall of mats. Then—

"Cut him loose, for he is his father's son," said Sheik Ilbrahim. "Set him on his knees before me, and let all men go from us. It is the father of the house who sits in judgment according to the law, and not Sheik Ilbrahim. But make no doubt of this, Ali Hassan: that which the father decrees, Sheik Ilbrahim will confirm and carry out. Now get you gone."

A murmur of disappointment overbore for an instant the droning buzz without. Not every day was one so highly placed as Ali Hassan brought so low. But Sheik Ilbrahim's right was incontestable. As head over his own house he had a right to judge in secret that which touched the honour of that house, though few cared to exert the right, lest, in the charity of human nature, a worse construction than the truth should be put upon the secrecy.

But as Abdallah the Old lingered at the door, last of all to leave the divan, and loth to go, he ventured to raise his voice.

"Before thou wert born," said he humbly, "I counselled thy father's father with an open heart and face to face. If I was unafraid when life was good to the taste, and the length of the day lay before me, shall I turn coward now when it is as ashes in my

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mouth and the shadows stretch far behind? Remember, O Sheik Ilbrahim! remember, O Lord of Life! how the youth's father died fighting for Mandarâ, and let the dead plead for him."

Ilbrahim's heavy lids dropped for an instant to a narrow slit, through which the black pupils glittered like bugles of cut jet—a serpent's eyes have the look, and it is an evil one.

"I said 'Begone!'" he answered harshly. "The living deal with the living, and not with the dead."

"If the dead who loved us be forgotten," replied Abdallah, "then were it better for them and for us that they had never loved," and went out.

Half kneeling, half sitting on his heels, Ali Hassan faced his judge. To say he was unafraid would be a lie, even as it would be a lie to say that, therefore, he was a coward. When the eyes of a man look full into the eyes of Azrael, his flesh may groan even when his spirit is without fear. So it was now with Ali Hassan. The eyes that looked into his were as the eyes of Azrael; and as their cold, inscrutable gaze met his, he bowed his head, bitter-hearted, before them.

Life was hot within him, as hot as the air now stealing through the curtains of grass matting, and the blood booming against his ear-drums drowned the droning of the cicadas. The steady gaze, stern but not without pity, troubled him more than wrath would have done, and folding his hands upon his breast, he bowed his head, waiting.

"Abdallah said well: thou art the son of thy father; but that which pleads for thee doubles the offence. For that father's sake I trusted thee, I who trust few; and thou hast flung dirt in my face. In that thou wert not the son of thy father."

"If I have wronged thee, O my second father, let me die for the wrong!"

"For what else am I here? In every house there is a closed door. Through that closed door, the door of thy second father, a thief stole in the night. My slaves caught him—a vile prowler in the darkness! And in Mandarâ there is but one end to a thief. Though," added Sheik Ilbrahim, a sudden harshness roughening his voice, "there are many roads to that end, and the choice of the road is mine."

"If I have wronged my lord, let me die for that wrong," repeated Ali Hassan, straightening himself again. He was no coward to cringe before a threat, and the significance of the hint was not to be mistaken. "My father died for love of Sheik Ilbrahim—thy father; and if it is written that my father's son must die for love of Amina, thy daughter, then it is written."

Ilbrahim leaned forward, his swarthy face flushed and lowering, his hooked, sinewy fingers combing the crisp blackness of his beard slowly.

"Love died for love," he said—"that was no hardship. Love died for love given, and for what better could it die? But when Ali, son of Ali, travels the unnamed road to his life's end, will he have that thought to comfort him at the last—the thought that he dies for a love given? Answer me that, Ali Hassan."

Ali Hassan shook his head.

"Had I known that, my lord, then the closed door would have remained closed until my lord, if his grace so favoured his servant, had said: 'Push it open for thyself, O Ali, son of Ali.'"

"Thou art the son of thy father. Could I not have pushed the door open for thee?"

But again Ali Hassan shook his head.

"Let my lord not be wroth; it was love I sought behind the closed door, and not a father's command. In the night the counsel came to me: 'Seek! not as a thief, but as a suppliant. Seek an answer to thy doubts; seek a sign, a word—love feeds on small blessings.' So I sought——"

"And found?"

"Death; yes, my lord."

"Death," repeated Sheik Ilbrahim, "death! Thou hast said it. But the road is of my choosing; and because thou art the son of thy father, listen. Sheik Ilbrahim hears more than most men think, else would he not long remain Sheik Ilbrahim, and I heard Muley and the rest in their talk to-day. I saw that it passed thee by as the wind passeth the sand that the rain has washed, and I was glad; for, next to justice, I love a man. For thy father's sake, and for thy stout heart's sake, I will not give thee for a spectacle to the derision of Mandarâ. It is not good that curs like these should triumph over your father's son, should hear him curse the life that will not pass nor call the death that will not come. This is the decree. Thou hast pushed open a closed door, and behind the door was death; but thou hast leave to slay thyself."

Upon his knees Ali Hassan reared himself, his face smiling, his right hand stretched out open before him.

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"Striving to find oblivion in prayer."

"It is the mercy of my lord!" he cried. "Give me the knife!"

But this time it was Sheik Ilbrahim that shook his head.

"The decree is not ended," he said curtly. "To die is not enough. What is it? A breath-long pang, no more. Does that repay a dishonour that lives to a life's end? No! the spirit must suffer as well as the flesh. Next to the yelping of curs comes the counting of the minutes alone, the sitting solitary, watching, waiting while they dribble away as dry

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sand through the fingers, the end nearer, nearer, *nearer*, NOW. This is the decree. Thou shalt be placed unbound in the open hollow square round which the palace stands, and a knife be given thee. Noon is not yet, and thou shalt pledge thyself by the father of thy father's son that until there is no shadow thou wilt not strike. Then, when all shadows have passed, if thou dost *not* strike, by the bones of my father, the curs of Mandarâ shall see such a sight as shall do away with the need for locks and latches while memory last! I, Sheik Ilbrahim, swear it. For thy father's sake, it is a decree."

And Ali Hassan answered: "It is a decree."

About the centre of the unroofed court round which Sheik Ilbrahim's palace lay four-square, they drove a tent-peg into the sun-baked floor, so tilted that at the pitch of noon the earth about it would be flawless, when, as Ilbrahim had said, "there would be no shadows." By the driven peg they laid Ali Hassan's own dagger, a miracle of craftsmanship, needle-pointed, keen of edge, no wider than a man's little finger; but whoso pushed open the door of life with it left death behind him. That grace, too, was Ilbrahim's command. There they left him alone, and the door was closed.

The courtyard was the court of the women, and it was the first time Ali had so much as seen it. By the shadow of the tent-peg he had an hour and a half of life before him, and he looked round him curiously. The court, as has been said, lay four-square, its whited walls rising thirty feet to the eaveless roof. Twice only was the dead sheer of these walls broken, once by the door on the ground level, through which they had entered, and once, two-thirds up their height, by a small square window, blinded by fast-closed shutters. So silent was the place, so aloof from life, so like a vast, inexorable tomb, that even in the heat Ali Hassan shivered. Already he vaguely understood the bitterness of Ilbrahim's vengeance.

An hour and a half to wait? To have made an end at once would have been easier, and for the first time in twenty years Ali Hassan was not grateful for leave to live. Not all the suns in the sky can warm the conscious spirit over which the great shadow is creeping, and he felt his grow cold within him. Truly, Sheik Ilbrahim was right: spirit must suffer as well as flesh; and the fear stung him like a gadfly that, through waiting, he might grow coward at the last.

With an effort he wrenched his mind away from the thought. So this was the court of the women? *Of the women?* The court where Amina took the air in the cool of the evening—Amina, for whose love he died, and died not knowing if she loved him. What had he sought in that rash folly of his in the night past? He hardly knew. An open door had drawn him, and he had hoped, as lovers hope, that some vague fate would fight for him. So, Love beckoning, as he thought, he had entered, had crossed the forbidden threshold, and had found—this! A folly? In the divan he had not thought so; before the grim baiting of the soldiers he had not thought so; but here, alone, in the slow creeping of the shadow, he was not so sure—no, he was not so sure.

Instinctively he turned to look for the shadow, and from the polished steel, naked at his foot, a spark from the sun's fire leaped up in silent witness that he had been a fool. Nor was the witness without an argument. This was the court of the women, the place where Amina took her rest. Would Sheik Ilbrahim, who had sent him there to die, give Amina such a memory to haunt her peace if Amina cared even so much as a shrivelled fig whether he lived or died? Truly no. It was notorious how dearly Ilbrahim loved the girl. As the pitiless logic of the inference went home, Ali Hassan grit his teeth and made a snatch for the dagger-handle. Better die at once and forget.

But as his fingers touched the roughened haft, the blur of the tent-peg's shadow caught his eye, and he remembered his oath. Back with a loud *tang* fell the blade on the sun-baked floor. The spirit had another hour in which to suffer.

Another hour? If he was neither to shame his manhood at the last nor break his oath, he must forget himself for that hour. But how forget? How? There, alone, back to his remembrance came a verse of the Koran: "Let no man think he is ever utterly alone; for where a man is, there also is God." In remembering himself, he had forgotten God, whose counsel had come in the night. Stooping, he gathered up the small dust of the courtyard, a fine, dry sand drifted in from the vast of the outer desert, and with it he made the prescribed ablutions, striving to find oblivion in prayer. But the glint of the steel and the shortening blur of the shadow for ever caught his eye. Even when he turned his back on them, his mind

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"'Blood of my heart! kiss me but once and let me go.'"

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knew they were there, and against the blue of the sky a spark flashed out side by side with a slowly shrinking patch of darkness. That way there was no forgetfulness.

Then why seek to forget? He would harden his heart and outstare the accursed shadow line by line. Down he dropped upon his knees, his head bowed upon his breast, watching. The challenge of the knife troubled him, and he pushed away the blade mechanically. Time enough for that when there was no shadow. With his finger-nail he drew a mark in the dust, where the outer edge of the blur fell, and bent lower, almost breathless. Did it move at all, that hard line, black against the grey of the burnt earth? Prone, with the tent-peg between his flattened palms, he crouched yet lower. Did it move? did it move? Surely not! No, no, no! By a miracle the shadow stayed, the sharp, clear line of the blur still touching the line of the finger-nail. A miracle, a miracle! There would never come a time when there was no shadow. Glory to God. Glory, glory! Then he shrank back with a groan. Out of the dark blur, from its very edge, there flashed a tiny spark from the flat face of a speck of mica, a flash where there had been no flash, a spark where there had been darkness; therefore the shadow moved—moved! Light where there had been darkness? Ali Hassan straightened himself, his manhood once more stiffened within him. It was the counsel of God, who brings all things to the light at the last. By the shadow his time was not a full half-hour.

As he straightened himself there was a faint rustle behind him, a stir of life, and expecting he knew not what, he leaped to his feet, the knife caught up in his hand. If it were treachery, if Sheik Ilbrahim would rob him of his scant half-hour, then he would fight, then he would—— Ah! heart of my heart! Is it thou? is it thou? And Ali Hassan shrank back as he would never have shrunk from the vengeance of Sheik Ilbrahim.

Not three strides away stood Amina. Amina? Yes, he knew it was Amina; no *yashmak* could hide her from his heart. Her hands were clasped before her, her head was bowed, and except that she trembled exceedingly, she stood like a statue.

"Amina?"

"My lord?"

The voice shook; it almost seemed as if she spoke through a sob.

"'My lord'?" he repeated; "that to me? What does this mean, Amina?"

"It means—my lord."

The voice still shook, but the gentle tenderness was not to be mistaken, and Ali Hassan stole forward a step.

"Again the same words? I do not understand."

"Last night, at the harem door, my lord sought—— Is it for thy servant to say what my lord sought?"

"'Thy servant'? Nay, is it not I who am thy servant? Amina, who sent thee here?"

The folded hands were unclasped and stretched out a little, only a little, but Ali Hassan saw the movement, and his heart beat double tides.

"Who sent my lord to the open door last night? What was it that my lord sought? Are they not the same, and—and—do I—not—come seeking?"

"Amina, my dove!"

"My lord!"

The two strides of distance were covered now without pause; but when he would have taken the stretched out hands in both his, a spark from the bared steel shot up, and with a groan Ali Hassan drew back. He had forgotten the shadow.

Turning, he looked fearfully across his shoulder. Surely the shadow that had crawled before shrank visibly as he watched it? Surely it was a living thing, that blot of ink upon the hot earth—a living thing with a hundred restless, untired feet, so swiftly it grew less and less and less? There was the line his nail had drawn, but the dark umbration which had touched it, clung to it, was shrivelled almost into nothing.

"And when there is no shadow."

Unconsciously he spoke aloud, and reaching forward, Amina touched him.

"Is there a shadow between us? I see none."

The touch and the words alike roused him, and he turned with a start. This, then, was Sheik Ilbrahim's meaning: this was the subtle cruelty of his revenge. The shadow of doubt had disappeared, and when there was no shadow——

"Blood of my heart! kiss me but once and let me go. Nay, not once only, twice, thrice—thus, and thus, and thus. And now that there is no shadow, *this is the decree*."

But while his arm was yet raised to strike, a hand, pushed across his shoulder, caught him by the wrist.

"Fool!" said Sheik Ilbrahim. "Where there is love, there is always shadow—the fear of loss. For thy father's sake, and because thou art a man true to his oath, thou art pardoned. Take thy wife and go."

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MONKEY PROSPERITY.

By R. L. GARNER.*

THE literal meaning of the word "prosperity" is the attainment of anything hoped for, but in common usage it implies the attainment of wealth in excess of actual need. Merely finding the means of life and comfort may be regarded as prosperity inasmuch as it is not adversity; but the finding of those means is supposed to be within the reach of all, and therefore the normal status from which prosperity and adversity are reckoned as plus and minus quantities, and hence it does not properly come within the current meaning of the term.

Custom makes the word "success" a synonym, and while it is not an exact equivalent, it will be so regarded and used in this article.

The ruling thought of every living creature is the desire of its own happiness, and prosperity may be defined as the realisation of that desire. The chief aim of mankind is the acquirement of wealth as a means of happiness, and the power of an individual to accumulate in excess of what he consumes is the measure of his prosperity. The instinct of self-preservation is the first motive of acquisition; and when the desire exceeds the bounds of economic use, it becomes avarice, and the happy state to which so many aspire and so few attain may be reduced to this simple formula: the instinct to acquire wealth is avarice; the ability to do so is genius; and the accomplishment of it is prosperity. One may possess the avarice without having the genius to gratify it; another may have the genius without the avarice to stimulate it; and only those who combine the two attain prosperity.

There are many motives other than avarice, however, that prompt and guide the energies of men and other animals. Love, vanity, and ambition are strong incentives to action, and all success is not reckoned in gold, nor is man the only creature that may claim it as the reward of effort.

By long and frequent contact with apes and monkeys, and a careful study of their mental habits and resources, I have observed in those animals many traits and faculties which man alone is commonly supposed to have. As all of them possess the instinct of self-preservation, it is not a matter of surprise that, under certain conditions, it sometimes develops into avarice; and with the genius to follow its dictates, as many of them have, it may be truly said that some monkeys enjoy a certain degree of prosperity.

The faculty of imitation so apparent in monkeys is seldom, if ever, brought into action without motive. Although the animal may not grasp the exact meaning of the feat as interpreted from a human standpoint, and his motive in doing it may be utterly different from that of man, the act is not merely a mechanical reproduction of the thing he imitates. No matter how vague the purpose that actuates him may be, it is none the less real.

The instinct of emulation in monkeys is, perhaps, too feeble to be called ambition, but some of them evince a fondness of authority and endeavour to gain it. All species of them that I have studied appear to have some dim idea of ownership and the rights of priority. Many of them show an incipient notion of value as expressed through their perception of numbers and dimension. But one cogent fact must not be ignored, and that is that monkeys vary in their tastes and instincts much the same as men do, and no one of them perfectly represents his entire species.

We must now digress for a moment, to consider certain facts which influence the aims and actions of men and other animals, in order to understand more clearly the sources of motive.

In the torrid zone, where little or no clothing is required, and where the abundance of food lessens the danger of want, the conditions of life do not demand the forethought and frugality that are required in those parts of the earth where the struggle for existence is more severe. As we recede from the tropics towards either Pole we find that the

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conditions of life become more difficult, and the energies are stimulated by necessity. This develops the habits of frugality and converts the instinct of self-preservation into avarice.

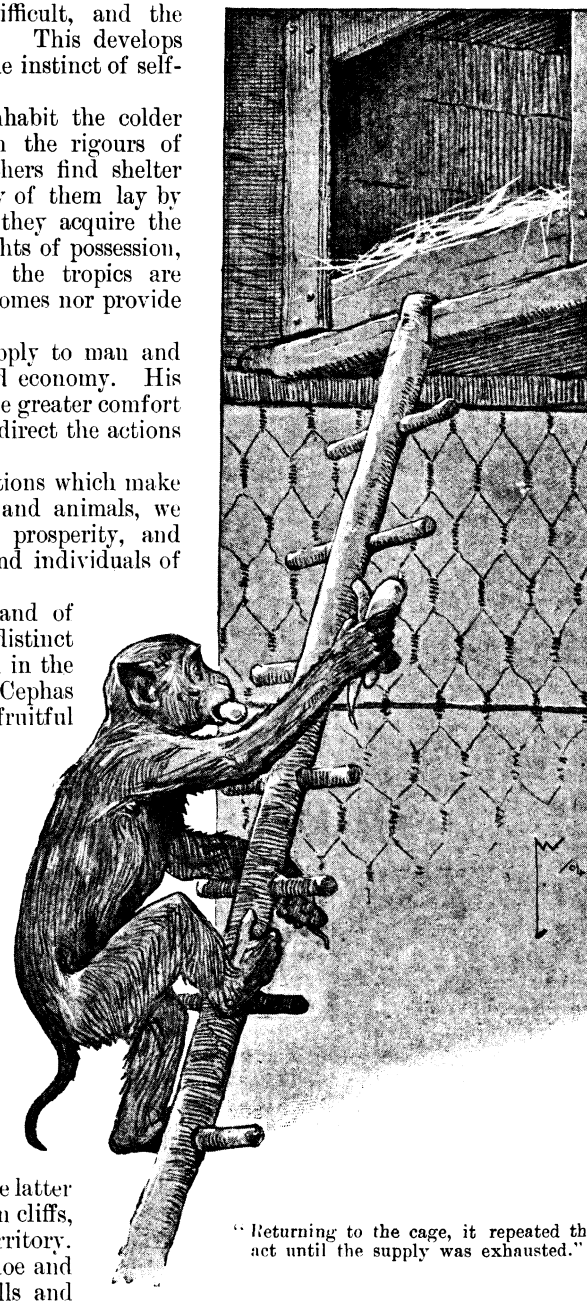
Certain species of animals that inhabit the colder zones of the earth take refuge from the rigours of winter by burrowing in the earth, others find shelter in caverns or hollow trees, and many of them lay by stores of food. From these habits they acquire the idea of a permanent home and the rights of possession, while congeneric species living in the tropics are nomadic in habit, and neither build homes nor provide for to-morrow.

With equal cogency, these facts apply to man and explain the cause of his industry and economy. His superior wisdom enables him to provide greater comfort and abundance, but the same motives direct the actions of all to the same end.

With this brief review of the conditions which make or modify alike the habits of men and animals, we return to the subject of monkey prosperity, and compare the actions of communities and individuals of the monkey race with those of men.

Less than forty years ago the island of Sao Thome was occupied by two distinct species of monkeys. The Mona lived in the lower levels and valleys, while the Cephas lived in the more rugged and less fruitful sections, and there were countless numbers of both species to be found in those respective parts.

About the time mentioned, the cocoa-planter was attracted to the island, and began clearing away the dense forests of the rich lowlands and waging war upon the Mona monkeys. For years the contest continued, and the human invaders grew stronger in numbers and more aggressive in their advance, until the monkeys were gradually driven back into the hills and mountains. In retiring from their own domain, the Monas in turn made war upon the Cephas, and in the course of a few years destroyed thousands of them. The latter were finally forced back into the barren cliffs, and the Monas alone occupied the territory. At length the planter, with axe and hoe and gun, began to encroach upon the hills and ravines in various parts of the island, and thus compel the Monas to seek a new home. As the only refuge left them were the cliffs and peaks to which they had driven the Cephas, they began to invade them. After some years of contention, the latter were exterminated by the Monas, and for more than a decade there has not been seen in the whole island a single specimen of the Cephas race, while their victors are to-day counted by thousands.



"Returning to the cage, it repeated the act until the supply was exhausted."

Human history furnishes a hundred parallels of human migrations, wars, and victories which swept from earth whole races of men, and in their stead set up new ones. The same law of survival and the same right of necessity that led the Aryans, the Goths, Vandals, and scores of others, led this com-

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munity of monkeys on a like mission of invasion and conquest and the attainment of communal property.

There is a certain part of a long belt of jungle in Africa in which there is a number of palms that bear the oil-nut, which is a favourite article of food with some species of monkeys, and these are the only nut-palms within some miles around. About the season for this fruit to be in its prime, there is a vast school of Mangabey monkeys that come to this place to feed upon the fruit, and during that season no other monkey ventures with impunity within the range of a mile or so from them.

The native chief, living near by, says that when any other monkeys approach it, this whole band attacks them and often kills some of them. He asserts that this colony of monkeys own the trees and have come there for years to enjoy their wealth of nuts.

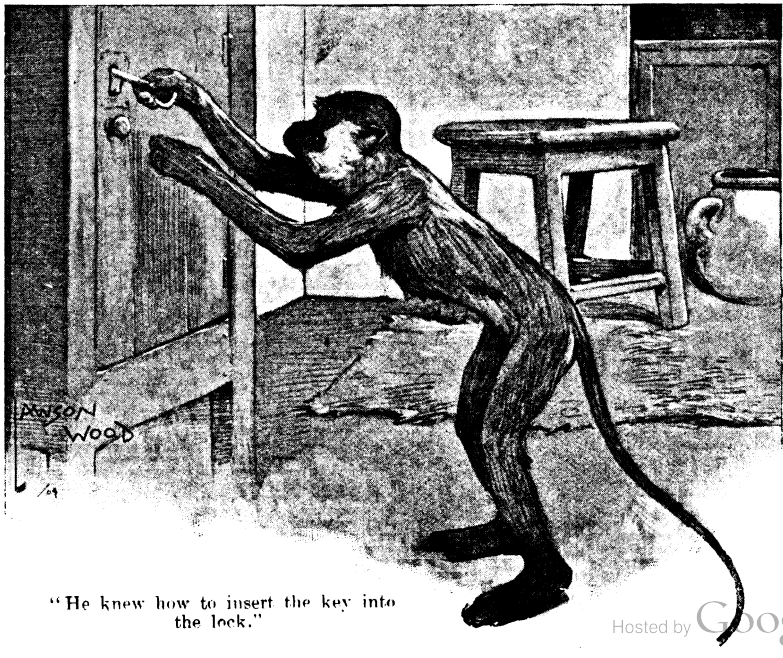
In what respect does the conduct of this community differ from that of a community of men living under the primitive conditions of tribal government? In what respect does it differ in motive, method, or result from the communism of mankind? In what respect is their claim of tenure less righteous than that of human governments, to hold by force what they cannot by equity? It is simply a nation in miniature having in view its own prosperity, and the fact of its being done by monkeys instead of men does not lessen its reality as such.

By reason of environment, monkeys in a wild state are wasteful and improvident, but they are not entirely devoid of discretion, and under certain conditions of captivity they frequently evince a fair sense of economy. There are many instances in which they have reserved a portion of their food and concealed it under or behind some object to which they have access.

The fact that monkeys have cheek-pouches indicates that they have the faculty of providing against want, and it is worthy of note that those living in parts where it is the most difficult to secure food have the largest pouches. Some species are able to carry in their pouches a supply of food sufficient to keep them in comfort for more than forty-eight hours.

The universal habit of theft so strongly developed in monkeys is due to avarice and the instinct of acquisition. Their modes of life do not afford the restraints necessary to develop in them the high sense of honour that man claims for himself; and as theft is the shortest way to success, the monkey takes it. His doing so shows that his perception of method is not obtuse. That he commits these acts with a purpose in view is evident from the few anecdotes that my space will permit me to cite.

In a cage containing five monkeys was a



"He knew how to insert the key into the lock."

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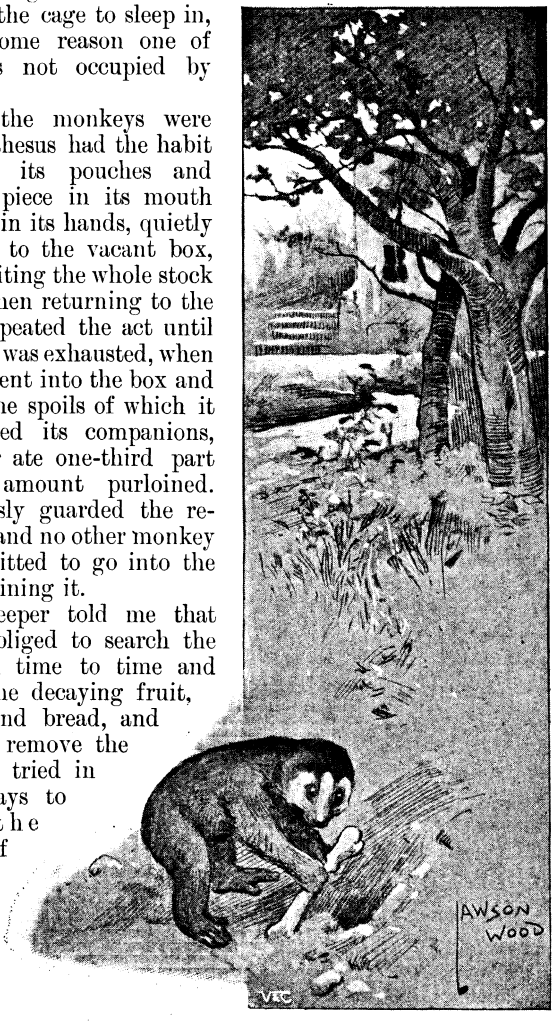
small Rhesus. It was gifted with more than average intelligence and a good disposition, but it was an unscrupulous and incurable thief and hypocrite. I have watched it for hours and often been impressed with its shrewdness.

In the top of the cage were three small boxes, arranged for the inmates of the cage to sleep in, but for some reason one of these was not occupied by them.

When the monkeys were fed, the Rhesus had the habit of filling its pouches and taking a piece in its mouth and some in its hands, quietly ascending to the vacant box, and depositing the whole stock of it. Then returning to the cage, it repeated the act until the supply was exhausted, when it again went into the box and enjoyed the spoils of which it had robbed its companions, but never ate one-third part of the amount purloined. It jealously guarded the remainder, and no other monkey was permitted to go into the box containing it.

The keeper told me that he was obliged to search the box from time to time and remove the decaying fruit, carrots, and bread, and finally to remove the box. He tried in divers ways to break the monkey of the habit, but never succeeded in doing so, and often said to me that if Dobbins (as he called the monkey) had half a chance, he would be a millionaire.



"The monkey has been seen to go stealthily to the spot."

Another method that Dobbins resorted to in order to add to his wealth was very clever, and left no doubt of his purpose.

When visitors were bestowing their bounty of pea-nuts and similar dainties, Dobbins simply stowed them in his pouch and kept his hands busy in reaching out for more, until his jaws stuck out like two bags of potatoes. Then, springing to his storehouse, he quickly disgorged them and returned to get more while the supply lasted. On a certain fair day he secured and stored away enough pea-nuts to feed himself for nearly a week, but the cruel keeper, in the fulness of his authority, took his little hoard and divided it out among the others, and once remarked to me that if Dobbins had a side partner to sell his pea-nuts for him, he would soon drive the street vendors of those wares out of the trade.

Is this not thrift? Is this not prosperity?

A monkey that I saw in Africa was not only a clever thief, but a designing little knave. He knew the key to a small cupboard in which his master kept the sugar for his tea. On two or three occasions the monkey succeeded in abstracting the key, and was afterwards caught in the act of using it. He knew how to insert the key into the lock, but had not the skill or ability to turn it in order to remove the bolt.

When the sugar was left where he could get to it, he invariably filled both pouches, and took the booty to his box and hid it under a piece of canvas upon which he usually slept. After doing this, he returned for another supply, and continued to do so until restrained or the bowl was emptied. His master told me that he had found as much as a quart of palm-nuts, bread, and sugar, and three bananas, hidden away in this box at one time.

Is this not the first step towards prosperity? Is the act not due to avarice, with the genius to carry it into effect? If not prosperity, what is it?

Monkeys are not only thieves, but some of them are highwaymen, and frequently rob others by means of violence, but even in this act is displayed the desire of acquisition in excess of need.

Another monkey that I knew in Africa was allowed to go at liberty, while the trader

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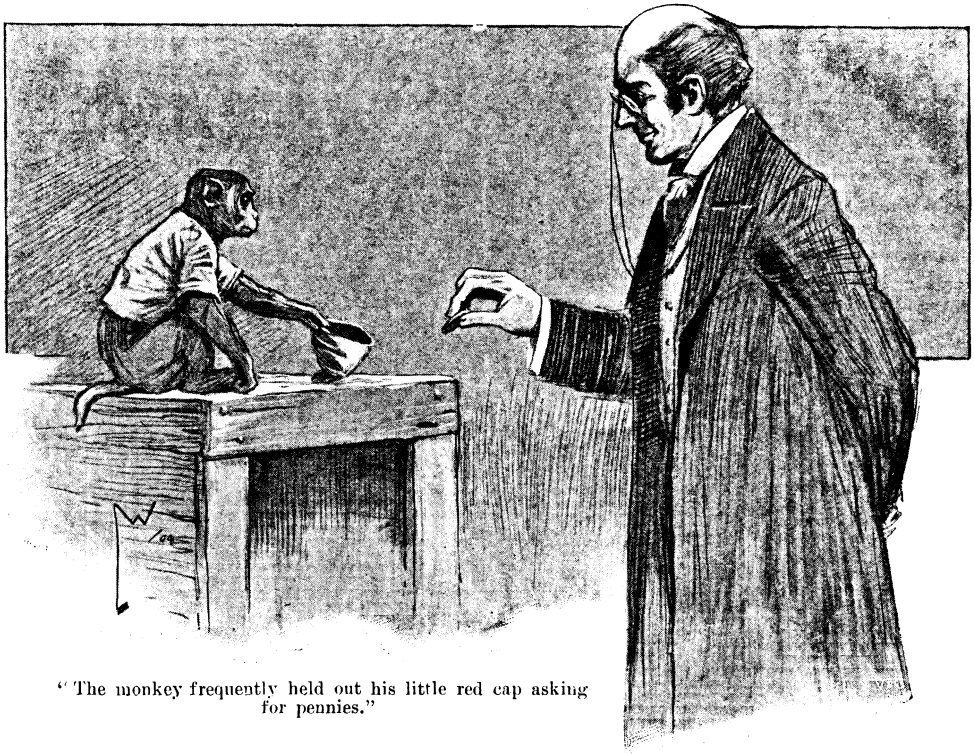

"The monkey frequently held out his little red cap asking for pennies."

that owned him had two timid little captives confined in a box. The one at liberty was a Nictitans, and he was quite large and strong. The other two were frail and timid Monas. When they were fed and left alone, the big monkey deliberately went to their cage, reached through the bars, and wrested their food from them; and when the little victims resisted him, he resorted to hitting them with a stick until they permitted him to take what they had, and twice this simian Robin Hood has been seen to make them disgorge the contents of their pouches.

This act was not prompted by any urgent want of food, for he had a wasteful abundance at all times, but the greater part of that taken from the helpless little Monas was hidden away under a pile of bamboo mats.

What incentive but avarice could prompt the act? and what name but thrift will describe the result? And since the end in view was his own happiness, and that end attained, is it not what man would call prosperity?

Hundreds of instances of this and other kinds are known, and yet perhaps not one in every thousand such is witnessed by man, or properly interpreted by him when it is seen.

A friend of mine, living in a small town, has a sprightly Javan monkey and a mongrel terrier. The grounds about his premises are extensive, and the rear portion of them is occupied by a number of fruit trees and a kitchen garden. The dog and monkey are great friends, and both have the freedom of the entire premises. They are both great pets of the family, and are fed upon the fat of the land, and neither of them has any real need to provide against want, but the impulse to do so is not stifled by the abundance always at hand.

The dog, being by nature a carnivore, rarely eats anything except meat, or bread covered with butter or other grease, while the monkey is a vegetarian, and never eats flesh or grease of any kind. In keeping with the habits of his race, the dog often buries a part of his food to preserve it for future use, and the monkey often conceals a part of his under the straw in his cage for the same purpose.

These simple facts only indicate the idea of self-preservation, and seldom cause remark; but time after time, when the dog has carefully hidden a bone in some corner of the garden, the monkey has been seen to go stealthily to the spot, dig up the bone, and carry it to his own place of concealment.

Such skilful and deliberate theft could only be actuated by love of gain. From the fact that the monkey never ate any part of the meat, it must be inferred that he had some design more subtle than that of simply hoarding food; and from the fact that he was so covert in the act, must be inferred that he was, in some degree, conscious of the rights of ownership.

This same little rogue often purloined from the house or kitchen such things as soap, spoons, knives, forks, and sundry other small articles of common use; but a hundred others which he might have stolen with equal ease he never touched, because he had never seem them used and had no idea of their use. The moral aspect of his methods of acquiring a surplus of wealth does not in any wise alter the purpose in view, and the fact that men resort to more refined methods of theft and fraud does not make their intent more real, or the end attained by monkeys less so.

A few years ago, a doctor, whom I know quite well, bought a Rhesus monkey from an itinerant artist of the hand-organ, who had owned him for some years and had educated him in the classics of that precarious trade. He had been taught to collect pennies from those who stopped to listen to the wheezy notes of "Sweet Marie" or the asthmatic tones of "After the Ball," and after collecting them to place them into a pocket from which he could not withdraw them.

After the doctor secured him, the monkey frequently held out his little red cap asking for pennies, but instead of putting them into the pocket of his coat, stowed them away in his cheek-pouches, and the doctor could not ascertain where they were finally placed. One day he consulted another major-domo of a hand-organ, who assured him that an occasional jerk of the string attached to the belt of the monkey was the signal for him to put the coins into the pocket instead of his pouch. The doctor tried this and found it to be successful, as the animal had been taught to do so, but he felt that it was an act of coercion and refused to compel him to yield to such force.

After a time, however, the new master was surprised at finding hidden away in a crevice of the monkey's cage, thirty-eight copper cent coins and three nickel five-cent coins. How many more he may have hidden elsewhere, there is no means of knowing.

The simple fact that the monkey hid the coins is evidence that he had some idea of their value. It may have been dim and indefinite, but none the less real. A brief study of the habits of primitive mankind will convince any rational being that such acts are due to the instinct to acquire wealth in excess of imminent want, and the logic of all ages will sustain the deduction that like motives and like methods procuring like ends are equivalent.

It is true that all monkeys do not carry these instincts to the sound degree of activity, and it is equally true that all men do not; but as a genus they are, of all animals below man, endowed with the strongest instinct of acquisition, and carry it to the highest degree of success. On a smaller scale and in a lower plane are found among them relatively great tacticians and leaders, schemers and misers, prototypes of those coast-lights of human success. The facts justify the conclusion that monkeys possess the faculties of thrift, and through them attain prosperity.

ON 'CHANGE.

WHO says that woman's love is bought
Has yet to learn to buy it;
But if he entertains the thought,
By all means let him try it.
He may get drafts to some amount
Upon the Bank of Cupid;
They'll all come back marked "*No account*,"
And serve him right, the stupid!

PERCY VARLEY.

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THE LOOT OF CITIES:

THE ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRE IN SEARCH OF JOY

By ARNOLD BENNETT.*

III.—A BRACELET AT BRUGES.

THE bracelet had fallen into the canal.

And the fact that the canal was the most picturesque canal in the old Flemish city of Bruges, and that the ripples caused by the splash of the bracelet had disturbed reflections of wondrous belfries, towers, steeples, and other unique examples of Gothic architecture, did nothing whatever to assuage the sudden agony of that disappearance. For the bracelet had been given to Kitty Sartorius by her grateful and lordly manager, Lionel Belmont (U.S.A.), upon the completion of the unexampled run of "The Delmonico Doll" at the Regency Theatre, London. And its diamonds were worth five hundred pounds, to say nothing of the gold.

The beautiful Kitty, and her friend Eve Fincastle the journalist, having exhausted Ostend, had duly arrived at Bruges in the course of their holiday tour. The question of Kitty's jewellery had arisen at the start. Kitty had insisted that she must travel with all her jewels, according to the custom of theatrical stars of great magnitude. Eve had equally insisted that Kitty must travel without jewels, and had exhorted her to remember the days of her simplicity. They compromised. Kitty was allowed to bring the bracelet, but nothing else save the usual half-dozen rings. The ravishing creature could not have persuaded herself to leave the bracelet behind, because it was so recent a gift and still new and strange and heavenly to her. But, since prudence forbade even Kitty to let the trifle lie about in hotel bedrooms, she was obliged always to wear it. And she had been wearing it this bright afternoon in early October when the girls, during a stroll, had met one of their new friends, Madame Lawrence, on the world-famous Quai du Rosaire, just at the back of the Hôtel de Ville and the Halles.

Madame Lawrence resided permanently in Bruges. She was between twenty-five and forty-five, dark, with the air of continually subduing a natural instinct to dash, and well dressed in black. Equally interested in the peerage and in the poor, she had made the acquaintance of Eve and Kitty at the Hôtel de la Grande Place, where she called from time to time to induce English travellers to buy genuine Bruges lace wrought under her own supervision by her own paupers. She was Belgian by birth, and when complimented on her fluent and correct English, she gave all the praise to her deceased husband, an English barrister. She had settled in Bruges like many people settle there, because Bruges is inexpensive, picturesque, and inordinately respectable; besides an English church and chaplain, it has two cathedrals and an episcopal palace with a real bishop in it.

"What an exquisite bracelet! May I look at it?"

It was these simple but ecstatic words, spoken with Madame Lawrence's charming foreign accent, which had begun the tragedy. The three women had stopped to admire the always admirable view from the little quay, and they were leaning over the rails when Kitty unclasped the bracelet for the inspection of the widow. The next instant there was a *plop!* an affrighted exclamation from Madame Lawrence in her native tongue, and the bracelet was engulfed before the very eyes of all three.

The three looked at each other, nonplussed. Then they looked around, but not a single person was in sight. Then, for some reason which doubtless psychology can explain, they stared hard at the water, though the water there was just as black and foul as it is everywhere else in the canal system of Bruges.

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"Surely you've not dropped it!" Eve Fincastle exclaimed in a voice of horror. Yet she knew positively that Madame Lawrence had.

The delinquent took a handkerchief from her muff and sobbed into it. And between her sobs she murmured: "We must inform the police."

"Yes, of course," said Kitty, with the lightness of one to whom a five-hundred-pound bracelet is a bagatelle. "They'll fish it up in no time."

"Well," Eve decided, "you go to the police at once, Kitty; and Madame Lawrence will go with you, because she speaks French; and I'll stay here to mark the exact spot."

The other two started, but Madame Lawrence, after a few steps, put her hand to her side. "I can't," she sighed, pale. "I am too upset. I cannot walk. You go with Miss Sartorius," she said to Eve, "and I will stay." And she leaned heavily against the railings.

Eve and Kitty ran off, just as if it were an affair of seconds, and the bracelet had to be saved from drowning. But they had scarcely turned the corner, thirty yards away, when they reappeared in company with a high official of police, whom, by the most lucky chance in the world, they had encountered in the covered passage leading to the Place du Bourg. This official, instantly enslaved by Kitty's beauty, proved to be the very mirror of politeness and optimism. He took their names and addresses, and a full description of the bracelet, and informed them that at that place the canal was nine feet deep. He said that the bracelet should undoubtedly be recovered on the morrow, but that, as dusk was imminent, it would be futile to commence angling that night. In the meantime, the loss should be kept secret; and to make all sure, a succession of gendarmes should guard the spot during the night.

Kitty grew radiant and rewarded the gallant officer with smiles; Eve was satisfied; and the face of Madame Lawrence wore a less mournful hue.

"And now," said Kitty to Madame, when everything had been arranged, and the first of the gendarmes was duly installed at the exact spot against the railings, "you must come and take tea with us in our winter-garden; and be gay! Smile: I insist. And I insist that you don't worry."

Madame Lawrence tried feebly to smile.

"You are very good-natured," she stammered.

Which was decidedly true.

II.

THE winter-garden of the Hôtel de la Grande Place, referred to in all the hotel's advertisements, was merely the inner court of the hotel roofed in by glass at the height of the first storey. Cane flourished there, in the shape of lounge-chairs, but no other plant. One of the lounge-chairs was occupied when, just as the carillon in the belfry at the other end of the Place began to play Gounod's "Nazareth," indicating the hour of five o'clock, the three ladies entered the winter-garden. Apparently the toilettes of two of them had been adjusted and embellished as for a somewhat ceremonious occasion.

"Lo!" cried Kitty Sartorius, when she perceived the occupant of the chair, "the millionaire! Mr. Thorold, how charming of you to reappear like this! I invite you to tea."

Cecil Thorold rose with appropriate eagerness.

"Delighted!" he said, smiling, and then explained that he had arrived from Ostend about two hours before and had taken rooms in the hotel.

"You knew we were staying here?" Eve asked as he shook hands with her.

"No," he replied; "but I am very glad to find you again."

"Are you?" She spoke languidly, but her colour heightened and those eyes of hers sparkled.

"Madame Lawrence," Kitty chirruped, "let me present Mr. Cecil Thorold. He is appallingly rich, but we mustn't let that frighten us."

From a mouth less adorable than the mouth of Miss Sartorius such an introduction might have been judged lacking in the elements of good form, but for more than two years now Kitty had known that whatever she did or said was perfectly correct because she did or said it. The new acquaintances laughed amiably and a certain intimacy was at once established.

"Shall I order tea, dear?" Eve suggested.

"No, dear," said Kitty quietly. "We will wait for the Count."

"The Count?" demanded Cecil Thorold.

"The Comte d'Avrec," Kitty explained. "He is staying here."

"A French nobleman, doubtless?"

"Yes," said Kitty; and she added, "you will like him. He is an archæologist, and a musician—oh, and lots of things!"

"If I am one minute late, I entreat

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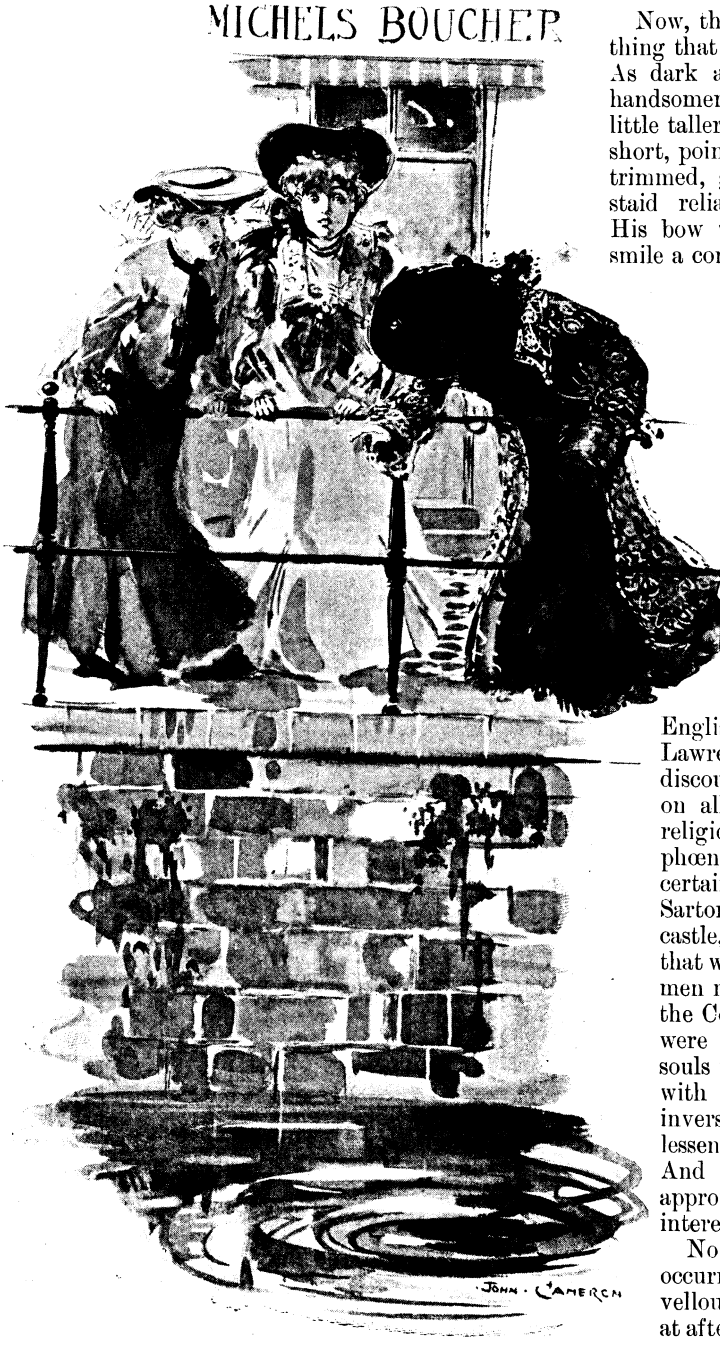

"The next instant there was a *plop!*"

pardon," said a fine tenor voice at the door.

It was the Count. After he had been introduced to Madame Lawrence, and Cecil Thorold had been introduced to him, tea was served.

Now, the Comte d'Avrec was everything that a French count ought to be. As dark as Cecil Thorold, and even handsomer, he was a little older and a little taller than the millionaire, and a short, pointed, black beard, exquisitely trimmed, gave him an appearance of staid reliability which Cecil lacked. His bow was a vertebrate poem, his smile a consolation for all misfortunes, and he managed his hat, stick, gloves, and cup with the dazzling assurance of a conjurer. To observe him at afternoon tea was to be convinced that he had been specially created to shine gloriously in drawing-rooms, winter-gardens, and *tables d'hôte.* He was one of those men who always do the right thing at the right moment, who are capable of speaking an indefinite number of languages with absolute purity of accent (he spoke English much better than Madame Lawrence), and who can and do discourse with *verve* and accuracy on all sciences, arts, sports, and religions. In short, he was a phœnix of a count; and this was certainly the opinion of Miss Kitty Sartorius and of Miss Eve Fincastle, both of whom reckoned that what they did not know about men might be ignored. Kitty and the Count, it soon became evident, were mutually attracted; their souls were approaching each other with a velocity which increased inversely as the square of the lessening distance between them. And Eve was watching this approximation with undisguised interest and relish.

Nothing of the least importance occurred, save the Count's marvellous exhibition of how to behave at afternoon tea, until the refection was nearly over; and then, during a brief pause in the talk, Cecil, who was sitting to the left of Madame Lawrence, looked sharply round at the right shoulder of his tweed coat; he repeated the gesture a second and yet a third time.

"What is the matter with the man?" asked Eve Fincastle. Both she and Kitty

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were extremely bright, animated, and even excited.

"Nothing. I thought I saw something on my shoulder, that's all," said Cecil. "Ah! It's only a bit of thread." And he picked off the thread with his left hand and held it before Madame Lawrence. "See! It's a piece of thin black silk, knotted. At first I took it for an insect—you know how queer things look out of the corner of your eye. Pardon!" He had dropped the fragment on to Madame Lawrence's black silk dress. "Now it's lost."

"If you will excuse me, kind friends," said Madame Lawrence, "I will go." She spoke hurriedly and as though in mental distress.

"Poor thing!" Kitty Sartorius exclaimed when the widow had gone. "She's still dreadfully upset"; and Kitty and Eve proceeded jointly to relate the story of the diamond bracelet, upon which hitherto they had kept silence (though with difficulty), out of regard for Madame Lawrence's feelings.

Cecil made almost no comment.

The Count, with the sympathetic excitability of his race, walked up and down the winter-garden, asseverating earnestly that such clumsiness amounted to a crime; then he grew calm and confessed that he shared the optimism of the police as to the recovery of the bracelet; lastly he complimented Kitty on her equable demeanour under this affliction.

"Do you know, Count," said Cecil Thorold, later, after they had all four ascended to the drawing-room overlooking the Grande Place, "I was quite surprised when I saw at tea that you had to be introduced to Madame Lawrence."

"Why so, my dear Mr. Thorold?" the Count inquired suavely.

"I thought I had seen you together in Ostend a few days ago."

The Count shook his wonderful head.

"Perhaps you have a brother——?" Cecil paused.

"No," said the Count. "But it is a favourite theory of mine that everyone has his double somewhere in the world." Previously the Count had been discussing Planchette—he was a great authority on the supernatural, the sub-conscious, and the subliminal. He now deviated gracefully to the discussion of the theory of doubles.

"I suppose you aren't going out for a walk, dear, before dinner?" said Eve to Kitty.

"No, dear," said Kitty positively.

"I think I shall," said Eve.

And her glance at Cecil Thorold intimated in the plainest possible manner that she wished not only to have a companion for her stroll, but to leave Kitty and the Count in dual solitude.

"I shouldn't, if I were you, Miss Fincastle," Cecil remarked with calm and studied blindness. "It's risky here in the evenings—with these canals exhaling miasma and mosquitoes and bracelets and all sorts of things."

"I will take the risk, thank you," said Eve in an icy tone, and she haughtily departed; she would not cower before Cecil's millions. As for Cecil, he joined in the discussion of the theory of doubles.

III.

On the next afternoon but one, policemen were still fishing, without success, for the bracelet, and raising from the ancient duct long-buried odours which threatened to destroy the inhabitants of the quay. (When Kitty Sartorius had hinted that perhaps the authorities might see their way to drawing off the water from the canal, the authorities had intimated that the death-rate of Bruges was already as high as convenient.) Nevertheless, though nothing had happened, the situation had somehow developed, and in such a manner that the bracelet itself was in danger of being partially forgotten; and of all places in Bruges, the situation had developed on the top of the renowned Belfry which dominates the Grande Place in particular and the city in general.

The summit of the Belfry is three hundred and fifty feet high, and it is reached by four hundred and two winding stone steps, each a separate menace to life and limb. Eve Fincastle had climbed those steps alone, perhaps in quest of the view at the top, perhaps in quest of spiritual calm. She had not been leaning over the parapet more than a minute before Cecil Thorold had appeared, his field-glasses slung over his shoulder. They had begun to talk a little, but nervously and only in snatches. The wind blew free up there among the forty-eight bells, but the social atmosphere was oppressive.

"The Count is a most charming man," Eve was saying, as if in defence of the Count.

"He is," said Cecil; "I agree with you."

"Oh, no, you don't, Mr. Thorold! Oh, no, you don't!"

Then there was a pause, and the twain

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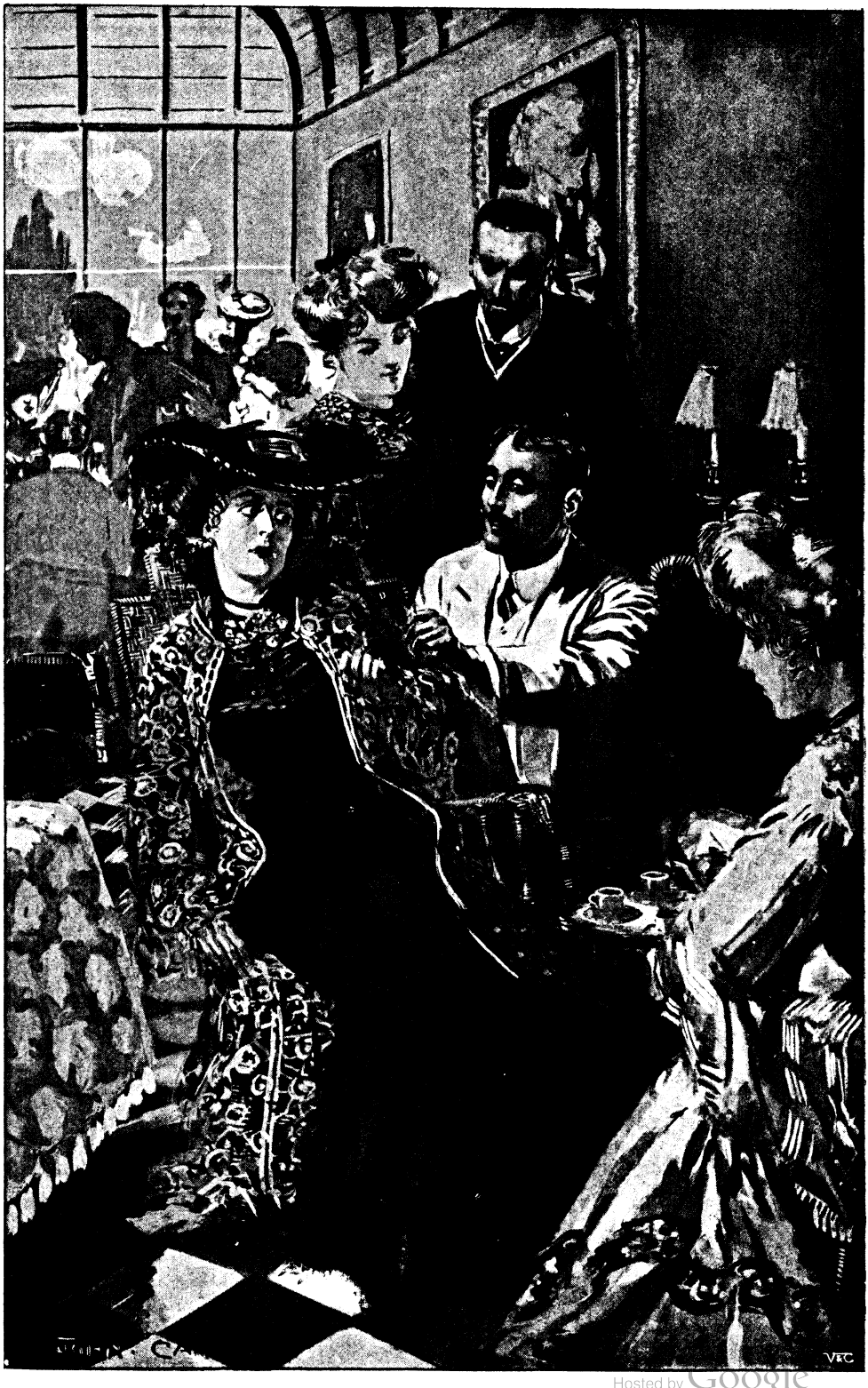

"'Pardon! Now it's lost!'"

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looked down upon Bruges, with its venerable streets, its grass-grown squares, its waterways, and its innumerable monuments, spread out maplike beneath them in the mellow October sunshine. Citizens passed along the thoroughfare in the semblance of tiny dwarfs.

"If you didn't hate him," said Eve, "you wouldn't behave as you do."

"How do I behave, then?"

Eve schooled her voice to an imitation of jocularity—

"All Tuesday evening, and all day yesterday, you couldn't leave them alone. You know you couldn't."

Five minutes later the conversation had shifted.

"You actually saw the bracelet fall into the canal?" said Cecil.

"I actually saw the bracelet fall into the canal. And no one could have got it out while Kitty and I were away, because we weren't away half a minute."

But they could not dismiss the subject of the Count, and presently he was again the topic.

"Naturally it would be a good match for the Count—for *any* man," said Eve: "but then it would also be a good match for Kitty. Of course, he is not so rich as some people, but he is rich."

Cecil examined the horizon with his glasses, and then the streets near the Grande Place.

"Rich, is he? I'm glad of it. By the by, he's gone to Ghent for the day, hasn't he?"

"Yes. He went by the 9.27, and returns by the 4.38."

Another pause.

"Well," said Cecil at length, handing the glasses to Eve Fincastle, "kindly glance down there. Follow the line of the Rue St. Nicolas. You see the cream-coloured house with the enclosed courtyard? Now, do you see two figures standing together near a door—a man and a woman, the woman on the steps? Who are they?"

"Making graceful and expressive signs to Kitty."

"I can't see very well," said Eve.

"Oh, yes, my dear lady, you can," said Cecil. "These glasses are the very best. Try again."

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"They look like the Comte d'Avrec and Madame Lawrence," Eve murmured.

"But the Count is on his way from Ghent! I see the steam of the 4.38 over there. The curious thing is that the Count entered the house of Madame Lawrence, to whom he was introduced for the first time the day before yesterday, at ten o'clock this morning. Yes. It would be a very good match for the Count. When one comes to think of it, it usually is that sort of man that contrives to marry a brilliant and successful actress. There! He's just leaving, isn't he? Now let us descend and listen to the recital of his day's doings in Ghent—shall we?"

"You mean to insinuate," Eve burst out in sudden wrath, "that the Count is an—an *adventurer*, and that Madame Lawrence——Oh! Mr. Thorold!" She laughed condescendingly. "This jealousy is too absurd. Do you suppose I haven't noticed how impressed you were with Kitty at the Devonshire Mansion that night, and again at Ostend, and again here? You're simply carried away by jealousy; and you think because you are a millionaire you must have all you want. I haven't the slightest doubt that the Count——"

"Anyhow," said Cecil, "let us go down and hear about Ghent."

His eyes made a number of remarks (indulgent, angry, amused, protective, admiring, perspicacious, puzzled) too subtle for the medium of words.

They groped their way down to earth in silence, and it was in silence they crossed the Grande Place. The Count was seated on the *terrasse* in front of the hotel, with a liqueur glass before him, and he was making graceful and expressive signs to Kitty Sartorius, who leaned her marvellous beauty out of a first-storey window. He greeted Cecil Thorold and Eve with an equal grace.

"And how is Ghent?" Cecil inquired.

"Did you go to Ghent, after all, Count?" Eve put in. The Comte d'Avrec looked from one to another, and then, instead of replying, he sipped at his glass. "No," he said, "I didn't go. The rather curious fact is that I happened to meet Madame Lawrence, who offered to show me her collection of lace. I have been an amateur of lace for some years, and really Madame Lawrence's collection is amazing. You have seen it? No? You should do so. I'm afraid I have spent most of the day there."

When the Count had gone to join Kitty in the drawing-room, Eve Fincastle looked victoriously at Cecil, as if to demand of him: "Will you apologise?"

"My dear journalist," Cecil remarked simply, "you gave the show away."

* * * * *

That evening the continued obstinacy of the bracelet, which still refused to be caught, began at last to disturb the birdlike mind of Kitty Sartorius. Moreover, the secret was out, and the whole town of Bruges was discussing the episode and the chances of success.

"Let us consult Planchette," said the Count. The proposal was received with enthusiasm by Kitty. Eve had disappeared.

Planchette was produced; and when asked if the bracelet would be recovered, it wrote, under the hands of Kitty and the Count, a trembling "Yes." When asked: "By whom?" it wrote a word which faintly resembled "Avrec."

The Count stated that he should personally commence dragging operations at sunrise. "You will see," he said, "I shall succeed."

"Let me try this toy, may I?" Cecil asked blandly, and upon Kitty agreeing, he addressed Planchette in a clear voice: "Now, Planchette, who will restore the bracelet to its owner?"

And Planchette wrote "Thorold," but in characters as firm and regular as those of a copy-book.

"Mr. Thorold is laughing at us," observed the Count, imperturbably bland.

"How horrid you are, Mr. Thorold!" Kitty exclaimed.

IV.

Of the four persons more or less interested in the affair, three were secretly active that night, in and out of the hotel. Only Kitty Sartorius, chief mourner for the bracelet, slept placidly in her bed. It was towards three o'clock in the morning that a sort of preliminary crisis was reached.

From the multiplicity of doors which ventilate its rooms, one would imagine that the average foreign hotel must have been designed immediately after its architect had been to see a Palais Royal farce, in which every room opens into every other room in every act. The Hôtel de la Grande Place was not peculiar in this respect; it abounded in doors. All the chambers on the second storey, over the public rooms, fronting the Place, communicated one with the next, but naturally most of the communicating doors were locked. Cecil Thorold and the Comte

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d'Avrec had each a bedroom and a sitting-room on that floor. The Count's sitting-room adjoined Cecil's; and the door between was locked, and the key in the possession of the landlord.

Nevertheless, at three a.m. this particular door opened noiselessly from Cecil's side, and Cecil entered the domain of the Count. The moon shone, and Cecil could plainly see not only the silhouette of the Belfry across the Place, but also the principal objects within the room. He noticed the table in the middle, the large easy-chair turned towards the hearth, the old-fashioned sofa; but not a single article did he perceive which might have been the personal property of the Count. He cautiously passed across the room through the moonlight to the door of the Count's bedroom, which apparently, to his immense surprise, was not only shut, but locked, and the key in the lock on the sitting-room side. Silently unlocking it, he entered the bedroom and disappeared . . . .

In less than five minutes he crept back into the Count's sitting-room, closed the door and locked it.

"Odd!" he murmured reflectively; but he seemed quite happy.

There was a sudden movement in the region of the hearth, and a form rose from the arm-chair. Cecil rushed to the switch and turned on the electric light. Eve Fincastle stood before him. They faced each other.

"What are you doing here at this time, Miss Fincastle?" he asked sternly. "You can talk freely; the Count will not waken."

"I may ask you the same question," Eve replied with cold bitterness.

"Excuse me. You may not. You are a woman. This is the Count's room——"

"You are in error," she interrupted him. "It is not the Count's room. It is mine. Last night I told the Count I had some important writing to do, and I asked him as a favour to relinquish this room to me for twenty-four hours. He very kindly consented. He removed his belongings, handed me the key of that door, and the transfer was made in the hotel books. And now," she added, "may I inquire, Mr. Thorold, what you are doing in my room?"

"I—I thought it was the Count's," Cecil faltered, decidedly at a loss for a moment. "In offering my humblest apologies, permit me to say that I admire you, Miss Fincastle."

"I wish I could return the compliment," Eve exclaimed, and she repeated with almost plaintive sincerity: "I do wish I could."

Cecil raised his arms and let them fall to his side.

"You meant to catch me," he said. "You suspected something, then? The 'important writing' was an invention." And he added, with a faint smile: "You really ought not to have fallen asleep. Suppose I had not wakened you?"

"Please don't laugh, Mr. Thorold. Yes, I did suspect. There was something in the demeanour of your servant Lecky that gave me the idea. . . . I did mean to catch you. Why you, a millionaire, should be a burglar, I cannot understand. I never understood that incident at the Devonshire Mansion; it was beyond me. I am by no means sure that you didn't have a great deal to do with the Rainshore affair at Ostend. But that you should have stooped to slander is the worst. I confess you are a mystery. I confess that I can make no guess at the nature of your present scheme. And what I shall do, now that I have caught you, I don't know. I can't decide; I must think. If, however, anything is missing to-morrow morning, I shall be bound in any case to denounce you. You grasp that?"

"I grasp it perfectly, my dear journalist," Cecil replied. "And something will not improbably be missing. But take the advice of a burglar and a mystery, and go to bed. it is half past three."

And Eve went. And Cecil bowed her out and then retired to his own rooms. And the Count's apartment was left to the moonlight.

V.

"PLANCHETTE is a very safe prophet," said Cecil to Kitty Sartorius the next morning, "provided it has firm guidance."

They were at breakfast.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Planchette prophesied last night that I should restore to you your bracelet. I do."

He took the lovely gewgaw from his pocket and handed it to Kitty.

"Ho-ow did you find it, you dear thing?" Kitty stammered, trembling under the shock of joy.

"I fished it up out—out of the mire by a contrivance of my own."

"But when?"

"Oh! Very early. At three o'clock a.m. You see, I was determined to be first."

"In the dark, then?"

"I had a light. Don't you think I'm rather clever?"

Kitty's scene of ecstatic gratitude does not

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"'You see everything plainly?"

summit, and saw the city and its dwarfs beneath them.

"We are in no danger of being disturbed here," Cecil began; "but I will make my explanation—the explanation which I certainly owe you—as brief as possible. Your Comte d'Avrec is an adventurer (please don't be angry), and your Madame Lawrence is an adventuress. I knew that I had seen them together. They work in concert, and for the most part make a living on the gaming-tables of Europe. Madame Lawrence was expelled from Monte Carlo last year for being too intimate with a croupier. You may be aware that at a roulette-table one can do a great deal with the aid of the croupier. Madame Lawrence appropriated the bracelet 'on her own,' as it were. The Count (he may be a real Count, for anything I know) heard first of that enterprise from the lips of Miss Sartorius. He was annoyed, angry—

come into the story. Suffice it to say that not until the moment of its restoration did she realise how precious the bracelet was to her.

It was ten o'clock before Eve descended. She had breakfasted in her room, and Kitty had already exhibited to her the prodigal bracelet.

"I particularly want you to go up the Belfry with me, Miss Fincastle," Cecil greeted her; and his tone was so serious and so urgent that she consented. They left Kitty playing waltzes on the piano in the drawing-room.

"And now, O man of mystery?" Eve questioned, when they had toiled to the

because he was really a little in love with your friend, and he saw golden prospects. It is just this fact—the Count's genuine passion for Miss Sartorius—that renders the case psychologically interesting. To proceed, Madame Lawrence became

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jealous. The Count spent six hours yesterday in trying to get the bracelet from her, and failed. He tried again last night, and succeeded, but not too easily, for he did not re-enter the hotel till after one o'clock. At first I thought he had succeeded in the daytime, and I had arranged accordingly, for I did not see why he should have the honour and glory of restoring the bracelet to its owner. Lecky and I fixed up a sleeping-draught for him. The minor details were simple. When you caught me this morning, the bracelet was in my pocket, and in its stead I had left a brief note for the perusal of the Count, which has had the singular effect of inducing him to decamp; probably he has not gone alone. But isn't it amusing that, since you so elaborately took his sitting-room, he will be convinced that you are a party to his undoing—you, his staunchest defender?"

Eve's face gradually broke into an embarrassed smile.

"You haven't explained," she said, "how Madame Lawrence got the bracelet."

"Come over here," Cecil answered. "Take these glasses and look down at the Quai du Rosaire. You see everything plainly?" Eve could, in fact, see on the quay the little mounds of mud which had been extracted from the canal in the quest of the bracelet. Cecil continued: "On my arrival in Bruges on Monday, I had a fancy to climb the Belfry at once. I witnessed the whole scene between you and Miss Sartorius and Madame Lawrence, through my glasses. Immediately your backs were turned, Madame Lawrence, her hands behind her, and her back against the railing, began to make a sort of rapid, drawing-up motion with her forearms. Then I saw a momentary glitter. . . . Considerably mystified, I visited the spot after you had left it, chatted with the gendarme on duty and got round him, and then it dawned on me that a robbery had been planned, prepared, and executed with extraordinary originality and ingenuity. A long, thin thread of black silk must have been ready tied to the railing, with perhaps a hook at the other end. As soon as Madame Lawrence held the bracelet, she attached the hook to it and dropped it. The silk, especially as it was the last thing in the world you would look for, would be as good as invisible. When you went for the police, Madame retrieved the bracelet, hid it in her muff, and broke off the silk. Only, in her haste, she left a bit of silk tied to the railing. That fragment I carried to the hotel. All along she must have been a little uneasy about me. . . . And that's all. Except that I wonder you thought I was jealous of the Count's attentions to your friend." He gazed at her admiringly.

"I'm glad you are not a thief, Mr. Thorold," said Eve.

"Well," Cecil smiled, "as for that, I left him a couple of louis for fares, and I shall pay his hotel bill."

"Why?"

"There were notes for nearly ten thousand francs with the bracelet. Ill-gotten gains, I am sure. A trifle, but the only reward I shall have for my trouble. I shall put them to good use." He laughed, serenely gay.

MY SHEPHERD LAD.

MY shepherd lad by running streams
Doth blow his pipes with puckered chin;
His notes, like white birds seen in dreams,
Go winding out and in.

And, grouped upon the hillocks near,
The white sheep know the songs he sings,
And rest upon the sward to hear
The rustling of white wings.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

EQUUS MONTANUS.

By a Naturalist.

I AGREED with Jones II., that the term was beastly dull and wanted waking up, and I asked him how he proposed to do it. He put forward a lot of idiotic suggestions, like locking the chapel door and hiding the key, and similar kids' freaks. But any ass can get himself into a row like that without going to the trouble of looking foolish. Besides, you want to see the other end of an adventure before it's worth going in for; and if the other end looks like a licking or anything over five hundred lines, then you know it isn't.

I put off the idea of waking things up till soon after, when I met Cameron coming out of the Natural History Museum, which is filled with stuffed bugs and things. Nobody ever goes there except Cameron, who uses the place to keep a white rat in.

That put an idea into my head, and as I didn't see my way to carry it through alone, I decided to take on Jones II. as my assistant. I explained to him that it would be ripping to start a real live natural history museum, or at least a show, make the competitors pay an entrance fee, and deduct so much per cent. for expenses, as they do in our county show at home.

Jones II. has always got some silly objection when you stand him up in front of anything really brilliant. "There's a rule about it, isn't there?" he said. "Fellows aren't allowed to keep any live animal upon the school premises. All boys wishing to keep pets must get permission from their housemaster to keep them at the school farm."

The school farm is about a mile away, and you'd see your pet about once a term, I expect, and not that in the footer terms. Besides, it hadn't anything to do with it. Fellows wouldn't keep the animals they showed, but would let them go directly afterwards.

This explanation quite satisfied Jones II., and he at once fell in with my suggestion. We got Cameron and formed ourselves into a club, which we called the Naturalists' Field Club, which was a title I had seen at home, and sounded well. Then we made ourselves into a committee, and elected Jones II. as president, Cameron as vice-president, and me as secretary. After that we told some of the fellows in our house that a Naturalists' Field Club was about to be formed, and the word was passed round that a meeting would be held at the back of the Lower School cricket-shed. That was my idea, as it gave them the tip not to give it away. You wouldn't be likely to want any of the masters to know too much about anything it was necessary to discuss behind a cricket-shed.

The school plays compulsory cricket from two to half-past four on Friday afternoons, and from half-past four to five the fellows do as they like. So those in our house, instead of going to tea in

NEVER TOO LATE!

"WHAT would you do if you could play the piano as I do, professor?"

"I wouldn't get discouraged at all, my dear. I'd keep right on learning until I could play it decently."

THE DIFFERENCE.

ALICE: Men are so slow. It took him nearly two hours to propose to me last night.

MAUD: How long did it take you to accept him, dear?

ALICE: Just two seconds.

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the soc. shop, or ragging about in the common-room, came behind the shed after it had been locked, and the meeting began. Of course, Jones II. was president, and it was a good thing he was, as the president doesn't have to do any explaining, but only has to lick the members who aren't in order. So, as it was my business to explain the objects of the meeting, I told the fellows what was up, which was that we were to have a wild animal show, to be held on Monday morning before breakfast in the horse-shelter in the next field to the cricket-field—entrance fee, sixpence, payable to me, and the winner to spend his prize-money on a prize so as not to be considered a professional. Jones II., as president, was to be the judge, and was not to exhibit, and any chap disputing his judgment would have to stand up to him for three rounds.

Cusack-Smith wanted to dispute the part about the entrance fee, but when we explained that if he did he'd have to stand up to Jones II. for three rounds or be kicked out of the club, he shut up.

The fellows had all Saturday and Sunday to get their things together, and as some of them kept pets hidden away in the chemistry labs and places, there wasn't much difficulty. But I was very keen on winning, especially as I had the first idea, and on the way back Jones II. asked me what I was going to show. I told him as he was president he wasn't supposed to know. He didn't quite like that, but he couldn't help seeing the fairness of it.

I got out for a duck and missed all my catches in the Lower School house-match on Saturday owing to a brilliant idea I had for the naturalists' show. Fellows were awfully sick with me and said I'd fairly chucked away the match, and the captain of our house threatened to kick me out of the team. But I didn't care. All the afternoon I had been looking at the donkey in the next field. He is used to pull the lawn-mower they do the pitches with. It had struck me that he would do very well for my thing in the show, and I decided that there would be no difficulty in getting him into the shed when the exhibition was on, because he often went there to feed. While we were playing cricket, it occurred to me that some of the fellows might object that he wasn't a wild animal, so I decided to turn him into a zebra, having seen zebras, at the Zoo, when I was in London the term before last.

So on Saturday night I sneaked down town and bought a bunch of carrots, which I knew he liked, and I hid them behind the cricket-shed. Then on Sunday evening, after lock-up, when it was quite dark, I got out by a way I had seen some fellows go once before, and I took a whole big sixpenny bottle of ink and a big brush. I found the carrots. It was beastly dark, and I rather funked it, but I went into the field and whistled like Jack, the ground man, does when he wants to harness the donkey. He soon came out of the shed, and I gave him a bit of carrot. He seemed jolly surprised, just as I should, I suppose, if someone came into my cubicle at night and gave me lumps of cake. But he ate them, just as I should, and while he did it I gave him lots of stripes of ink all over. I kept them fairly straight, as he didn't move much, but I couldn't see, as it was so dark, Then I went back and got in again. I could

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

COOK: Seeing as 'ow it's my birthday on Friday, me an' Mary was thinking that if you an' the master could make it convenient to be hout, we would use the drawing-room an' ask a few mutual friends.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

MISS BRUSH: I suppose you don't mind my being in your field, Mr. Hodge?

MR. HODGE (heartily): The longer you stay, the better, ma'am; fact is, the birds are that troublesome, I ought to have put a scarecrow up in this field before now.

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FACETIOUS CUSTOMER: "Heads!"

hardly go to sleep, being so jolly keen to win the show prize. I had to trust to luck that it wouldn't rain, and it didn't.

In the morning the whole of the Lower School was up jolly early, much to the surprise of the bootman, who was the only person about. We went out into the field, and the fellows scattered all over the place to get the various beasts they had collected and hidden on Sunday, except Cameron, who showed his white rat. Cusack-Smith had a tame snake that he kept in a wooden box, and Barkinstall had a dormouse that he

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carried in his pocket; Mackintyre had brought a ripping Belgian lop-eared rabbit (I don't know where he got it from, but I bet he borrowed it from some chap in another house), and two other fellows brought squirrels. We almost raced to the shed, but I got there first and jumped straight at the donkey. I licked a luggage-label which I had brought with me, on which I had written "Equus Montanus, or Common Zebra," and stuck it on him. He looked awfully funny, as some of the lines weren't a bit straight; but he was a good lot like a zebra, after all.

"Is that what you're going to show?" asked Jones II. The donkey was awfully skittish when he saw all the fellows in the shed, and Jones II. had to cut out of the light.

"Yes," I said. "It's a zebra."

"But it isn't a zebra," objected Cusack-Smith who was awfully bucked up about his snake. "It's a donkey, and it's only painted."

"That's what makes it so jolly wild," I said. "Anyhow, you'll have to look pretty quick about it, as the school will be out soon. I appeal to the president."

Jones II. said he thought the beast was distinctly wild, and he jolly well kept out of its way. He awarded me the prize and told Cusack-Smith to shut up or fight. All the other fellows agreed, too, and I think I deserved it after the trouble I had had. So we cleared out of the shed, and the fellows who had lost took their pets to their various hiding-places. I left the label sticking on the donkey, as I couldn't get it off.

I was jolly glad it came on to rain while we were at first school, and I hoped the donkey would roll in the grass. But I don't suppose he did, and I expect Jack, the ground man, wondered very much when he came to groom him, because the donkey was striped for ever so long afterwards. And I wonder if he knew what "Equus Montanus" meant. I suppose not, as ground men don't seem to know much except about turf.

I think it was beastly low of those fellows, but they never dobbed up their entrance fees, so I never got a prize.

MR. LITTLE: Conductor, *let me out* at Laburnum Road!

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"MIGNON." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

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"THE WITCH." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
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A PAINTER OF TO-DAY:

THE HON. JOHN COLLIER AND HIS WORK.

By Wilfrid Meynell.

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MR. JOHN COLLIER inherited a name famous in Law and in Gladstonian annals. His father was that Sir Robert Collier, afterwards Lord Monkswell, on whom, as Attorney-General, the Prime Minister in 1871 desired to bestow a vacant judgeship of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—a post which, by the law of the land, could be given only to a judge; and it was the sudden appointment of Sir Robert to a preliminary justiceship of the Common Pleas that raised the hue and cry. The Prime Minister was driving his coach and four—was sailing his collier—through an Act of Parliament; the Bench was prostituted—was used as a mere piece of furniture in the political game. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn made his remonstrance against "the manufacture of a qualification" on behalf of Bench and Bar. "From every member of the legal profession, I have met with but one opinion as to the proposed step. I have never in my time known of so strong or universal an expression—I had almost said explosion—of opinion"—in fact, a new kind of colliery "explosion." The only person who kept quite cool throughout was the subject of the heat. He was a lawyer who knew that the rules had been complied with to the letter. He was also something of an artist, and in that capacity may have regretted that a little more political artistry had not been displayed. His second son, the Hon. John Collier, if he has not inherited all his father's love of technical law, did, at any rate, early succeed to and develop the parental love of paint.

Public schools have given us few painters,

"THE LABORATORY." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

A picture illustrating Robert Browning's poem. Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Harry Coghill, Coghurst Hall, Hastings.

and Mr. Collier is one of the few. But he left Eton intending to enter the Diplomatic Service; and on that account, instead of going to Oxford or Cambridge, he went abroad to perfect his French and his German. The painter of to-day does not regret the accident that deprived him of a University career at home. His sympathies are not donnish. Ruskin thought a child should learn to draw even before he learned to read. Mr. Collier, not a lover of extremes, upholds the handicrafts as a part of training; and if the choice had to be made between science and Greek, the painter of Darwin and of Huxley would no doubt let go the Greek. Diplomacy also he let go. For some reason or other he decided that to lie abroad for his country's good was not his *rôle*. He did not go to the Embassies of foreign capitals; he went instead into "the City," and stayed there for a year.

The City did not fascinate the youth. Doubtless in those days, now seemingly "older than any story written in any book," he heard the oft-repeated proverb about the rolling stone that gathers no moss—a proverb utterly inconclusive to the rebel ears of youth, which, to tell the truth, vastly prefers the stone undraped. John Collier knew the direction in which to roll. The Slade School it had to be; and, despite his father's first unwillingness that he should embark on what is generally a profitless career, the Slade School it shortly was. Sir Edward Poynter, then its head, took notice of the drawings of the new pupil, who later transferred himself to Munich and then to Paris. In Paris, the studio of Jean-Paul Laurens was the most educative and stimulating place of all for a student keen to learn and eager to excel. The mere intercourse with the man must have been a delight and an experience. To the English novice the type was probably new. A peasant by birth, who had barely learned to read and write at the village school, Jean-Paul Laurens had owed in early boyhood his artistic and even his spiritual awakening to a little reproduction of Vanloo's "Nativity," contained in a "Book of Hours"—a souvenir of his mother's death-bed. Gladly would Ruskin note how Laurens tried to reproduce that design though he could hardly form a letter

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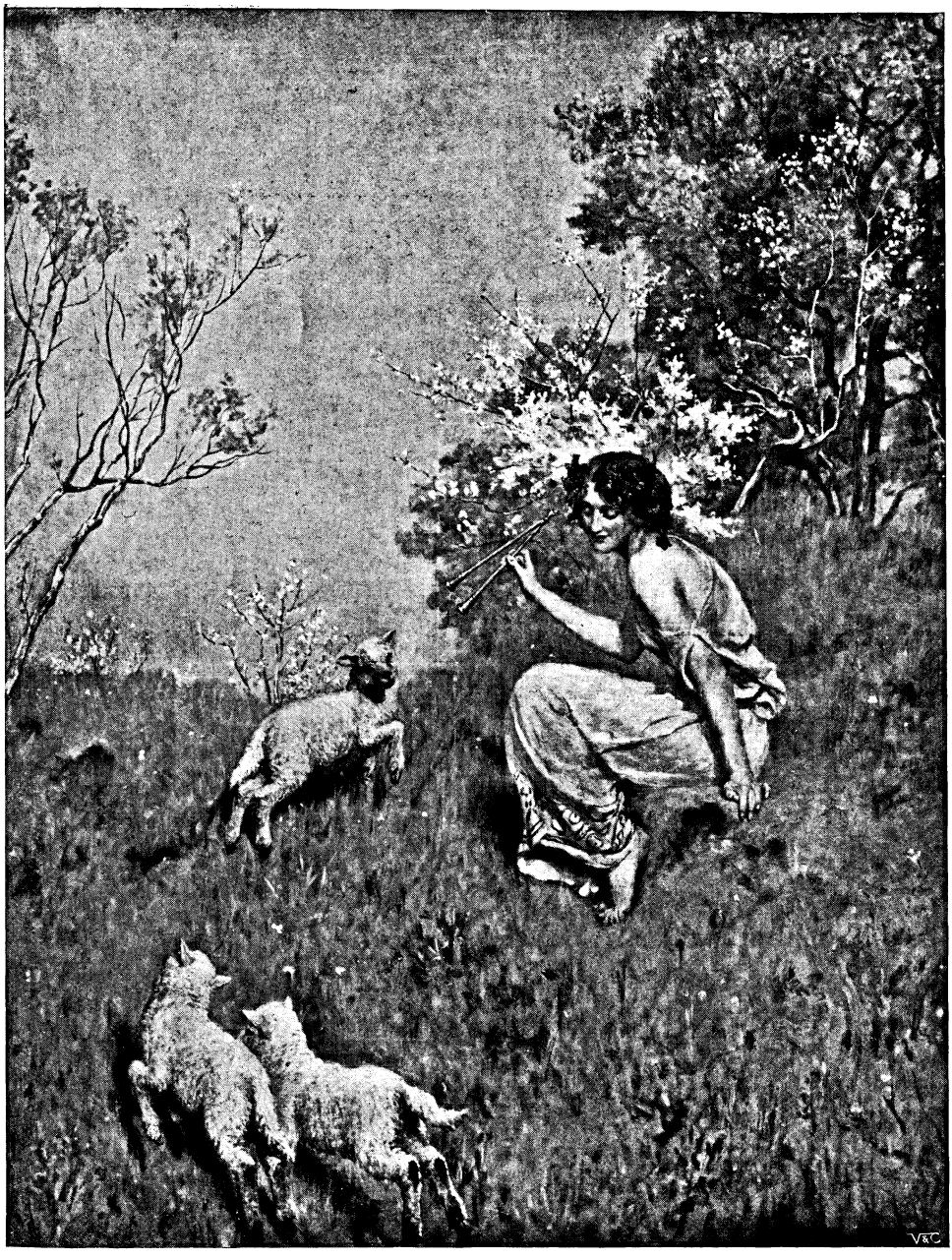

"MUSIC." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
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of the alphabet. Then he went to Nature—and to Paris. The Bible, Æschylus and Shakespeare, a Tacitus and St. Augustine's "Confessions"—these became his close companions. "One could scarcely believe," said his friend Ferdinand Fabre, "with what force a work of genius would tell on this young man of twenty-five who came to the dazzling poetry of the Psalms, to the burning denunciations of the Prophets, to the bitter disillusions of St. Augustine, to the 'Annals,' to the work of Shakespeare, immense as the ocean." Deaths, excommunications, interdicts were the subjects of his brush and his

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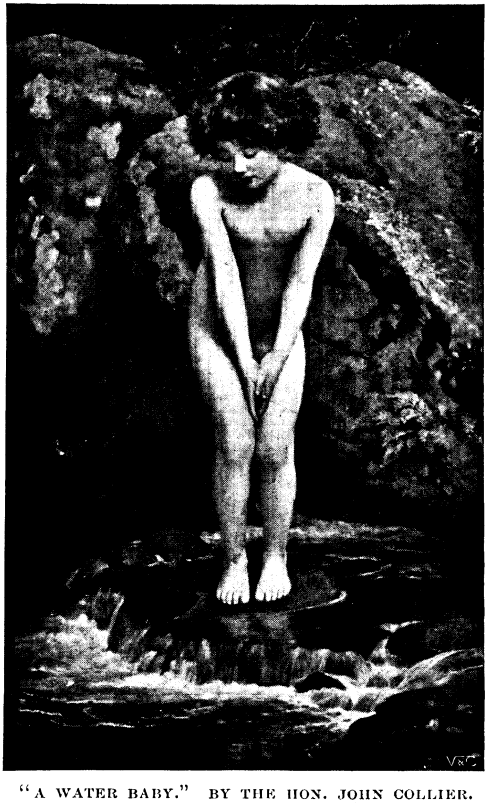

"A WATER BABY." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
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drama; and yet his sensitiveness was such that when Fabre read aloud to him Corneille's "Cinna," his face grew pale and he was obliged to stop the reader, explaining: "Things move me — they make me ill. Happy you to admire so calmly!" And, indeed, in such a canvas as his "Last Moments of the Emperor Maximilian," the note of emotion is keenly expressed; and this without any hint of vulgar horror—the dying man retains his dignity, even his serenity; one feels that the artist mingles his tears with those of the priest.

Precisely how far the master thenceforth influenced his pupil we cannot here compute, but in tenacity of purpose the younger man reflects the older; and the English aspirant received in that studio the tradition of two qualities—sobriety and precision. Considering the successful working of the disciple-and-master system in France, the young painter perhaps fondly supposed it might be introduced into England with good effect. At any rate, his father sounded Sir L. Alma-Tadema on the delicate subject. The question was plainly put at last. Would he take the young painter as a pupil? No, he wouldn't; but he would paint a picture in Mr. Collier's studio; and there "The Sculptor's Model" was produced, Mr. Collier looking boldly on. Sir John Millais, too, was a friend; and he made a contribution to the training of the tyro by allowing him to be present at times while he was at work on the brilliant portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim. Millais confirmed Mr. Collier in his faith in thoroughness, and in the literal and observant painting, not of people only, but of things.

Thus equipped, the new-comer got to work on his own account and very soon made the visitor to the Royal Academy and other exhibitions aware that a valiant, uncompromising hand was busily engaged. An illustrator had arrived whose strenuousness none might gainsay. If the vowed æsthete turned aside with hungry eyes craving a Watts or a Burne-Jones, here was a de-

"MR. LEWIS WALLER AS MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
Reproduced by permission of Lewis Waller, Esq., Imperial Theatre, and Messrs. Henry Graves and Company, Pall Mall.

"MÆNADS." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

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lineator of the thing seen, a confident teller of the story, who could count on the suffrages of the man in the exhibition, and, once the engravings got into shop-windows, the man in the street. Less sentiment in the subject, more sentiment in the paint—this was the prescription of some of the art-critics; but the art-critic, going back to the gallery on a public day to confirm or to revise his judgments, could not easily see what he wanted to see again, because the picture happened to be hemmed in by a crowd.

"THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
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It is not always a strictly artistic interest that the subject-picture arouses; and nobody is better aware of that than this painter himself. The picture entitled "The Confession," he will himself confess, excited almost more attention than any other he exhibited. It was the subject did it—a young man, whose massive face, lighted, and fronting the spectator, seems to be loaded with anger and distrust; and a young woman, seen shaded and in profile, whose face is grave with a confidence—given or received? The answer to that question was eagerly canvassed. If the man's frown were directed against the lady—the confession must be hers; and then the lover of the symbolic supported that view by observing that the lady was in shadow—was shady. The opponents to this view had a story equally plausible: they knew that the man's annoyance might easily be annoyance with himself or with the circumstances which led to his self-exposure. Engaged couples or husbands and wives, in real life, found themselves in opposition: theologians over a contested passage in a Father could not have been more hot in dispute. Where there were not family disputes, there were family wagers. Hundreds of letters poured into Mr. Collier's post-box, and by the time the illustrated catalogues reached the Colonies, another volley of letters was fired off. Who was confessing to whom? And the artist himself really did not know; or, rather, knew only what he could deduce from the general rule of the cynic—that a woman never confesses. Another and more recent picture, which the artist saw with his mind's eye, as through a window, and painted as he saw it, was "The Prodigal Daughter." And again the ques-

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"4 A.M." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

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"THE WHIST PLAYERS." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

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"TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

tions surged in: "What has she done? and what is she going to do?" The girl, fresh from the footlights, has reappeared in the Philistine parlour of her old home, and stands in her finery to confront her father and mother, an aged couple, middle-class, Puritan, and antipathetic to all that the girl before them hungers after. Mr. Collier painted the scene as he seemed to see it. He was sure that the girl was the daughter of these people, and could not doubt that they were husband and wife—hence his

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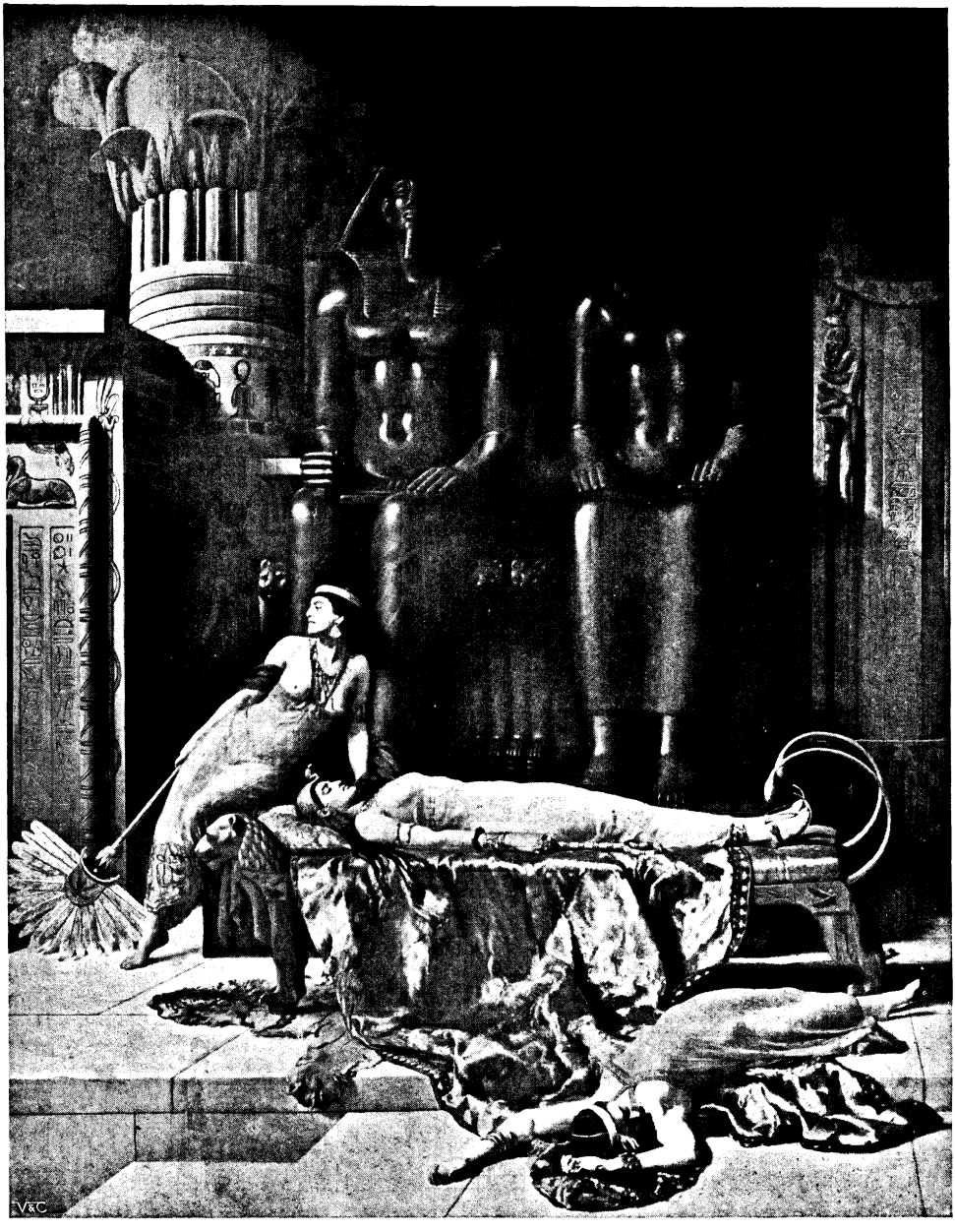

"THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
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title. He knew nothing more, and therefore could confide no thrilling story to the curious; though once, in another moment of incautious cynicism, he adventured the view that she had returned to her parents to blackmail them!

In "The Garden of Armida," the painter realised an uncovenanted triumph, different in kind. He took the old story of the young knight who dallies—but only dallies—in the enchantress's bower, until a Crusader releases him; and he translated it into modern terms. That has been a hobby of his—a hobby persisted in despite the ugliness of modern costume. The young man in the new version stands upright in evening dress;

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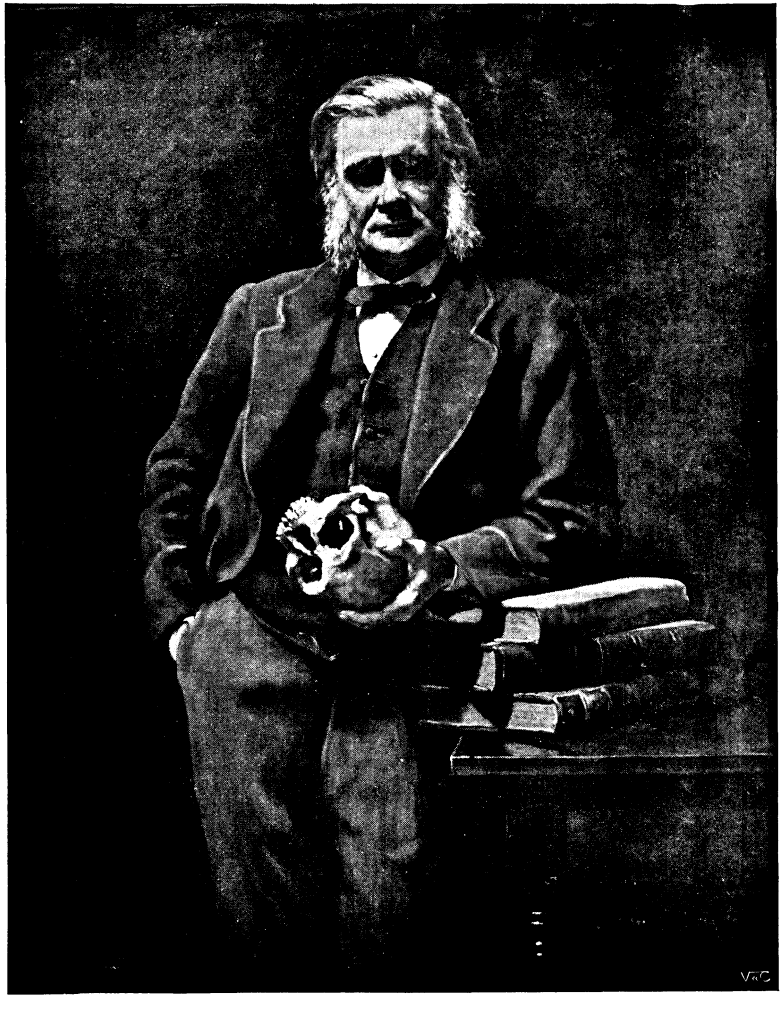
the siren ladies about him have bought their gowns in Bond Street, and they raise their hands to offer him goblets that are the champagne-glasses of the daily dinner-table. The scene is beautified, but not at the sacrifice of realism, by the lights of lanterns mixing with the daylight left in the arbour, where Conscience, the modern Crusader, awakens the youth to the reality of things, to the need to be up and doing. The moral of the picture, a picture which cunningly combines decorative with realistic effects, was not quite obvious enough for all. It has since been reproduced as a slide for magic lanterns which perambulate the country with the lecturing teetotaller. Mr. Collier, the literalist, did not mean to be quite so literal as that.

"The Billiard Players" represented an effect of light not hitherto translated into paint—the strong light thrown by reflectors upon the green baize of the billiard-table. The billiard-players are portraits, and something novel in the way of a portrait-group has been attempted. The portraits include the late Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Keary, and the artist himself; and Mr. Collier has an aim with brush as well as with cue, for he designed this picture (which now hangs in the billiard-room at the Arts Club) as another experiment in modern realism, yet not without regard to that "pattern" which Whistler looked for on every canvas. "The Whist Players" makes such another portrait group. A scene that lends itself more readily to beauty is the Bay of Taormina at sunset, and this is rendered in "The Land of Dreams," which shows two charming girls seated on the shore overlooking the illumined waters. The raiment is modern, yet pictorial; the hair has been dressed in modern style, yet is for all time. The unison of the decorative with the real was again essayed by Mr. Collier in "The Tramp"—a deserted mother, whose red hair catches the sunset glow, and who, seated in the environment of a disused and overgrown quarry, nurses the baby who is the unconscious sharer of her forlorn lot.

In pictures of another class, Mr. Collier has not sought to reconcile the ages. "The Woodnymph" is frankly Pagan, and "The Plague" belongs abruptly to its own time and place. The lady lies in the vanquished



"PROFESSOR HUXLEY." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
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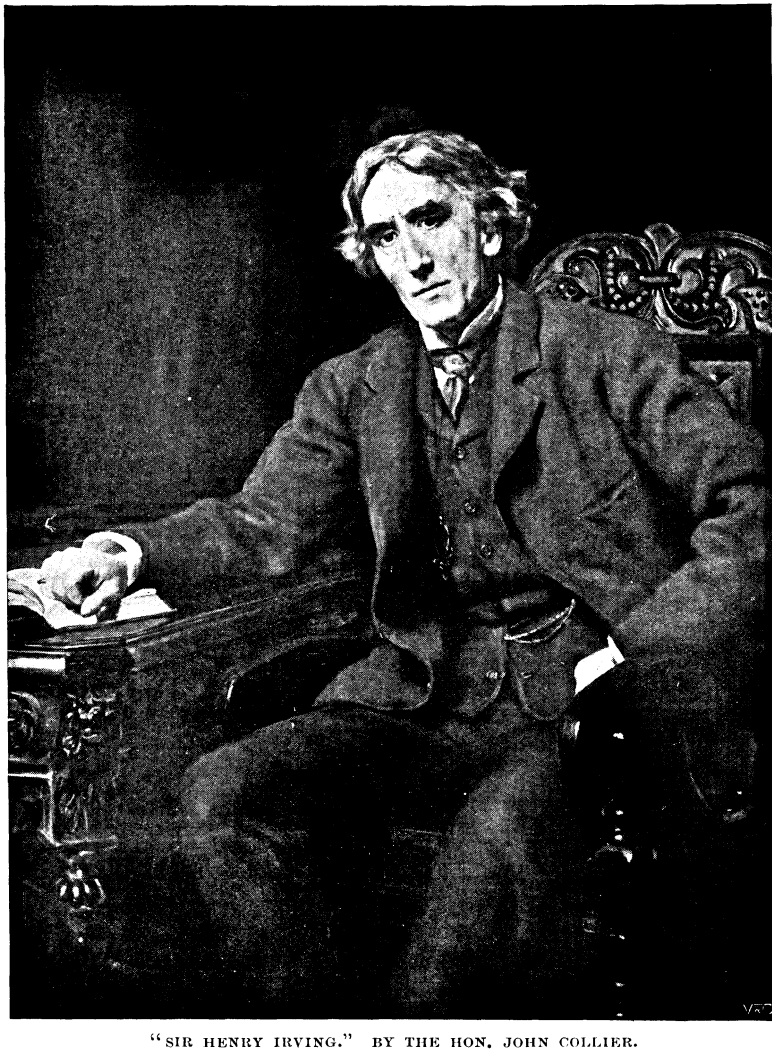

"SIR HENRY IRVING." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
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bravery of her gorgeous garb — a fallen goddess, "plagued" no longer by a mere lover's lingering, or even by a coiffeur's delay, but "plagued" now as mortal woman can be but once and no oftener. The moonlight, streaming into the chamber, accords with the ghastly spectacle of death; and the man in costume, who enters the room and sees it, turns at once in a flight so sudden that his lantern falls from his hand. Mr. Collier has again and again been asked who this man might be and what his relations with the lady. Frankly Mr. Collier says that he cannot answer, because he does not know.

Lilith and the legend of her as Adam's first wife have always been beloved by painters no less than by poets—that Lilith whom Rossetti both painted and sang—

> Not a drop of her blood was human,
> But she was made like a soft, sweet woman.

Her snake-lover, in Rossetti's reading, avenged Adam's faithlessness by endowing her with the snake-form in which to tempt Eve and to compass the expulsion of both Adam and Eve from Eden. The experience of Mr. Collier with his own picture was unique. His Lilith wears a snake in very convenient coils about her. A famous animal-dealer, of Liverpool, out of regard to the painter's uncle, a county-court judge, offered to lend him anything from his stock that he might want in the making of his picture. The menagerie was visited and a large boa-constrictor was chosen. Mr. Collier had hired a little studio in Liverpool, and thither came the new and strange "sitter." The boa-constrictor coiled about his keeper, who had him in complete control by holding him by the neck. It was a cold day, and the boa was so torpid that the keeper thought it quite prudent to divest himself of the snake and to go out to lunch, leaving the living coil, ten feet long, upon the floor. The artist remained; he poked the fire, and the heat came out in waves. The boa-constrictor, made less sluggish by the warmth, began to wake up and then to move. The artist did not stir at first; but when the boa-constrictor made his way to an inner room communicating with the rest of the house, Mr. Collier, not knowing how unwelcome and dangerous such an unexpected visitor might contrive to be, sprang forward in time to catch him by the

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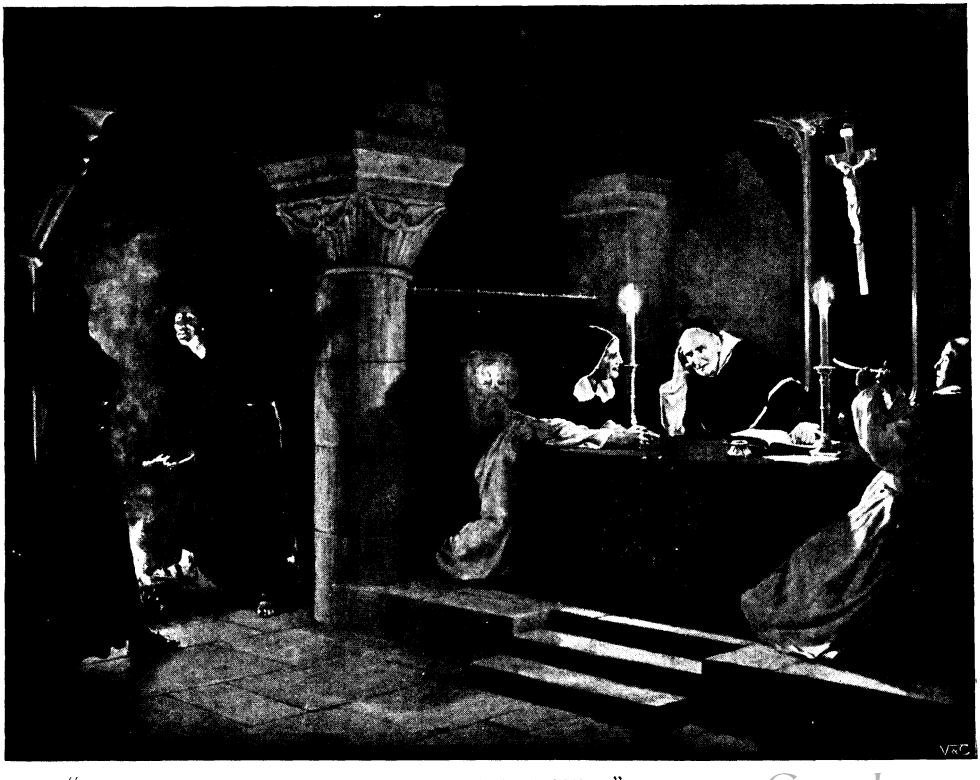
tail. For a moment there was a pause, and then the great boa-constrictor glided forward and was lost to the artist's sight. The keeper returned to find his charge comfortable enough as an intruder, sleeping the sleep of innocence. Finally the snake was chloroformed in order that he might more placidly complete his sittings.

In strict confidence Mr. Collier has sometimes expressed the wish that the same lethal process could be applied on occasion to human sitters. In that matter, however, he admits to having had his fair share of luck; and to Darwin he gives the palm—the palm, some suffering sitters might declare, of veritable martyrdom. The definer of the doctrine of the body's progression in his own body commanded an unusual repose, and across that tranquil countenance no tremor passed, no changing expression flitted. If he resisted the painter's attempt upon him, as some sitters instinctively will, he was a passive resister. Huxley, on the other hand, was, if not fidgety, mercurial. He who loved not "corybantic Christianity," as readers of old profitless controversies may recall, did himself dance to the aching music of his own heart-strings. His limbs moved to the measure of his assertive mind. The "old war-horse," as he called himself, must needs prance; or he was as the animal caged, and he could not mask the mobility of his face—no, not even to oblige the painter he loved. Mr. Collier can, however, tolerate the impatience of a sitter with whom he is in sympathy. Sympathy sets up a magnetism which makes the painter's strokes rapid and effective, though the sitter be a very Huxley for unrest.

Mr. Kipling is another of the sitters in whom Mr. Collier found unquenchable vivacity. Him he painted twice—once when he first came to London to ply his trade as author, and a second time after an interval of nine years—memorable years, transforming years, too, but without power to steal from the novelist his own absolute naturalness, to diminish the nervous energy, or to check the flow of illuminating words. When Mr. Collier painted Mr. Speaker Gully, we may assume that he found a sitter at last in whom was no wish to move so much as an eyelash—a model trained to be still and impassive day after day and night after night—an always visible man, absolutely under control. The



"THE SPANISH INQUISITION: WAITING FOR THE PRISONER." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
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Lord Chancellor, too, though he owns it is not any set duty of his to call his fellow-peers to order as a Speaker may his fellow-commoners, has surely an apprenticeship on the Woolsack to the profession of the model, as Mr. Collier no doubt found to his comfort when Lord Halsbury came to him. And Sir Henry Irving, under a fire of eyes, has "the immobility of rocks." Mr. John Burns, on the other hand, is anything but passive; no dumb show for him. Mr. Collier makes him alert in paint as he is in Parliament. Mrs. Anthony Hope Hawkins and a group depicting Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and Mr. Tree in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" have been added to the artist's portrait-gallery during the past season.

Among men of science, other than Darwin and Huxley, whom Mr. Collier has had under observation, are Lord Avebury; Dr. Joule, the discoverer of the mechanical equivalent of heat; Dr. Burdon Sanderson, and Professor Ray Lankester—another sitter who can shorten the tedium of sittings by feats of talk. An interesting Man of Letters who endures on the canvas of Mr. Collier is Dr. Garnett. Even bishops have sat under him, Archbishop Welldon among the rest. And poor George Steevens went to the tapestry-lined studio in Eton Avenue shortly before he set forth, with gay gravity, to Ladysmith and death. In his war-correspondent's costume he was presented; and the accessory tent was Steevens's own—an incident of realism no doubt dear to the heart of a painter who shows us in the great majority of his four hundred canvases that he prefers facts to visions.

Yet the illustrator of Shakespeare has shown himself no mere realist. He has first pictured what he had to paint. His "Death of Cleopatra" remains among his triumphs in this department. In "The Death of Albine," Mr. Collier chose for illustration a phantasy from Zola—not a name usually associated with phantasies in literature any more than is Mr. Collier's in paint. The girl who grows up in the deserted *château* of a deserted garden, spending her life among flowers as little to be classed with each other as she herself with other girls of her own time—flowers that, so neglected, ought to have long ago gone to ruin—is driven at last, by her own and another's aberrations, to prepare her own funeral-bier of these blossoms, and to die within the closed windows and doors of her pavilion, stifled by the scents that yield balm of sweetness, but no breath of life. The allegory is only too convincingly suggestive

"HETTY SORREL, IN GEORGE ELIOT'S 'ADAM BEDE.'"
BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Blackburn.

alike in book and picture. We pass from it with relief to the portrait of Sir Joseph Hooker, painted two or three decades ago. This Hooker, surely the most "judicious" of his race, was brought up, like Albine, in a garden; but the flowers at Kew that knew his care, and his father's before him, have kept him hale at eighty-seven!

There is a saying of the sacristies that you must love the sinner though you hate the sin. That perhaps is a doctrine little enforced in the studios. If artists preach at all in colours, they must be emphatic and leave to literature the subtleties of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The villainy on canvas must be set forth by the villain. But, in another sense, the doctrine applies. Not all pictures, even strong pictures, please all beholders. Here, in Eton Avenue, as at other shrines, among the worshippers would the sceptic be found. But amid and above all wars of schools, one prevailing amity would be assured — the painter himself would be secure of the homage of those who withheld it from his paint.

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MRS. BATHURST.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.*

THE day that I chose to visit H.M.S *Peridot* in Simon's Bay was the day that the Admiral had chosen to send her up the coast. Indeed, she was just steaming out to sea as my train came in, and since the rest of the Fleet were either coaling or busy at the rifle-ranges, a thousand feet up the hill, I found myself stranded, lunchless, on the sea-front, with no hope of return to Capetown before five p.m. At this crisis I had the luck to come across my friend, Inspector Hooper, Cape Government Railways, in command of an engine and one brake-van chalked for repair.

"If you get something to eat, I'll run you down to Glengariff siding till the early goods comes along. It's cooler there than here, you see."

I got food and drink from the Greeks of Simon's Town, who sell all things at a price, and the engine trotted us a couple of miles up the line to a bay of drifted sand, and a plank platform half buried in the sand not a hundred yards from the edge of the surf. Moulded dunes, whiter than any snow in the sunshine, rolled inland up a brown-and-purple valley of splintered rocks and dry scrub. A crowd of Malays hauled at a net beside two blue-and-green boats on the beach; a picnic-party danced and shouted barefoot where a tiny river trickled across the flat, and a circle of dry hills, whose feet were set in sands of silver, locked us in against a seven-coloured sea. At either horn of the bay the railway line cut just above high-water mark, ran round a shoulder of yellow rocks, and disappeared.

"You see, there's always a breeze here," said Hooper, opening the door as the engine left us in the siding on the sand, and the strong south-easter, buffeting under Elsie's Peak, dusted sand into our "tickey" † beer. Presently he sat down to a file full of spiked documents. He had returned from a long trip up-country, where he had been reporting on damaged rolling-stock, as far away as Rhodesia. The weight of the bland wind on my eyelids, the song of it under the car-roof and high up among the rocks, the drift of fine grains chasing each other musically ashore, the tramp of the surf, the rustle of Hooper's file, and the presence of the sun, joined with the beer to cast me into magical slumber. The hills of False Bay were just dissolving into those of Fairyland, when I heard footsteps on the sand outside, and the clink of our couplings.

"Oh! Stop that!" snapped Hooper, without raising his head from his work. "It's those cursed little Malay boys, you see, they're always playing with the trucks. . . ."

"Don't be hard on 'em. The railway's a general refuge in Africa," I replied.

"'Tis—up-country, at any rate. That reminds me. I've got a curiosity for you—from Wankie—beyond Bulawayo. It's more of a souvenir, perhaps, than——"

"The old hotel's inhabited," cried a voice. "White men, from the language. Marines to the front! Come on, Pritch! Here's your Belmont! Wha—i—i!"

The last word dragged like a rope as Mr. Pyecroft ran round to the open door and stood looking up into my face. Behind him an enormous Sergeant of Marines trailed a stalk of dried seaweed and dusted the sand nervously from his fingers.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "I thought the *Hierophant* was down the coast?"

"We came in last Tuesday—from Tristan D'Acunha—for overhaul, and we shall be in dockyard hands for two months, so to anticipate."

"Come and sit down." Hooper put away the file.

"This is Mr. Hooper, of the Railway," I explained, as Pyecroft turned to haul up the black-moustached sergeant.

"This is Sergeant Pritchard, of the *Agaric*, an old shipmate," said he. "We were strollin' on the beach." The monster blushed and nodded. He filled up one side of the brake-van when he sat down.

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† Threepenny.

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"And this is my friend Mr. Pyecroft," I added to Hooper, already busy with the extra beer which my prophetic soul had bought from the Greeks.

"*Moi aussi*," quoth Pyecroft, and slid out beneath his coat a labelled quart bottle.

"Why, it's Bass!" cried Hooper.

"It was Pritchard," said Pyecroft. "They can't resist him."

"That's not so," said Pritchard mildly.

"Not *verbatim*, per'aps; but the look in your starboard eye came to the same thing."

"Where was it?" I demanded.

"Just on beyond here—at Kalk Bay. "She was slappin' a rug in a back verandah. Pritch hadn't more than brought his batteries to bear before she stepped indoors an' sent it flyin' over the wall."

Pyecroft patted the warm bottle.

"It was all a mistake," said Pritchard. "I shouldn't wonder if she mistook me for Maclean. We're about of a size."

I had heard householders of Muizenberg, St. James's, and Kalk Bay complain of the difficulty of keeping beer or good servants at the seaside, and I began to see the reason. None the less, it was excellent Bass, and I, too, drank to the health of that large-minded maid.

"It's the uniform that fetches 'em, an' they fetch it," said Pyecroft. "My simple Navy blue is respectable, but not fascinatin'. Now, Pritch in 'is No. 1 rig is always purr Mary on the terrace—*ex officio*, as you might say."

"She took me for Maclean, I tell you," Pritchard insisted. "Why—why—to listen to him, you wouldn't think that only yesterday——"

"Pritch," said Pyecroft, "be warned in time! If we begin tellin' what we know about each other, we'll be slung out of the pub. Not to mention aggravated desertion on several occasions——"

"Never anything more than absence without leaf—I defy you to prove it," said the Sergeant hotly. "An' if it comes to that, how about Vancouver in '87?"

"How about it? Who pulled bow in the gig going ashore? Who told Boy Niven——?"

"Surely you were court-martialled for that?" I said. The story of Boy Niven, who lured seven or eight able-bodied seamen and marines into the woods behind Vancouver, is still a legend of the Fleet.

"'This is Mr. Hooper, of the Railway.'"

"Yes, we were court-martialled to rights," said Pritchard; "but we should have been tried for murder if Boy Niven 'adn't been unusually tough. Told he had an uncle 'oo'd give us land to farm. 'E said he was born at the back o' Vancouver Island, and *all* the time the beggar was a balmy Barnato orphan!"

"*But* we believed him," said Pyecroft. "I did—you did—Patterson did—an' 'oo

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was the Marine that married the cocoanut woman afterwards—him with the mouth?"

"Oh, Jones—'Spit-Kid Jones.' I 'aven't thought of 'im in years," said Pritchard. "Yes, Spit-Kid believed it, an' George Anstey and Moon. We were very young an' very curious."

"But lovin' an' trustful to a degree," said Pyecroft.

"Remember when 'e told us to walk in single file for fear o' bears? Remember, Pye, when e' stopped in that bog full o' ferns an' sniffed an' said 'e could smell the smoke of 'is uncle's ancestral farm? An' *all* the time it was a dirty little outlyin' uninhabited island. We walked round it in a day, an' come back to our boat lyin' on the beach. A whole day Boy Niven kept us walkin' in circles lookin' for 'is uncle's farm. He said his uncle was compelled by the law of the land to give us a quarter. What was it, Pye?"

"Section of one hundred and sixty acres of land if we applied for it. Don't get hot, Pritch. We believed it."

"He'd been readin' books. He only did it to get a run ashore an' make himself important. A day an' a night—eight of us—follow'n' Boy Niven round an uninhabited island in the Vancouver Archipelago! Then the picket came for us, an' a fine pack o' silly idiots we looked!"

"What did you get for it?" Hooper asked.

"Heavy thunder with continuous lightning for two hours. Thereafter sleet-squalls, a confused sea, and cold, unfriendly weather till conclusion o' cruise," said Pyecroft. "It was only what we expected; but what we felt—an' I assure you, Mr. Hooper, even a sailor-man has a heart to break—was bein' told that we able seamen an' promisin' Marines 'ad misled Boy Niven. Yes, we poor back-to-the-landers was supposed to have misled him! He rounded on us, o' course, an' got off easy."

"Excep' for what we gave him in the steerin'-flat when we came out o' cells. 'Eard anything of 'im lately, Pye?"

"Signal-boatswain in the Channel Fleet, I believe—Mr. L. L. Niven is."

"An' Anstey died o' fever in Benin," Pritchard mused. "What come to Moon? Spit-Kid we know about."

"Moon—Moon! Now, where did I last——? Oh, yes, when I was in the *Palladium*. I met Quigley at Buncrana station. He told me Moon 'ad run when the *Astrild* sloop was cruising among the South Seas three years back. He always showed signs o' being a Mormonistic beggar. Yes, he slipped off quietly, an' they 'adn't time to chase 'im round the islands, even if the navigatin' officer had been equal to the job."

"Wasn't he?" Hooper asked.

"Not so. According to Quigley, the *Astrild* spent 'alf 'er commission rompin' up the beach like a she-turtle, and the other half hatching turtle's eggs on the top o' numerous reefs. When she was docked at Sydney, her copper looked like Aunt Maria's washing on the line—an' 'er 'midship frames was sprung. The Commander swore the dockyard 'ad done it haulin' the pore thing on to the slips. They *do* do strange things at sea, Mr. Hooper."

"Ah! I'm not a taxpayer," said Hooper, and opened a fresh bottle. The Sergeant seemed to be one who had a difficulty in dropping a subject.

"How it all comes back, don't it?" he said. "Why, Moon must 'ave 'ad sixteen years' service before he ran."

"It takes 'em at all ages. Look at Click," said Pyecroft.

"Who?" I asked.

"A service man within eighteen months of his pension, is the party you're thinking of," said Pritchard. "A warrant whose name begins with a V., isn't it?"

"But, in a way o' puttin' it, we can't say that he actually *did* desert," Pyecroft said mildly.

"Oh, no," said Pritchard. "It was only permanent absence without leaf. That was all."

"Went up country," said Hooper. "Did they circulate his description?"

"What for?" said Pritchard most impolitely.

"Because deserters are like columns in the war. They don't move away from the railway, you see. I've seen a chap caught at Salisbury that way, trying to get to Nyassa. They tell me, but o' course I don't know, that they don't ask questions on the Lake Flotilla up there. I've heard of a P. and O. quartermaster in command of an armed launch on the Lake."

"Do you think Click 'ud ha' gone up that way?" Pritchard asked.

"There's no saying. He was sent up to Bloemfontein to take over some Navy ammunition left in the fort. We know he took it over and saw it into the trucks. Then there was no more Click—then or thereafter. Four months ago it transpired,

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and thus the thing stands at present," said Pyecroft.

"What were his marks?" said Hooper again.

"D'you get a reward for returnin' 'em, then?" said Pritchard.

"If I did, d'you suppose I'd talk about it?" Hooper retorted angrily.

"You seem so very interested," said Pritchard with equal crispness.

"Why was he called 'Click'?" I asked, to tide over an uneasy little break in the conversation. The two men were staring at each other fixedly.

"Because of an ammunition-hoist carryin' away," said Pyecroft. "*And* it carried away four of 'is teeth—on the lower port side, wasn't it, Pritch? The substitutes which he bought weren't screwed down, in a manner o' sayin'. When he talked fast, they used to lift a little on the bed-plate. Hence 'Click'—Mr. Vickery was 'is Number One name. They called 'im a superior man, which is what we'd call a long, black-'aired, genteelly 'alf-bred beggar—on the Lower Deck."

"Four false teeth on the lower left jaw?" said Hooper suddenly, his hand in his waistcoat pocket. "What tattoo-marks?"

"Look here," began Pritchard, half rising. "I'm sure we're very grateful to you as a gentleman for your 'ospitality, but per'aps we may 'ave made an error in——"

I looked at Pyecroft for aid; Hooper was bristling all over.

"If the fat Marine now occupying the foc'sle will kindly bring his *status quo* to an anchor yet once more, we may be able to talk like gentlemen—not to say friends," said Pyecroft. "He regards you, Mr. Hooper, as a emissary of the Law."

"I only wish to observe that when a gentleman exhibits such a peculiar, or, I should rather say, such a *bloomin'* curiosity in identification-marks as our friend here——"

"Mr. Pritchard," I interposed, "I'll take all the responsibility for Mr. Hooper."

"An' *you'll* apologise all round," said Pyecroft. "You're a rude little man, Pritch."

"But how was I——?" he began.

"I don't know, an' I don't care. Apologise!"

The giant looked round bewildered, and took our little hands into his vast grip, one by one.

"I was wrong," he said, meekly as a sheep. "My suspicions was unfounded. Mr. Hooper, I apologise."

"You did quite right to look out for your own end o' the line," said Hooper. "I'd ha' done the same with a man I didn't know, you see. If you don't mind, I'd like to hear a little more o' your Mr. Vickery. It's safe with me, you see."

"Why did he run?" I began; but Pyecroft's smile made me turn my question to "Who was she?"

"She kep' a little hotel at Hauraki—near Auckland," said Pyecroft.

"Good Lord!" roared Pritchard, slapping his hand on his leg. "Not Mrs. Bathurst!"

Pyecroft nodded slowly, and the Sergeant called all the powers of darkness to witness his bewilderment.

"So far as I could get at it, Mrs. B. was the lady in question."

"But Click was married!" cried Pritchard.

"An' had a fifteen-year-old daughter. 'E's shown me her photograph. Settin' that aside, so to say, 'ave you ever found these little things make much difference? Because I haven't."

"Good Lord! . . . . Mrs. Bathurst! . . . ." Then, with another roar: "You can say what you please, Pye, but you don't make me believe it was any of 'er fault."

"If I was going to say what I please, I'd begin by callin' you a silly ox, an' work up to the higher pressures at leisure. I'm tryin' to say solely what transpired. M'rover, for once you're right. It wasn't her fault."

"You couldn't 'ave made me believe it if it had been," was the answer.

Such faith in a Sergeant of Marines interested me mightily. "Never mind about that!" I cried. "Tell me what she was like."

"She was a widow," said Pyecroft. "Left so, very young, an' never re-spliced. She kep' a little hotel for warrants and non-coms. close to Auckland, an' she always wore black silk, an' her neck——"

"You ask what she was like?" Pritchard broke in. "Let me give you an instance. I was at Auckland first in '97, at the end o' the *Marroquin's* commission, an' as I'd been promoted, I went up with the others. She used to look after us all, an' she never lost by it—not a penny! 'Pay me now,' she'd say, 'or settle later. I know you won't let me suffer. Send the money from home if you like.' Why, gentlemen all, I tell you I've seen that lady take her own gold watch and chain off her neck in the bar, and pass it to a bosun 'oo'd come ashore without his ticker an' 'ad to catch last boat. 'I don't know your name,' she said, 'but when you've

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done with it, you'll find plenty that know me on the front. Send it back by one o' them.' And it was worth thirty pounds if it was worth 'arf a crown—the little gold watch, Pye, with the blue monogram at the back. But, as I was sayin'. In those days she kep' a beer that agreed with me—'Slits' it was called. One way an' another I must 'ave punished a good few bottles of it while we was in the bay—comin' ashore every night or so, you see. Chaffin' across the bar like, once we were alone, 'Mrs. B.,' I said, 'when next I call, I want you to remember that Slits is my particular—just as you're my particular.' (She'd let you go *that* far.) 'Just as you're

"'My suspicions was unfounded. Mr. Hooper, I apologise.'"

my particular,' I said. 'Oh, thank you, Sergeant Pritchard,' she says, an' put 'er 'and up to the curl be'ind 'er ear. Remember that way she 'ad, Pye?"

"I think so," said the sailor-man.

"Yes. 'Thank you, Sergeant Pritchard,' she says. 'The least I can do is to mark it for you, in case you change your mind. There's no great demand for it in the Fleet,' she says; 'but, to make sure, I'll put it at the back o' the shelf,' an' she snipped off a piece of her hair-ribbon with that old dolphin cigar-cutter on the bar—remember it, Pye?—an' she tied a bow round what was left—just four bottles. That was '97—no, '96. In '98 I was in the *Resiliant*—China station—full commission. In Nineteen One, mark you, I was in the *Carthusian*, back in Auckland Bay again. Of course, I went up to Mrs. B.'s with the rest of us, to see how things were goin'. They were the same as ever. (Remember the big tree on the pavement by the side-bar, Pye?) I never said anythin' in special, there was too many of us talkin' to her, but she saw me at once."

"That wasn't difficult?" I ventured.

"Ah, but wait! I was coming up to the bar, when 'Ada,' she says to her niece, 'get me Sergeant Pritchard's particular,' and gentlemen all, I tell you, before I could shake 'ands with the lady, there were those four bottles of Slits, with 'er 'air-ribbon in a bow round each o' their necks, set down in front o' me; an' as she drew the cork she looked at me under her eyebrows in that blindish way she had o' lookin', an', 'Sergeant Pritchard,' she says, 'I do 'ope you 'aven't changed your mind about your particulars.' That's the kind o' woman she was—after five years!"

"I don't *see* her yet, somehow," said Hooper, but with sympathy.

"She—she never scrupled to feed a lame duck, or set 'er foot on a scorpion at any time of 'er life," Pritchard added valiantly.

"That don't help me, either. My mother's like that, for one."

The giant heaved inside his uniform and rolled his eyes at the car-roof. Said Pyecroft suddenly—

"How many women have you been affectionate with all over the world, Pritch?"

Pritchard blushed plum colour to the short hairs of his seventeen-inch neck.

"'Undreds," said Pyecroft. "So've I. How many of 'em can you remember in your own mind—settin' aside the first—an' per'aps the last?"

"Few, wonderful few, now I tax myself," said Sergeant Pritchard, relieved.

"An' how many times might you have been at Auckland?"

"One—two," he began—"why, I can't make it more than three times in ten years! But I can remember every time that I ever saw Mrs. B."

"So can I—an' I've only been to Auckland twice—how she stood an' what she was sayin' an' what she looked like. That's the secret. 'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk necessarily. It's just *it*. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street; but most of 'em you can know for a month on end, an' next commission

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you'd be sore put to it to certify whether they were black or white, as one might say."

"Ah!" said Hooper. "That's more the idea. I've known just two women of that nature."

"An' it was no fault o' theirs?" said Pritchard.

"None whatever."

"An' if a man gets struck with that kind o' woman, Mr. Hooper?" Pritchard went on

"He's liable to go crazy," was the answer.

"You've hit it," said the Sergeant. "You've seen an' known somethin' in the course o' your life, Mr. Hooper. I'm lookin' at you!" He set down his bottle.

"And how often had Vickery seen her?" I asked.

"I can't say," Pyecroft answered. "I'd never come across him till I come out in the *Hierophant* just now, an' there wasn't anyone in the ship who knew much about him. You see, he was what you call a superior man. He spoke to me once or twice about Auckland and Mrs. B. on the voyage out. I called that to mind subsequently. There must 'ave been a good deal between 'em, to my way of thinkin'. Mind you, I'm only giving you my *résumé* of it all, because all I know is second-'and, so to speak, or, rather, I should say, more than second-'and."

"How?" said Hooper peremptorily. "You must have seen it or heard it."

"Ye—es," said Pyecroft. "I used to think seein' and hearin' was the only regulation means of ascertainin' facts; but as we get older, we get more accommodatin'. The cylinders work easier, I suppose . . . . Were you in Capetown last December, when Phyllis's Circus came?"

"No, I was up-country—near the Zambesi, if you must know," said Hooper, a little nettled at the change of venue.

"I ask because they had a new turn of a scientific nature, called 'Home and Friends' for a tickey."

"Oh, you mean the cinematograph—the pictures of prize-fights and steamers. I've seen 'em up-country."

"Biograph or cinematograph was what I was alludin' to. London Bridge, with the omnibuses—a troopship goin' to the war—Marines on parade at Portsmouth—*an'* the Plymouth Express arrivin' at Paddin'ton?"

"Seen 'em all. Seen 'em all," said Hooper impatiently.

"We *Hierophants* came in just before Christmas week, an' leaf was easy."

"I think a man gets fed up with Capetown sooner than anywhere else on the station. Why, even Durban's more like Nature. We was there for Christmas," Pritchard put in.

"Not being a devotee of Indian *peeris*, as our Doctor said to the Pusser, I can't exactly say. Phyllis's was good enough after musketry practice at Mozambique. I couldn't get off the first two or three nights, on account of what you might call an imbroglio with our Torpedo Lieutenant in the submerged flat, where some pride of the West country had sugared up a gyroscope; but I remember Vickery went ashore with our carpenter, Rigdon—old Crocus, we called him. As a general rule, Crocus never left 'is ship unless an' until he was hoisted out with a winch; but *when* 'e went, 'e would return noddin' like a lily gemmed with dew. We smothered him down below that night, but the things he said about Vickery as a fittin' playmate for a warrant officer of 'is cubic capacity, before we got 'im quiet, was what I should call pointed."

"I've been with Crocus in the *Redoubtable*," said the Sergeant. "He's a character, if there is one."

"Next night I went into Capetown with Dawson and Pratt; but just at the door of the Circus I came across Vickery. 'Oh!' he says, 'you're the man I'm looking for. Come and sit next me. This way to the shillin' seats!' I went astern at once, protestin' because sixpenny seats better suited with my so-called finances. 'Come on,' says Vickery, 'I'm payin'.' Naturally I abandoned Pratt and Dawson, in anticipation of drinks to match the seats. 'No,' he says, when this was 'inted—'not now. As many as you please afterwards, but I want you sober for the occasion.' I caught his face under a lamp just then, and the appearance of it quite cured me of my thirsts. Don't mistake. It didn't frighten me. It made me anxious. I can't tell you what it was like, but that was the effect which it had on me. If you want to know, it reminded me of those things in bottles in those herbalistic shops at Plymouth—preserved in spirits of wine. White an' crumply things."

"You 'ave a bestial mind, Pye," said the Sergeant, relighting his pipe.

"Ah! We were in the front row, an' 'Home an' Friends' came on early. Vickery touched me on the knee when the number went up. 'If you see anything that strikes you,' he says, 'drop me a hint'; then he went on clicking an' suckin' his lips. We saw London Bridge, an' so forth, and so on; an' it was most interestin'. I'd never seen

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it before. You 'card a little dynamolike buzzin', but the pictures were the real thing —alive an' movin'."

"I've seen 'em," said Hooper. "Of course, they are the very thing itself, when you think of it—all from nature."

"Then the Western Mail came in to Paddin'ton on the big magic-lantern sheet. First we saw the platform empty, an' the porters standin' by. Then the engine come in, head on; an' the women in the front row jumped—she ran so lifelike. Then the doors opened, and the passengers came out, and the porters got the luggage, just like nature. Only—only when anyone of 'em came down too far towards us that was watchin', they walked right out o' the picture, so to speak. I was 'ighly interested, I can tell you. So were all of us. I watched an old man with a rug 'oo'd dropped a book an' was tryin' to pick it up, when quite slowly, from be'ind two porters—carryin' a little reticule an' lookin' from side to side, comes out Mrs. Bathurst. There was no mistakin' the walk in a hundred thousand—she come forward—right forward —she looked out straight at us with that blindish look that Pritch alluded to—she walked on and on till she melted out of the picture—like—like a shadow jumpin' over a candle; an' as she went, I 'eard Dawson in the sixpenny seats be'ind sing out: 'Look! That's Mrs. B.!'"

Hooper swallowed his spittle and leaned forward intently.

"Vickery touched me on the knee again. He was clickin' his four false teeth, with his face down like an enteric at the last kick. 'Are you sure?' says he. 'Sure,' I says, 'didn't you 'ear Dawson give tongue? Why, it's the woman herself.' 'I was sure before,' he says, 'but I brought you to make sure. Will you come again with me to-morrow?'

"'Willingly,' I says; 'it's like meetin' old friends.'

"'Yes,' he says, openin' his watch, 'very like. It will be four-and-twenty hours less four minutes before I see her again. Come and have a drink,' he says; 'it may amuse you, but it's no sort of earthly use to me.' He went out shaking his head an' stumblin' over people's feet as if he was drunk already. I anticipated a swift drink an' a speedy return, because I wanted to see the performing elephants. Instead o' which, Vickery began to navigate the town at the rate o' knots, lookin' in at a bar every three minutes approximate Greenwich time. I'm not a drinkin' man, though there are those present——" he cocked his unforgettable eye at me—"who may have seen me more or less imbued with the fragrant spirit. None the less, when I drink, I like to do it at anchor, an' not at an average speed of eighteen knots on the measured mile. There's a tank, as you might say, at the back o' that big hotel up the hill—what do they call it?"

"The Molteno Reservoir," I suggested, and Hooper nodded.

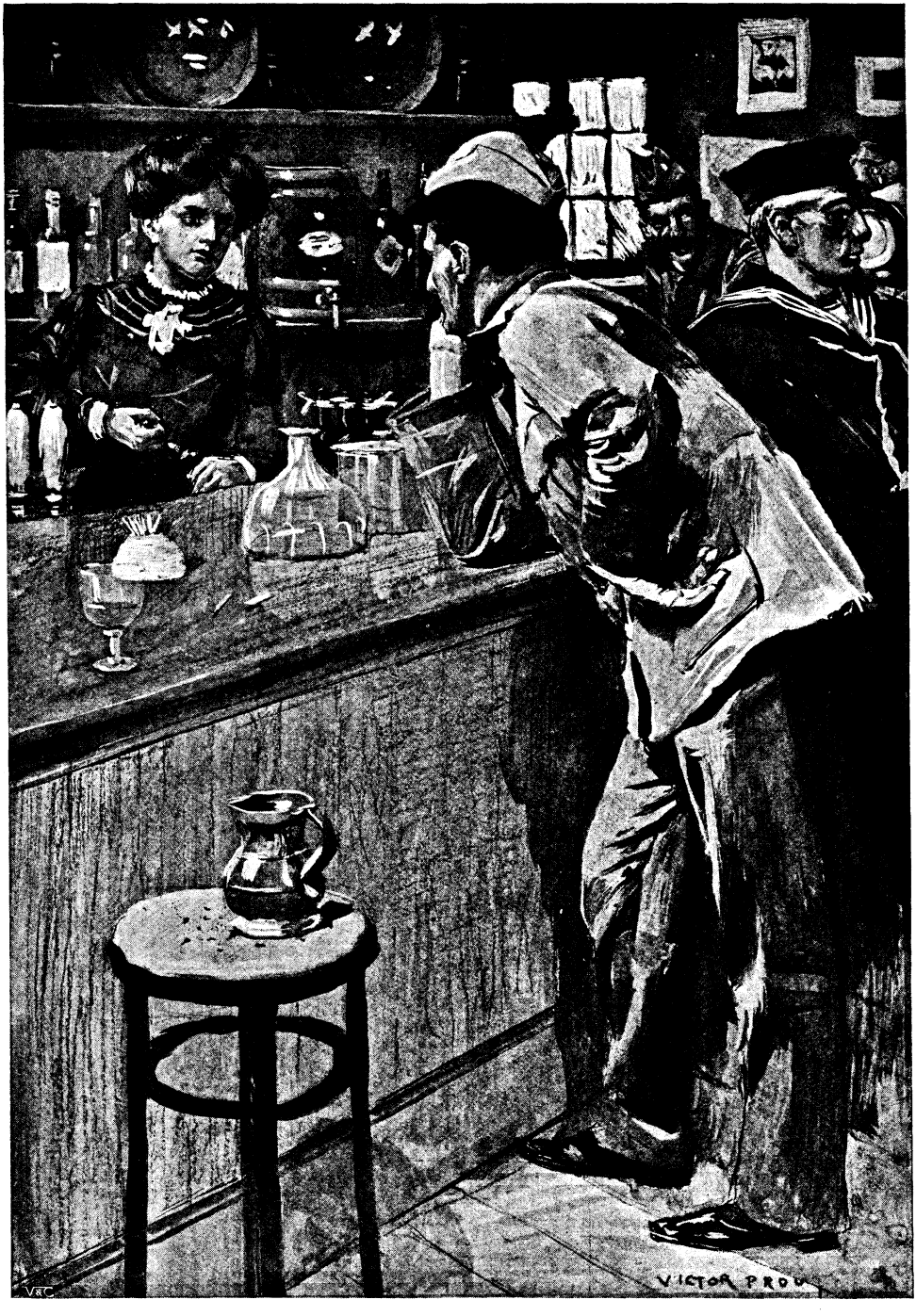
"That was his limit o' inshore drift. We walked there, and we come down through the Gardens—there was a South-Easter blowin', an' we finished up by the Docks. Then we bore up the road to Salt River; and wherever there was a pub, Vickery put in sweatin'. He didn't look at what he drunk—he didn't look at the change. He walked an' he drunk an' he perspired in rivers. I understood why old Crocus 'ad come back in the condition 'e did, because Vickery an' I 'ad two an' a half hours o' this gipsy manœuvre; and when we got back to the station, there wasn't a dry hair on me."

"Did he say anything?" Pritchard asked.

"The sum total of 'is conversation from 7.45 p.m. till 11.15 p.m. was: 'Let's 'ave another.' Thus the mornin' an' the evenin' were the first day, as Scripture says. . . . To abbreviate a lengthy narrative, I went into Capetown for five consecutive nights with Master Vickery, and in that time I must 'ave logged about fifty knots over the ground an' taken in two gallon o' all the worst spirits south the Equator. The evolution never varied. Two shillin' seats for us two; five minutes o' the pictures, an' perhaps, forty-five seconds o' Mrs. B. walking down towards us with that blindish look in her eyes an' the reticule in her hand; then out—walk and drink till train time."

"What did you think?" said Hooper.

"A lot o' things," said Pyecroft. "To tell you the truth, I haven't quite ceased thinkin' about it yet. Mad? The man was a dumb lunatic—must 'ave been for months —years per'aps. I know somethin' o' maniacs, as every man in the Service must. I've been shipmates with a mad skipper—an' a lunatic Number One; but never both together, I thank 'Eaven. I could give you the names o' three captains now 'oo ought to be in an asylum; but you don't find me interferin' with the mentally afflicted till they begin to lay about 'em with rammers an' winch-handles. Only once I crept up a little into the wind towards Master Vickery. 'I wonder what she's doin' in England?' I says. 'Don't it seem to you she's lookin' for some-



"'Sergeant Pritchard,' she says, 'I do 'ope you 'aven't changed your mind.'"

body?' That was in the Gardens again, with the South-Easter blowin', an' we were makin' our desperate round. 'She's lookin' for me,' he says, stoppin' dead under a lamp an' clickin'. When he wasn't drinkin', in which case all 'is teeth clicked on the glass,

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'e was clickin' 'is four false teeth like a Marconi ticker. 'Yes! lookin' for me,' he said, an' he went on very softly an', as you might say, affectionately. 'But,' he went on, 'in future, Mr. Pyecroft, I should take it kindly of you if you'd confine your remarks to the drinks set before you. Otherwise,' he says, 'with the best will in the world towards you, I may find myself guilty of murder! Do you understand?' he says. 'Perfectly,' I says: 'but would it at all soothe you to know that, in such a case, the chances o' your being killed are precisely equivalent to the chances o' me being outed?' 'Why, no,' he says. 'I'm almost afraid that 'ud be a temptation.' Then I said—we was right under the lamp at the end o' the Gardens where the tram comes round: 'Assumin' murder was done—or attempted murder, I put it to you that you would still be left so badly crippled, as one might say, that your subsequent capture by the police—to 'oom you would 'ave to explain, would be largely inevitable.' That's better,' 'e says, passin' 'is 'and over 'is forehead. 'That's much better, because,' he says, 'you know, as I am now, Pye, I'm not so sure I could explain anything much.' Those were the only words I had with 'im in our walks, as I remember."

"What walks!" said Hooper. "Oh, my Soul, what walks!"

"They were somewhat chronic," said Pyecroft. "But I didn't anticipate any danger till the Circus left; then I anticipated that bein' deprived of 'is stimulant, he might react on me, so to say, with a hatchet. Consequently, after the final performance an' the ensuin' walk, I kep' myself aloof from my superior officer in the execution of 'is duty, as you might put it. Consequently, I was interested when the sentry informed me while I was passin' on my lawful occasions that Click 'ad asked to see the captain. As a general rule, warrant-officers don't dissipate much of the owner's time, but Click put in an hour and more be'ind that door. My duties kep' me within eyeshot of it. Vickery came out first, an' he actually nodded at me an' smiled. This knocked me out o' the boat, because, havin' seen 'is face for five consecutive nights, I didn't anticipate any change there more than a condenser in Hell, so to speak. The owner emerged later. His face didn't read off at all, so I fell back on his cox, 'oo'd been eight years with him and knew him better than boat-signals. Lamson—that was the cox's name, crossed 'is bows once or twice at low speeds an' dropped down to me, as you could put it,

"'Vickery began to navigate the town at the rate o' knots.'"

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visibly concerned. 'He's shipped 'is court-martial face,' says Lamson. 'Someone's goin' to be 'ung. I've never seen that look but once before, when they chucked the gun-sight overboard in the *Fantastic*.' Throwin' gunsights overboard, Mr. Hooper, is what you might call the equivalent for mutiny in these degenerate days. It's done to annoy the Number One an' attract attention in the *Western Mornin' Mail*. Generally by a stoker. Naturally, word went round the lower deck, an' we had a private over'aul of our little consciences. But barrin' a shirt which a second-class stoker said had walked into 'is bag from the Marines' flat by itself, nothin' vital transpired. The owner went about flyin' the signal for 'Attend public execution,' so to say, but there was no corpse at the yardarm. 'E lunched on the beach an' 'e returned with his regulation harbour-routine face about three p.m. Thus Lamson lost prestige for raising false alarms. The only person 'oo might 'ave connected the epicycloidal gears accurately was one Pyecroft, when 'e was told that Mr. Vickery would go up-country that same evening by train to take over certain naval ammunition left after the war, in Bloemfontein fort. No details was ordered to accompany Master Vickery. He was told off first person singular—as a unit—by himself.

The Marine whistled penetratingly.

"That's what I thought," said Pyecroft. "I went ashore with him in the cutter an' 'e asked me to walk through the station. He was clickin' audibly, but otherwise 'e seemed happyish."

"'You might like to know,' he says, stoppin' just opposite the Admiral's front gate, 'that Phyllis's Circus will be performin' at Worcester to-morrow night. So I shall see 'er yet once again. You've been very patient with me,' he says.

"'Look here, Vickery,' I said, 'this thing's come to be just as much as I can stand; I don't want to know any more.'

"'You?' he said. 'What have you got to complain of—you've only 'ad to watch. I'm *it*,' he says. 'But that's neither here nor there,' he says. 'I've one thing to say before shakin' 'ands. Remember,' 'e says; we were just by the Admiral's side gate then—'remember that I'm not a murderer, because my lawful wife died in 'er bed six weeks after I came out. That much, at least, I am clear of,' 'e says.

"'Then what 'ave you done that signifies?' I said. 'In 'Eaven's 'oly name, what's the rest of it?'

"'The rest,' 'e says, 'is silence,' an' 'e shook 'ands and went clickin' into the station."

"Did he stop to see Mrs. Bathurst at Worcester?" I asked.

"It's not known. He reported at Bloemfontein, saw the shells into the trucks, and then 'e disappeared. Went out—deserted, if you care to put it so—within eighteen months of his pension; an if what he said about his wife was true, 'e was a free man as 'e then stood. How do you read it?"

"Poor devil!" said Hooper. "To see her that way every night! I wonder what it was?"

"I've made my 'ead ache in that direction many a long night."

"But I'll swear Mrs. B. had no hand in it," said the Sergeant.

"No. Whatever the wrong or deceit was, he did it. I'm sure o' that. I 'ad to look at his face for five consecutive nights. I'm not so fond o' navigatin' about Capetown with a South-Easter blowin' these days. I can hear those teeth click, so to say."

"Ah, those teeth!" said Hooper, and his hand returned to his waistcoat pocket. "Permanent things false teeth are. You read about 'em in murder trials."

"What d'you suppose his captain knew—or did?" I asked.

"I've never turned my searchlights that way," Pyecroft answered unblushingly.

We all reflected together and drummed on empty beer-bottles as the picnic-party, sunburned, wet, and sandy, passed our door singing "The Honeysuckle and the Bee."

"Pretty girl under that kapje," said Pyecroft.

"They never circulated his description?" said Pritchard.

"I was askin' you, before these gentlemen came," said Hooper, "whether you knew Wankies—on the way to the Zambesi—beyond Buluwayo."

"Would he pass that way—tryin' to get to that Lake what's-'is-name?"

Hooper shook his head and went on: "There's a curious bit of line there, you see. It runs through solid teak forest—a sort o' mahogany really—seventy-two miles without a curve. It's all black, boggy soil. I've had a train derailed twenty-three times in forty miles. I was up there a month ago relievin' a sick inspector, you see. He told me to look out for a couple of tramps in the teak."

"Two?" Pyecroft said. "I don't envy that other man if——"

"We get heaps of tramps up there since

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the war. The inspector told me I'd find 'em at M'bindwe siding waiting to go north. He'd given 'em some grub and quinine, you see. I went up on a construction train. I looked out for 'em. I saw them miles ahead, along the straight, waiting in the teak. One of 'em was standin' up by the dead end of the siding, an' the other was squattin' down lookin' up at 'im, you see."

"What did you do for 'em?" said Pritchard.

"There wasn't much we could do, except bury 'em. There'd been a bit of a thunderstorm in the teak, you see, and they were both struck dead and as black as charcoal. That's what they really were, you see. They fell to bits when we tried to lift 'em. The man who was standin' up had the false teeth. I saw 'em glitterin' against the black. Fell to bits he did, too, like his mate, squatting down an' watchin' him, both of 'em all wet in the rain. Both burned to charcoal, you see. And—that's what made me ask about marks just now—the false toother was tattooed on the arms and chest—a crown and foul anchor with M. V. above."

"'The false toother was tattooed on the arms and chest—a crown and foul anchor with M. V. above.'"

"I've seen that," said Pyecroft quickly.

"But if he was all charcoal like?" said Pritchard, shuddering.

"You know how writing shows up white on a burned letter? Well, it was like that, you see. We buried 'em in the teak, but I kept . . . four in the lower jaw wasn't it? . . . But, since you gentlemen knew him——" Mr. Hooper brought his hand away from his waistcoat pocket—empty.

Pritchard covered his face with his hands for a moment, like a child shutting out an ugliness.

"And to think of her at Hauraki!" he murmured, "with her 'air-ribbon on my beer! 'Ada,' she said to her niece. . . ."

"On a summer afternoon, when the honeysuckle blooms,
And all Nature seems at rest,
Underneath the bower, 'mid the perfume of the flowers,
Sat a maiden with the one she loved the best——"

sang the picnic party waiting for their train at Glengariff.

"Well, I don't know how you feel about it," said Pyecroft, "but 'avin' seen his face for five consecutive nights on end, I'm inclined to finish what's left of the beer an' thank Gawd he's dead!"

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THE WAYS OF OUR RAILWAYS.

By CHARLES H. GRINLING.

No. IV.—THE CONTROL OF THE TRAINS.

As nearly as possible, four hundred million miles are run annually by trains over the 22,150 miles of our railway system. This means that about 18,500 trains run over each lineal mile during the year, or about fifty a day, including both passenger and goods traffic. That one train should run in each direction every hour over each mile of railway in the United Kingdom may not appear a very high density of traffic; but it must be remembered that the figure is an average one, including Sundays, and that nearly half our lines—9,800 miles—consist of single track, upon which the trains have to run in both directions. On the other hand, there are about 200 miles with three tracks, and over 800 with four tracks or more, as many as six or seven parallel-running lines being not uncommon for stretches of a mile or more in the neighbourhood of London. In the absence of full information as to track mileage, it is impossible to estimate exactly the density of railway traffic, but statistics show that no other country in the world except Belgium has anything like so many vehicles running over its railways, measured by lineal miles.*

Photo by] [*The Locomotive Publishing Company.*

INTERIOR OF CARRIAGE, CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

An automatic machine for turning out twopennyworths of transportation.

The art of railway traffic management consists in making the fullest possible use of the tracks as is consistent with safety and efficiency. A mile of railway is a piece of plant which may have cost anything from £10,000 to £500,000, and the upkeep of which costs round about £500 a year. The profitableness of such an investment must, of course, largely depend upon its full and constant employment. Given a good road and well-designed rolling-stock, the traffic manager's success or failure is in proportion to the amount of transportation he can turn out from his plant. If from ignorance of the resources of his art he calls for the construction of widened tracks or relief lines before he has properly filled the existing ones, he inflicts serious

* The following are the latest comparative figures showing the railway rolling-stock equipment of the principal countries per 100 miles of line :—

Country.	Passenger Cars.	Freight Cars.
United Kingdom	216	3,323
Belgium	203	2,610
Prussia	122	1,512
France	120	1,210
Switzerland	120	571
Austria-Hungary	75	810
United States	18	709

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loss upon the shareholders from over-capitalisation of the property. If, on the other hand, he does not foresee the necessity of enlargement until the urgent need is upon him, a loss of revenue to the company is equally certain to result.

The chief aids to the traffic manager in the discharge of his duties are an able and well-disciplined staff, good signalling apparatus, plenty of brake-power on all classes of vehicles, and a well-constructed time-table. His great difficulty lies in the varying requirements of the business of the line, which demand the running of trains at irregular hours and varying speeds—some with many stops, others with few—and so disorganise the machine-like working of the plant. The simplest kind of railway, from the traffic manager's point of view, is a line like the Central London "Twopenny Tube." This is practically an automatic machine for turning out twopennyworths of transportation. The machinery is complicated enough, but if kept in good order, its working is simplicity itself. Every train runs over the whole line from end to end and stops at every station. There is only one class of traffic carried, and the trains run at uniform intervals throughout the day. The fare charged is always the same, except in the case of the "workmen's" trains. Practically the only serious difficulty in the traffic management lies in the over-crowding during the "rush" hours, morning and evening. The pressure is then so great as to demand the utmost carrying capacity, but this is limited by the number and length of the trains possible to be run within a given time. To make the trains longer would mean a heavy expense in lengthening the platforms; so the efforts of the management have been directed towards attaining the utmost frequency of service. In this the terminal arrangements are the limiting factor.

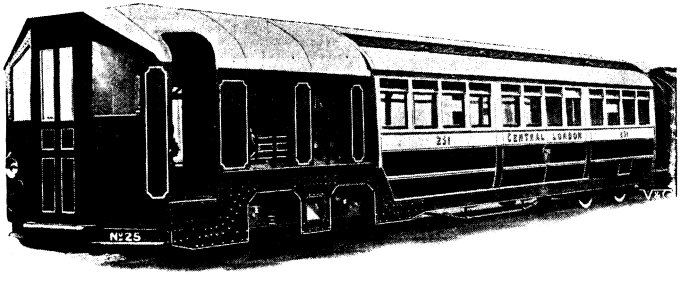

Photo by] [*The Locomotive Publishing Company.*

ELECTRIC MOTOR-CAR, CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

The multiple-unit system.

When electric locomotives were employed, it was found impossible to shunt a train at the Bank or Shepherd's Bush in less than two and a half minutes, and this determined the time interval, or "headway," at which the trains could be run throughout the line. Since the adoption of the "multiple-unit" system—*i.e.*, motor-cars at each end of the train—it has been possible to reduce the shunting time to two minutes. If the Central London authorities succeed in their further plan of converting their line into a circular route, the terminal difficulty will be altogether removed, and the frequency of service will be limited only by the time taken in traversing the longest "block section"—*i.e.*, the longest section of line between signals. In preparation for the electrification of their line, the authorities of the Metropolitan District Railway are entirely remodelling their signalling arrangements with a view to running a two-minute service. In order to shorten the sections without extravagant expense for signalmen and cabins, they are introducing an automatic system whereby the trains themselves operate not only the semaphores, but the brakes, by means of an electric current running through the rails. With plenty of brake-power, block sections may be safely reduced to 1,000 yards in length, or even less, when the service is exclusively one of stopping trains running at moderate speed.

When the "headway" between following trains cannot be further diminished, the traffic manager still has the resource of increasing the size of each train, provided that the locomotive superintendent can provide the necessary increase of hauling power. This policy is now being pursued by the Great Eastern and Great Northern companies on their suburban lines. Both these companies make considerable use of widened carriages for suburban service—*i.e.*, carriages the sides of which are bulged out above platform level so as to provide an extra seat on each side of each compartment. Having exhausted the increased carrying capacity resulting from this ingenious device, the Great Eastern authorities have now instructed their engineer to lengthen the platforms in the suburban division of the system, so that seventeen-coach trains may

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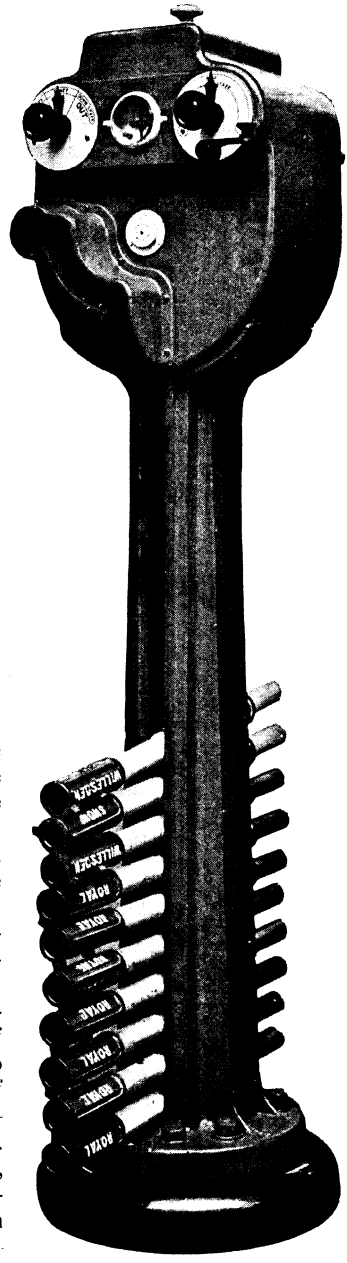
be run, fifteen coaches having hitherto been the limit.

It is obvious from these examples that at least three different devices may be resorted to for increasing the carrying capacity of a railway before the construction of additional or relief lines becomes absolutely necessary. It is to be feared that some traffic managers in the past have not sufficiently realised the importance of these alternatives. Finding the lines congested, they have seen no remedy short of the expenditure of vast sums on widening works. Experience has proved, however, that much may be done by increasing the train loads, both in the passenger and goods departments. Thanks to the introduction of more powerful engines and improved methods of working and loading trains, particularly in the goods and mineral departments, the total number of miles run by trains over the railways of the United Kingdom in 1902 was considerably over two millions less than in 1900, notwithstanding an increase of over £3,000,000 in the gross receipts. In short, more money has been earned with less occupation of the lines, and widenings which were considered imperative a few years ago can now be comfortably postponed or abandoned.

In constructing the time-table, the traffic department of a railway has first of all to consider the requirements of the customers of the line—both passengers and traders. In allotting times to trains, the passenger traffic—and particularly those trains which carry His Majesty's mails—naturally has the first consideration. The Post Office can practically dictate its own times; and so also can anyone else who likes to go to the expense of paying five shillings a mile for a "special." This is the rate charged for the newspaper "specials," for example, which are chartered by the principal London "dailies" to convey their editions in the early hours of the morning to the large provincial centres. Business people, who are our railways' next best customers in the passenger department, will not use a line to any large extent unless both the hours of departure and arrival are convenient for their work; and second in importance only to the business travel is the general goods traffic. Not only for "perishables," such as meat, fish, and fruit, and for newspapers, but for all classes of shop goods, the railway companies of the United Kingdom furnish a service which is practically the equal in speed and regularity, and almost in frequency, of that which they give the Post Office for the letters and parcels. Just as every householder requires his letters and newspapers to be on his breakfast-table, so every provision dealer and every draper, grocer, or other tradesman requires the regular daily supply of his stock-in-trade. Hence it follows that every considerable town must have its regular daily service of "perishables" arriving in one or more train-loads in the small hours of the morning—in time for the early markets—and its regular daily service of warehoused goods arriving not later than 7 a.m., so as to allow time for delivery before business begins for the day.



ELECTRIC TRAIN STAFF APPARATUS, L. AND N. W. R.

The "Open Sesame!" to each section of single track.

These trains constitute the ordinary diurnal goods traffic of a railway, and their hours of arrival at their destination being practically fixed, the rest of their working is simply a matter of more or less skilful dovetailment with the other regular traffic of the line. The chief difficulty with regard to the arrangement of trains whose arrival and departure times on the outward trip are fixed by the requirements of the customers of the line, is to get an

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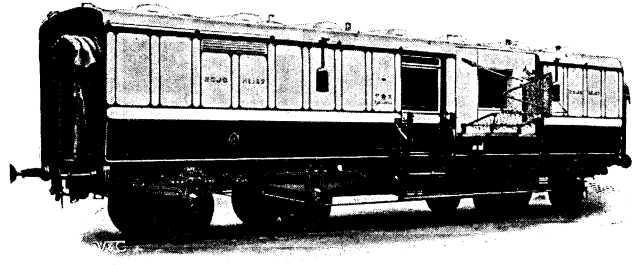
economical working of the engines and rolling-stock in the reverse direction. There is also the Board of Trade objection to men being on duty excessive hours to be reckoned with. The railway companies of the United Kingdom are required to make a return to the Board of Trade of all cases where the men in charge of trains are on duty over thirteen hours, and consideration of safety also makes such a limit imperative, so that besides arranging for the satisfaction of their customers, and for the economical use of their engines and rolling-stock, the railway authorities have to be extremely careful about the hours of work imposed upon their men. It is also very desirable to bring the train-men back to their home stations at the end of their day's work. All this entails very great care and skill in arrangement, and even with the best management, a considerable amount of "light" running cannot be avoided.

In the case of the "pick-up" trains which serve the smaller towns and villages, the timings required by the public are less inexorable, and when a place of such minor importance is served by one railway only, there is temptation for the convenience of its trading population to be subordinated to economy in working, both as regards merchandise and passenger service. This, however, is a short-sighted policy, as it is bound to react upon the railway company by strangling the growth of traffic, if it does not lead to the construction of a competitive line. On the other hand, trains conveying coals, bricks, and other traffic of the mineral class may be delayed in running with comparative impunity so far as loss of custom is concerned. But prolonged delays of these trains are fatal to economical working, as they keep powerful engines unnecessarily long in steam, in addition to creating risks of accident and labour trouble by the excessive hours imposed upon the drivers, firemen, and brakesmen. For these reasons, all goods and mineral trains, and even trains of "empties," are as carefully "timed" as the passenger trains, with this difference, that the detail timings (as they concern nobody but the railway authorities themselves) may be altered by "staff circular" at a day's notice. Probably the trains whose "in-and-out running" is least likely to penalise anybody are the pleasure trains, and particularly the "special excursions." People who take five-shilling return tickets for a two hundred or three hundred mile ride expect to have "a good run for their money"; and having the whole day before them, and the resolve to "make a night of it" if necessary, they are not greatly inconvenienced or put out by an extra hour or two in the train.



MAIL VAN, L. AND N. W. R.
The well-known mail catcher on post-office vans.

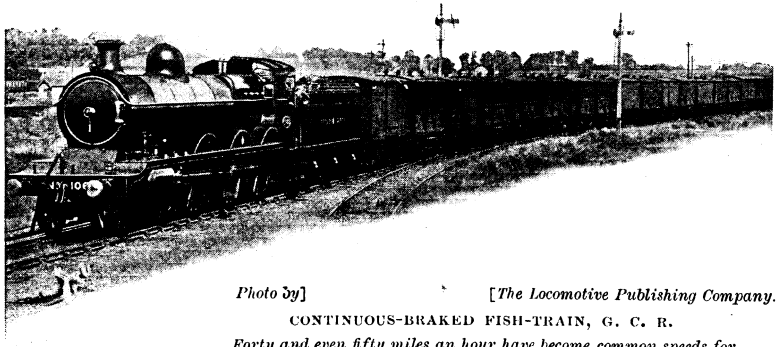


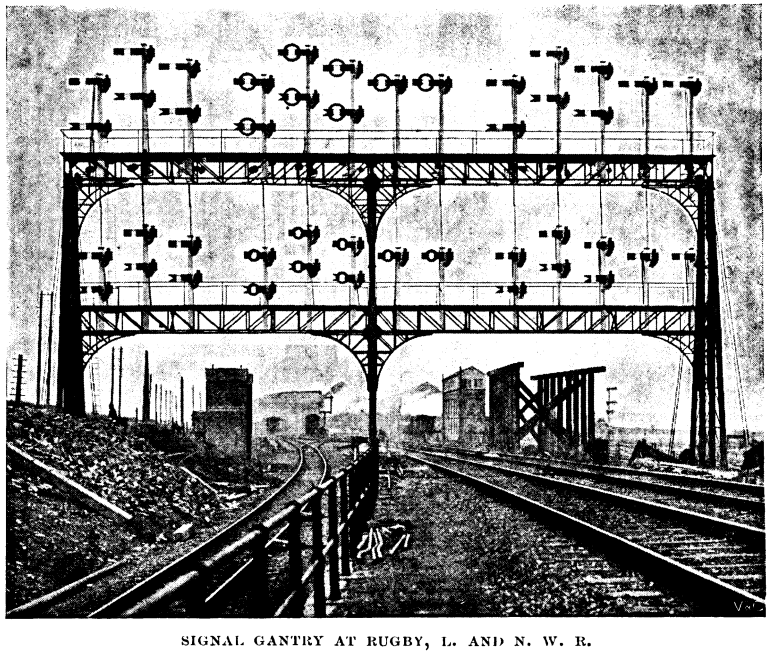
Photo by [*The Locomotive Publishing Company.*

CONTINUOUS-BRAKED FISH-TRAIN, G. C. R.
Forty and even fifty miles an hour have become common speeds for "fast goods."

Before the days of block signalling and the electric telegraph, the intervals between trains following one another on the same track could be measured only by the times of their successive departures from each station. In the event of a breakdown occurring out of sight of the stations, a collision under this system was inevitable, unless the driver saw the obstacle in front in sufficient time to stop his train with the very imperfect braking appliances then available, or the driver of the "wreck"

could send his guard back to the nearest signal station in time to have the semaphore set at "danger." Under these conditions, when an exceptionally large number of passengers had to be transported from one place to another, the responsible officials occasionally collected all the available engines and carriages and made them up into one huge train, a mile or more in length, thus eliminating all danger of collision. Similarly, at the present day, short, single-track lines are sometimes worked with only one engine in steam, goods and passengers being conveyed in what are technically known as "mixed" trains. The chairman of a company owning a little railway in Ireland which was worked in this fashion used every half-year solemnly to congratulate the shareholders on "the complete immunity from accident by collision which their line had happily enjoyed during the past six months!"

In all parts of the United Kingdom there are single-track railways many miles in length the traffic upon which is as varied, though not, of course, as frequent, as on the double lines. At all the principal stations, passing-places are provided, the lengths of line between which constitute the "block sections." In order to prevent what the Americans picturesquely call "butt-end" collisions, the driver of each train has to carry a staff, or ticket or tablet, according to the type of safety system employed. The article which forms the "Open Sesame!" to each section is exchanged at each passing-place, where its insertion in the receptacle awaiting it is necessary to release another one with which it is electrically interlocked at the other end of the section; and also with some apparatus to free a "lock" upon the signals and points which have to be set before the train can go on its way. In the case of express trains running on single lines, this exchange of train-staff is often effected while the train is running through at a rate of thirty or even more miles an hour, the men engaged having become, by practice, adepts at handling the staves. Recently an "automatic train-staff-catcher" has been introduced on some lines, the working of which is somewhat similar to that of the well-known mail-catcher on the post-office vans. The conversion of a single into a double line is usually a gradual process, lengths of track being duplicated first at the more favourable locations and afterwards at places involving considerable engineering works. Most of our main lines, however, were constructed in the first instance with double-track.



SIGNAL GANTRY AT RUGBY, L. AND N. W. R.
The refinements of modern railway signalling.

At the time of the great trade "boom" which followed the conclusion of the Franco-German war, when our railway traffics went up by leaps and bounds, it was generally expected that a separation would have to be effected between the running of fast and slow trains, and that four tracks would be necessary on all main lines. The perfection of block signalling and the universal adoption of continuous brakes on passenger trains have, however, done very much to increase the carrying capacity of running lines; and the further remarkable improvements which have resulted lately from the employment of more powerful locomotives, and the partial

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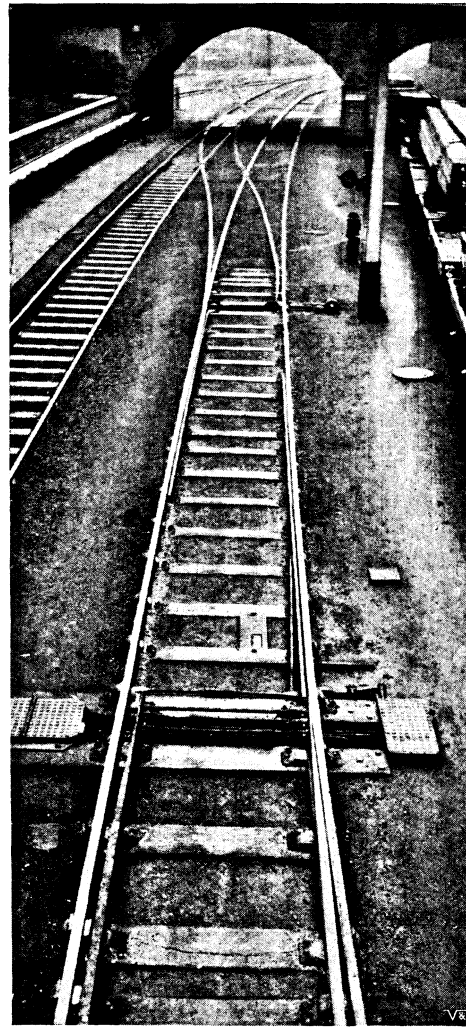
adoption of continuous brakes on goods vehicles, have made it appear questionable whether some of the three- and four-track mileage already laid down may not be there before its time. The necessity for providing separate tracks for trains running in the same direction chiefly arises from their varying speeds. A remarkable feature of modern railway working in this country is the rapid levelling up of the speed of goods trains to that of passenger trains—an improvement which has been rendered possible by the equipment of the goods stock with continuous-braking apparatus. Quite recently I travelled on the Great Northern Railway from King's Cross to Peterboro' on the 3.40 p.m. "express goods," which conveys perishable produce from Covent Garden to the northern markets. With a total weight of 176 tons behind the tender, we covered the 67½ miles from Barnet to Peterboro' in 81 minutes, which gives an average rate of fifty miles an hour. For the whole journey north of Barnet we followed the 3.45 passenger express on the main running lines, though for the greater part of the distance there are duplicate lines specially laid down for the goods traffic. But there was no need for any signalmen to put us upon these, because, thanks to the high speed we maintained, there was no risk of our delaying a following passenger train.



STANDARD SWITCH, L. AND N. W. R.
The improved construction of "points."

We have seen that the times of arrival of the principal goods trains at large towns are inexorably fixed by the requirements of the consignees. Their times of departure from their starting-points must, therefore, depend upon the speed at which they can be relied upon to perform the journeys. In the days when the speed of goods trains seldom, if ever, exceeded thirty miles an hour, and averaged about twenty miles, it was impossible to delay the starting of urgent consignments until a full train-load had accumulated; it was better to divide the freight into two or more lightly loaded trains, so as to ensure punctuality with at least part of the goods. Now that forty and even fifty miles an hour have become common speeds for "fast goods," the times of departure from London and other large towns can be proportionately postponed, and the fullest possible loading secured both per train and per wagon. Therefore, increased speed for goods traffic means not only a shortened occupation of the running lines by each train, but the reduction of the number of the trains which run.

In the case of trains carrying coal and other traffic of the heavy class, similar advantages have accrued from the employment of engines having three or four pairs of coupled wheels and large boiler capacity, as described in the preceding article of this series. The loads which can be drawn, of course, vary with the gradients of the lines; but whereas a train of forty loaded wagons was considered a long one a few years ago, fifty- and sixty-truck trains are now quite common; and on the Lancashire and Yorkshire and Great Central lines through the flat lands of Lincolnshire, the docks traffic of the Humber ports is conveyed frequently in trains half a mile long, the number of wagons sometimes amounting to 100. Such huge trains as these may be unduly cumbersome to work if they exceed

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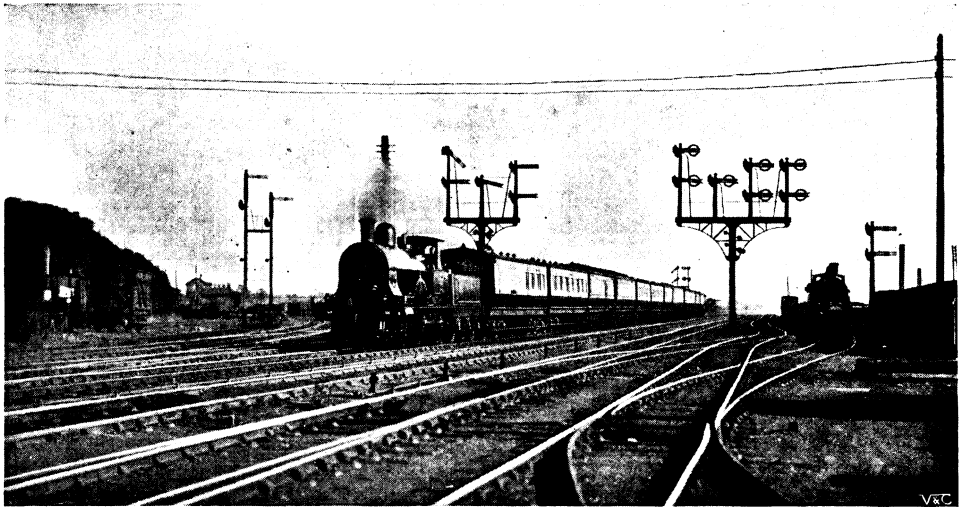

EXPRESS TRAIN APPROACHING CREWE STATION, L. AND N. W. R.
"Avoiding-lines" for the fast traffic.

the length of the shorter block sections and passing-places, or if they break in two through excessive strain upon the couplings. With these qualifications, and provided also that the locomotive power is adequate, increasing the length of goods trains has much the same effect as increasing their speed. It reduces the number of trains and the occupation of the running lines. There are on most railways certain slack hours of the day when both passengers and general goods traffic is light. If the coal and other heavy freight can be sent through in large loads, a great many delays will be avoided which must otherwise occur if coal trains have to take their turn when the lines are crowded with miscellaneous traffic.

The stop-at-all-stations, or "Parliamentary," passenger trains and the pick-up goods trains are the class of traffic for which the provision of duplicate running lines under modern conditions of working seems the most desirable. But by employing engines for this class of traffic which are quick starters, and by having the best possible brake equipment and the shortest possible block sections, trains of this class can be run with safety at comparatively short "headway" in front of expresses, if there be "avoiding-lines" for the fast traffic at all

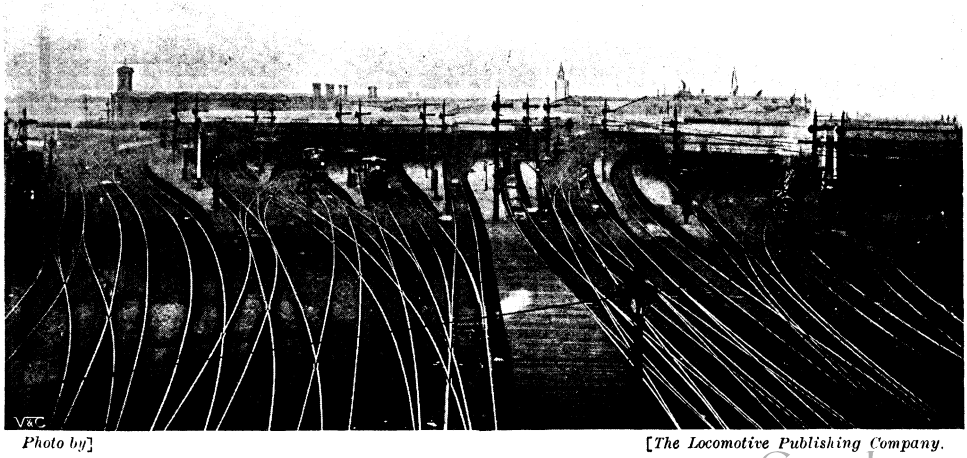

Photo by] [*The Locomotive Publishing Company.*

ENTRANCE TO WATERLOO STATION, L. AND S. W. R.
A suburban business of any magnitude demands very extensive terminal accommodation.

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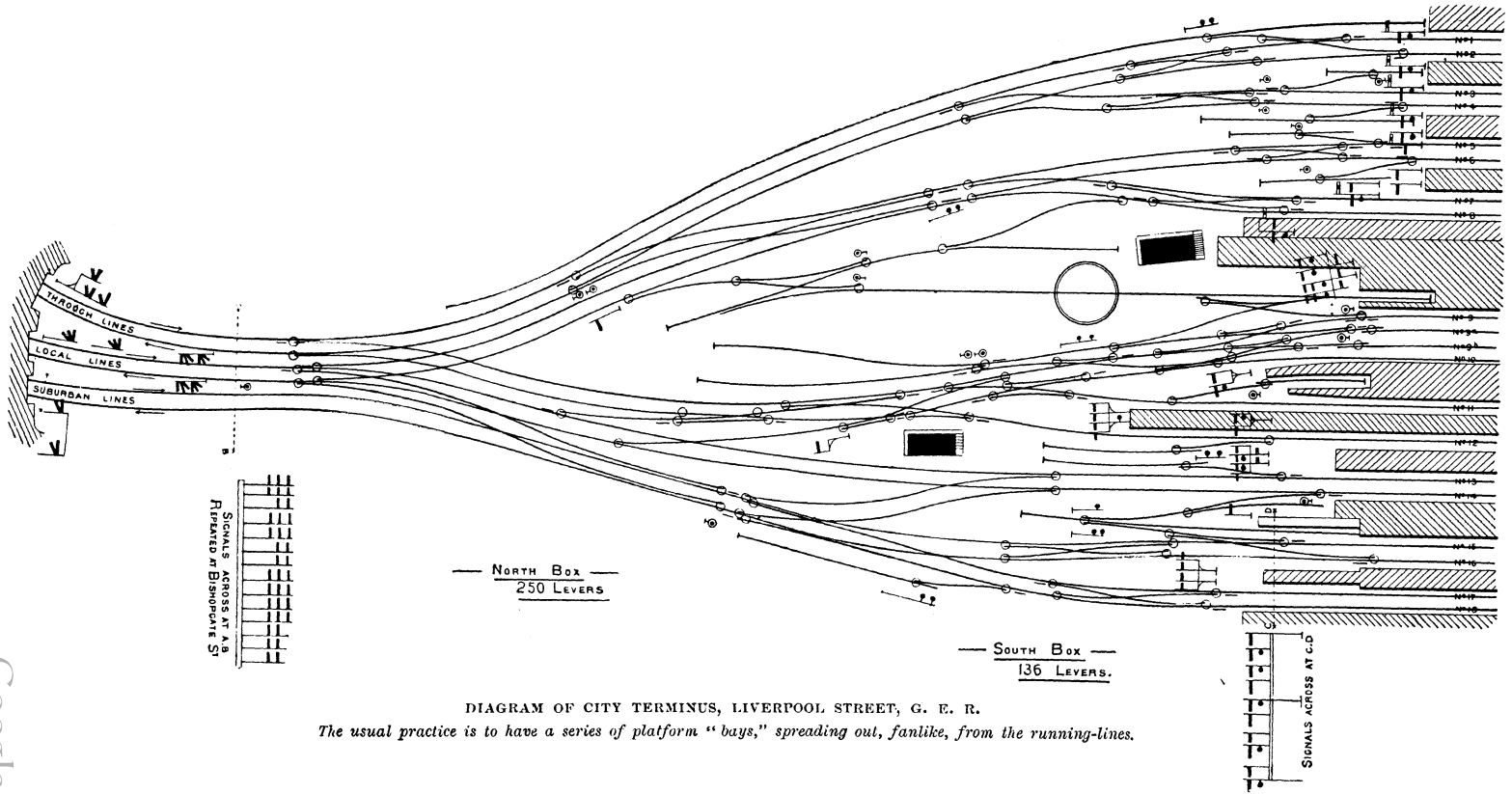

DIAGRAM OF CITY TERMINUS, LIVERPOOL STREET, G. E. R.

The usual practice is to have a series of platform "bays," spreading out, fanlike, from the running-lines.

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the principal stations *en route*. The refinements of modern railway signalling make it almost impossible for a signalman to give "Line clear!" to an express whilst a slow is occupying the section ahead or is foul of the junction points. The laying of an electric current through the rails, which controls the signals, is the most perfect device of this kind. It is known as the "track circuit" system, and can be used either with automatic or manual signals. Nor is it now considered necessary for a train to go through the cumbrous process of shunting backwards when it desires to get into a refuge out of the path of a following express. The improved construction of "points" and their intricate interlocking with the signalling apparatus so as to ensure that no semaphore shall be lowered until its "road" has been properly made and "detected," now permit of trains being allowed to pass over "facing points" almost without slackening speed. Consequently modern passing-places and relief-lines are usually constructed in the form of loops, thus enabling a train to run off the main track and then on to it again without any shunting.

With frequent "double-ended" passing-places, "avoiding-lines" for express traffic through stations, and plenty of terminal accommodation, there is not now any occasion to have separate tracks for fast and slow traffic, except in the neighbourhood of large towns, where there is a large suburban passenger business to be provided for. But, of course, when a line forms the trunk of a large number of important routes, each carrying almost its full quantum of traffic, fast and slow, it may be necessary to have more than two main running tracks nearly all the way from the junction where the routes converge to the principal terminus. This is the case, for example, with the main line of the London and North-Western between London and Crewe, that town being the point of convergence for practically all the longer-distance traffic of the system—Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, etc. The unique position of Crewe in respect to concentration of important traffic has led to the establishment there of a goods "trans-ship-shed," analogous to a postal sorting-office. When truck-loads cannot be made up from point of departure to destination, the goods are, first of all, consigned to Crewe for trans-shipment; and such is the

Photo by] [*The Locomotive Publishing Company.*

WATERLOO TERMINUS, WATERLOO AND CITY RAILWAY.

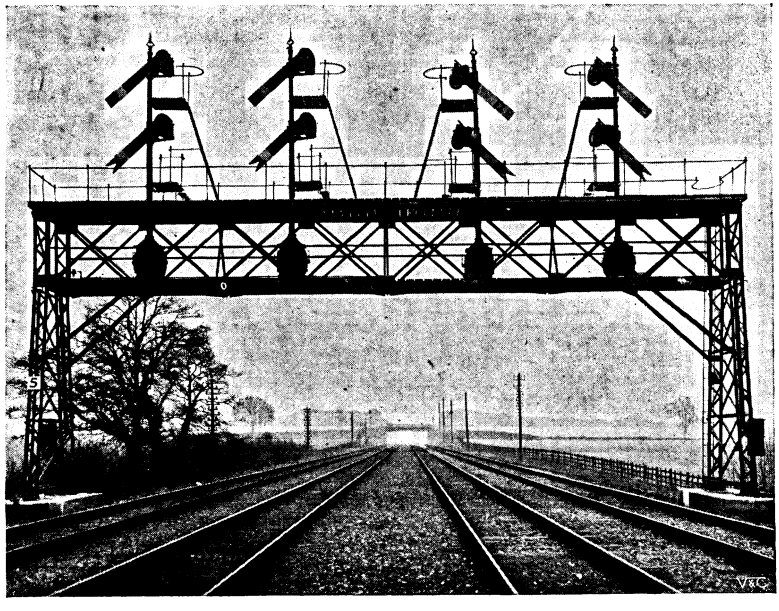
With electric traction, engine-shunting is eliminated.

Google

quantity received there daily from all parts that it is possible to make up a full load for almost every place in the United Kingdom. In this way the use of wagons is economised and more efficient working secured.

As already indicated, the working of suburban passenger traffic is a problem of a special kind, demanding the utmost possible carrying capacity, frequency, and speed of service within a few hours, morning and evening. Hence it follows that a suburban business of any magnitude absolutely requires the provision of separate running-lines. It also demands very extensive terminal accommodation, the time taken in shunting the trains at the terminus being, as I have already shown, the limiting factor in respect to the frequency with which the trains can follow each other in and out. The usual practice is to have a series of platform "bays," spreading out, fanlike, from the running-lines, each of which is used both for the reception and despatch of trains. In a short siding attached to each "bay," or in some other convenient location, there is always kept an engine in steam waiting to be attached to the rear of the next arriving train. By this simple process the train on arrival is immediately converted into one ready for departure. As soon as it has left, the engine which brought it in follows it out and is shunted into the siding to await the next arrival. Simple as this process is, however, it entails no less than eight operations on the part of the signalman controlling the "bay," and four occupations of the running-road, which means that a train cannot be got in and out again in less than about eight minutes.

One of the great advantages accruing from the use of electric traction for suburban service is that the engine-shunting above described is eliminated, as a "multiple-unit" train can be driven equally well from either end. All that is necessary is for the driver to walk from the motor-car at one end to the motor-car at the other. This improvement exactly halves the number of signal operations and track occupations necessary in reversing a suburban train and reduces the time taken in getting in and out of a "bay" from about eight minutes to two or three. In short, with electric traction each platform can do more than double the work it did with steam; and having regard to the enormous cost of terminal widenings in large cities, a change of motive-power, expensive though it is, may easily prove cheaper, from this cause alone, than the doubling of the station accommodation, especially as the new platforms will probably not be needed except for a few hours, morning and evening. These considerations have lately induced the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company to electrify their suburban line between Liverpool and Southport. The North-Eastern has also introduced electric traction on thirty-seven miles of its suburban system in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, where the complications of laying the "third rail" along the intricate maze of junctions outside the Central Station of that city have been very skilfully overcome by the electrical contractors, the British Thomson-Houston Company.



FOUR-TRACK AUTOMATIC SIGNAL GANTRY, L. AND S. W. R.

The track circuit system with automatic signals.

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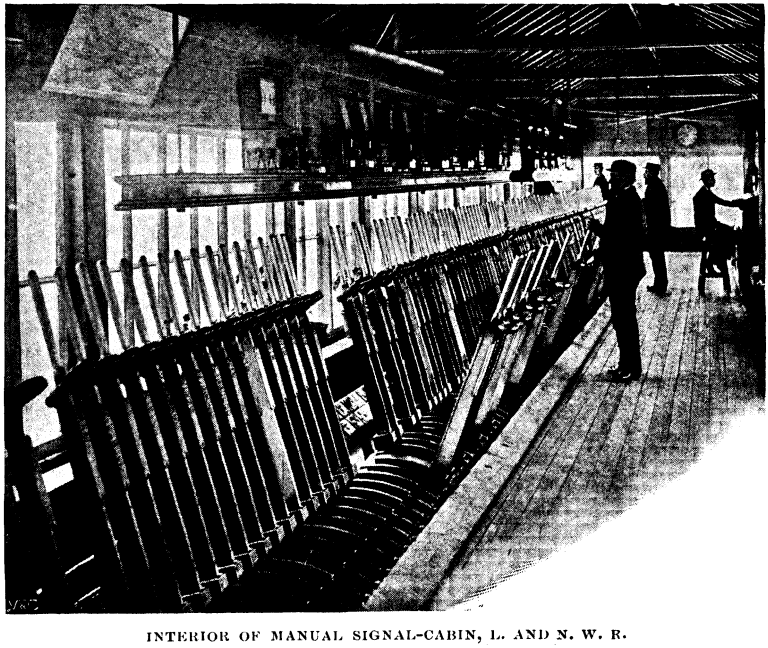
It follows from what has just been said that celerity in the operation of signals and points is of the utmost importance in fulfilling the prime object of railway traffic management—*viz.*, the fullest possible employment of the transportation machinery. Safety in working is, of course, the prime object of railway signalling, and, apart altogether from humanitarian considerations, railway companies have the strongest possible pecuniary reasons for neglecting no available safety appliance. A single accident involving death and injuries to passengers may cost as much as £100,000 in compensation, to say nothing of destruction of engines, carriages, and permanent way. In the primitive stages of a safety device, such as the block system of signalling, it was usually found that the quick working of the traffic was hampered thereby; but as the device has been perfected, efficiency and safety have proved to be but the two sides of the same shield. Apart altogether from the cost of accidents, the dense traffic of British railways could not possibly be got over the lines without the rigid method of securing space-intervals between trains which is known as the block system, although the compulsory adoption of that mode of working was at one time hotly opposed on the ground that it would seriously hamper the efficiency of the service. And so it did, so long as signalling-stations were miles apart. Similarly, the interlocking of signal and point levers, and the provision of detector bars, electric treadles, track circuits, and other appliances for making sure that a road is properly "set" and unoccupied before a train is allowed to pass over it, may hamper the quick working of trains at junctions and in and out of termini, unless the art of the railway signal engineer keeps pace with the ever-increasing demands made upon it by the growing density and acceleration of the traffic.

Fortunately the engineers who make a speciality of this most important branch of their profession have been equal to the occasion. There is no part of railway work which has exhibited such constant and uninterrupted progress as railway signalling; and its complexities are now such as to make it practically a special study, the rudiments of which cannot be mastered except by years of apprenticeship. The most important modern development has been the substitution of "power"—pneumatic, electric, or hydraulic—for muscle in pulling over the signals or setting the points. Should this change become general, as it is likely to within the next decade or so, the brawny-armed, alert, and often perspiring working man, to whose strength and skill in operating his row of heavy levers all railway travellers owe so much, will become a thing of the past. His place will be taken by an operator of more clerkly appearance standing quietly in front of a machine resembling an elongated typewriter or piano. "I press the button, the power behind me does the rest," will be his motto. All he does is to send an electric current to complete a circuit, or a pneumatic one to open a valve, in a piece of machinery fitted to the signal or points which he wishes to operate. The result is that the power, be it pneumatic, electric, or hydraulic, is turned on to do the work, just as one switches on the electric light.



INTERIOR OF MANUAL SIGNAL-CABIN, L. AND N. W. R.
Muscle in pulling over the signals or setting the points.

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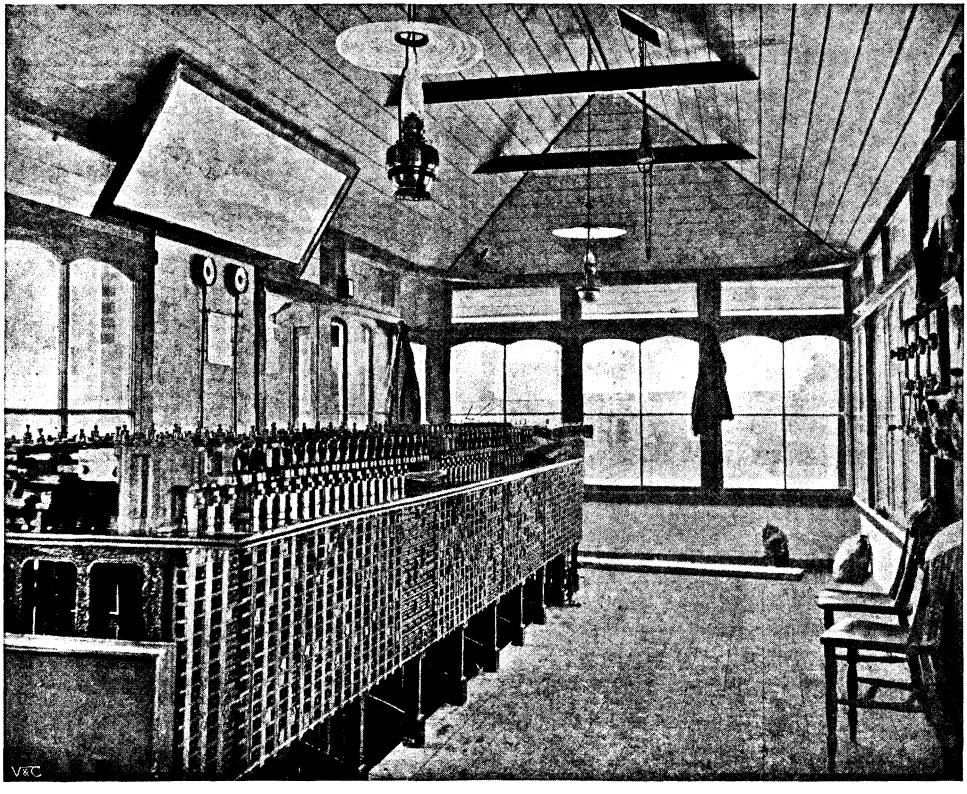
The chief advantages of the use of "power" in operating signals and points is that the work can be done more quickly and at a greater distance from the cabin. It has thus been found possible to replace two or more plants of the ordinary type by one "power" installation. Moreover, in the best type of apparatus it is arranged that a portion of the operating force returns to the cabin to release the interlocking, thus making absolutely certain that the semaphore has been moved, or the points set, before another lever affecting the same route can be worked. In an installation now being erected by the British Pneumatic Railway Signal Company, on the Northern Railway of France, this device is being carried a stage further. Instead of coming back at once to the cabin, the "return air" is to be sent to operate a series of points, giving indication in the box only when its whole work is done. This is called the "route-lever" system, and if successful, it is likely considerably to expedite the setting of a road through a maze of junctions, such as are common in the neighbourhood of large stations.

The control of trains in time of fog, when the ordinary semaphore signals are not visible to drivers, is one of the most difficult and anxious problems of the traffic manager, and in this department of railway work the ingenuity of the engineer has, for once, proved unequal to the demands of the traffic department. Fog-signalling, as it is generally carried out on British railways, is practically the hand-signalling of primitive days, *plus* the use of detonators. Instead of waving a flag or lamp to signify "Line clear!" the fog-signalman fastens an explosive to one of the rails by means of a lead clip, in the pathway of an oncoming train. As a matter of fact, he always uses two detonators for each signal, in case one of them should fail to explode or should be pushed off the rail by the "skidding" wheel of the engine. In the "duplex" type of detonator, the two are packed together and can be fastened to the rail by a single clip. To guard against the risk of both detonators being "skidded" and at the same time to save the waste of the second if the first goes off, an ingenious appliance—invented by two officials of the



INTERIOR OF PNEUMATIC SIGNAL-CABIN, GRATELEY, L. AND S. W. R.
Pneumatic power is here turned on to do the work.

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INTERIOR OF AN ELECTRIC SIGNAL-CABIN, L. AND N. W. R.
All the signalman does in this case is to send an electric current.

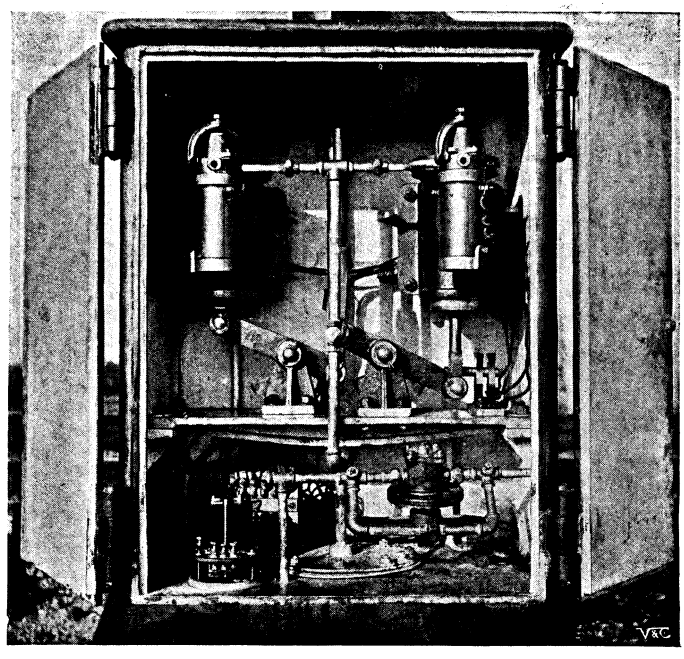
Great Western—is in use on some lines, whereby the force of the explosion of the first is utilised to withdraw the second before the wheel reaches it. There are also mechanical appliances for placing detonators on the rails, one type of which enables them to be laid from the signal-cabin after the fogman on the ground has charged the machine; whilst another type makes it possible for a single fogman to signal a number of parallel lines without having himself to cross the metals. Huts or pits are commonly provided for the shelter of fogmen, who are also supplied with refreshments when on duty. Most of the men so employed are platelayers belonging to the engineer's department. A list of platelayers' names and addresses is kept in each signal-box, and sometimes, when they live in cottages belonging to the company, there is electric bell communication between the cabin and the fogmen's houses. Otherwise they have to be summoned by messenger when required out of ordinary working hours. When a fog comes on in the daytime, the platelayers have standing instructions to leave their work on the permanent way and repair each to his allotted signalling-station.

The number is legion of the inventions which have been brought out for superseding the human agent by a mechanical, automatic fog-signalling appliance. The most complete of these is the electric automatic train-stop which is in use on the Boston Elevated Railway and is now being installed on the Metropolitan District. This, to a considerable extent, supersedes both signalman and engine-driver, being an arrangement by means of which an electric current running through the rail actuates a device for applying the brake on the train. The current, or "track circuit," is set in motion by the preceding train, if occupying the same block section; and so the system absolutely prevents two trains from being on the same length of line by automatically stopping the second as it is about to enter the section already occupied. A similar appliance—which works in conjunction with the signals—manual, "power," or automatic—has been in use for some years on the North-Eastern Railway, where it has proved very useful as a preventive of drivers overrunning signals when at danger. With the North-Eastern appliance—which is the invention of Mr. Raven, assistant mechanical engineer of that company—the brake is only partially applied, the sounding of a whistle on the engine at the same time warning the driver to complete the operation of bringing his train to a stand. The illustration given herewith shows the ground

Google

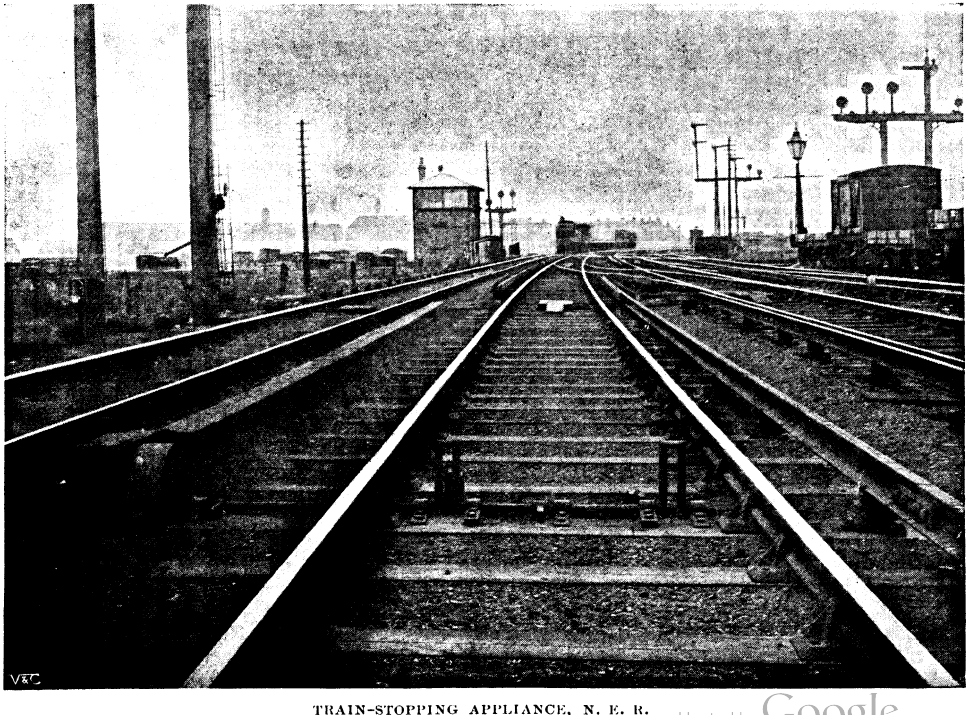
mechanism of this appliance "set" in position to strike the attachment on the approaching locomotive.

There are, of course, obvious objections to any system which takes the control of his train out of the hands of the man on the footplate. Nevertheless, the partial application of the brake by outside agency is a practice which has lately become general on British railways as a means of enabling a passenger to communicate to the driver and guards his desire that the train should be brought to a stop in a case of emergency, such as an attempted outrage or murder by a fellow-traveller. For this purpose a chain is now provided running through the train over the door of each compartment, the pulling of which by a passenger opens a valve in the brake apparatus.



AUTOMATIC SIGNALS, L. AND S. W. R. VIEW SHOWING WORKS INSIDE BASE OF SIGNAL.
The power behind.

With these two qualifications, the braking of passenger trains is in the hands of the



TRAIN-STOPPING APPLIANCE, N. E. R.
A preventive of drivers overrunning signals at danger.

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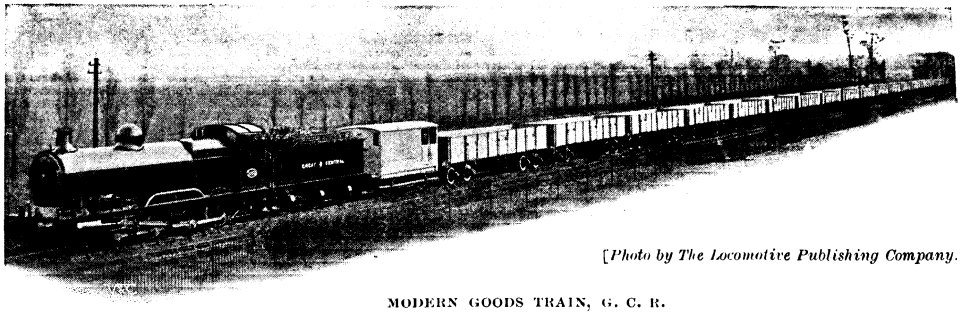


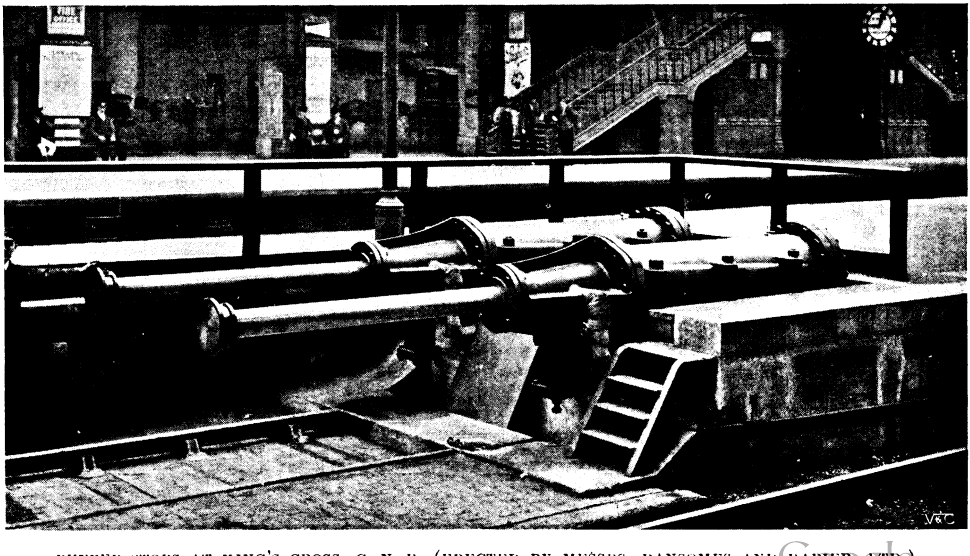
[Photo by The Locomotive Publishing Company.

MODERN GOODS TRAIN, G. C. R.

Very good results have lately accrued from the application of continuous brakes to goods stock.

engine-driver, unless he delegates it to his mate, the fireman, and except so far as he is assisted by the guard operating the brake-setter in his van. This also is the case with those goods trains which are fitted with continuous-brake apparatus. In the case of hand-braked stock, it is the duty of the guard and shunters to manipulate the lever attached to each vehicle, the driver of the train being responsible only for working the steam brake on the engine. It is a misfortune that a large part of British railway rolling-stock has to be "dual fitted" with continuous-brake apparatus. This arises from the fact that, while on about two-thirds of the mileage the "automatic vacuum" is the standard brake; the "Westinghouse" type has been adopted on the other third. Consequently dual fitting is necessary to make a vehicle interchangeable. The lengthening of trains, the shortening of block sections, and the desirability of securing rapid retardation have combined of late to create a demand for a quicker action in the continuous-brake apparatus, in response to which both the Westinghouse and Vacuum companies have placed on the market an improved type of "quick-acting" brake.

As has been already pointed out, quick retardation and rapid acceleration are very important factors in increasing the capacity of crowded lines, and the very good results which have lately accrued from the application of continuous brakes to goods stock suggest that there are further benefits yet to be reaped by an all-round improvement in braking equipment. It is fair to add that one important railway—the North-Eastern—has already had about



BUFFER STOPS AT KING'S CROSS, G. N. R. (ERECTED BY MESSRS. RANSOMES AND RAPIER, LTD.)

Hydraulic buffer-stops facilitate the stopping of trains at terminal stations.

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one-third of its continuous-braked stock fitted with the quick-acting type, which is also in use on a number of other lines in England and Scotland. Hydraulic buffer-stops have also been introduced by several companies in order to facilitate the stopping of trains at terminal stations.

Under the typical staff organisation of a British railway, as set out in the first article of this series, the officer who (under the general manager) is responsible for the control of the trains is styled "the superintendent of the line." The department controlled by this official is split up into districts, each of which is under the control of a divisional superintendent. For the safe and punctual running of the trains in his district the divisional superintendent is responsible, and it is he who, assisted by a staff of inspectors, disciplines the station-masters, signalmen, guards, and porters. He has, however, no direct control over the engine-drivers and firemen, who belong to the department of the locomotive superintendent. Any complaints against the men on the foot-plate have, therefore, to be made through their own superior officers. This is another reason why the fullest harmony between the traffic and locomotive departments of a British railway is necessary to efficiency in working.

The time-tables are prepared in the office of the superintendent of the line and are usually revised four times a year. The most important alterations usually date from July 1st, when the summer tourist trains are put on, to be taken off again after September 30th. The preparations for the tourist programme of a large railway usually begin immediately after Christmas. The first thing done is for the superintendent of the line to call a meeting at headquarters, which all the divisional superintendents attend, together with one or more representatives of the locomotive-running department. At this meeting the leading features of the new summer time-table are outlined and handed over to the time-table clerks to be worked out in detail. Then a second meeting of superintendents is held at which the detailed timings of the new trains are discussed and approved. Minutes are then drawn up by the superintendent of the line for submission to the general manager, and through him to the traffic committee of the Board. The main point is how much new mileage the proposed alterations will involve, as from this figure the additional cost to the company can be readily deduced. In times of "booming" traffic, a considerable increase of mileage may be expected to pass the Board; but if the weekly returns are showing decreases, an ambitious programme of new trains is almost certain to be referred back for curtailment. The approval of the general manager and the traffic committee having been secured, reference to the full Board is usually a mere formality, although a superintendent who has set his heart upon producing an epoch-making time-table cannot feel quite happy until the last of these preliminaries has been successfully negotiated. Then the time-table clerks can be set to work in earnest, and they have a busy six weeks or so until the last sheet has gone to press and the "formes" are in the printers' foundry.

The time-tables, or "penny books," with which the travelling public are familiar, are but an abridged edition of the ponderous tome compiled by those indefatigable scribes, the time-table clerks, and edited by that "burner of midnight oil," the head of the time-table department. This is the "working," or "service" book, which shows the running, not only of the passenger trains, but of every regular "goods" and "mineral," as well as of "light" engines and trains of empty coaches. In the case of the Great Western Company, these service time-tables form a work of over 1,500 pages, most of them crowded with closely printed columns of figures. As a copy of the working book has to be supplied to "every station-master, clerk, inspector, engine-driver, guard, signalman, ganger, shunter, gateman, and porter who is connected with the working of the railway," the cost and labour of printing and distributing so huge a volume every three months would appear to be appalling. In practice, the magnitude of the task is reduced by preparing the book in sections, each of which is published separately for the information of the local staff. These sections correspond with the areas administered by the divisional superintendents, and in the case of the Great Western they are fourteen in number. Whereas thousands of each of these sectional books are printed and circulated, the number of the complete volume required is counted in hundreds, its distribution being limited to the heads of the various departments.

At the Great Western Printing Works, Reading, where Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Limited, produce the working and public time-tables of that railway, the weeks immediately preceding the production of the

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books are a time of almost feverish activity. The time-table clerks belonging to all the divisions of the system then forgather inside the printing-office, so that there may be no avoidable delay between the pulling of the "proofs" and the correction thereof by the large staff of "comps" employed. The magnitude of the printers' task may be gauged from the fact that the type used in the time-tables weighs no less than thirteen tons, while fifteen tons more are needed for setting the platform "broadsides" and posters. This large quantity of type is never distributed, but is kept locked up in the "formes," which are carefully put away in racks specially provided for the purpose. In this way a new time-book can be produced from its predecessor with less expenditure of time and money than if every sheet had to be set up afresh. In days gone by, time-tables were often not produced until the very day on which the alterations took effect, thus causing much inconvenience to passengers, and provoking, it is to be feared, the utterance of some profane speech. It is now a point of honour with the leading companies to publish their books a week or a fortnight before the date of the alterations, and the passenger who selects from a June time-table, for a journey on the first of July, a train the running of which will then have been altered or superseded, has nobody to thank but himself if he does not experience a "transport of delight."

Photo by] [*The Locomotive Publishing Company.*

APPROACH TO NEWCASTLE CENTRAL STATION, N. E. R.

The maze of junctions in the neighbourhood of large stations.

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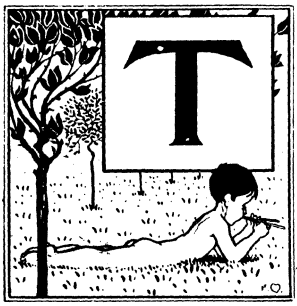
A HOST AGAINST THEM.

By B. A. CLARKE,*

Author of "Minnows and Tritons."



To the hotel-keeper, a touring cricket team is an uncertain number of men (rarely more than eight) who obtain inclusive daily rates, and are absent from lunch. For this peculiarity he charges them extra, lest honesty should be mistaken for weakness, and a recognition of the infamous principle of reduction for missed meals. Sometimes the surcharge is discovered, but it can always be explained satisfactorily. "Cricketers are notoriously rowdy," says the host, "and their presence keeps staider frequenters from the house." Of course, there is not a word of truth in this, but the tourists admit the justice of the accusation and charge. They pay their augmented bills with a feeling of amused pity for the other guests, mere orderly folk, incapable of inspiring terror. Where the regular tariff is very high, the surcharge makes it almost prohibitive. This was peculiarly the case at Eastdown, a new watering-place upon the Norfolk coast, little known to the average holiday-maker, but popular with golfers because of its sporting course. This means one where it is easy to lose a vast number of balls. A man must have a long purse, or a long drive, to play at Eastdown; and as the former is by far the commoner possession, it happens that the visitors are mostly well-to-do. There is but one real hotel, the "Métropole," and each visitor is charged as if he were the only guest. In spite of its dearness, the West Lowton Club would probably have put up there if the Eastdown secretary had not so strongly recommended another house. He met them at Skegness, the first day of their match. He was a tall, clean-shaven man, about fifty years old, with the nose and whisker of a successful barrister. His name was MacMasters. The hotel he recommended was the "Lord Nelson." It adjoined the cricket-ground, and, without being palatial and luxurious like the "Métropole," afforded the comforts of a well-kept home. He spoke with a conviction that carried Milton, the Lowton captain, off his feet, or he would not have entertained the idea, knowing by sad experience the combination of low living and high feeing that the caterer associates with the prefix home-like. But MacMasters carried matters loftily, and had promised to secure an inclusive rate of fifteen shillings a day, before Milton could collect his thoughts.

The Skegness match finished early the second day, and the West Lowton men reached Eastdown at a quarter past five. They drove at once to the cricket-ground, about a mile from the station. It was very large, and the wicket looked firm and true.

"I suppose they must be playing again the day after to-morrow," said Whitney, the wicket-keeper. "I notice two pitches are prepared."

On three sides the field was bounded by market-gardens, and on the fourth by the high road. The only building visible was a small public-house.

"Where is the 'Lord Nelson'?" said Burford, the secretary. "I thought that it adjoined the ground."

"We might inquire at that public-house."

"Funny that is also called the 'Lord Nelson,'" said the wicket-keeper, who was notorious for his keen sight. No umpire saw half the touches at the wicket that he did.

In front of the public-house, MacMasters was standing, in his shirt-sleeves and a cardigan waistcoat.

"Well, gentlemen, we are quite ready for you. I have put the whole house at your disposal."

"The whole house! You don't mean that you have recommended us here? Are you the proprietor, may I ask?"

Milton spoke wrathfully. He was prepared to repudiate the arrangement.

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"I am the proprietor," said MacMasters; "and the umpire in to-morrow's match," he added, gazing reflectively at the sky.

Milton quailed. He was not a chivalrous batsman, and made the very fullest use of his pads. More than most men was he dependent upon fair umpiring.

"Or with your waiter, if it comes to that," said Burford. "No doubt he serves them."

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you would like me to show you up to your rooms? I have five single rooms and three double ones, all simply yet sufficiently furnished, and commanding views of the scenery of Norfolk."

"If those at the head of the procession appropriate the first rooms, and

"'Well, gentlemen, we are quite ready for you. I have put the whole house at your disposal.'"

The cricketers held a whispered conference.

"We have engaged the rooms. I don't see that we can back out," said Milton: "and it is no good quarrelling with your umpire."

"Or with your cook," said the elder Parkyns. "I will be bound he prepares the meals."

stay in them, we may all succeed in getting upstairs," said Milton.

The first bedroom was a single one. It contained a bed, a washing-stand, and a chair. The other single rooms were repetitions of it. The double rooms were the same, except that two men, if they could, might get into the one bed. And yet MacMasters would pick out the double bed-

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rooms from the single ones without a moment's hesitation, and, so far as could be seen, with infallible accuracy.

"At seven o'clock, gentlemen, if you will come back, dinner will be awaiting you."

At the hour mentioned, the party sat down to dinner in the bar-parlour. It held them comfortably (the carver certainly sat with his shoulders and head out of window), but they could all sit at the table, and there was room for Mr. MacMasters, if he raised himself on his toes, to pass between the chair-backs and the wall. The meal was a very plain one—just a couple of joints, fruit tarts, and cheese; but even this threw a considerable burden upon Mr. MacMasters, who had no one to assist him with the waiting. In the midst of his multifarious duties, however, he found time to contradict everything that his guests said. And he was generally right. A large proportion of a cricketer's notions and practices are founded upon fallacies, and MacMasters seemed to have a genius for exposing these. Milton was relating the anecdote of the Australian "point," who, when the batsman made a purely defensive second stroke, picked up the ball, and, pretending to aim at the wicket, purposely flung it wide, thereby beguiling the batsman into starting for a run, for which he was given out "hit the ball twice." Everyone at the table knew the story, and had at some time related it; but all listened with respect.

"I have heard that attributed to T. C. O'Brien," said Burford.

"The important question," said MacMasters, "is, who was the umpire? He ought never to have been allowed to stand again. Of course the right decision was 'Not out.'"

The remark called forth a chorus of contradiction. The host at that moment was bringing in the joint. He put the dish down upon the sofa.

"Strange, we should none of us have considered the wording of the rule," said Milton, when the argument was closed.

"For my part," said Shatterfield, "I would sooner have remained in a state of error, and had my meat hot."

The second course also suffered, the raspberry and currant tarts blackening in the oven whilst the landlord cook and umpire enunciated new theories on the subject of taking guard.

"To-morrow, gentlemen, when you come in, don't expect to be given guard. There will be three lines marked from the stumps to the popping-crease, at right angles to the latter."

"But we want different blocks to different bowling."

"That is where you all make a mistake."

The man of parts leant over the table and illustrated his argument by means of two salt-cellars and some crusts of bread.

"This is the point. Whether you take middle, off, or leg, your block should be along an imaginary line drawn from the stump in question to the corresponding one at the other end, and not along an imaginary line from the wicket to where the bowler delivers. You are meeting, we will say, left-hand round-the-wicket, and you like middle guard. My chalk line from the middle wicket to the crease shows you where to put your bat. You will be defending the wickets when the ball arrives, even if it comes with the arm. As a matter of fact, left-hand round-the-wicket usually works back from the middle stump to the off, or from the leg stump to the middle. It is partly because the batsman stands sprawled across his wickets that this ball is so fatal."

"I believe there is something in that," said Milton.

"Of course there is, and there is this further consideration. A man who habitually stands as close up to the leg stump as possible for over-the-wicket bowling cannot alter for left-hand round without getting in front."

"He asks if his feet are clear."

"Then he changes his attitude."

"What about right-hand round?" asked Burford.

"Still less reason for shifting. How often you see the off stump knocked over by a break-back, because the batsman is an inch too far to leg. If the width of the bowling-crease were three or four times what it is, everyone would see the folly of the umpire giving guard from where the bowler delivers. It would take the batsman away from the wickets altogether."

"I shall never again ask for guard," said Whitney, the wicket-keeper.

"Or I for raspberry and currant tart," said the younger Parkyns.

"One can make up with bread and cheese," said the secretary.

At half past ten o'clock the following morning, the field of play was dotted with visitors, and their number grew rapidly. Nearly a hundred more came in by the train that arrived at eleven.

"They have read about our good show at Skegness," said Shatterfield.

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"Our opponents are turning up strongly," said Milton; "there seem more than eleven already."

"I heard some talk about playing fourteen a side," said Burford.

"Ridiculous! I should not dream of consenting."

"I suspect, if MacMasters has arranged for us to play in that way, that we shall," said Whitney, who had little faith in the resisting power of his chief.

"They seem greatly interested in the wicket—in both wickets, by the way."

"Many of us have come quite a distance to witness this experiment, in acceptance of an invitation that has been extended broadcast. There would be some disappointment were it to be abandoned."

"He settles our opinions for us; it would be in keeping for him to furnish us with a new game," said Burford.

"Nothing of the kind will be permitted," said Milton. "I will go over and disabuse MacMasters' mind immediately."

"What's the good of fighting the inevitable?" said Whitney.

"The man of parts leant over the table and illustrated his argument by means of two salt-cellars and some crusts of bread."

"It will be a pretty smart crowd," said Burford complacently.

The whole countryside, indeed, seemed to be turning out, and carriages were driving up every minute. A soldierly looking old gentleman in a Norfolk jacket approached the visitors.

"Can you tell me," he said, "if, apart from the changes mentioned by Mr. MacMasters (he took a letter from his pocket to verify the name), the ordinary rules of cricket will be observed?"

"I know of no innovations whatever," said Milton, "and I shall certainly refuse to sanction any."

The stranger looked politely incredulous.

The West Lowton men watched their captain being worsted in eloquent dumb show.

Milton returned to them, confused and hesitating.

"It's all right, you fellows. MacMasters' suggestions are harmless. The rules of cricket remain, but we are to play fourteen a side, the others providing us with substitutes—very likely men."

"Anything else?"

"He has provided four umpires, and the arrangement is that we play simultaneously upon two wickets, both sides batting at once."

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"That means both sides field at once,"

growled the elder Parkyns, who inclined to pessimism.

"Of course, we don't toss for innings, but for choice of wickets. As a matter of fact, I have won the toss, and we bat on the pitch in front of the pavilion. Our first pair go in there, eleven of us constitute the fielding team the other side of the ground, and the remaining man is, padded and gloved, awaiting his turn to bat. When a wicket falls, the outgoing batsman joins us in the field, and one of us goes to the pavilion to get ready. The Eastdown men divide themselves similarly."

"It sounds funny," said Shatterfield.

"Funny?" said the secretary; "it is magnificent. It gives us just double the amount of cricket. MacMasters is the greatest mind of the century. The portraits of those taking part in this match will figure in future cricket histories to the end of time."

"I thought you would be pleased with what we have arranged," said Milton complacently.

For West Lowton, Milton went in first, and took to the wickets with him Parkyns senior. He knew that a captain going in first affords an opportunity for cynical comment, but in this case there were reasons (more apparent to himself than to others) making this course imperative in the interests of the side. When the sense of humour and the sense of duty clash, a good captain considers only the latter. Parkyns ought in no circumstances to have gone in first. He was tame and tedious; but that is neither here nor there. While, on the one hand, there is nothing to be said for the literary convention that all innings must begin with a period of stonewalling, it is a mistake to deem a blocker more out of place at the start than later. In half, and one day cricket there is no place for a stonewaller anywhere. Many thinkers cannot see one for him in any other form of cricket. The reasons that should have forbidden Parkyns from going in early were psychological. Habitually he overrated the bowling. Reared upon bad wickets, where innings are brief, he had never outgrown the feeling that there was something remarkable about merely stopping in. He blocked "piffle" in delighted wonderment at the impenetrability of his defence. His colleagues' lack of enthusiasm when he returned to the pavilion always puzzled him. It is no good trying to stimulate this emotion.

"Did you notice the second over the slow bowler sent me? I had a hard task to play it."

"Yes; we all wondered why you didn't hit."

But when things took a bad turn, this exaggeration of difficulties gave the team nerves.

Milton, on the other hand, was a slogger pure and simple. He did not hit every ball; but why he refrained, no one could guess. The pitch of the ball was of no consequence to him. He would race down the wicket and lift the most unlikely long hop out of the ground. The next second he would be blocking a half volley that might have tempted a Parkyns. The explanation was that he could only hit when he had made up his mind beforehand. He stood in a cramped, huddled attitude (his defence was purely of the ball-hit-the-bat variety), and it took him a second to uncoil. When he stood prepared to hit, hit he must or get out, and he generally hit successfully. To-day, after making thirty by novel and violent methods, he was clean bowled, offering his bat as a motionless target to a slow.

"I could have hit that ball out of the ground," he remarked, quite truthfully, to the incoming batsman.

The new man went in impressed by the dangers of over-careful play, and lost his wicket at once by half-hearted rashness.

The elder Parkyns was run out with the score at forty. Joining his comrades who were fielding on the other side of the ground, he tried to create an impression that the Eastdown bowling was unplayable by them, and that it was of the nature of a miracle that he had kept it out of his wickets. No one altogether credited this; but it did not promote confidence, and another wicket falling shortly afterwards, seemed confirmation of his words. For a time West Lowton batting was timid and resourceless; but no other disaster happening, it became gradually at once freer and more safe. Whatever may be the case in first-class cricket, it is a general truth that batsmen are never so insecure as when playing entirely for safety. At lunch the score was ninety for four.

In the meantime, Eastdown, batting at the further wicket, had obtained an advantage that would have secured them against defeat in a single-day match played in the ordinary way. Their captain, B. C. Hutchings—an old Oxford Blue, down at Eastdown for golf—and a professional from Skegness went in first, and from the outset treated the bowling lightly. At both ends were tear-away bowlers; indeed, it was almost a

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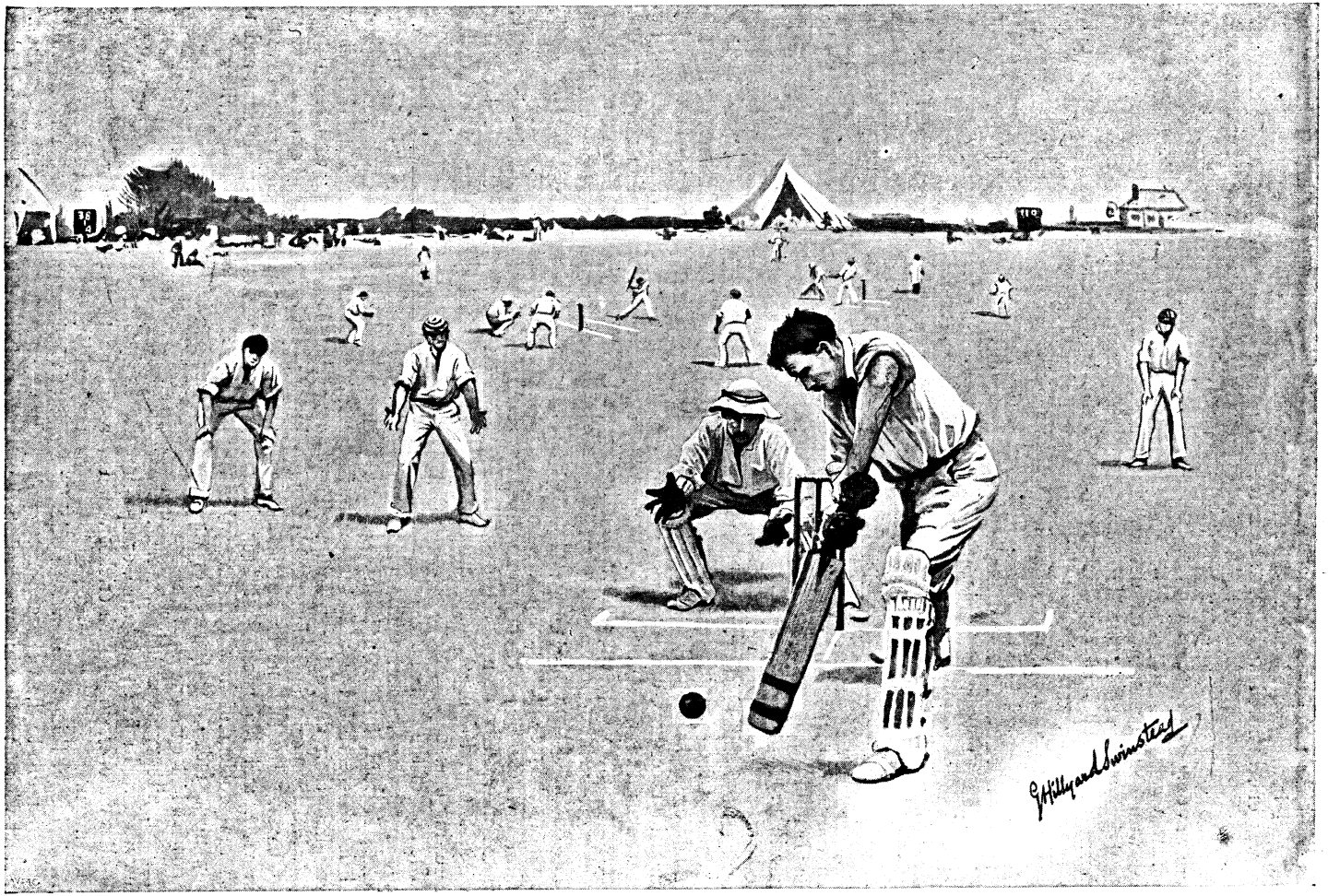

"After making thirty by novel and violent methods, he was clean bowled, offering his bat as a motionless target to a slow."

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fixed rule of West Lowton not to put on slows until the fast bowlers were exhausted. To-day all bowling fared alike. The lunch score was one hundred and forty seven for none.

A large company sat down to lunch. There was only one topic of conversation—the new way of playing cricket. Whilst there was keen criticism of details, the general judgment was favourable and even enthusiastic. The difficulty of ensuring that the two wickets should be equally good occurred to everyone. Against this it was urged that the choice of innings constitutes an unfair advantage. Besides, the first consideration is not the record, but the play. Another exception taken was that upon many grounds two wickets could not be pitched without danger to the players.

MacMasters thought that this would not be serious.

In the same space on the match ground of a London park you will see a dozen games in progress, and accidents are of the rarest occurrence. With but two, even allowing for harder hitting, the risk would be small. Of course, in the parks the new methods could be adopted with scarcely any change in procedure, and also upon large spaces devoted to private pitches, like Raynes Park, where one's opponents are almost invariably other clubs on the same ground.

The Sheriff of the county, who had driven ten miles to be present, proposed MacMaster's health. Whether the change were to be adopted universally or not, there could be no doubt that the experiment was a most interesting one.

The host of the "Lord Nelson," replying, made a regular speech. The charm of cricket, he said, had been its uncertainty, and its defect that the unfortunate must spend half their day doing nothing. The defect had been considered inseparable from the charm. He had never acquiesced in this view, and his mind had been busy with the problem of how to dissever them. They must judge for themselves whether or not he had succeeded.

Milton, already an ardent convert, spoke a few words. In five years' time, except in first-class matches, single-pitch cricket would be unknown.

After lunch, things took a turn slightly more favourable to the visitors. Eastdown's long first-wicket partnership was broken the very first ball. It was decidedly short, but the batsman's wrist was not quite so quick as it had been before lunch, and cutting at it he was bowled. Attempting to repeat this with the next ball, the bowler met with a different but equal success. The new-comer lurched forward (nervousness always compelled him to play the first ball this way, wherever pitched) and retired c. and b.

"I rather believe in a short ball for the first," said the bowler; "so many batsmen play forward to their first ball."

He had intended the batsman to cut at it, as his predecessor had done; but already he had forgotten this, and was quite convinced that everything had fallen out by his design. A great part of the skill of a head bowler consists in elaborating theories to fit with accomplished facts.

The "hat trick" was not performed, the third long hop being cut hard and square to the boundary. The next ball, a half volley intended for a yorker, was lifted out of the ground. And then for half an hour runs came furiously. The two hundred was hoisted, and the rate of scoring increased. Milton was in despair. He had worked straight through his fast bowlers, and almost through his slow. At the end of the latter was Maunders. He had played club cricket in the later 'seventies, when slow bowling was in the ascendant, and when men who could not have stopped a fast length ball to save their lives used to assure one another that fast bowling was innocuous. He still retained the error of those days. He bowled a perfectly flat ball without break or spin. Even on the worst wickets it did not turn. There seemed something in his delivery that counteracted the inequalities of grounds. Being put on now, he showed strategy of a high order. He stationed the field all round the boundary and bowled for maidens. Experience had taught him that it was only when he tried to prevent the batsmen hitting that he could keep their efforts within the ground. He put a few balls down the wicket to loosen his arm, and the batsman sent across to the pavilion for a heavier bat.

"I loike to make the most of balls loike yon."

He was a local player, with a rough style, a hitter's thighs, and a yokel's confidence that everything slow can be hit.

This was exactly what Maunders wanted. The countryman let himself go at the first ball, and lifted it towards long-on, but over his head, over the hedge, and twenty yards into the market garden beyond.

Maunders was triumphant.

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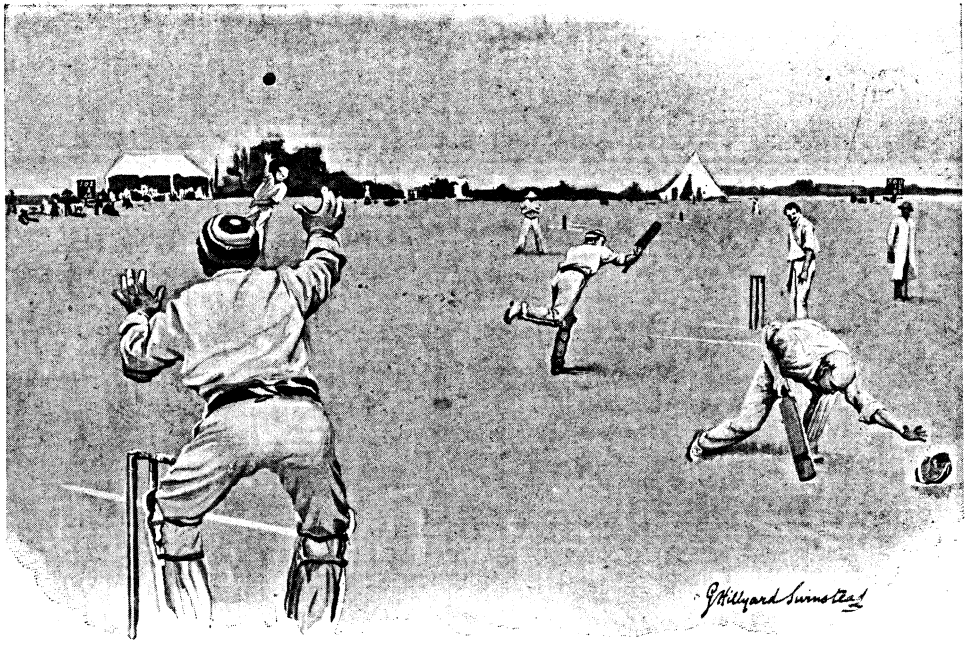

"Revealing a head as bald on top as an egg."

"He walked right into my trap."

He continued to beguile the countryman (his trained city wits against those of a clodhopper), with the result that a new ball had to be sent for, and at the end of the over the score was advanced by twenty-six. When the slogger had made seventy, he was bowled off his pads by one of the lent men. The regular bowlers, indeed, were quite mastered. Milton, accustomed to declarings, had not thought of husbanding his resources. He was very glad when, at four o'clock, play upon both pitches was stopped for afternoon tea. The telegraph-board showed three hundred and thirty for six. On the other wicket, West Lowton, who for much of the time had been playing an uphill game, had made two hundred and forty for seven.

After the interval, scoring on both pitches was furious, but Eastdown wickets fell the more rapidly, one of the men that had been lent to West Lowton proving quite a capable left-hand medium. The thirteenth wicket fell at twenty minutes to six for a total of five hundred and two. No attempt was made to start a second innings, everyone swarming across to the pavilion to watch the close of West Lowton's innings. The game was in a critical state. West Lowton had made four hundred and fifty, and had three wickets in hand. Shatterfield was batting. Encouraged by the increased audience, he hit out lustily, adding sixteen in one over. The punished bowler was shunted, and a visitor named Newland, said to be fast from the pitch, substituted. Hutchings meant to take him off immediately if he were hit. Shatterfield awaited the new-comer with confidence. Requisitioned so late in the day, it was not likely that he would be good. The first ball came as an unwelcome surprise, fairly humming past the off stump. Clearly it was not well to play this man back. Shatterfield pushed forward at the next two balls and played them to extra mid-off. The strokes looked sound, but the maker of them was conscious that he had been drawn out too far. To onlookers the balls appeared further pitched than they really were (some deliveries produce this effect). Hutchings, at least, would have said they were half volleys, The fourth ball was a shade faster. Shatterfield hesitated for a second whether to play forward or back, and saw his off stump knocked out of the ground. Whitney followed. He played the first ball he received for two, and the sixth of the over, a real half volley, he drove for four. Newland was taken off. When will captains realise that fours in front of the wicket are not more disastrous than other boundaries?

The over from the other end yielded three fours—a cut, a snick, and a bye,

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and Whitney made two boundaries from the bowler that had supplanted Newlands. Trying to score a single, a foolish misunderstanding cost him his wicket. He had not even crossed. His successor, number fourteen on the list, was a local substitute. He was a bootmaker, and enjoyed a reputation as a sticker, for no better reason than inability to score.

"You must get him out before the other man has a chance to knock off the runs," said Hutchings.

It was here that the bowler made a mistake. He knew that as a general rule it is good policy to keep the ball as far up to batsmen as he will permit, and because the bootmaker would not hit, fed him with half-volleys. They were blocked quite easily. And now it was the turn of Burford at the other end. From the first three balls, all real middle stumpers, he was unable to score, but the fourth he turned to leg for four, and the fifth he pulled over his shoulder for a like number. He played the sixth hard in front of short leg. It was a safe two, a possible three if they ran hard. The bootmaker showed an unexpected turn of speed. Two runs were made, rendering the score a tie, and the substitute, although the ball was in the air, called for a third. It was just a run, but, alas! a puff of wind took off his hat and carried it towards cover-point, revealing a head as bald on top as an egg; a baldness the more surprising from a specious fringe of hair previously visible below the cap. A heartless crowd laughed, and the bootmaker, overwhelmed with confusion, ran after his hat, crammed it upon his head, and saw his wickets knocked down amid a scene of delirious excitement and joy unparalleled on the Eastdown cricket-ground.

The great match had ended in a tie, a thousand runs had been scored, and twenty-six wickets had fallen — the fullest day's cricket upon record.

At half-past seven, MacMasters was in the kitchen of the "Lord Nelson," cooking the dinner, and the West Lowton men were forcibly barring access to the public-house. They were hungry and desperate, and resolved to permit no interruptions to their cook.

"I can't think why we consented to play like that," said Shatterfield, the fast bowler. "I shall be stale for a week."

"We had to," said Burford. "MacMasters had made up his mind that we should. I have grown quite accustomed to his domineering and contradicting."

"I am so weak," said Milton, "that if anyone agrees with me, I shall cry."

"It will seem funny," said Whitney, "going to places where we can do and think as we like."

"He held such a strong position, we could not have resisted, even if we had been so minded."

"No," said Burford, "with a host against us, we were beaten from the outset. But, mind you, he has shown us the right way to play one-day cricket."

And everyone else who had been present at the match was saying the same thing.

THE CONQUEROR.

I MAY not guess in what strange wise
Love gave me victory;
Yea, made me brave to watch the eyes
That turn from her to me.

What though it pierce me as a sword
If still my strength may cry,
"Grant him his heart's desire, dear Lord,
Though I lose mine thereby."

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

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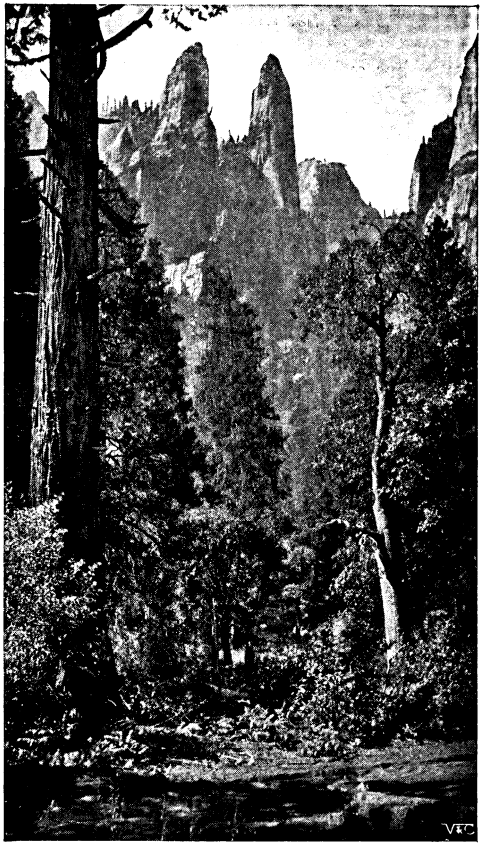


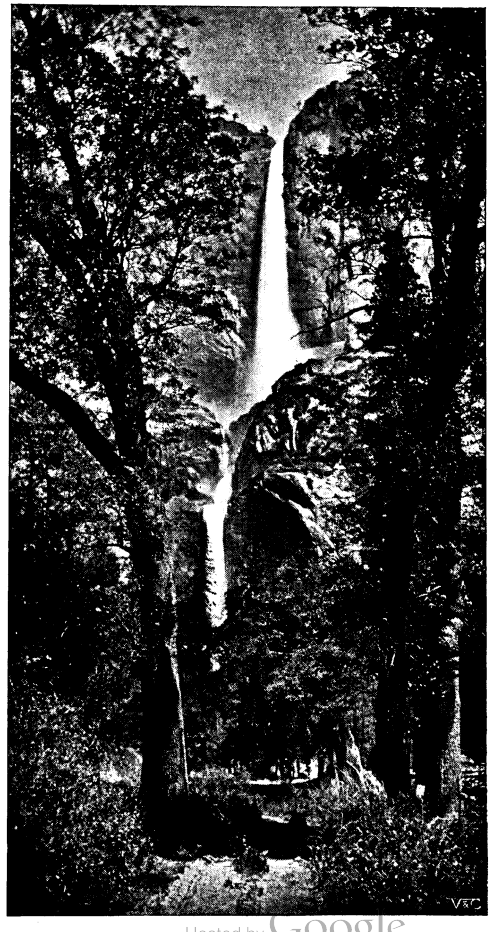
CATHEDRAL SPIRES: 2,200 FEET HIGH.

THE WONDERS OF YOSEMITE.

By Basil Tozer.

Photographs by George Fiske.

I HAVE viewed, I think, the greater part of the grandest scenery of the world—the scenery in Upper and Lower Japan, in China, in Formosa, in Ceylon, in the South Sea Islands and Sandwich Isles, in New Guinea and the West Indies, in Canada, the United States and South America, as well as most of the famous landscapes of Europe; and after carefully contrasting all this handiwork of Nature, I have, in common with other enthusiastic scenery-hunters, arrived at the conclusion that upon the whole the world-renowned Yosemite Valley of California comes first and foremost in order of merit, and next to it the scenery of British Columbia. Yet no words of mine can do justice to these "most magnificent of the world's stupendous landscapes," to quote the phrase applied to them by a famous American writer, and I doubt whether even a Kipling or a Meredith could find words sufficiently graphic and powerful to describe adequately the splendour of the panorama that unfolds itself gradually before the traveller approaching Yosemite Valley by the main track. The Valley itself, I may mention here, lies across a stretch of Mariposa in a mighty recess in the Sierra Nevada mountain range, some two hundred and sixty miles, by rail and road, from the city of San Francisco. The railway ends at a tiny hamlet named Raymund, distant between eighty and a hundred miles from the entrance to the Valley. The journey from Raymund is



YOSEMITE FALLS: 2,634 FEET HIGH.

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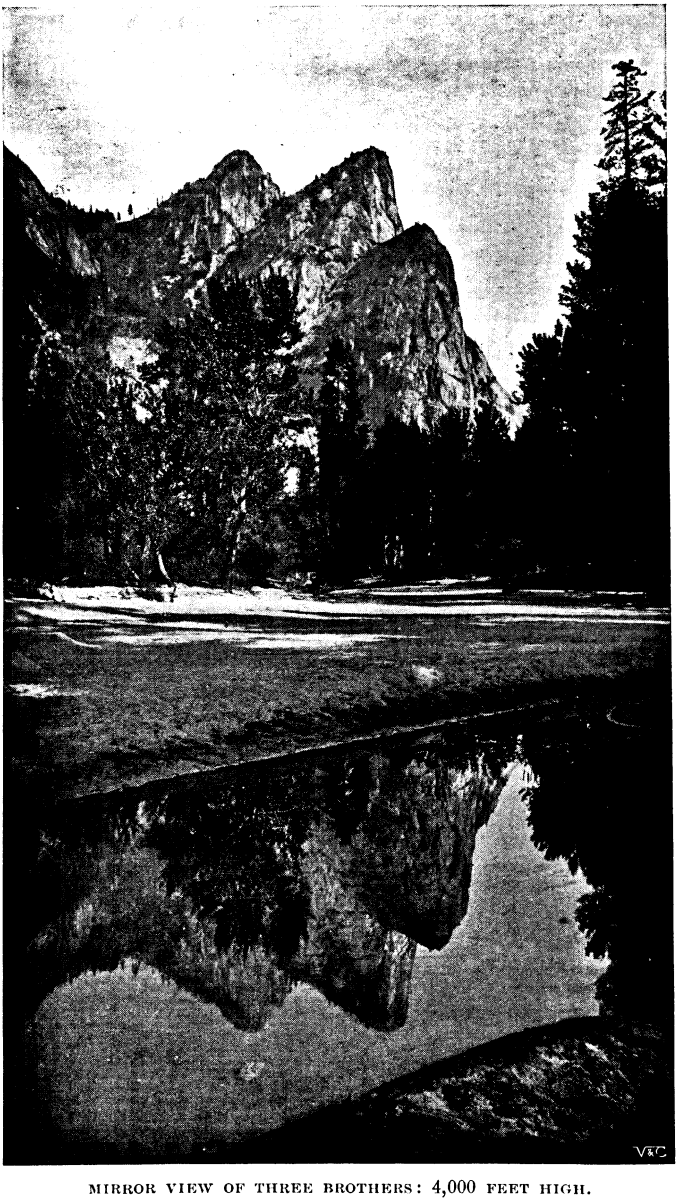
accomplished in roughly constructed vehicles —wagons, one might almost call them— drawn by six or eight horses, and this drive takes two or more days, according to the condition of the somewhat roughly hewn track. In places this track skirts the very brink of fearsome-looking escarpments thousands of feet in depth; but so accustomed are the Californian drivers to steering their rough-and-ready teams along such tracks that no fatal accident, so far as I am aware, has ever yet occurred during any one of these journeys to or from Yosemite.



MIRROR VIEW OF THREE BROTHERS: 4,000 FEET HIGH.

New Inspiration Point is the elevated site from which, when driving down into the Valley, the first impressive view is obtained. From there may be seen for the first time the perpendicular walls of grey granite, towering between three and four thousand feet into the very skies, a sight that generally has a most extraordinary effect upon the spectator paying his first visit to Yosemite, inasmuch as it often seems to deprive him of speech for many moments; while as for the women, they have been known again and again to weep outright upon beholding the mighty panorama.

There are so many noteworthy points of interest in Yosemite that I will not attempt to describe them all; indeed, they all need to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. A few words, however, concerning some of the most beautiful sites here illustrated will not come amiss. To begin with, then, we have the silver Merced River, which runs through the very middle of the Valley. T hisriver is about sixty feet in breadth in the summer, though during the winter it often develops into a raging torrent. In common with almost all the lakes and streams in that region of California, the Merced is so extraordinarily clear that fish swimming in it many feet under water are generally distinctly visible. The Bridal Veil Fall, also shown here, is of especial interest to lovers of folk-lore, owing to the numerous legends connected with it. What gave rise in the first instance to the majority of these remarkable tales nobody has been able to discover, though plenty have attempted to do so. Probably the legends had their origin in the days when many cruel tribes of Indians dwelt in the wooded and rocky

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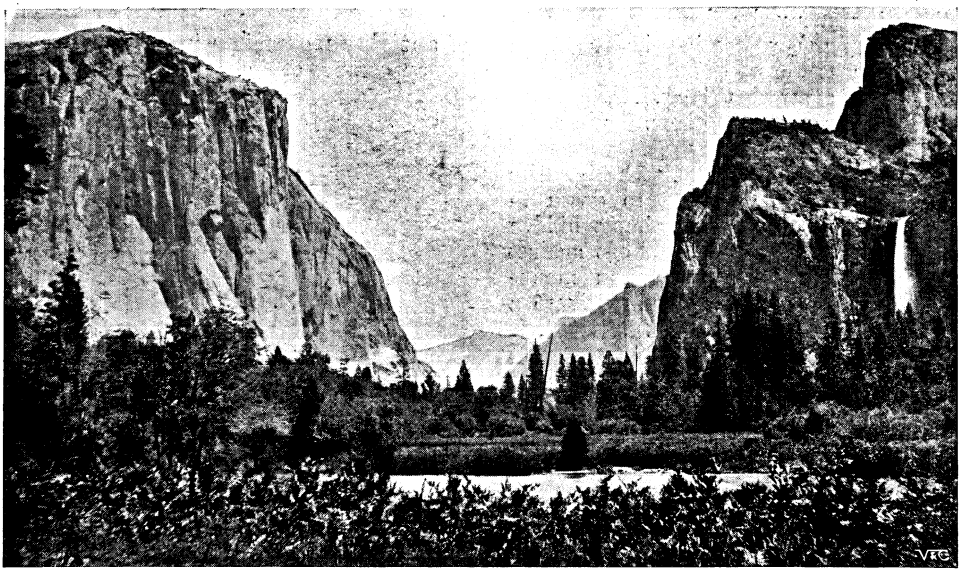
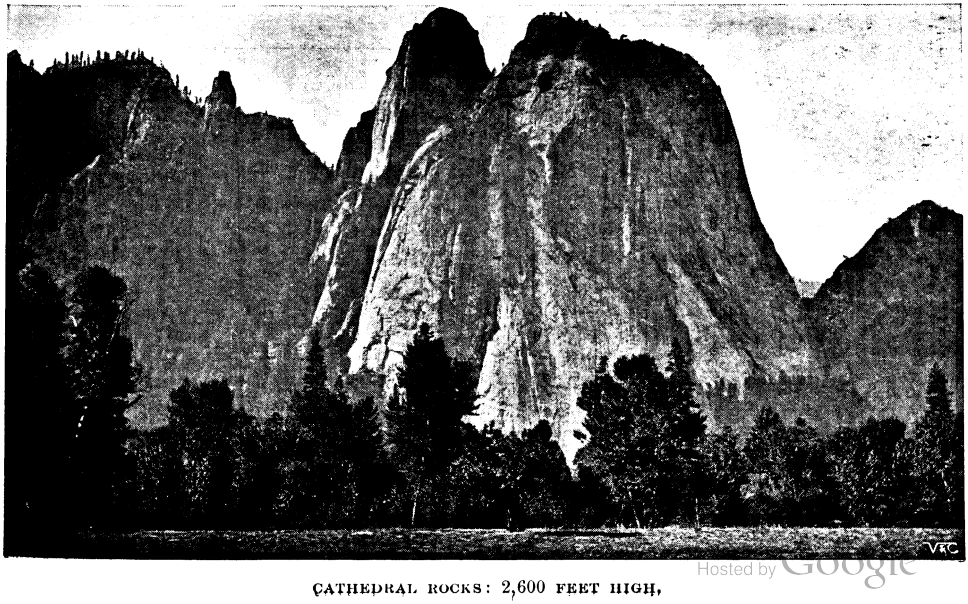


UP THE VALLEY: FROM BRIDAL VEIL MEADOW.

fastnesses of Yosemite, waging war upon each other almost incessantly, and committing barbarities too horrible to place on record here. One strange point in connection with the Bridal Veil Fall is that though it leaps into a precipice over a thousand feet deep, its doing so scarcely breaks the awful stillness of the surrounding ravines and mountains, the effect being, in consequence, weird in the extreme. Naturally this incident in particular has many strange tales associated with it; yet, in reality, it needs no explanation, for the fall is silent simply because the water is converted into spray long before it reaches the pool and rocks below. Cathedral Spires, also shown here, rise out of the great Cathedral Rock nearly a thousand feet into the air, and form one of the most striking sights in the Valley. Beheld from a distance they appear to be joined. As a fact, they are far apart.

These points alone are grand enough, and



CATHEDRAL ROCKS: 2,600 FEET HIGH.

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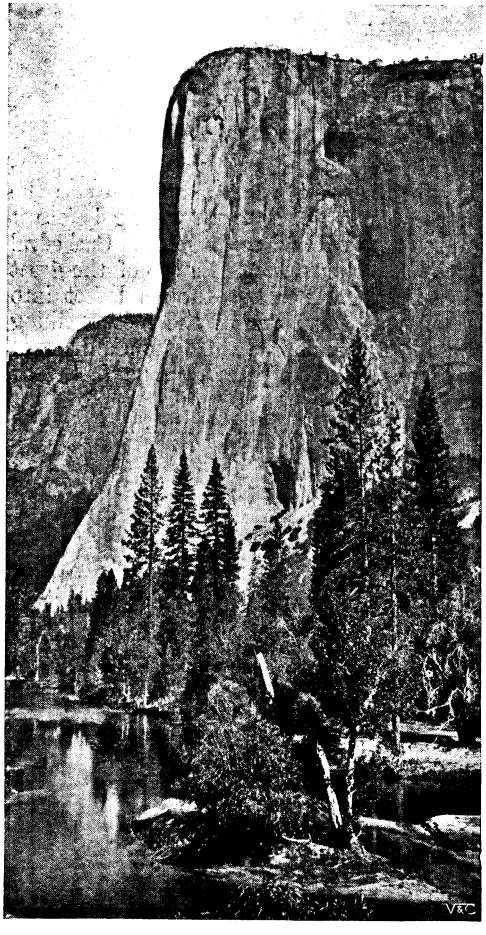
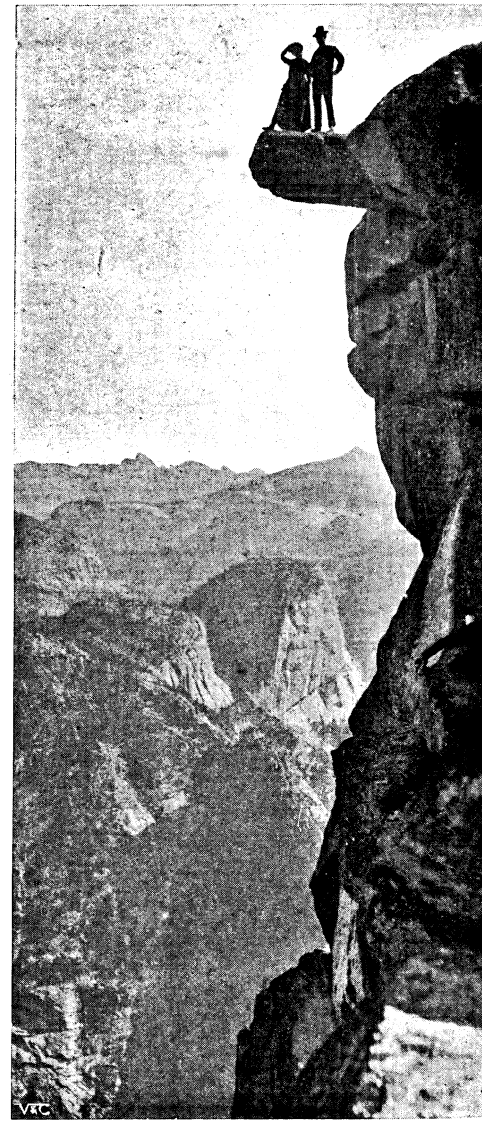
worth going many hundreds of miles to gaze upon; yet they sink into insignificance beside the immense waterfalls, cascades, and gigantic peaks revealed later. The three peaks known as Three Brothers, for instance—and so named in memory of three sons of a notorious Indian chief who, with his entire tribe, was captured and put to death in the grassy ravine which lies almost hidden between these mountains—stand out against the sky to the east of El Capitan mountain, and rise almost perpendicularly to a height of five thousand feet. Indeed, if my readers will reflect for a moment that the height of St. Paul's Cathedral is only 365 feet, and that of the Eiffel Tower one thousand feet, they will have some idea



EL CAPITAN: 3,300 FEET HIGH.

of the impression created by the sight of these terrific perpendicular escarpments. Next in grandeur, perhaps, if one may contrast the effect produced by the sight of a mighty mountain with that created by the appearance of a gigantic and picturesque



OVERHANGING ROCK AT GLACIER POINT: 3,200 FEET HIGH.

cascade, comes the Great Fall of Yosemite, or rather, the triple fall; for the entire volume of water, after shooting forth into the Valley at its northernmost extremity, makes a sudden leap of nearly three thousand feet in three cataracts. The first of these cataracts is close upon one thousand six hundred feet, and from its base until the

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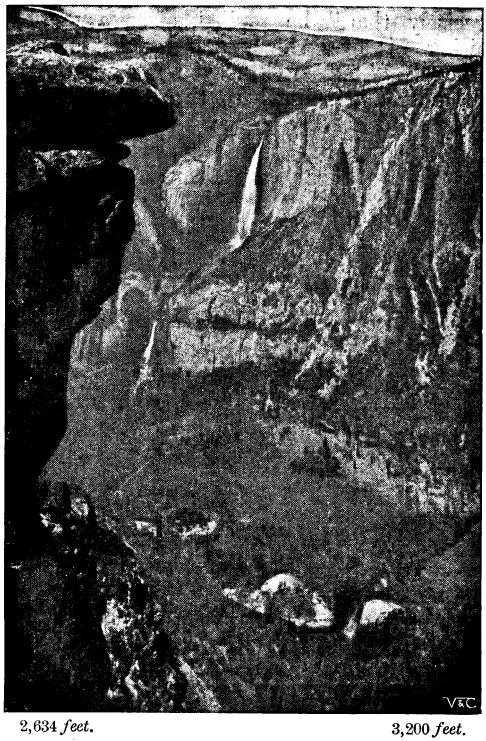
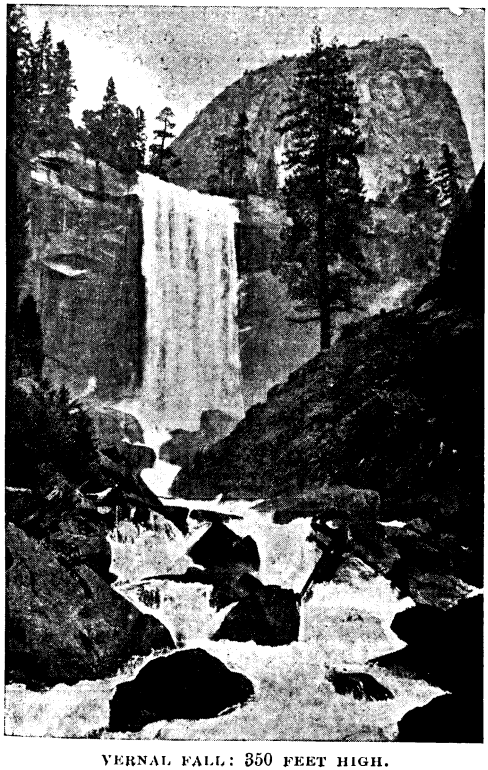


2,634 *feet.* 3,200 *feet.*

YOSEMITE FALLS: FROM GLACIER POINT.



VERNAL FALL: 350 FEET HIGH.

next direct descent come a succession of small cascades for about six hundred feet, ending in a final leap of four hundred feet into the talus below. The scene presented by these waterfalls and the series of cascades on a bright moonlight night—and the moonlight of California is very different from the moonlight we are accustomed to over here—no pen has ever been able to portray.

Perhaps the site from which the best

UPPER YOSEMITE FALL: 1,600 FEET HIGH.

view of all may be obtained of the Valley and its many prominent peaks and waterfalls is Glacier Point, about a mile to the east of Sentinel Rock, and over three thousand feet in height. Persons liable to be attacked by sudden vertigo when looking down from a great height, however, are "forbidden to trespass on this rock," as the authorities quaintly put it; for the sight of the appalling precipice yawning

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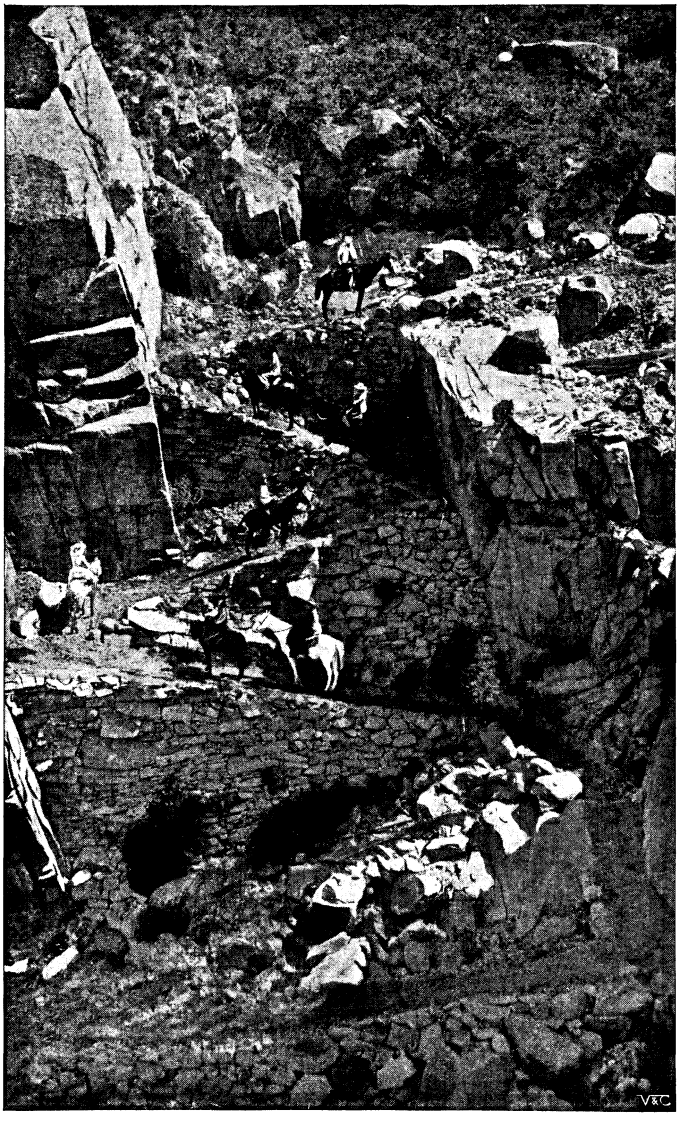
immediately beneath has been known to turn the heads even of experienced mountaineers. I remember upon one occasion standing with a friend on the projecting ledge shown in one of these photographs. Noticing that his complexion, usually a bright red, was turning gradually green, and that his eyes were bulging more and more out of his head, as he seemed to rivet them upon some invisible speck in the bed of the almost bottomless ravine, I asked him in jest if he felt inclined to throw himself over. "Not precisely that," he replied, after a pause, raising his eyes slowly and looking at me strangely, "but—well, if you must know, I feel horribly inclined to throw you over." I happened at that moment to remember a pressing engagement, and so left the ledge at once of my own accord.



STAIRWAY ON CLOUDS REST TRAIL, ON THE WAY TO THE TOP OF NEVADA FALL.

Other important landmarks in Yosemite Valley are Sentinel Rock, which suddenly looms up beyond Cathedral Rock, looking like a natural obelisk, which, indeed, it is, one thousand feet above the rock wall, and three thousand above the bed of the valley; Mirror Lake, formed by the spreading of Tenaya Creek, and covering an area of eight or ten acres—the whole, when gazed at from above, resembling an enormous sheet of plate-glass in which trees, mountains, and clouds are reflected to perfection; Washington Column, the summit of which is close upon three thousand feet above the valley, and reminds one forcibly of the circular tower of a castle on the Rhine; Vernal Fall, formed by the Merced River just before it reaches the valley; Nevada Fall, which contains the greatest volume of water of any in the Valley; and the North and South Domes, both of which bear a striking likeness to the dome of a mosque roof.

There are plenty of men by nature fond of travelling, who yet dislike visiting what they call "show places," lest they run across the herds of trippers who now swarm in their hundreds and their thousands over the greater part of the world at certain seasons of the year. One can thoroughly sympathise with such individuals, for truly the sight of some scores of tourists flourishing cameras and guide-books, munching sandwiches, swilling bottled beer, and, worst of all, bawling banalities one to another at the tops of their voices, is not calculated to

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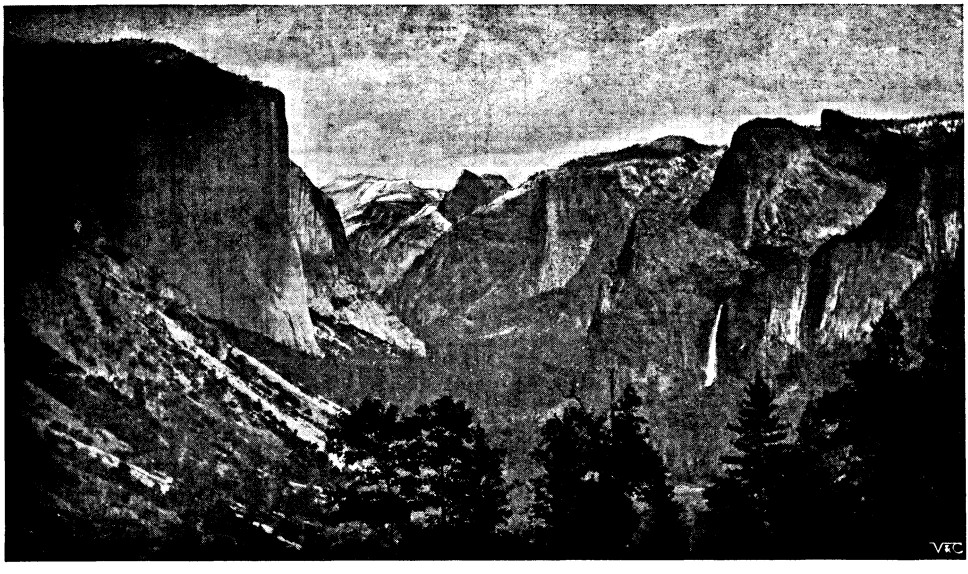
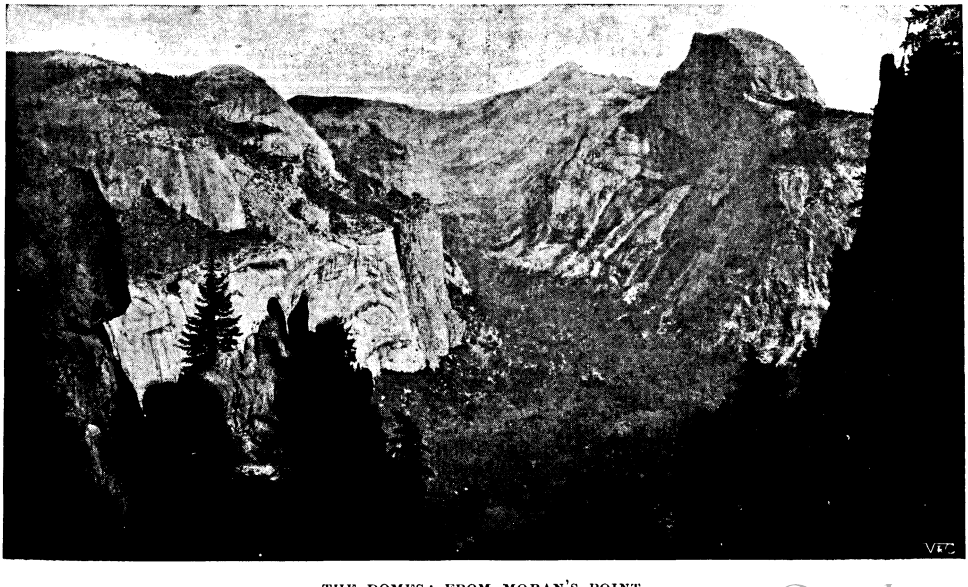


GENERAL VIEW OF YOSEMITE VALLEY.

soothe the spirit of the man or woman of contemplative mood or artistic temperament. The man of taste and refinement who visits Yosemite, however, need have no fear of being disconcerted by trippers of any kind; for if a thousand shouting bank holiday-makers were to be turned loose into that vast valley, they would be out of sight and hearing so quickly that their very existence would be doubted by all save those who had actually set eyes on them in the first instance.

The origin of the name "Yosemite" is said to be an Indian word, "Ahometae," signifying "Great Grizzly Bear." This was the name of the tribe that formerly inhabited the district, and it was the title by which the chief of the tribe was known.



THE DOMES: FROM MORAN'S POINT.

North Dome, 3,725 *feet*. *Half Dome*, 5,000 *feet*.

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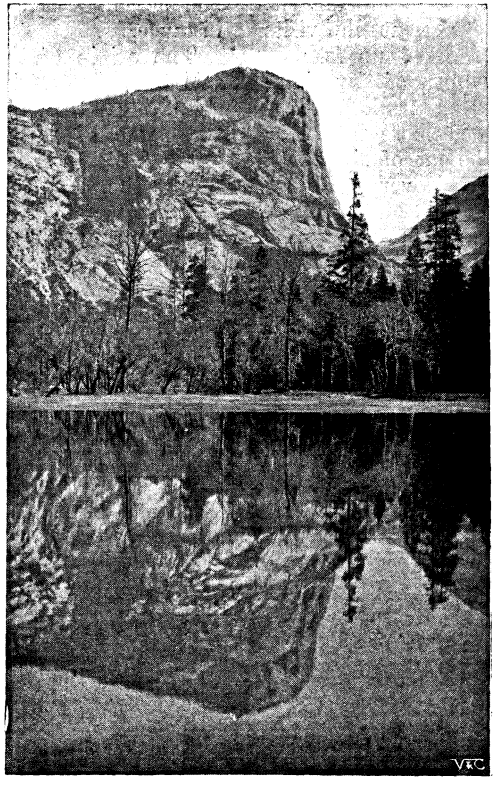
The Indians themselves, however, call the valley "Awahnee," which in their language means "chasm" or "gorge."

The cañon, with its marvellous scenery, was discovered by the merest chance. In 1851 a number of miners and settlers in the surrounding Mariposa district were constantly being marauded by redskins, who appeared apparently from nowhere—as is the custom of the North American Indian—and, after seizing all the booty available, disappeared once more into some mysterious "beyond." Things grew to such a pitch that at length military aid came to their assistance, and an organised pursuit of the thieves took place, under the guidance of a friendly Indian named Tenaya, after whom the Tenaya Cañon was named.

Following hot upon the trail of the fugitives, the white men tracked them to the valley now known as the Yosemite, which had hitherto been the impregnable stronghold of the tribe. The Indians took themselves off to farther mountain recesses.

News of the natural wonders soon spread, and in 1855 the first party of sightseeing tourists visited the Valley. In 1856 the first house was erected by Mr. J. C. Lamon, a cabin in which for many years he resided alone. The district is now the public property of the people of the United States. The boundaries were fixed by an Act passed in Congress in 1864, which stated that the place is set apart "for public use, resort, and recreation."

The peculiar rock formation of the district is probably due to the water which abounds on every side. The water gets into the crevices of the rocks and freezes where it finds a strata of soft, absorbing composition. This process in time will literally rend mountains, splitting and forcing the rocks apart, aiding Nature, more effectually than all man's modern scientific discoveries could ever do, to carve domes and spires, to hurl gigantic masses into the depths of the gorges, and polish the straight, precipitous walls of the cañons, till in many places not a foothold remains.



MOUNT WATKINS AND MIRROR LAKE: 3,000 FEET HIGH.

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THE RIDDLE OF COUNTESS RUNA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.*

HAVING reduced the rest of his kingdom to obedience in three arduous campaigns, King Stanislas sat himself down with a great army before the strong place of Or, which was held against him by Runa, daughter of Count Theobald the Fierce. For Countess Runa said that since her father had paid neither obedience nor tribute to the King's father for fifty years, neither would she pay obedience or tribute to the King, nor would she open the city gates to him save at her own time and by her own will. So the King came and enveloped the city on all sides, so that none could pass in or out, and sent his heralds to Countess Runa demanding surrender; in default of which he would storm the ramparts, sack the city, and lay the citadel level with the earth, in such wise that men should not remember the place where it had been.

Sitting on her high chair beneath the painted window through which the sun struck athwart her fair hair, Runa heard the message.

"Tell the King—for a king he is, though no king of mine—that we are well-armed and have knights of fame with us. Tell him that we are provisioned for more months than he shall reign years, and that we will tire him sooner than he can starve us."

She ceased speaking, and the principal herald, bowing low, asked: "Is that all the message?"

"No, there is more. Tell him that the daughter of Count Theobald the Fierce rules in the City of Or."

Bowing again, the principal herald asked: "Is that all the message?"

Runa sat silent for a minute. Then she said: "No, there is more. Tell the King that he must carry the citadel before he can pass the ramparts."

The principal herald frowned, then smiled and said: "But with deference, madam, how can that be? For the citadel is high on a rock, and the city lies round it below, and again round the city lie the ramparts. How, then, shall the King carry the citadel before——?"

Runa raised her brows in weariness.

"Your speech is as long as your siege will be," she said. "You are a mouthpiece, Sir Herald, not an interpreter. Begone, and say to the King what I have given you to say."

"The Countess Runa."

So the heralds returned to King Stanislas and gave him Runa's answer; but the King, in his wrath, listened more to the first part of it than to the last, and assaulted the ramparts fiercely for three days. But Runa's men rolled his men back with loss and in confusion, for they were in good heart because of the message Runa had sent. "For," they said, "our Countess has bidden the King perform what is impossible before she will yield the city; and as we trusted Theobald the father, so we trust the daughter Runa."

After his three assaults had failed, King Stanislas waited in quiet for a month, drawing his cordon yet more closely round the city. Then he sent again to the Countess, saying that he would spend the first half of his reign outside the walls of Or, provided he could spend the second half of it inside the same; but if she would yield now, she should have his favour and all her wealth; but if she would not yield, she must await starvation and sack and the extremity of his anger. To which summons she answered only: "Tell the King that he must carry the citadel before he can pass the ram-

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parts." And she would say no more to the heralds.

"A plague on her!" cried Stanislas. "A plague on the woman and her insolent riddles! Of what appearance is she? I have never seen her."

"As the sun for beauty and the moon for

"Friar Nicholas."

dignity," said the principal herald, whose occupation naturally bred eloquence.

"Stuff!" said King Stanislas very crossly.

The herald bowed, but with an offended air.

"Does she seem sane?" asked Stanislas.

"Perfectly sane, sire," answered the herald. "Although, as your Majesty deigns to intimate, the purport of her message is certainly not such as might reasonably be expected from a lady presumably endowed with——"

"I am ready for the next audience," said King Stanislas to his chamberlain.

And after the next audience he sat down and thought. But, as often happens with meaner men, he took nothing by it, except a pain in the head and a temper much the worse. So that he ordered three more assaults on the ramparts of the City of Or, which ended as the first three had; and then sent another summons to Countess Runa, to which she returned the same answer. And for the life of him the King could see in it no meaning save that never in all his life should he pass the ramparts. "Only an army of birds could do what she says!" he declared peevishly. Indeed he was so chagrined and shamed that he would then and there have raised the siege and returned to the capital, had it not been for the unfortunate circumstance that, on leaving it, he had publicly and solemnly vowed never to return, nor to show himself to his lieges there, unless and until he should be master of the City of Or. So there he was, unable to enter either city, and saddled with a great army to feed, winter coming on, and the entire situation, as his chancellor observed, full of perplexity. On the top of all this, too, there were constant sounds and signs of merriment and plenty within the city, and the Countess's men, when they had eaten, took to flinging the bones of their meat to the besiegers outside—an action most insulting, however one might be pleased to interpret.

Meanwhile Countess Runa sat among her ladies and knights, on her high chair under the emblazoned window, with the sun striking athwart her fair hair. Often she smiled; once or twice she sighed. Perhaps she was wondering what King Stanislas would do next—and when he would understand her message.

II.

THERE was with King Stanislas' army a certain friar named Nicholas, a man who was pious, brave, and cheerful, although, in the judgment of some, more given to good-fellowship and conviviality than became his sacred profession. He was a shrewd fellow too, and had a good wit; and for all these qualities Stanislas held him in good will and allowed him some degree of familiarity. Friar Nicholas had heard the Countess Runa's message, which, indeed, had leaked through the army and been much discussed and canvassed round the camp fires. The friar had listened to all the talk, agreeing with every man in turn, nodding his head wisely, but holding his tongue closely. No man heard him utter any opinion whatsoever as to what Countess Runa meant—supposing her to mean anything save defiance pure and simple.

One night, when the King sat in his tent very moody and sore out of heart with his undertaking, the flap of the tent was lifted, and Friar Nicholas stood there.

"I did not summon you," said the King.

"David did not summon Nathan," said Nicholas. "But he came to him."

"What ewe-lamb is it that I have taken?" Stanislas asked, smiling, for he was glad to be rid of his thoughts and have company. "Let Nathan drink with David," he added, pushing a flagon of wine towards Nicholas, who, on this invitation, let the flap of the tent fall behind him and came in. "Is the ewe-lamb this one city which of all the realm holds out against me? Is Or the ewe-lamb of Countess Runa?"

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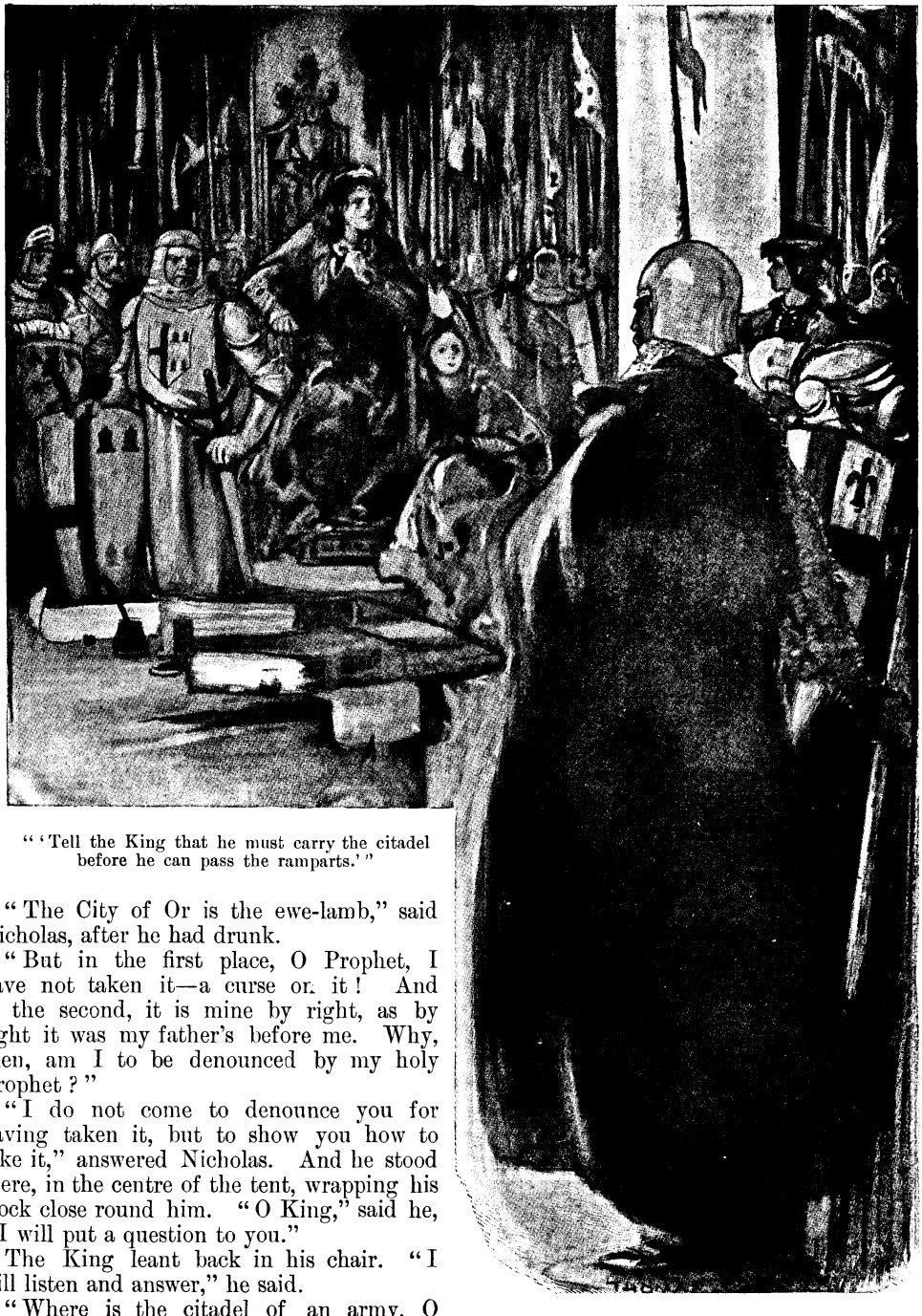

"'Tell the King that he must carry the citadel before he can pass the ramparts.'"

"The City of Or is the ewe-lamb," said Nicholas, after he had drunk.

"But in the first place, O Prophet, I have not taken it—a curse on it! And in the second, it is mine by right, as by right it was my father's before me. Why, then, am I to be denounced by my holy Prophet?"

"I do not come to denounce you for having taken it, but to show you how to take it," answered Nicholas. And he stood there, in the centre of the tent, wrapping his frock close round him. "O King," said he, "I will put a question to you."

The King leant back in his chair. "I will listen and answer," he said.

"Where is the citadel of an army, O King?" asked Nicholas.

"An army has no citadel," answered the King. "A city has a citadel, a fortress of stone or of brick, set in the middle of it and on high. But an army lies in tents or on the bare ground, moving hither and thither. An army has no citadel, O Prophet! Are you answered?"

"Where is the citadel of an army, O King?" asked Nicholas again.

"An army has no citadel," replied the King. "A city that is made of brick and

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of stone has a citadel. But an army is not of brick and stone, but is made and composed only of men, of their flesh and bones, their sinews and muscles, their brains and hearts. An army has no citadel, O Prophet! Are you answered?"

"Where is the citadel of an army, O King?" asked Nicholas for the third time.

Then, seeing that he had a meaning, the King took thought; for many minutes he sat in meditation, while Nicholas stood in the centre of the tent, never moving, with his eyes set on the King's face.

At last the King answered.

"An army has a citadel," he said. "The citadel of an army is the stout heart of him who leads it. His heart is its citadel, O Prophet! Are you answered?"

"You have spoken it. I am answered, O King!" said Nicholas, and he turned and went out from the King's tent.

But the King sprang to his feet with an eager cry. "It is not otherwise with a city!" he cried. "And before I can pass the ramparts of Or, I must carry the citadel!"

III.

COUNTESS RUNA sat in her high chair under the emblazoned window of the great hall, with her ladies and knights about her, and one of her officers craved leave to bring a prisoner into her presence. Leave given, the officer presented his charge—a tall and comely young man, standing between two guards, yet bearing himself proudly and with a free man's carriage of his head. His hair was dark, his eyes blue, his shoulders broad; he was long in the leg and lean in the flank. Runa suffered her eyes to glance at him in approval.

"Where did you find him?" she asked of the officer.

"He came late last night to the southern gate," the officer answered, "and begged asylum from the anger of King Stanislas."

"He's a deserter, then?" she asked, frowning a little.

"He has told us nothing. He would tell his story, he said, to your Highness only."

"Let him speak," she said, taking a peacock fan from one of her ladies and half-hiding her face behind it.

"Speak, prisoner," said the officer.

"If I am a prisoner, it is by my own will," said the stranger; "but I was in such straits that my will had no alternative save to cause me to throw myself on the mercy of your Highness. Yet I am no traitor, and wish naught but good to my lord King Stanislas."

"Then you had best wish that he shall return to his own city and leave mine alone," said Runa.

The knights smiled and the ladies tittered. The stranger took no heed of these things, nor, as it seemed, of her Highness's remark.

"I was high in the King's confidence," he said. "He deemed me a wise man, and held that I knew all that was to be known, and that by my aid alone he could discover all that was hidden, and unravel any riddle, however difficult. Through three victorious campaigns I was by his side, and then he brought me to the walls of Or, not doubting that by my valour and counsel he should be enabled to make himself master of the city. I do not boast. I repeat only what the King has many a time said of me, both publicly and when we two were alone."

"Then one man at least has a good esteem of you," said Runa. "Indeed, as I think, two."

Again the ladies tittered and the knights smiled. But the stranger was unmoved.

"Then," he went on in a smooth equable voice whose rich tones struck pleasantly on their ears and made the ladies sorry for their mocking, "came the day, fatal to me, when your Highness was pleased to send his Majesty a message. For when the King asked me the meaning of your riddle—asked how a man could carry the citadel before he passed the ramparts—I told him to take no heed of it, for it was an idle vaunt. And he believed me and assaulted the ramparts three times in vain. And in vain brave men died. Again came your message, and when the King asked me the meaning of it, I said it was insolent defiance. And he believed me, and assaulted the ramparts three times in vain. And in vain brave men died. Then came the message a third time, and the King demanded of me the meaning of it. But I did not know the meaning, and, lest more men should die, I confessed to him that I could not read the riddle."

"You learnt wisdom late and at a cost," said Runa, setting her eyes on him over the top of the peacock fan.

"When I confessed that, he called me a blockhead and, with many hard words, told me plainly that all my credit stood on my reading him that riddle, and reading it, the third time, right; and that if I could not read it, I could never see home again nor my own people, but that my life must end here outside the walls of the city, and end in disgrace and defeat. So the King said to

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"'Where is the citadel of an army, O King?'"

me in his wrath, and in fear of him and of the death he threatened I stole by night from his camp and delivered myself to the officer of your Highness's watch at the southern gate of the city."

"What do you want of me?" asked Runa.

"Either the answer to the riddle, that I may carry it back to the King forthwith and have his favour again——"

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"And failing that?" said Runa, smiling.

"Leave to abide here for a while, in the hope that by my own wit I may discover the meaning."

The knights laughed and murmured scornfully, but the ladies, on whom the stranger's appearance had made no small impression, sighed sadly, as though it were lamentable to hear a personable brave man ask such foolish things. But Runa sank her head in thought. When she raised her eyes, she met those of the stranger fixed full on her. They gleamed blue and keen. A faint flush rose on Runa's cheek—or was it a red light from the painted window over her head?

"Seven days and seven nights you may abide here," she said, "but on condition that at the end of that time my officers deliver you to your King again. If by then you have read the riddle, it will be good for the King and for you. But if you have not read it, let it be evil for you as for him—evil unto death. How say you?"

"I accept the condition, and I will abide," said the stranger.

Runa signed that he should be led forth. "And leave me alone, all of you," she said.

IV.

SEVEN days and seven nights, then, the stranger abode in the city. Every day he held speech with Runa, both in the great hall with the ladies and the knights, and privately. Much he told her concerning the kingdom and the King, and she showed him all the wealth and power of her city. But when she bade him speak of himself, he would answer, "I am nothing without the King," and would say no more of himself, so that she was full of wonder about him, and pondered more and more as to who he was and whence he came. And meanwhile the King's army lay idle in its tents and made no assault on the ramparts.

At last, on the third day, she said to him: "Tell me why the King your master leaves all his great kingdom and makes war on my poor city?"

"The King," he answered, "makes war that peace may come, and union, and power. In three years he has brought peace to all the kingdom. This city alone is left, a foe set among friends, disobedient among the obedient, a weakness amidst that which is strong. Without the kingdom the city is nothing, and without the city the kingdom is feeble."

Runa knit her brows and heard him in silence. But after a while she said:

"Had the King sent an embassy to me with these words, it may be that I should have listened. But he sent me only a summons to surrender."

The next day she sent for him again and said: "If I give up my city and submit myself to the King, what am I then—I who was Runa of Or?"

"You will be high in the King's counsel and in his love," he answered.

"I do not covet the King's love," said Runa, knitting her brows again.

"You do not know what it is, madam," he said softly.

On the fifth day she sent for him again, and privately, and said to him:

"If I give up my city and submit myself to the King, and there is peace in the kingdom such as there has not been since the day my father Count Theobald ruled in Or, what will the King do?"

"He will enrich the kingdom and make it fair and secure it against all foes."

"And what will you do?" she asked.

"I shall be by the King's side," he answered, "if by chance I can give him good counsel."

"And he will reward you with high honour?"

"All honour is at once mine if I read the riddle," he replied.

"You have not read it?"

"I seek to read it in your eyes," he answered boldly, and Runa turned her glance away from him, lest he should read the riddle there.

On the seventh day, in the evening, she sent for him again in secret, unknown to any of her knights or ladies. The great hall in which she sat alone was dimly lighted; only her face, her fair hair, and her rich robe of white gleamed from the gloom. He came and stood before her.

"To-morrow at sunrise," she said, "I must deliver you to the King your master according to our agreement. What gift do you carry in your hand to turn his wrath into favour?"

"If I do not bear in my hand the keys of the citadel, I bear nothing," he answered.

There fell a long silence between them, and the great hall was marvellously still. The stranger drew very near to Countess Runa and stood by the arm of her high chair.

"Madam, farewell," he said.

She looked up at him and murmured softly: "Farewell."

"Yet we shall meet again."

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"When?" she asked, with lips just parted and eyes that strained to see his face.

"In two days, outside the ramparts."

"Outside the ramparts?"

"The King rode forth."

"Yes." He knelt before her and kissed her hand. "The citadel of the city is the heart of its mistress," he said.

She rose suddenly to her feet and would have spoken, but he raised his hand to impose silence on her. With one long look he turned away and left her alone, standing under the emblazoned window, through which one ray of moonlight caught her fair hair and illumined it.

She stood with clasped hands, her eyes still set on the door by which he had gone out.

"My heart knows its lord," she whispered. "I have been speaking with my King."

V.

On the morrow, in the afternoon, King Stanislas, being returned from a journey on which affairs of State had called him, and having assumed again the command of his army, led it forth in battle array and took up his position in the plain before the southern gate, not far from the ramparts of the city.

"We are going to assault the ramparts again," said an old soldier to Friar Nicholas, who was there to see what passed and to exercise his sacred functions in case need arose.

"Nay, I think the King is going to carry the citadel," answered the Friar, with a laugh. And all of them laughed, thinking that he jested at the King's expense.

As the clock struck four, the King rode forth, magnificently appointed, and bestriding a black war-horse of great strength and spirit. When he was two hundred yards from the walls, he halted all his army and rode forward alone, save for the herald by his side. Coming close under the ramparts, which were thronged with Countess Runa's knights and men-at-arms, to say nothing of those who were ready to pour down stones and molten pitch and heavy bars of iron on the assaulters, he bade the herald cry that King Stanislas would speak with her Highness the Countess Runa.

Much stir rose on the ramparts at this message, but the King sat calm and motionless on his great black horse. So passed half an hour or so. Then the city gate rolled open, and Runa rode forth, in a robe of scarlet, seated on a white palfrey, and with all her knights and ladies round about her.

"This is no assault on the ramparts," said the old soldier to Friar Nicholas, grumbling because there was danger that he should be balked of a fight.

"I think you will soon pass them, though," said Nicholas.

When the King saw Countess Runa, he touched his horse with the spur and rode up

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to her where she awaited his coming. When she saw him, her eyes brightened to a new brilliance. Yet she showed no wonder.

"My heart knew," she said, when her ladies and her knights marvelled.

King Stanislas saluted her.

"Whither, my King?" she asked.

He leant down, put his arm about her waist, and lifted her from her palfrey. A great shout went up from the army in the plain and from the defenders on the walls. The King set her in front of him on his great horse.

"I carry the citadel," he said. "And now I will pass the ramparts"; and they two rode together into the city amidst mighty rejoicings.

VI.

To which story there are a number of morals quite out of proportion to its size.

This for Kings and Rulers: That they should state their objects openly—provided that they wish to have them known.

This for Children: That what their fathers did for fifty years, it may be wise for them to cease from doing immediately—especially if they wish to make good marriages.

This for Men: That though it be impossible that a woman should mean what she says, yet she means something by what she says—at any rate, if she says it three times.

This for Women: That though the ramparts protect the citadel, the citadel may often betray the ramparts.

And this for Everybody: That he who devotes a good intelligence to enlightening others is like unto a man who cooks his neighbour's dinner without being invited to table. For when once the citadel was carried, the ramparts passed, and the lovers happy, neither King nor Countess nor anybody else gave another thought to poor Friar Nicholas!

BROWN BOY.

Brown boy, brown boy, whither is your way?
"It is toward my garden where the white elves play,
Where the green grass grows its greenest, and the flowers are gay and sweet,
And the hours in mirth and laughter
Gladly greet."

Brown boy, brown boy, does it lie afar?
"Just where eve is brilliant with a single star,
Where the windflowers fade and flicker, and the wonder-wind half blows,
And the white thorn in the shadow
Bears a rose."

Brown boy, brown boy, stepping by your side,
Say, would my feet be weary ere the evening-tide?
"If your back had borne a burden, and your heart had learnt to grieve,
Then your steps would be aweary
Ere the eve."

Brown boy, brown boy, whither is your way?
"It is toward my garden where the white elves play,
Where the heart knows naught of sorrow, and the soul knows naught of sin;
And the bright grey wall of Youth, dear,
Shuts it in."

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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THE DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA

by Oswald Wildridge *

THE old man crouched in the middle of the road, every nerve a-tingle, a look of strange expectancy stamped upon his coal-grimed face. To right and left a few lanterns shot their rays into the murk, glow-lamps in an ebony setting; beyond them the blackness of the mine was swallowed in a deeper depth of darkness, an all-embracing, end-of-the-world void.

Suddenly the man threw back his head and cast a look of fear at the roof.

"It's theer agen," he muttered hoarsely; "it's theer agen."

Then he lapsed into silence, and naught was heard save the pecking of the pick as its nose struck and rebounded from the coal; for this was the extreme end of the dip, and it was only at rare intervals that the other voices of the mine, metallic, thunderous, reverberating, winged their way thither.

Presently the man arose, and with ear inclined towards the roof, stood for several seconds, fear in his visage and in the twitching of his limbs.

"It mun be so," he half whispered; "theer's nowt else to accoont fur it; ah canna be mistekken." Then raising his voice, he called: "Jim, cum here!"

From one of the recesses with which the sides of the tunnel were honeycombed, a man wriggled snakelike. "What's up now?" he grunted.

"Jim, ahve heerd it agen," the old man, Tom Blair by name, replied.

"Heerd what?"

"That noise ahve toald thee aboot mair ner yance."

"What, still moiderin' thisel ower that nonsense! Thoo's worse than mi granny's clockin' hen."

"Hod thi whisht an' cum here!" Tom exclaimed. "Noo stan' under this prop and listen like mad."

More by way of humouring what he regarded as his comrade's whim than for any other reason, Jim Atkinson complied, and stood in an easy attitude, a look of amused indifference upon his face. By degrees, however, his limbs straightened themselves out, the smile slipped away from his lips, and curiosity, with a strong dash of alarm in it, flashed from his eyes.

"Well?" Tom inquired, noting the signs.

"Ah believe thoo's reet. There's certainly summat." Then he listened again.

"Well?" Tom asked a second time.

"Aye," Jim responded, "theer's neah mistek aboot it. Ah can hear a noise, bit what can it be? It's like nowt ahve ivver heerd afwore."

"Is ta sure o' that?"

"Weel, ah canna co anything to mind—nowt in' t' mine."

"Aye, bit what aboot noises oot o' t' mine?"

"What the hangment is ta drivin' at, Tom Blair? Let's hev it widoot ony mair fash."

"My lad"—Tom's tone was exceedingly grave—"hesta ivver stood on t' beach wi' t' tide flowin' an' listened till t' rattlin' o' t' laal pebbles as yan wave after anudder rowled them ower an' ower an' shook an' banged them o' togidder?"

"Tom!"—there was terror in Jim's voice now, panic in his face—"thoo nivver means that?"

"Ah do, lad, ah do," the elder man assured him. "We're warkin' a good mile under t' sea, and lately t' seams gitten an up cast, an' noo theer's nowt bit a crust atween oorsels an' t' watter, an' that noise 'at's boddert me seah lang is t' rattlin' o' t' steans on t' Solway bottom."

The old man ceased, and again it was the

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mine alone that was vocal—the mine and the sea that surged and fussed and fumed over their heads, and upon the rocks that held it out, beat its message of ominous portent. Into the lives of the two men standing statuesquely in the dense underground gloom the Angel of Death had often flitted. Time and time again as they coaxed and wrenched the coal from its bed they had heard the rustling of his wings, and comrades had fallen by their sides, and in their sight, but always they themselves had been passed by. Now, however, they had got to closer quarters. Death stared with pitiless eyes into theirs, his icy breath fanned their cheeks, and one of them, at least, shivered and shrank from the menace of his grisly, outstretched hands.

For Tom Blair the revelation had been gradual; there had been no sudden rending of the veil, suspicion had lingered for days in his mind ere it crystallised into conviction. Moreover, his years were about him as a protecting mantle; life with its disappointments was behind, most of its hopes and treasures were now away in the Shadowland; and after the first fearful glance, he could return the Reaper's stare look for look. This is one of the compensations of age.

Upon Atkinson, on the other hand, the disclosure had fallen with distracting suddenness; and then for him Life still beckoned with luring fingers; the years still held their possibilities, and above and beyond all, his home birds were but fledglings in the nest. There need be little wonder, then, that after the shock had spent its force he should have reached for his lantern, shouldered his pick, and turned his back on the dread spot.

But Blair stayed on. "I'se stan' by t' mates," he said. "Roof's as dry as tinder yit; time eneuf to run when t' watter begins to show." Stayed, too, when official maledictions were poured upon his head, and stayed through all the laughter of the comrades, whose ears were stopped that they might not hear, and was still in the Mary Pit when Jim Atkinson, forgetting his fear, returned to his toil, and in time joined the mockers in their mocking.

It was just about this period that Wilfrid Allen arrived at the conclusion that he was nearing the end of his tether. Six months had passed since his purchase of old Dr. Martindale's practice, and he was not yet earning his bread and butter, while the little bit of capital that he had held in reserve had almost vanished.

If only the castle he had reared in the air had been occupied by himself alone, its collapse would not have mattered so much; but there was a dainty maiden, with nut-brown hair and hazel eyes, who had given her life into his keeping, and was waiting for him in her Surrey home, and a mother to whom his failure meant a heartbreak, and a father who had planned great things for him; and because of these his disappointment pressed upon him with soul-piercing intensity.

Before attempting to fit his feet into "Mart's" shoes, Wilfrid was inspired by an overwhelming faith in his own qualifications for a medical career; but there is nothing like a stand-up fight with life itself for knocking the conceit out of a man, and among the miners of Routendale, Wilfrid soon lost sight of his rare endowments and became conscious of little beyond the things in which he was lacking.

To a community that worshipped muscle, he learned that a fine physique stood for more that University honours and professional degrees, and herein his slim build and delicate features, the penalty of overmuch study, placed him at a pronounced disadvantage. Even this deficiency might have been forgiven him, however, had he only brought a wife with him; but the guid wives of Routendale argued: "What can a chap know aboot babbies that's never hed any of his oan?" and Allen's bachelorhood was there and then written down as the second count of the indictment against him. Thirdly, the new doctor inspired them with a certain degree of awe. Martindale had spent the whole of his days among them, and to him they were all Jacks and Toms and Bettys and Nans; but Allen addressed them as Mr. and Mrs.; Martindale passed them with a cheery smile and a jovial "How do, Bill?" or "A bonny morning, Maggie"; but when Betty Gibson compassionately threw him a word of greeting from her doorstep, Allen actually raised his hat, and the old woman fled indoors in confusion, little dreaming how she had set the young doctor's heart leaping for joy and fanned his flickering hopes into a fresh flame of life.

Martindale, moreover, wore a cut-away coat, and would sip a cup of tea by the humblest hearth, or smoke a pipe over a "crack" in the colliery yard; but Allen walked abroad in town garb, and how was it possible to offer a rush-bottomed chair to a frock-coat, or expect it to worm into a cosy corner on a pair of barrow shanks at the pit-head? And so

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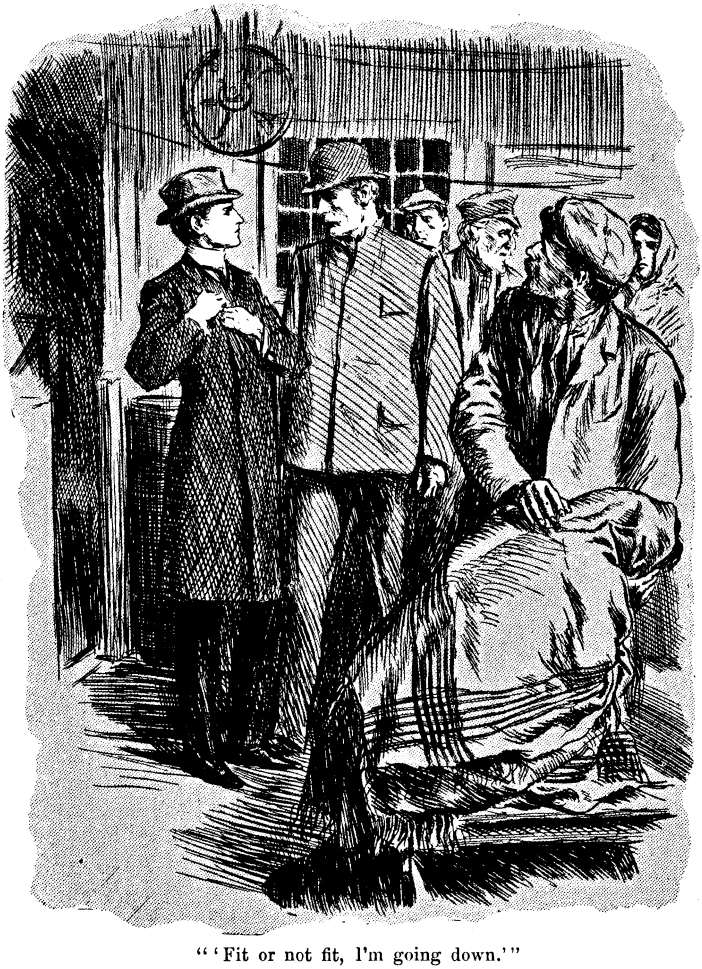
the Routendale folks tacitly agreed that Wilfrid Allen must "gang his ain gate," and sent over the hills to Allerdale for Dr. Dagleish. He, at any rate, was as rough-cut as "Mart" himself, and they could meet him on something like level terms.

To the frowns of Fortune the young doctor at first turned a brave and smiling face. He was not absolutely without patients, for a few of the fell folks in the inland hamlets sent for him in their need, and these he played for all they were worth, and day after day went through a fine old game of make-believe. Even when he had got the sick ones on their feet again, he would push his way post-haste down Routendale's main street and turn briskly up Tom's Lonnin, where the lovers whispered their vows; but when he reached the moorland, the spring would slip out of his stride, and if the curious had only taken the trouble to inquire, they might have learned that his patients were nearly all fictitious, and that his days were spent in aimless wandering in the heather-decked solitudes. Here his innocent little trick was worked to its end; here under the lee of a friendly whin-bush he munched a frugal lunch, and here he raked among the ashes of his crumbled hopes. Through it all, however, the love that endureth all things and conquereth all things was ever with him, filling his heart with the strength that no other force can give, and for the sake of Nellie Dalton he daily turned his back on the tempter that whispered of surrender, and resolved to wait on until waiting was no longer possible.



"'Fit or not fit, I'm going down.'"

And down in the bowels of the earth Tom Blair waited, too — waited for the end. And the tide ebbed and flowed, and in their pride of strength the waves seized the shingle in their hands and cast the pebbles far and wide, and rolled them up and down and over and over upon the ocean-bed. And the stones rattled on the rocks that dug their roots into the mine.

II.

NIGHT, and the little town is locked in slumber. Away over the waste of waters the warning light on Ross Head plays its nightly game of hide-and-seek, now for seconds gleaming brightly, for seconds gone; in the middle distance a steamer glides by, inward bound for Allerdale, and upon sleeping Routendale casts from its starboard lantern a cold, green stare. High up on the hillside there is another light—in the cot where Margery Mason is slipping away, and her white-haired husband clasps her hand and cheers her with talk of their meeting. "I'se seun cum to thee, lass; I'se nivver bide lang doon here widoot thee"—and another that tells how Andrew Ferguson,

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worn out though he is by his long shift underground, is pacing the floor with a sick child that will rest nowhere but in the arms of "Daddy." There is a light in a third home, tóo, but Wilfrid Allen has drawn the curtains, so that prowlers, if there be any, shall not look upon it, and so it shines only on the pale, care-furrowed face of the doctor himself, and upon two letters to be posted on the morrow, letters in which there is no echo of his own misery.

"As to your coming to see me, mother mine"—in the one—"I would rather you didn't just yet, for I really haven't time to look after you. But you mustn't worry one bit. I am all serene, and as fit as a fiddle; any amount of walking exercise, and the appetite of an elephant."

In the other: "Now, don't admit any more foolish fancies into your bonny head, sweetheart. I am getting along nicely. I'll admit that I haven't made a fortune yet, that the fight is a little more uphill than I had counted on, and that we may have to wait a little longer for each other than we thought of; but then Love can wait, can't it, dearest? That is one of Love's greatest glories. Now, once more, I am all right, faring almost as well as if my own dear lassie were here looking after me."

"How much longer is this hideous farce to last?" Allen mutters, staring moodily at the two missives. "But I'll not tell them yet. I'll peg away for a bit longer." Then his head sinks upon his chest, and he sits on, lost in thought, and the darkness of the night becomes the denser darkness of the infant morn.

Suddenly the silence is riven, the world becomes articulate. From the yawning jaws of the Mary Pit there is belched forth a snarl which rises through awful gradations to a roar and then wings its way up the hillside, a weirdly clamorous moan.

On the lower level by the sea the ground responds with quivering thrills, and the living things that lurk among the rock-screened pools scramble madly to the shivering sands in a paroxysm of fear.

In the colliery yard the clangorous voice of a bell beats upon the air; the wheel at the pit-head whirls wildly in its sockets, and when it stops, four men with ashen faces dash from the cage; lights flash in the darkened windows, doors are flung open, and half-clad figures rush into the lanes—the shout of a man, a woman's scream: "Oh, God! t' sea's brokken in! t' watter's in t' mine!"

Aye, the sea has broken in; the greedy, grasping sea has conquered, the end for which Tom Blair waited is here. And now that the rush is over—that direful rush when the rocks parted and the bellowing breakers crashed into the mine, and struggling men and plunging ponies, wooden barrows and iron trucks were swirled through the inky cavern and dashed on high against the roof, and battered out of shape against the walls—now that the rush is over, the men who laughed laugh no longer, and with twin voices the invading sea chuckles amid the crannies as if in exultation of its triumph, and sobs as if in shame for its deadly deed.

Close on the heels of the underground horror comes the agony of the pit-head. Upon the beams of the scaffolding a few lanterns have been hung, and under their yellow glare a pallid, distraught crowd swiftly assembles, the new mutterings of the mine in their ears, new and nameless terrors in their hearts; men who might have been down there in the regions of Death themselves, mothers who have lost all that made life sweet, wives who shall henceforth tread their path in loneliness and longing.

It is a silent crowd, for speech is vain; it is a tearless crowd, for the hour of weeping is not yet; and with burning eyes and twitching lips it stands and waits, while a few figures move ghostlike among the timbers overhead.

Now there is the sound of the signal-bell, the wheel spins round, stops, and spins again, and the watchers unconsciously press forward. Then a man, dripping, bruised, and bleeding, staggers from the shed, and a woman with a glad cry falls upon his neck. She has waited for Death, and Life has walked into her arms.

Again the bell, and another man comes back from the grave; another, then two, and at last a tenth, who—no, not back from the grave, this one leaves the shed beneath a pall.

As the bearers vanish in the gloom, Wilfred Allen touches the manager on the arm.

"Mr. Jefferson," he says, "I want to go down into the mine."

"Into the mine, Dr. Allen?" the other responds. "What madness! I've been thinking it was time some of us tried the depth of the water, but you're not fit for a job of that sort."

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"Fit or not fit, I'm going down," Wilfrid emphatically declares. "There's at least one brave man standing to his post, else how should the signal-bell be working? And he may need assistance, and perhaps there are others who want looking after. Besides that, I've been looking at the plan of the pit there on the wall, and figuring things out a bit, and I've got an idea, so down the shaft I go. Will you come with me—it's worth the risk?"

"Come with you? Aye, that I will," and the brawny manager looks at Allen as none in Routendale have ever done before. "You're a brave man, Dr. Allen, and I fancy we've all been terribly mistaken about you."

"My lads," addressing the few men permitted inside the engine-shed, "the doctor and I are going down to investigate, and I want you to stand by to bear a hand."

"Let me cum as weel, sir," and one of the group steps forward.

"And me."

"And me."

"And me."

But Jefferson raises his hand in protest. "Not just yet, men," he says. "Perhaps we'll need you before long; and if we do, well——"

Then he leads the way into the tub, the doctor springs after him, and the earth swallows them up. To Allen they seem at first to drop like a stone, but after the first hundred feet the speed slackens—for the situation demands caution—and the remainder of the descent is made at a snail's pace. As the tub bumps on the edge of the sump-hole, and the two men climb over the side, the manager exclaims in amazement—

"Why, where's the water. The mine's as dry as a chip."

"Not quite," the doctor replies. "It's pretty much as I expected. But where's the man who stayed behind."

As if in response to his inquiry, a light twinkles in the tunnel gaping before them, and then begins that swinging motion that betokens a lantern's advance.

"Ahoy, there!" the manager sings out, "who's that?"

"It's me, Tom Jenkinson. Is that Mr. Jefferson?"

"Aye, lad! Are there any more of you?"

"No, sir, oanly me," and then the speaker looms out of the void and stands beside them.

"Eh! but this is awfu' wark," he begins, but Allen interrupts him with a question about the water.

"It's aboot a hundred yards doon t' road," the man replies, "bit it's risin' an' creepin' nearer and nearer ivvery minute."

"Of course, it's bound to do that," Allen rejoins; "but as the tide has just about turned, there should be still a couple of hours before us."

"You mean——?"

"I mean that water will always find its level, and that probably when the tide is at its height, the sea will be half way up the shaft; but before that happens there's time to do something."

"Do! what can we do?" the manager asks. "The water hasn't reached this spot yet, but that signifies nothing; the mine's drowned, and except ourselves there's not a living soul in it."

"Are you sure of that? What about the old drive?"

"Old drive, doctor?"

"Yes, man, the old drive. For Heaven's sake pull your wits together! What's the level of the old drive?"

The manager reels as if from a blow.

"God forgive me!" he gasps, "I'd never thought of that; there's thirty men in there waiting to be drowned."

Allen turns upon his heels. "Come," he says, "let's go back and have another look at the plan."

Ten minutes later, a man shoots out of the engine-house into the crowd, and from fringe to fringe of the mass the first electric thrill of hope cleaves its way, and women find their tears, and men remember their prayers; and though the hour of dawn is yet afar off, it seems as if into the pitchy pall there has already crept a ray of Heaven's own light.

Then the name of Wilfrid Allen is bandied about from lip to lip, and how it is, or why, none can tell; but upon the watchers there sinks the consciousness that for their frail thread of hope they have only "t' young doctor" to thank.

Again the crowd is stirred, and its units sway like grain shaken by the wind. Once more the creaking of the winding-wheel, then the whispering of that magical word "Rescue"; and when, as the rope is still running out, they learn that a little band of gallant men, led by the manager and "t' young doctor," is about to brave the perils of the subterranean flood, a wild wave of emotion seizes on the people and finds relief in a cry that has all the inspiration of a cheer and all the elements of a sob.

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Once more the women relapse into a state

of watchful silence, caring naught for the ways and means of rescue, but passionately hungering for the end. With their husbands and their sons the case is different. Now that the spell has been broken, the first shock and agony over, they become clamorous for facts, and so they gather into knots, and soon they have learned all that may be told. How "t' young doctor" had discovered that by reason of the difference in the levels the old drive must still be high and dry, and had argued that the absence of the men engaged in that section must be explained by the blocking of the exit, either by a fall or by the backwash following the first rush of the waters filling up the tunnel-mouth with *débris*, how he had insisted on entering the flood himself to test his theory, and how after much protestation he had gained his point.

"Eh! just think of it, chaps," says old David Christison. "Isn't it fair wonnerfu', a bit of a lad like him wi' t' heart of a lion in him? An' hoo we've wranged him, hoo we've wranged him! scorned him fur his frock-cwoat, an' he's bin an angel unawares o' t' time."

Now the earth is waking up. A hedge-sparrow twitters just across the road, up on the hillside a thrush pipes its first "Good morning" trill; at the back of the world a shaft of steely grey shoots into the heavens, and into the colliery-yard farmfolks from the next-door hamlets creep with frightened faces and timorous tread. And away beyond the strip of steeply shelving beach the sea is thundering on the rocks, and in the mine its waters are rising higher and yet higher.

An hour has moved by on leaden feet, an hour without a message from below, and Hope is again tottering on its throne. One hour, and in another all will be over. Ah! but in that hour how much has been done! Away down in the water-logged mine, that brave little band, barely conscious of its manifold perils, recking naught of the horrors that encompass it, is working with might and main, and a miracle may yet be wrought. Wilfrid Allen was right. Roped together, Jefferson and he have dared the flood and proved his theory, and now helped by their comrades they are wrestling with the huge mass with which the rebounding wave has choked the entrance to the drive. Planks and props, tubs and wagons, ponies—aye, and things that once were men—are wedged tight from floor to roof, and how deep the block may be, none can tell; but there are men on the other side, and that is enough.

Steadily the water gains upon them, inch by inch it ripples into the cave, and its gurgles ring with menacing import in their ears; but still they toil on, and one after another the objects that bar their path are hauled out by those in front and passed along to the bottom of the shaft. Now the water, coal-black and icy cold, is lapping round their waists, and from far-off recesses of the mine there is ever and anon a muffled boom which tells of falling roof and riven wall; but still they toil, and foot by foot gain ground. As though in conspiracy with the flood, the block itself is also a source of peril, and all the men are bruised and all are bleeding. Once a splintered timber, only half imprisoned, is shaken free and lurches to the surface by the side of the young doctor, who staggers and would have fallen but for the steadying hand of the ever-watchful Jefferson.

"Do go back, Dr. Allen," the manager implores. "I've told you before that this is not work for such as you."

But Allen is determined. "I'm all right—Jefferson," he gasps. "That prop—caught me; but it is nothing. I must stay."

And in a few minutes he is again plying his hands with the best of them. Now the water is rising above their waists; but the fight is over, the battle won. From the other side of the remnant of wedge there echoes a ringing cry, a shout of thanksgiving, and rescued and rescuers breast their way through the flood, and so out into the morning sunlight, back to life and love and home.

After the first joyous greeting there is a cry for "t' young doctor"; but Wilfrid Allen is away in the nightland of unconsciousness, and on those who look upon him as he lies on the engine-room floor, eyes closed, teeth clenched, fingers bleeding, an ugly gash on his cheek, another in his side, there descends a dread lest he may have purchased other lives with his own.

"It'll be a hard pull to get him through," Dagleish declares later in the day. "He's only a weakling, to begin with, and how he stayed down there with ribs so terribly splintered is a miracle. Eh, Jefferson! you've sadly miscalculated your man this time."

III.

"An' hoo is he to-day, doctor?"

A month ago, Dr. Dagleish might have been puzzled by such an indefinite inquiry, and

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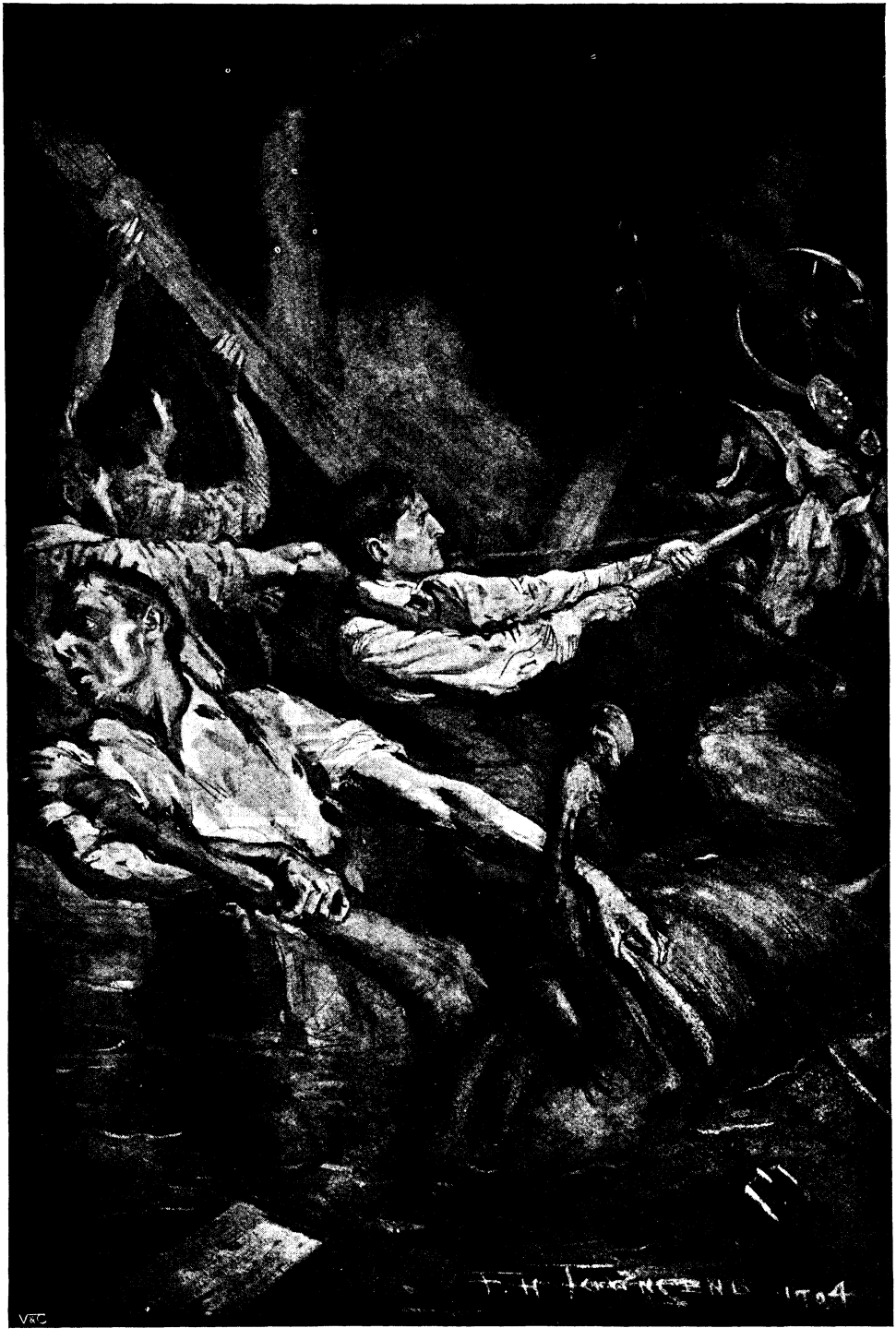

"Still they toil on."

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would certainly have insisted on particulars; but experience had taught him a lesson, and so he blithely responded—

"Oh, fine, Will; he's pulling up hand-over-hand."

"That's grand news. It'll hev bin a tough job for you, doctor?"

"Aye, it's been pretty stiff; but then he's stronger than he looks, and these wiry uns are terribly bad to kill. And besides that, he's had his mother and that bonny lass he's going to wed fighting for him; and what more could a man want? Well, good day, Will."

"Guid day. Oh, doctor——"

"Well?" And Dagleish halted and faced the collier once more; but after a glance, Will Dodgson's eyes drooped, and muttering something about "otogidder furgitten what it was he wanted to say," he swung round and strode away along the road, leaving Dagleish staring after him in open-mouthed amazement.

"Well, it bangs everything!" he exclaimed. "Whatever's come over the folks? Will Dodgson's about the tenth man that's treated me in that daft fashion this week."

Then he thoughtfully resumed his journey; but before he had reached the top of the hill, where his gig was waiting for him, he pulled himself up with a jerk and, slapping his thigh, ejaculated—

"The silly gowks! I'll bet that's it—nothing so sure. They want to give me the sack, and they don't know how to do it. Ah, well," after a pause, "I shall have to help them."

Accordingly, a few days later, James Dagleish turned into the colliery-yard, where he was well aware he would find the men whom he wanted, probably discussing the scheme whereby the old drive was to be saved and Routendale's prospects restored. Hitching his pony to a post, he pushed his way through the group, seated himself on a pile of props, and explained that he had "come for a bit of a crack."

"It's about Dr. Allen and myself, lads," he began. "You all ken that when the young fellow up yonder"—a jerk of the thumb—"came among you, he got a bonny big show of the cold shoulder. You hadn't gumption enough to tell a good man when you saw one; but Martindale and me always took you for a pack o' ninnies, so that's not to be wondered at."

"Old Dag" glared from under his shaggy eyebrows as if to note the effect of his shot. Then he went on—

"Anyhow, you'd have nothing to do with him, and he'd to nearly kill himself before it was driven into your heads that he was something better'n a walking clothes-prop. Then you sent for me, and I came; but it was against t' grain, for I've enough sorra on my hands with yon black ironworkers at Allerdale, without adding a lot o' blacker colliers to t' bundle, an' I'll stand it no longer. Yo' see, lads"—the doctor had slipped into the vernacular now—"it's this way. I'se nut as young as when ah went cwortin'; me joints are like a set o' rusty hinges, an' it's hard wark getting ower t' ground; an' seeing that you've got a straight up an' doon good man in Martindale's place, yo' mun tak' him an' let me go."

There is a murmur of many tongues; but elevating his own voice a little, Dagleish proceeds—

"Now, be quiet all of you; I've nearly done, and I want to get away home. You must clearly understand what I say. If any of you want doctorin' in t' next few weeks, I'll do what I can for you; but as soon as Wilfrid Allen's on his feet again, you an' me must part. Now, there's just one thing more I want to mention. What are you going to do to show Dr. Allen that you've changed your minds about him? You treated him badly, and you know it, an' I'll bet his heart's not got over its aching yet. You also know what happened down there"—pointing to the mine; "but I haven't heard that you've done a single stroke towards showing him what you think of his conduct. Look here, lads, there's some folk who seem afraid to say 'Thank you'; but gratitude isn't a thing to shut up in a sea-chest and never have the light of day let on it; an' if you don't let Wilfrid Allen see that you're proud of him, I'll set you down for a pack of dodderin' old washerwomen."

As the doctor paused, the men glanced sheepishly at each other, and then, in response to a nudge, Andrew Ferguson rose to his feet.

"I'se afeerd yo've misjudged us a laal bit, doctor," he began. "Ivver sin we kenned that Dr. Allen were to be spared till us, we've hed it on oor minds to do summat like what yo've suggested, but we don't reetly know hoo to gang aboot it. Yo' don't think, doctor," and Andrew scratched his head apprehensively, "yo' don't think as we should mek him a presentation?"

Dagleish was afoot in a trice, anger in every gesture.

"Presentation be blistered!" he roared.

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"If you spend a brass farthing, you'll spoil it all. What's to be done you mun fix up amang yoursels; mebbe you'll have sense enough for that. You've just got to let t' young chap have a peep into your hearts, an' you've got to do it sharp. Now I'm off. I've squandered enough time on your fash an' bobbery. Good night."

When the company had recovered its speech, it had many things to say, and the conference lasted until a scandalously late hour.

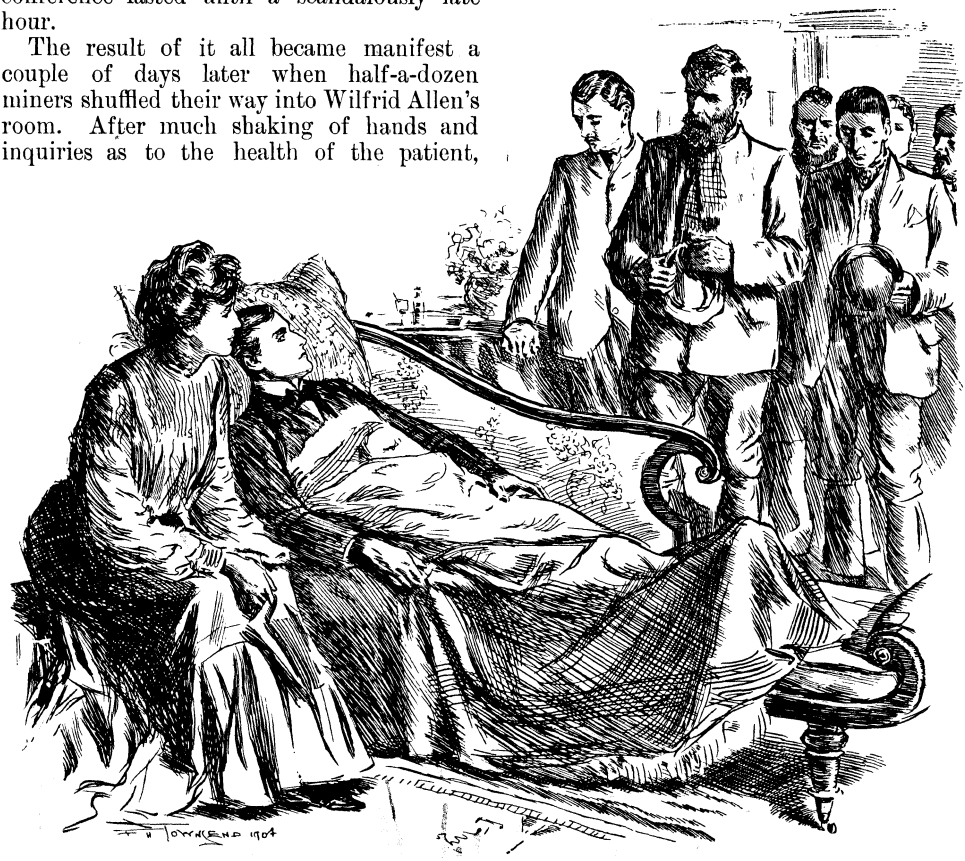
The result of it all became manifest a couple of days later when half-a-dozen miners shuffled their way into Wilfrid Allen's room. After much shaking of hands and inquiries as to the health of the patient, there was an awkward pause, and the deputation nervously fingered its caps. Eventually Andrew Ferguson, who had been appointed to act as spokesman, blurted out the intelligence that they had "come on a laal matter o' business.

"It's aboot yersel and us, Dr. Allen. We've cum to ax yer pardin an' to say 'Thank ye' for what yo've done. When yo' cum amang us, we didn't act fairly by yo'; an' we ken it noo, an' o' that we've got to say fur oorsels is this, that it were moor want o' thowt ner want o' heart.

"Anudder thing, we didn't ken yo' fur t' noble, brave man as yo' are; bit we do noo, an' though we did shut oor doors upon yo' at t' start, they're ivvery yan thrown oppen today, an' yo're in ivvery heart i' Routendale.

"Theer's men doon yonder, doctor, that wud hev done wid life an' o' its joys bit fur you; theer's women whoas hearts wud hev bin brokken bit fur you; theer's bits o' bairns whoad 'a' bin lonesome an' hungry an' fadderless bit fur what yo've dun, an' they'll luv yo' till ther deein' day.

"Eh, doctor! it's bin a weary time fur us while yo've bin lyin' int' Valley o' t' Shadow; an' if ah toald yo' bit hafe o' t' things as we've dun, ye'd hardly believe it. We've luiked at t' leet in yer winda last thing ivvery neet; and furst thing in t' mwornin' we've stepped oot to see what teale (tale) yer winda-blinds hed to tell. Theer's nut a man ner woman who hesn't prayed fur yo'; theer's bin Methody prayer-meetin's i' hafe o' t' cottages i' Routendale; an' theer's



"'We've cum to ax yer pardin an' to say "Thank ye."'"

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oald Peggy Beckett—Peggy's lad were yan o' t' oald drive lot—well, Peggy were seen yan neet when yo' wer at yer warst, on her knees bi yer garden-hedge ; bit ahll nut tell yo' what Peggy sed—that's between Peggy an' her Maker."

At this point, Andrew casts a hurried glance round the room, and then pauses as if in doubt whether to proceed ; for he sees that Wilfrid's white face has become whiter still, and that his hands are all a-tremble, that Nelly Dalton's eyes are shining with a tell-tale brightness, and that the doctor's mother has shrunk away into the duskiest corner, whilst his father has turned his back upon them and is looking through the window.

"Ah doot we're oanly upsetting yo', doctor," he apologetically continues, "seah I'se cut it short an' leave yo'. Ah dar' say yo' ken summat aboot hoo yer bravery's bin talked of o' ower t' land, and hoo t' pappers hev bin full on it. Well, we've heerd that t' Human Society's gane to give yo' its gowd medal just by way o' showin' its appreciation of yer conduct, an' a bit o' parchment as weel, a swort o' certificate, an' we've felt we'd like to do summat oorsels.

"Bit just at present, doctor, yo'll understand as hoo we need o' oor money fur t' widows and t' fadderless bairns o' them 'at's gone, an' seah we canna affword a medal o' gowd, ner yit ony grand parchment thing. Still, we've felt we mun give yo' summat, just summat that yo' cud luik at whenivver yo'd a mind to, an' it wud tell yo' hoo we've larned to luv yo' ; an' seah we've just drawn a laal bit of a certificate up amang oorsels, an', doctor, it says o' that oor hearts can pit intil wurds. We feel a gey lot mair, bit wurds are sec silly, senseless things when yer heart's runnin' ower. Mun ah read it till yo' ?"

Wilfrid nods his head ; speech is impossible to him, and accepting the sign, Andrew draws from his pocket a sheet of foolscap, and opening it out, proceeds to read :—

"To Dr. Wilfrid Allen,—

"This is to certify that all the colliers in Routendale declare Dr. Wilfrid Allen to be the grandest man they've ever known. They're prouder of him than they can tell, and them and their wives and children will bless his name as long as ever they live.

"(Signed) Andrew Ferguson,
William Dodgson,
Henry Morton."

Ten minutes later, the deputation is down on the beach, where every man, woman, and child in the little town has gathered to await their return, and Andrew Ferguson is again speaking.

"Ah think we've dune t' reet thing, fwolks," he is saying. "T' young doctor's varra waik yit, an' cudn't talk much ; bit he says it's a new diploma we've given him—an' ah think he's satisfied."

MIZPAH.

WHEN Morn comes down her yellow stairs, and frets
With ruddy candle-gleams the drowsy glen ;
When Noonday mends her twisted-copper nets
To snare the shadows' nimble feet ; and when
Night's wet black tresses drive across the sea,
The Lord keep watch betwixt us—thee and me.

HARRIET WHITNEY.

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THE MAKING OF A MERCANTILE MARINE OFFICER.

By B. J. Hyde.

Illustrated from photographs by Messrs. Clarke and Hyde.

THERE is no profession under the sun that can boast of so many self-made men as the Mercantile Marine. Competence in his work is a *sine quâ non*, and, in fact, the only accomplishment that is required of an officer. There are no limits to promotion, as in the Navy, and a lad who goes to sea as a "deck hand" may, and often does, by perseverance and industry eventually achieve the summit of a sailor's ambition — the command of one of our palatial liners. The vast majority of officers, however, are drawn from the apprentices' and midshipmen's berths.

In the big sailing-ships, a premium, usually about fifty pounds, is demanded for the privilege of becoming a "gentleman ropehauler training for the P. and O." However, there are plenty of ships whose owners take likely lads for nothing, and in some instances pay them wages according to their ability.

THE REEF-KNOT.

A lad going to sea for the first time will probably be surprised to find that the men "before the mast" are all foreigners, with one or two exceptions. This state of affairs is deplorable, yet inevitable under the existing circumstances, as British crews are unobtainable, for only twenty-five per cent. of our merchant-seamen are British born, and even then the majority of these are employed on steamers, not sailing-vessels.

If something is not done to encourage Britishers to adopt the sea as their profession, the time cannot be far distant when our merchant-ships will be manned exclusively by foreigners—obviously a very dangerous state of affairs in the event of war. Not only is the scarcity of British seamen a menace to our merchantmen, but, more serious still, it threatens our Navy with the extinction of a source of supply which yields a most useful class of Naval Reserve men, and even now our Navy is admittedly undermanned.

In the face of this ever-increasingly perilous position of our merchant service, which represents the investment of the enormous amount of £125,000,000 British capital, the Marine Society's own training-ship *Warspite*, "through lack of pecuniary support," forsooth, can only undertake the training of 200 boys at a time, instead of her full complement of 300.

With the vast number of unemployed that exist in our over-crowded cities, it is absurd to suppose that thousands of men could not be found eager to embrace a calling, manly, healthy, adventurous, and at the same time fairly well paid, provided the way was open to them, which it is not. The scarcity of British seamen is attributable to the difficulty experienced by a novice in obtaining a berth on board a vessel.

Why should the training for either service be confined to boys under eighteen, when an adult possessing ordinary intelligence, properly trained, could be taught in three months sufficient to enable him at once to render himself useful on board a vessel, especially a steamboat, instead of being for a considerable time an encumbrance? What captains object to is shipping absolutely raw, untrained hands that require to be taught everything at sea. If such a Britisher presents himself at the shipping-office,

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TEACHING BOYS THE MARKS ON THE LEAD-LINE.

naturally the ready-made foreign seaman is engaged in preference, and it is difficult for him to get a captain to take him; whereas had he even a rudimentary knowledge of the duties required of him, he would stand an infinitely better chance of acceptance. Once aboard, it rests entirely upon his own industry whether he eventually qualifies himself for the position of an officer or remains before the mast. What other profession offers similar opportunities?

TEACHING BOYS TO "BOX THE COMPASS."

Many apprentices go through a preliminary training on board a training-ship before going to sea, but the majority pay their premiums and go direct on board a sailing-ship.

An apprentice's premium, according to the shipowner's idea, is paid for the privilege of being taught how to tar ropes, paint the ship, steer, furl sail, and as nearly as possible take the place of a paid seaman; not for the purpose of instructing him how to become an officer. If he cares to teach himself navigation during his watch below, well and good; if not, no one ever troubles. No technical instruction is undertaken by the officers, and no portion of his watch on deck will be granted him in which to study.

One of the first things a novice on a sailing-vessel will be taught is the correct method of tying the indispensable reef-knot in place of the inevitable "granny" produced by landsmen. As will be seen in our illustration, both ends should lead out on the same side, thus forming two loops interlocked. This knot will neither slip nor jam.

The next all-important thing is to know the ropes—that is to say, he must learn the use to which each one is put individually, and also know its exact position thoroughly, so as to be able to lay his hand upon it without hesitation, even on the darkest night.

He must also learn to "box the compass"—that is, to name each point in rotation backwards and forwards; and will be taught how to steer, and, if smart, on his second voyage will be entrusted to take his regular turn at the helm and "on the look-out," the same as the men.

Among other trials, he finds that he must clean out the berth every other morning, scrub down the table and wash up the plates, knives, and forks, for his seniors. Also he must attend at the galley and bring in the

LEARNING HOW TO SPLICE.

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THE CAPTAIN GIVING THE HELMSMAN THE COURSE HE IS TO STEER.

food, coffee, etc. ; and must console himself by reflecting that he will not have to do it next voyage. If there happen to be two or three first voyagers in the same watch, then they must take it in turns to be "cook."

The first voyager will not at first be sent aloft, but confined to doing odd jobs about the deck, in which the use of a deck-broom will figure very prominently. "Pumping" while the decks are being washed down, and filling the large tank on the top of the deck-house that supplies the various taps about the ship with sea water, is another of his duties. He will spend many a weary hour at this soul-inspiring task.

After a time, when the weather is fine, he will be sent aloft a bit and instructed in the gentle art of furling and unfurling sail. He will soon gain confidence, and one day his heart will swell with pride as he springs into the rigging in response to the "Up aloft and loose that mizzen royal there, you!" He reaches the yard triumphantly with the knowledge that now for the first time he has been entrusted with a job "all by himself," and that he will be able to shout his orders to those on deck, and that his orders will be obeyed. Even the captain will not dispute them, and, as he is on deck, may even repeat one of them with his own lips. Alas! pride often cometh before a fall. True, the captain is watching him; for as he lies out along the yard and with eager fingers starts to undo the gasket, a roar like the bellow of an infuriated bull assails his ears from below. He looks down to see what is wrong, and realises that the roar was directed at himself, for in his excitement he has forgotten that the lee side must always be loosed first. At last all is ready, and he sings out the order "Sheet home the mizzen royal!" The chain rattles along the yard, down comes the clew a little way and then stops; the sailors below haul, but it will not budge. Again there rises a bellow from below, the purport of which he does not catch. The captain goes purple in the face as he repeats: "Let go the bunt gasket!" The brass-voiced boatswain roars out the order again; but the lad has become confused and cannot see what is wrong, till another apprentice, who has been sent up with instructions to "go and show the idiot," arrives and explains to him that you cannot expect a sail to come down if it is still lashed to the yard in the centre, even if you have loosened both sides.

The temporary wrath of the captain fades into insignificance before the chaff he has to bear from his companions; but the lesson is learned and will never be forgotten. There are many things learned the same way at sea.

In port, after the sails have been sent down and stowed away below, the work is one endless round of chipping old paint off

FURLING A STAYSAIL.

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with chipping-hammers and repainting inside and out, scrubbing and cleaning everything, retarring and rigging, etc.

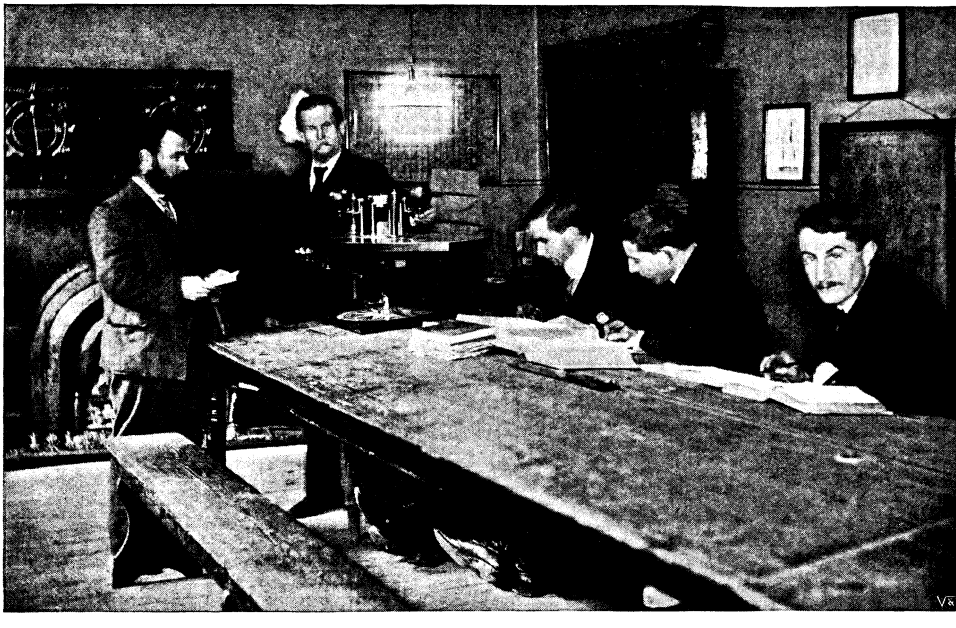
After four years' service at sea, the apprentice or seaman is qualified to go up for examination for his second mate's certificate; but before doing so, the sailor invariably goes to a school to be coached. There is one of these schools in the Sailors' Home, the well-known institution that has done such an incalculable amount of good for sailors of all nationalities. The Home was founded originally to rescue seamen coming into the Port of London from the hands of the crimps and land-sharks that swarmed in the neighbourhood of the docks.

Here every encouragement is given to the men to study, and ambulance and other classes are organised which they can attend if they feel so disposed. There is a separate department reserved for officers, and they have their own smoking and dining-room in the building, which is practically an enormous club, the only qualification for entrance to which is that the applicant be a seafaring man of some description.

Next door to the Sailors' Home are the Marine Board Offices. In a spacious room upstairs, the examination in navigation takes place. Here also the candidates are put through a test for colour blindness, an affliction that disqualifies the most competent man, since coloured lights are the only means vessels have of communicating to one another the direction in which they are going at night and so avoid collisions.

The method of testing for colour blindness is simple in the extreme. The candidate is called by the examiner up in front of a table heaped with skeins of wool of various shades; specimens are picked out and handed to him, and he must determine their colour. Two and a half per cent. of the candidates who present themselves fail under this test.

It is a great pity that this test is not enforced before a lad is accepted as an apprentice; but as it is not, those who are interested in the welfare of a lad who contemplates adopting the sea as his profession, should be careful to assure themselves that he is not suffering from this affliction, as few are aware of its existence till actually tested, and they may be the means of saving him from spending some of the most valuable years of his life fitting himself for a calling in which he has absolutely no chance of ultimate success and must abandon unless he be content to serve before the mast.



STUDENTS IN THE NAVIGATION-SCHOOL AT THE SAILORS' HOME.

Time spent at sea, however, cannot by any means be considered wasted, as on account of his general utility a seaman can readily obtain certain kinds of employment ashore. This fact accounts for many sailors abandoning the sea and entering the Fire Brigade or

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obtaining employment painting the ironwork of bridges, as riggers of scaffoldings, and in other jobs in which their knowledge and acquired habit of independent action give them a great advantage over the landsman, who is more or less confined to one class of work.

EXAMINATION IN NAVIGATION.

When thay have passed in navigation and colour vision test, a much more trying ordeal awaits the aspirants in the shape of a private *viva voce* examination in seamanship and rule of the road at the hands of an examiner. Possibly it may be conducted by the chief examiner (Captain Thompson himself), whose well-known nautical works—"Navigation Simplified" and "Examination Diagrams"—have assisted so many officers to secure the coveted "ticket."

Many a stout heart that knew not fear has quailed, and many a clear brain has become muddled at this all-important moment. Failing in seamanship is a serious thing to the aspirant, as it entails his going to sea again for six months before he is qualified to make another attempt. Failing in navigation is not so bad, as the candidate may present himself again for examination after the lapse of one week, so it does not entail his going to sea again unless he fails three times; he is then sent to sea for any period not exceeding three months, at the option of the examiners.

In the *viva voce* examination, the table represents the ocean, and a number of models are placed upon it in various positions, and some such question asked as "If you are sailing on a wind on the port tack, and you meet a vessel close hauled on the starboard tack, what would you do?" Several other questions in rule of the road follow, including a series illustrated by little coloured balls on the masts to represent the lights carried by ships at night. Then follows an examination in flags, signals, distance signals, and semaphore.

TESTING FOR COLOUR BLINDNESS.

Then horrible catastrophes happen to the models. They are blown on to lee shores, off coasts where the ocean-bed is rocky and the anchors will not hold; they are caught in cyclones, dismasted, spring leaks, lose their rudder under most adverse circumstances, run foul of icebergs

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and on to rocks, get astride coral reefs and into mud-banks, collide with other vessels, run down fishing-smacks; men fall overboard when the wind is in the most awkward quarter; tug-boats attempt to tow them, and the hawsers invariably part or get foul; yards carry away and come down with a run; fire breaks out aboard; they get taken aback and sail backwards against their will. The candidate must be prepared to meet any and every emergency. If successful, the examiner will hand him a paper authorising him to have his certificate made out.

IN THE SEAMEN'S SCHOOL. INSTRUCTOR USING MODEL TO ILLUSTRATE QUESTIONS LIKELY TO BE ASKED AT THE EXAMINATION.

MANŒUVRING IN NARROW WATERS. QUESTIONS IN RULE OF THE ROAD.

On one occasion, an examiner was putting a candidate through a particularly stiff accident. As the imaginary typhoon struck the ship, his face assumed a somewhat contemptuous expression—he had been in typhoons and knew what to do; but when the foremast carried away and went by the board, he looked serious; as the main and mizzen masts followed in quick succession, he began to look puzzled; but when a floating mast got foul of the rudder, and the ship "broached to" broadside on to a heavy sea, with a raging gale still blowing her on to a lee shore, he gave it up as a bad job, and when the examiner inquired: "Now, what would you do in a case like that?" "Do, sir?" replied the puzzled one ruefully, "why, I should strike eight bells, call the other watch, and then go below and

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

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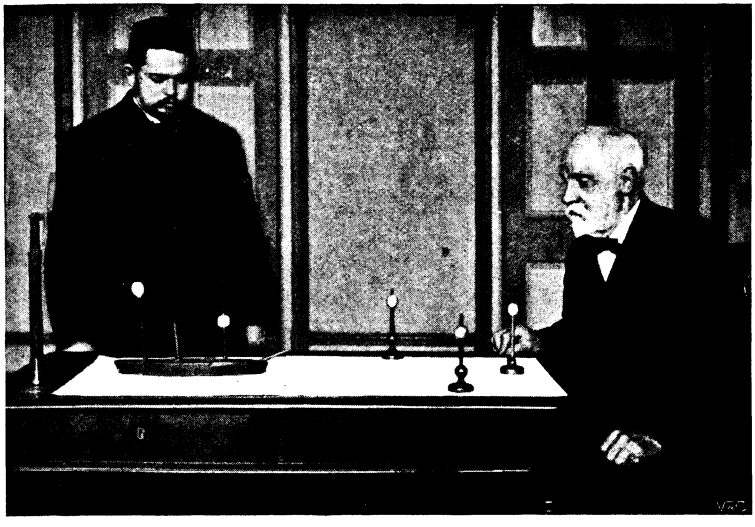
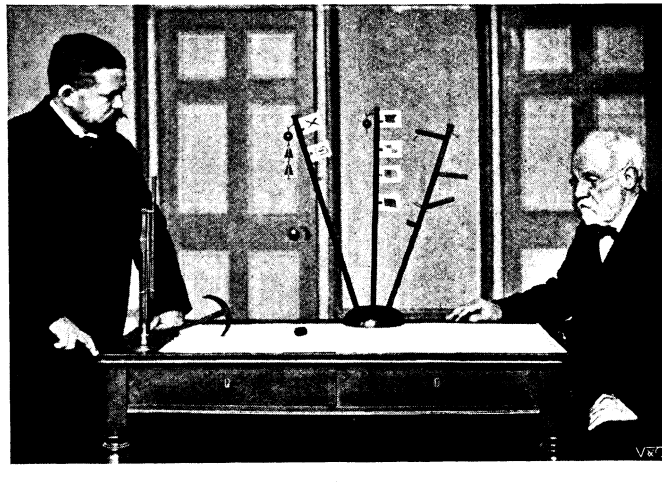


STEAMER MEETING THREE OTHERS AT NIGHT. QUESTIONS IN RULE OF THE ROAD.

turn in." Needless to say, his ticket was not handed to him that day, at any rate.

After obtaining his second mate's certificate, the seaman must go to sea again and come back showing that he has been in full charge of a watch for at least twelve months. He is then eligible to try for his mate's certificate. If he fails, he must go to sea again, at option of the examiners, for a period not exceeding six months before coming before the examiners again.

In the event of his being successful, he must come back and show a discharge for a further period of at least two and a half years' service as "second mate," when he can attempt to pass as "master mariner." This certificate entitles him to assume command of any vessel whatever, and no further certificate is necessary. There is, however, one more optional examination that he may undergo if he desires to do so. It will increase his chance of obtaining a command, should he secure an "extra master's" certificate—the highest possible hall-mark of competency that a sailor can display.



EXAMINATION IN SIGNALS. FIXED TO TABLE IN LEFT-HAND CORNER IS A MODEL OF A SHIP'S MAST USED TO ILLUSTRATE METHOD OF RIGGING UP A MAST TO REPLACE A BROKEN ONE.

HIS "EXTRA MASTER'S" CERTIFICATE.

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SEA SIRENS.

By Frank Dobbs.

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CHARLES EDWARD.

By HARRISON RHODES.*

No. IV.—THE TRUTH ABOUT STEPHEN LOCKE.

THE truth about Stephen Locke and his works has never been told, but almost every conceivable thing which is not true has been alleged concerning him. He is already a legend; and although it is only six or seven years ago that he flashed like a meteor across the literary horizon—the phrase would be justified in the most prosaic composition—it would be for most people no more difficult now to authenticate the myth of Romulus and Remus than to guarantee a single one of the stories about this amazing writer. The only thing one could have been certain of was the four books themselves and the extraordinary excitement their appearance created. Even before the scandalous controversy over their authorship, the sales were large; later on, copies had to be sold hot from the press, so to speak, and one printer, half-crazed by overwork, actually made an unsuccessful attempt to drown himself from a pierhead in the East River.

Of course, everybody knows all that until now could be known about the affair, for in these delightful days of culture and journalism everybody knows everything about literature. Still, it was some years ago, so perhaps it can do no harm to recapitulate. The books came out in the spring. No one had heard of Stephen Locke, and suddenly four stories by him were on sale at once—in four neat, blue volumes, with curious cabalistic devices in gold upon their covers. Whether any one of the novels by itself would have created a furore is a question upon which critics wrote hundreds of columns. It did not so much matter. It was just Mr. Locke's versatility which was his most astounding characteristic. One could understand how a hard-working young novelist might have written "My Maryland," for, after all, there have been other sweet and refreshing tales of Colonial days. The Great American Novelists write them pretty often. But it was not easy to see how the same hand could have turned out that sparkling, cynical, and epigrammatic study of smart London Society, "The Provocation of Lady Snagg," a book which, one is credibly informed, made Mr. Benson sit up and Mrs. Craigie look to her laurels. And "The Atheist." What can one say of that? In two continents another great novelist trembled on his pedestal. Then there was "Bad Mrs. Beaver," the daring book which wakened the slumbering soul in so many women, and whose heroine proved so triumphantly that one may lead a thoroughly abandoned life from the highest and best of motives. The total effect was dazzling, and there was a sublime air of mastery in the way the unknown author had waited calmly until he was ready to give the public something like a satisfactory view of his many-faceted genius. With him there had been no apologetic first book, followed by a timorous second. The comparison to Pallas Athene springing full-armed from the head of Zeus was a simile somewhat overworked that spring.

Naturally excitement was trebled when the controversy over the authorship started. At first people wondered who Stephen Locke was; and afterwards, if one may put it that way, they wondered who he wasn't. With so many claimants in the field, public opinion paused, baffled, on both sides of the Atlantic. In the beginning, of course, it had been expected that the author would soon emerge reluctantly, but gracefully, from his obscurity. Indeed, Mrs. Fred Wilding remarked, with a sweetly mysterious smile, to Lady Wynche, who has some pretensions to a rival *salon* in London, that Mr. Locke would probably be coming soon to one of her Fridays. "They all do," said she. After several claimants had appeared, there was really a rather unpleasant little scene when Lady Wynche met Mrs. Fred and congratulated her upon having known the great author all the time. "Shall you," she inquired suavely, "take the Albert Hall on the Friday when he comes to you?"

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It may be imagined that the sleuth-hounds of the Press were unleashed in London and New York as well. The unfortunate publishers in both towns, who really seemed to know nothing, were driven nearly mad by interviewers, and leading novelists spent all their time answering telegrams and cablegrams, sent to them, reply prepaid, by newspapers from San Francisco to Paris. Everyone's career was investigated. But from what seems almost crass stupidity, it occurred to no one to wonder what, during the past six months, Mr. Charles Edward Austin had been doing.

Of course, Charles Edward is not a writer, nor was he so well known then as he is now. Moreover, he had had his fair share of publicity less than a year before this time, when he married Lady Angela Farnston, making the first Anglo-American alliance where it was the wife who had the title, and the husband the money. Perhaps the newspapers thought they had finished with him. Lady Angela is, however, as is pretty well understood now, as amazing a person as her husband. "When I am a little mad," says Charles Edward, "Angela is always a little mad too, and in the most beautifully sympathetic way." The result is that since his marriage, whimsical exploits have not ceased to diversify and enliven his life.

The beginning of this particular enterprise was an excellent small dinner at Sherry's. Somehow most of the stories concerning Charles Edward seem to commence with dinner. But when he eats, he talks; and when he talks, he thinks; and when he thinks, adventures happen. There were only three at the table. The Austins' guest was Lee Oliver, who was something or other in a publisher's office, and was just young enough and just fresh enough to his trade to like talking "shop" immensely. Neither his host nor his hostess was particularly literary; still, on the other hand, they had nothing against letters. "Charles Edward and I are ignorant," confided Lady Angela to Oliver; "but we are really quite intelligent, and I do want to know something about publishing."

Young Oliver, whose impression of her was growing momentarily more and more favourable, was only too glad to talk at her command on any subject she chose. There ensued consequently a literary conversation of considerable length and of no great merit. It is only notable because it produced, indirectly, such extraordinary results. The merest summary of it must serve to indicate to the reader what carried them from an excellent *mousse de jambon* which followed the fish, on to coffee and liqueurs.

Lady Angela expressed the hope that it was no longer possible for genius to die unpublished and unappreciated. Young Oliver somewhat epigrammatically pointed out the distinction between publication and appreciation. A book, he thought, would always be accepted by some house, if you sent it around enough. But many clever young writers got little money for novels, and so little fame that in many cases they would probably be willing to give up the latter altogether for a decent pecuniary return. Lady Angela felt this to be very hard, since fame was surely what—in the beginning, at least—every writer worth the name was working for. Charles Edward objected that it was probably because the books weren't really good that they did not succeed. That, thought Oliver, was scarcely a fair statement of the case. The books were good, many of them; but there were nowadays so many books, and so many good books, that some of them never attracted attention. He was not prepared to say that a work of transcendent genius would not force its way irresistibly. Most of the great successes, however, fell short of such a definition, and their vogue seemed largely the result of accident. The difficulty of the new author was to find some way of making a sharp, definite impression at the very outset, to convince the public at once of his originality, his depth of thought, his wit, the excellence of his style, his versatility.

"Versatility?" interrupted Charles Edward. "Would that do?"

"I suppose it would," replied Oliver. "But don't you see, you can't prove with your first novel that you are versatile. You would have to wait until the third or fourth."

"You couldn't publish the four at once, I suppose?" said Lady Angela.

"It's never been done." Lee Oliver, the experienced young publisher, laughed.

"That's curious," commented his host, with an air which made Lady Angela, who knew his moods, look at him quickly. Never before had Charles Edward's mind been applied to the problems of the publishing trade, but there was already a gleam in his eye. It was soon apparent, however, that if anything were on foot, it was not to be confided to Mr. Lee Oliver. So Lady Angela gracefully but swiftly brought the dinner to its natural close, and the Austin automobile brougham was soon bearing its owners swiftly down Fifth Avenue.

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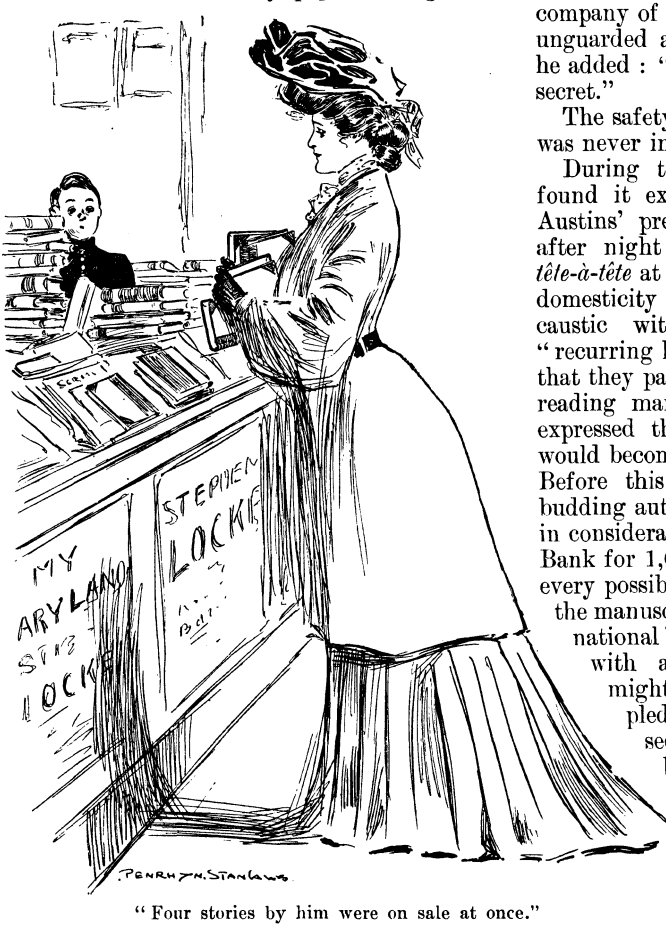
"Well, what is it?" Lady Angela plunged at once *in medias res.*

"Angela, wife of my bosom, I have an idea," was the answer elicited.

"I knew it, Charles Edward. Tell me more."

* * * * *

For the next portion of this story there is documentary evidence of a sort. Within the next fortnight a small advertisement appeared in a New York literary paper stating that



"Four stories by him were on sale at once."

"International" wished to purchase complete rights of a number of novels by new writers. Liberal terms were promised, and letters were to be sent in care of the Excelsior Bank of New York, which was given as a reference to guarantee the good faith of "International's" proposal. Later on, Mr. John Vincent, the president of the institution, whose first wife had been an Austin, was dragged into the Stephen Locke controversy, and even accused of being the celebrated author himself. But Mr. Vincent has had for years the reputation of being the most silent man in New York, and his powers did not fail in face of reporters. He could keep a secret; Charles Edward knew this. And an utterance of that young gentleman's concerning his wife may be quoted here.

"Angela is not what I call a womanly woman," he had said once at a dinner, in a hush in the conversation; and when he had sufficiently enjoyed the effect upon the company of this speech, which they thought unguarded and not meant to be overheard, he added: "I mean, because she can keep a secret."

The safety of "International's" incognito was never in doubt.

During the next six weeks New York found it extremely difficult to secure the Austins' presence at any function. Night after night they apparently dined quietly *tête-à-tête* at home. The smart set took this domesticity rather ill, and one would-be caustic wit diagnosed the affliction as "recurring honeymoon." But no one knew that they passed the evenings in the library reading manuscripts, until Charles Edward expressed the haunting fear that his wife would become a thoroughly cultured woman. Before this could happen, however, four budding authors were approached, and each, in consideration of a draft of the Excelsior Bank for 1,000 dollars, agreed to surrender every possible right he or she might have to the manuscript given in exchange. "International" was to be allowed to publish with any title and pseudonym he might choose, and the original authors pledged themselves to inviolable secrecy. Mr. Eric Langford, a bright young graduate of Cornell, where he had taken honours in American history, made a step in his career by moving from Binghampton to New York, where he immediately spent 110 dollars at a tailor's. Mrs. Baring-Waters, whom certain episodes in London had sent to New York for the winter, paid a few, a very few, of her debts, and hoped that in spite of the fact that she had not used real names in her novel, she had administered a slap in the face to a lady or two across the Atlantic. Solon C. Atwater (he would never have "Mr." put on his cards) banked 1,000 dollars, and hoped that his work would advance the cause of liberal religious thought. Mrs. Miles Charlesworth, a wholly respectable lady who theo-

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retically believed in a higher, looser life for women, arranged to send her eldest boy to college. These names are absolutely to be relied upon. These *are* the authors of the novels known respectively as "My Maryland," "The Provocation of Lady Snagg," "The Atheist," and "Bad Mrs. Beaver." The titles Charles Edward and Angela invented, while the name "Stephen Locke" came to the latter in a dream.

"I think, Angela," said Charles Edward, when they had proceeded thus far, "that Stephen Locke is a very great man."

"And I think, Charles Edward," she answered, "that you are."

Their marriage was unquestionably proving a success.

* * * * * *

The house of Harpleton and Co. was somewhat astonished when an unknown person, named Stephen Locke, wrote suggesting the publication of four novels by him. The request caused some laughter, but it had, at any rate, the effect of gaining for the manuscripts immediate attention. Shortly afterwards, the Messrs. Harpleton wrote to say that they liked the stories, and would be glad ultimately to publish all of them, provided the first one brought out attained a reasonable degree of success. To this Mr. Locke sent a dignified refusal to consider anything except the simultaneous publication in England and America of all four novels. As to pecuniary loss, the Excelsior Bank had instructions to guarantee the publishers against that, and Mr. Locke pointed out that, from a purely commercial point of view, an enormous amount of advertisement would be the result of so unusual a *début*. How so ancient and conservative a house came to be influenced by any of these considerations is difficult to say, but Messrs. Harpleton did bring out the books. This is a matter of history; so, indeed, is the dividend declared to the stockholders at the end of that year.

"'You couldn't publish the four at once, I suppose?' said Lady Angela."

For six weeks the Austin family enjoyed vicariously the delights of authorship. Press cuttings were strewn about the library, and Lady Angela subscribed to all the literary and critical publications. Charles Edward once caught her talking at a dinner-party about "tendencies in art," and he began to fear that he should soon see her clad in a loose "artistic" gown and heavily hung with bead chains. He might have risked even this, however, to secure the intoxication of literary success. It is pleasant to dwell on this period of unalloyed bliss, for anxieties later overtook our young hero in such numbers that it seems only simple justice that he should have had his time of happiness.

It is to be feared that all this time neither of the inventors of Stephen Locke gave much thought to those who might be called

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the authors of the celebrated author. On the other hand, the anonymous four thought of little else than the mysterious "International." It would not suit the purpose of a narrative, which is meant to be, on the whole, light and pleasing, that any attempt should be made to depict the anger, the curiosity, and the other violent and low emotions which preyed upon them. "International" had not violated the agreement; neither must they, it was to be supposed. But human endurance was stretched almost to the breaking-point. It was stretched a little farther when the works of Stephen Locke went into a fifteenth edition. Poor, outraged nature could bear no more, and in rapid succession Charles Edward had conveyed to him from the Excelsior Bank the following communications:—

"DEAR SIR,—It is a most painful thing for me to have to write this letter. I realise that in a sense I have no right to appeal from the present situation. But it seems a terrible injustice that at the very beginning of my literary career I should be responsible for the greatest success of years without reaping from it either fortune or fame. I hope I am not conceited, but I presume you will agree with me that the picture of the wholesome, romantic life of our own Colonial days has interested the great American public more than the improper frivolities of London Society, the problems of atheism, or the hysterical wanderings of a degenerate heroine. In short, I feel that Stephen Locke is pre-eminently known as the author of 'My Maryland.' I shall be willing to have you keep the great profits my work has made if I am allowed to declare my identity. May I hear from you?—Yours truly,

"ERIC LANGFORD."

"DEAR SIR,—I have no wish to cause trouble, which I know, of course, I should do if I disclosed what I know of Stephen Locke. And, really, you are welcome to the fame of it; of course, I don't write professionally. But I should like some of the profits. In fact, at the present moment I must have some. I don't know what the authors of the other books mean to do. I gather, however, from the papers that 'The Provocation of Lady Snagg' is the really important volume, so I shall hope to hear from you at once. Otherwise, I shall take steps of one sort or another.

"I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"MURIEL BARING-WATERS."

"DEAR MR. LOCKE,—I have no objection to your having the proper reward for your books; but as I have supplied the serious and thoughtful part of 'your works,' I have certainly a right to a certain share—say, one-third of the royalties—and I ought to be acknowledged as your collaborator, shall we say? I am quite aware that this is an ethical rather than a legal claim. In any case, I shall arrange for the announcement of my authorship. You may object that this is contrary to our agreement, but I am above such trifling considerations. According to modern ethical teaching, the so-called sense of honour has already worked infinite mischief in the world.

"Yours very sincerely,

"SOLON B. ATWATER."

"DEAR SIR,—*Upward and Onward*, the official journal of the Women's Emancipation Coterie, says of 'Bad Mrs. Beaver' that it is 'the most significant work of the decade,' and calls upon the author 'to speak again to women both by books and from the lecture-platform.' Now, I have another novel nearly ready, entitled 'Aphrodite Triumphant,' and a lecture prepared, called 'Helot Woman.' In order to obtain for these due publicity, I must be known as Stephen Locke. Shall I write to the papers, or will you?

"Yours very truly,

"(MRS. MILES) SADIE A. CHARLESWORTH."

"Poor dears!" exclaimed Lady Angela, summing up in this phrase her views after reading the letters.

"Yes," assented her husband. "We don't seem to have thought of them much. Now we must do something. Meet them and talk it over, I suppose."

"Here, at the house?"

"Certainly not. Why should we give ourselves away? My view would be that they should be met at midnight by a mysterious lady, heavily veiled—I can see you, Angela—who would conduct them to a yellow cab with—with——"

"Green jalousies, perhaps," suggested Lady Angela; "I don't know just what they are, but I seem to have read of them somewhere."

"Jalousies, yes. No, cabs don't have 'em, do they? But we might meet them in Jersey City. That's mysterious enough. I'm sure no one ever went there before for anything except to take a train."

Eventually it was there, in a decrepit hotel called the "Eagle," that the meeting took place, in a dismal parlour furnished in the desolate

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manner of the 'sixties. It was not at night, because Lady Angela thought this would make it difficult for Mrs. Charlesworth and Mrs. Baring-Waters. The June sunlight, streaming across a threadbare flowered carpet, brought out all the squalid gentility of the *mise-en-scène*, and Charles Edward declared it as effective as a deserted cottage on the heath's edge or a rotting wharf by the riverside, only in a more modern, Henry James sort of way. It was an innocent self-deception, one of the small tricks by which he often managed to give an air of picturesque romance to the most trite happenings.

There was, however, nothing hackneyed in the present situation. Indeed, when the four authors entered, which, because they had caught the same ferry-boat, they did almost simultaneously, there was a look on their faces of determined unfriendliness, which seemed to promise that the conference would be rich in human emotion.

"Are you," asked Mr. Atwater, somewhat acidly, "Mr. Locke?"

"We are all Mr. Locke," returned Charles Edward blandly, with a smiling invitation to them to be seated. "I am, if you like a name, Mr. International."

"And this lady?" queried Mrs. Baring-Waters.

"This," said Charles Edward, although he knew he should pay for it later, "is my typewriter, Miss Mamie Smith."

"Do you realise——?" began Mr. Atwater.

"Pardon me," interrupted the self-constituted chairman, "but I feel sure that if I am allowed to make a little speech at the very beginning, we shall all be more—more harmonious. I can at once clear away one great difficulty. I hope we may arrange to distribute the profits of the books between you."

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Baring-Waters. "I thought you would see it that way."

"I did not," continued Charles Edward, "go into this scheme for commercial reasons."

"Neither did I write my novel for them, although I am a poor man." Mr. Langford certainly looked very noble and literary in his low collar and simple black tie. "Are we to take it that this offer is made to keep us silent when you come forward as the author of my—that is, our books?"

"I have neither the wish nor the intention to announce myself as Stephen Locke. As I didn't write the books, it would not seem to me quite honest."

"Well, then, it's settled." Mrs. Charlesworth heaved a sigh of relief. "You don't announce yourself as Stephen Locke—then I do."

"You, madam!" broke in Mr. Atwater. "Which book, might I ask you, did you write? You will, perhaps, be glad to know that it was I who wrote 'The Atheist.'"

"If you come to that," said Mrs. Baring-Waters sweetly, but distinctly, 'The Provocation of Lady Snagg' is mine."

"That's what I said," the chairman protested. "You are all Mr. Locke—the Messrs. Locke, if you prefer."

"I gather that if one of you announces his authorship, all the rest will, too," ventured Miss Mamie Smith. There appeared to be no doubt as to this.

"It is, perhaps, useless to point out to you"—Charles Edward resumed his oration—"that you all made a bargain of your own free will, and now you want to slip out of it. I leave all that aside, and I beg you to consider what you are planning to do. You are going to ruin the career of the most promising young novelist of the day. The future is Stephen Locke's. To make him, you gave, it is to be presumed, your heart's blood, and I gave four thousand dollars. The result has been a name in literature and—let us touch upon it delicately—a considerable commercial asset. I have read in the newspapers that the sales of Mr. Locke's next book in advance of publication would be something like fifty thousand copies. What do you propose to do? To make him a laughing-stock. To substitute for a name which is a household word in two continents, four wholly unknown names—pardon me if I put it brutally."

Charles Edward warmed to his work. The fate which threatened the beloved novelist almost gave him a choke in his voice.

"What you propose," he thundered at the somewhat astonished four, "is nothing short of murder, and I for one will be no party to the crime. I am willing to do anything else, but Stephen Locke must live."

If oratory alone could have carried the day, Stephen Locke would now be an honoured and respected name "wherever the English tongue is known." At the moment Lady Angela was determined that Charles Edward must embrace politics as a career. Even the four were a little cowed. It was Mr. Langford who finally broke the silence with his thoughtful tones.

"What, then, do you propose?"

Charles Edward winged his way to earth.

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"'Is my typewriter, Miss Mamie Smith.'"

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"There are several things you might do. Why not form a kind of syndicate and continue the name?"

"We could begin at once," said Mrs. Charlesworth, "with my 'Aphrodite Triumphant.' It is, after all, women who read nowadays, and 'Mrs. Beaver' stirred them."

"I do not agree." Mr. Atwater was emphatic. "I consider that nothing can ever interest the world as a treatment some way or other of religious belief and delusion."

By this time Lady Angela had begun to take things a little more lightly. It would be indelicate to say that she entered the scrimmage; she interpolated, however, a remark of her own.

"Yet surely the American public is at present taking the strongest interest in the romance of its own past."

"You talk like a literary paper," muttered her husband, while "I agree entirely with Miss Smith," came promptly from the author of "My Maryland."

Lady Angela acknowledged this smilingly. Charles Edward scowled.

"Perhaps," said he, "Mrs. Baring-Waters feels that *she* should lead off with *her* next book."

"Dear me," observed that lady plaintively, "I may never write another book. No one seems to understand that I am not a professional writer."

"I am sure you misjudge those who have read your volume. They must surely see it," was Mrs. Charlesworth's amiable, womanly comment.

The battle raged. Charles Edward suggested that if they could not agree to be Stephen Locke jointly, they ought to allow the name to become the property of one of their number. This threatened to cause an even more acrimonious discussion as to whose merits entitled him or her to the inheritance. Lady Angela hastily suggested drawing lots. This averted actual violence, but went no further than that.

Charles Edward leapt to his feet. It was not often that the opportunity of making speeches came to him, and he meant to have a farewell burst of oratory. He spoke with remarkable eloquence on the magnitude of the crime about to be committed. Then he lamented the fate of Stephen Locke in a passage of great pathos, which brought tears to Lady Angela's eyes. Finally he stated, not without some pungency of expression, that he should do nothing whatever to corroborate any statements which his hearers might choose to make, and that he hoped, for his part, that no one would believe them. In order to avoid giving evidence, he should not pay Mr. Locke's royalties to them now, but should hold them as a trust fund, to be handed over when it seemed safe. Mr. Atwater interrupted at this point, but was suppressed with really astonishing firmness by the orator, who rather curtly dismissed his visitors.

"It was a beautiful flow of language, Charles Edward," said his wife, when they were alone, "but I suppose it won't affect them at all."

"Probably not," answered he gloomily—"not if they have kept my letters as proof."

"You may be sure the women haven't. Women don't keep important business letters; only others."

"Thank you, Angela. You are trying to comfort me even by defaming your own sex. It's very noble of you; but Stephen Locke is done for, unless some special act of Providence thwarts these villains."

Charles Edward's was only a fair statement of the situation. Yet he forgot that in the past the Goddess of Good Luck had been apt to interpose on his behalf. No prophetic sense warned him, nor, indeed, did the events of the next ten days in any way justify hope.

The four proceeded straight from the dilapidated "Eagle" in Jersey City to their writing-desks in the various parts of Greater New York and unveiled the truth. No adequate description of the result will be so much as attempted here.

Anyone who is sufficiently interested in Stephen Locke ought to look over the newspapers of that fortnight. The affair was the sensation of the moment. Moreover, it lent itself to imaginative treatment. Column after column of the most amazing stories was printed. From the confusion two facts stood out. First, no one had identified the mysterious "International" and his companion of the "Eagle." Second, a great number of people believed the claimants' story. It was thought unfortunate that neither Mrs. Charlesworth nor Mr. Langford had preserved "International's" letters, but that this did not invalidate their claim. It was considered that Stephen Locke was exploded, if one may use the expression. The unknown contriver of it all was complimented upon being as ingenious as he was dishonest. For no one for a moment doubted that he had meant ultimately to come forward and wear his borrowed laurels. The unfairness

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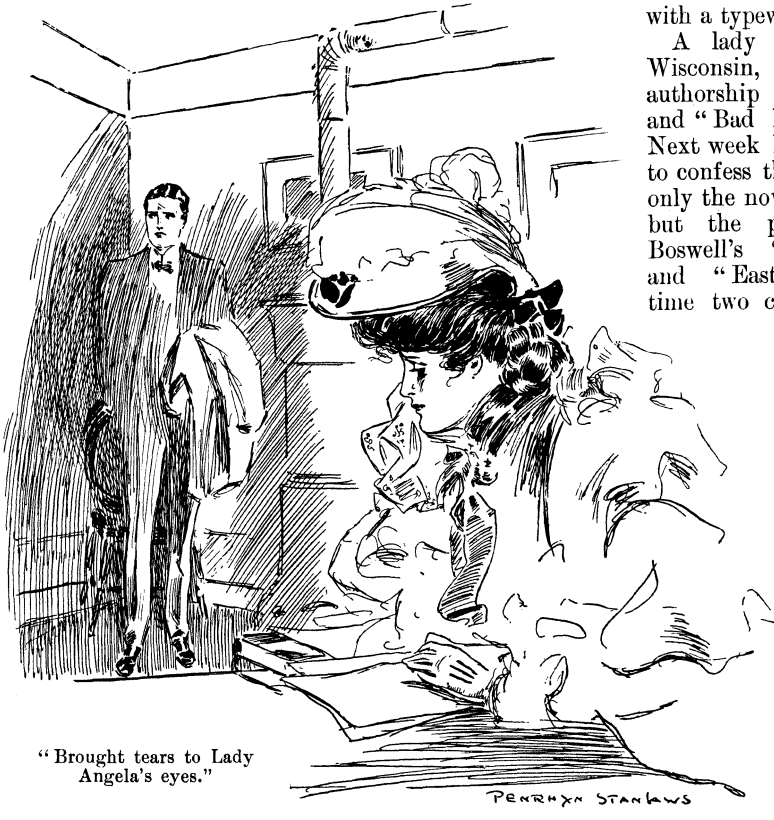
of this exasperated Charles Edward, who had wanted nothing for himself and had worked with the real passion of the artist to create. Stephen Locke had been his work, and Stephen Locke lay shattered at his feet. Nothing could compensate for that. He cudgelled his brains, and—figuratively, at least—Lady Angela's, but to no result. Gloom brooded over the Austin household, and Charles Edward never reflected that it is darkest just before the dawn.

The plot is now further complicated by the entrance of Mr. Henry Esselburn. He is difficult to explain. Charles Edward considered him an invention of Providence; the inhabitants of Poughkeepsie had long called him a "crank," and had known that he was devoured by unavailing literary ambition. At a tea given by an earnest Vassar student he let drop the tell-tale words. Taxed with them, he said he should prefer neither to affirm nor to deny that he was Stephen Locke, and the reporter from the local paper could obtain from him nothing beyond this diplomatic statement. But the representative of a great and sprightly metropolitan journal who saw him felt justified in printing an account of "the latest claimant of Stephen Locke's books." So far Mr. Esselburn would only admit vaguely that he had written one of the books, but in a week the admission was wrung from him that "The Atheist" was his work. The following morning the papers contained a communication from Mr. Atwater which exhausted the vocabulary of decent vituperation. Mr. Esselburn retorted by showing to the editor of the *Book and Pen* the original manuscript of at least half the novel. The remainder he had destroyed, and it was only by the merest chance that he had so much of it as he produced. Mr. Atwater could not bring forth similar proof. He had nothing now but the letter from "International," which, as the reporter from the *Hawk* reminded him, could have been written by anyone who had been left five minutes alone with a typewriting machine.



"Brought tears to Lady Angela's eyes."

A lady residing in Madison, Wisconsin, next admitted to the authorship of "My Maryland" and "Bad Mrs. Beaver" as well. Next week Mr. Dooley was forced to confess that he had written not only the novels of Stephen Locke, but the plays of Shakespeare, Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and "East Lynne." By this time two continents rocked with laughter. It was asserted that candidates for Boston's police force were asked if they had written any of Stephen Locke's novels; if so, "how many?" And the New York papers contained an account of a club about to be formed in Chicago composed entirely of authors of "The Provocation of Lady Snagg." No one longer took the trouble to investigate anybody's claims. The whole thing had become a huge joke. Although, in the end, there were only eight competitors, the pretence was that the mania for being considered Stephen Locke was a kind of disease ravaging the country.

The original and authentic authors of the

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four novels were considered as much impostors as their later rivals, only cleverer in having been first in the field and in having plotted that their stories should agree. Early belief in one gifted and versatile creature renewed, the fallen idol was placed again upon its pedestal, and Messrs. Harpleton and Co. put forth the twenty-third edition.

The pleasure which Charles Edward and Lady Angela now took in life had become so great that they scarcely dared trust themselves in public. It was not safe for them to be present when the talk was of Stephen Locke; they almost bubbled over. Charles Edward felt that his hand was again upon the tiller. So, after a delightful evening, when he and Lady Angela, having begged off another engagement, dined alone and talked in the library till two in the morning, Mr. Locke broke silence and sent to the papers, through the medium of his publishers, a letter. It breathed the serenest spirit and suggested that confidence in himself which had made him wait until he could appear in the full splendour of four volumes.

"It has not seemed dignified, pleasant, or necessary," ran the communication, "to make any statement as to the validity of certain claims which have been put forward to the authorship of the books lately published with my name attached. Fortunately recent events have given the public ample opportunity to judge for itself the genuineness of such claims. I now write to ask that for the sake of everyone concerned, and more especially the claimants themselves, discussion of the matter may cease. The novels must be judged on their own merits. It should be of no importance to anyone that they happen to be written by

"Yours most faithfully,

"STEPHEN LOCKE."

At the same time the four who had been at the "Eagle" conference received notes from "International" stating that money amounting to 4,000 dollars was due each one of them, but that the payment was conditional on a cessation of the agitation. The agitation ceased. It is true that Mr. Eric Langford took his letter to show to the editor of the *Book and Pen*, which gentleman, instead of being interested in this sensational disclosure, frankly told his visitor that it seemed to him only a fresh development in the ingenious plot which Mr. Langford and his friends had invented. So far as the *Book and Pen* was concerned, the incident was closed. Mr. Langford has a sensitive nature, ill-suited to bear rebuffs; for him also the incident was at an end.

It remains only to hasten on to the closing episode of this literary drama, to the sad day when Charles Edward and Lady Angela buried Stephen Locke, a bleeding victim of their own hands. Even now their conscience is uneasy at times. And yet what else was possible? Circumstances had made it out of the question to apply to any of the four original sources of the great man's inspiration. Nor was any budding author likely to sell his work in reply to an advertisement of Mr. "International." It was impossible for Stephen Locke to cease writing; that would be too wild a flight for the public imagination. Lady Angela purchased some admirable, large sheets of paper and told Charles Edward he must try himself. For two mornings he sat vacant-minded and staring at his desk. At the end of this time he had produced three lines of brilliant and epigrammatic dialogue, and declared that work thus "chiselled to absolute perfection of form" must necessarily be of slow growth. But his wife, though willing to admit that his genius, in Pater's phrase, "burned with a hard, gem-like flame," felt that it would not do, and Charles Edward bounded from his desk to lunch like a galley-slave released. They accepted the inevitable. That very afternoon a message went to the Messrs. Harpleton, saying that Stephen Locke was dead, and that his last wish had been that his incognito should be respected. No one could penetrate it, so it was respected, inevitably. Now for the first time the truth is out. This is the history, agreeable to fact, of Stephen Locke. The disclosure is important, because Locke is, to quote the *Book and Pen*, "one of the most gifted and picturesque figures of the end of the nineteenth century." So also, Lady Angela would say, is Charles Edward.

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"The lynx came upon a strange trail and stopped short, crouching."

THE RIVALS OF RINGWAAK.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.*

A WHITE flood, still and wonderful, the moonlight lay on the naked rampikes and dense thickets of Ringwaak Hill. Beneath its magic the very rocks, harsh bulks of granite, seemed almost afloat; and every branch, spray, and leaf swam liquidly. The rampikes, towering trunks of pine, fire-blasted and time-bleached, lifted lonely spires of silver over the enchanted solitude.

Apparently there was neither sound nor motion over all Ringwaak, or over the wide wilderness spread out below its ken. But along the secret trails, threading the thicket and skirting the granite boulders, life went on with an intensity all the deeper and more stringent for the seal of silence laid upon it. The small, fugitive kindreds moved noiselessly about their affairs, foraging, mating, sometimes even playing, but ever watchful, a sleepless vigilance the price of each hour's breath; while, even more furtive, but more intermittent in their watchfulness, the hunting and blood-loving kindreds followed the trails.

Gliding swiftly from bush to rock, from rock to thicket, now for an instant clear and terrible in a patch of moonlight, now ghost-grey and still more terrible in the sharp-cut shadows, came a round-eyed, crouching shape. It was somewhere about the size of a large spaniel, but shorter in the body and longer in the legs; and its hind-legs, in particular, though kept partly gathered beneath the body in readiness for a lightning spring, were so disproportionately long as to give a high, humped-up, rabbity look to its powerful hind-quarters. This combined suggestion of the rabbit and the tiger was peculiarly daunting in its effect. The strange beast's head was round and catlike, but with high, tufted ears, and a curious, back-brushed muffle of whiskers under the throat. Its eyes, wide and pale, shone with a cold ferocity and unconquerable wildness. Its legs, singularly large for the bulk of its body, and ending in broad, razor-clawed,

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furry pads of feet, would have seemed clumsy but for the impression of tense steel springs and limitless power which they gave in every movement. In weight this stealthy and terrifying figure would have gone perhaps forty pounds — but forty pounds of destroying energy and tireless swiftness.

As he crept through a spruce thicket, his savage eyes turning from side to side, the lynx came upon a strange trail and stopped short, crouching. His stub of a tail twitched, his ears flattened back angrily, his long, white fangs bared themselves in a soundless snarl. A green flame seemed to flicker in his eyes, as he subjected every bush, every stone, every stump within his view to the most piercing scrutiny. Detecting no hostile presence, he bent his attention to the strange trail, sniffing at it with minute consideration.

The scent of the trail was that of a wild-cat; but its size was too great for that of any wild-cat this big lynx had ever known. Wild-cats he viewed with utter scorn. For three years he had ruled all Ringwaak Hill; and no wild-cat, in those three years, had dared to hunt upon his range. But this new-comer with the wild-cat smell seemed about as big as three wild-cats. The impression of its foot on a patch of moist mould was almost as large as that of the lynx himself—and the lynx well knew that the wild-cats were a small-footed tribe. Like most of the hunting beasts, he was well schooled in the lore of the trails, and all the signs were to him a clear speech. From the depth and definiteness of that footprint he felt that both weight and strength had stamped it. His long claws protruded from their hidden sheaths as he pondered the significance of this message from the unknown. Was the stranger a deliberate invader of his range or a mere ignorant trespasser? And would he fight or would he run? The angry lynx was determined to put these questions to the test with the least possible delay.

The trail was comparatively fresh, and the lynx began to follow it, forgetful of his hunger and of the hunt on which he had set out. He moved now more warily than ever, crouching flat, gliding smoothly as a snake, and hoping to score the first point against his rival by catching him unawares. So noiselessly did he go, indeed, that a weasel, running hard upon the trail of a rabbit, actually brushed against him, to bound away in a paroxysm of fear and rush off in another direction, wondering how he had escaped those lightning claws. In fact, the lynx, intent only upon the hunting of his unknown foe, was almost as astonished as the weasel, and quite unprepared to seize the sudden opportunity for a meal. He eyed the vanishing weasel malignly for a moment, then resumed his stealthy advance. A white-footed mouse, sitting up daintily at the door of her burrow, fell over backwards and nearly died of fright as the ghost-grey shape of doom sped up and passed. But the lynx had just then no mind for mice and never saw her.

The strange trail, for some hundreds of yards, kept carefully to the thickets and the shadows. In one place the marks of a scuffle, with a heap of speckled feathers and a pair of slim claws, showed that the intruder had captured and devoured an unwary partridge mothering her brood. At this evidence of poaching on his preserves the big lynx's anger swelled hotly. He paused to sniff at the remnants and then stole on with added caution. The blood of the victim was not yet dry, or even clotted, on the leaves.

A little further on, the trail touched the foot of a clean-stemmed young maple. Here the trespasser had paused to stretch himself, setting his claws deep into the bark. These claw-marks the lynx appeared to take as a challenge or a defiance. Rearing himself against the tree, he stretched himself to his utmost. But his highest scratch was two inches below the mark of the stranger. This still further enraged him. Possibly it might also have daunted him a little but for the fact that his own claw-marks were both deeper and wider apart than those of his rival.

From the clawed tree the trail now led to the very edge of the open, and thence to the top of an overhanging rock, white and sharply chiselled in the moonlight. The lynx was just about to climb the rock, when there beneath it, in the revealing radiance, he saw a sight which flattened him in his tracks. The torn carcass of a young doe lay a few feet from the base of the rock; and on top of the prey, glaring savage challenge, crouched such a wild-cat as the lynx had never even dreamed of.

II.

A FEW days before this night of the white full moon, a gigantic wild-cat living some fifteen miles from Ringwaak had decided to

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change his hunting-grounds. His range, over which he had ruled for years, was a dark, thick-wooded slope overlooking the brown pools and loud chutes of the Guimic stream. Here he had prospered, hunted with continual success, and enjoyed life as only the few overlords among the wild kindreds can hope to enjoy it. He had nothing to fear, as long as he avoided quarrel with a bear or a bull moose. And a narrow escape when young had taught him to shun trap and snare and everything that savoured of the hated works of man.

Now the lumbermen had found their way to his shadowy domain. Loud axe-strokes, the crash of falling trees, the hard clank of ox-chains, jarred the solemn stillness. But far more intolerable to the great cat's ears was the noise of laughter and shouting, the masterful insolence of the human voice unabashed in the face of the solitude. The men had built a camp near each end of his range. No retreat was safe from their incursions. And they had cut down the great pine-tree whose base shielded the entrance of his favourite lair. All through the winter the angry cat had spent the greater portion of his time slinking aside from these boisterous invaders or glaring fierce hate upon them from his densest coverts. Thus occupied, he had too little time for his hunting, and, moreover, the troubled game had become shy. His temper grow worse and worse as his ribs grew more and more obvious under his brownish, speckled fur. Nevertheless, for all his swelling indignation, he had as yet no thought of forsaking his range. He kept expecting that the men would go away.

When spring came, and the Guimic roared white between its tortuous shores, some of the loud-mouthed men did go away. Nevertheless, the big cat's rage waxed hotter than ever. Far worse than the men who went were three portable steam saw-mills which came in their place. At three separate points these mills were set up; and straightway the long, intolerable shriek of the circulars was ripping the air. In spite of himself, the amazed cat screeched in unison when that sound first smote his ears. He slunk away and hid for hours in his remotest lair, wondering if it would follow him. When, in the course of weeks, he grew so far accustomed to the fiendish sound that he could go about his hunting within half a mile of it, he found that the saws had worked him an unspeakable injury. They had fouled his beloved fishing-pools with sawdust.

"A weasel actually brushed against him, to bound away in a paroxysm of fear."

It was the big cat's favoured custom to spend hours at a time crouched over one or another of these pools, waiting for a chance to catch a trout. Where an overhanging rock or a jutting root came out into deep water, he would lie as motionless as the rock or log itself, his round face bent close down to the glassy surface, his bright eyes intently following the movements of the big, lazy trout in their safe deeps. Once in a long while, often enough to keep his interest keen, a May-fly or a fat worm would drop close past his nose and lie kicking on top of the water. Up would sail a big trout, open-jawed to engulf

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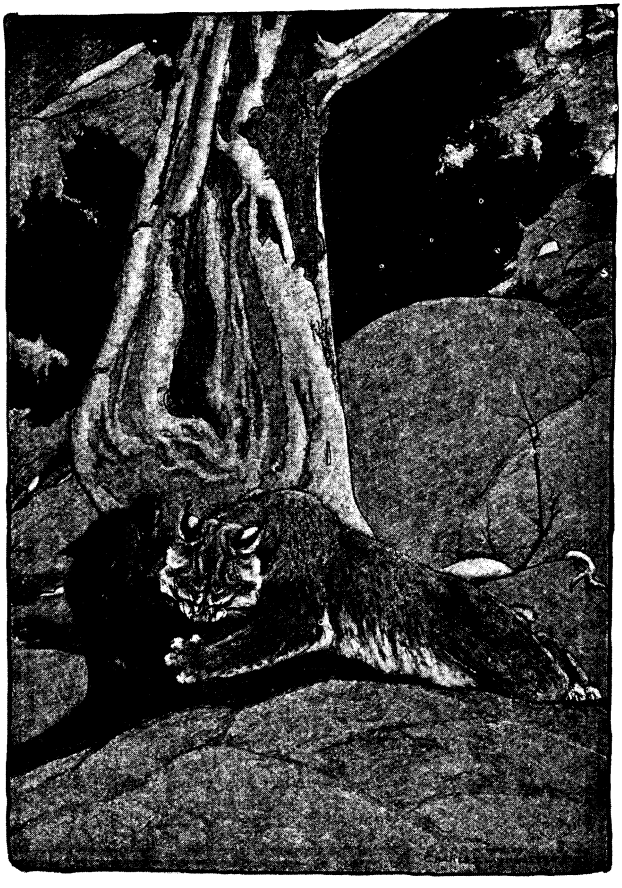
the morsel. At that instant the clutching paw of the watcher would strike down and around more swiftly than eye could follow—and the next instant the fish would be flopping violently amongst the underbrush up the bank, with leaves and twigs clinging to its fat, silvery, dappled sides. The sport was one which gave the big wild-cat never-failing delight; and, moreover, there was no other food in all the wilderness quite so exquisite to his palate as a plump trout from the ice-cool waters of the Guimic. When, therefore, he found his pools covered all day long with the whitey-yellow grains of sawdust, which prevented the trout feeding at the surface or drove them in disgust from their wonted haunts, he realised that his range was ruined. The men and the mills were the conquerors, and he must let himself be driven from his well-beloved Guimic slopes. But first he would have revenge. His caution somewhat undermined by his rage, he crept much nearer to the main camp than he had hitherto dared to go, and hid himself in a low tree to see what opportunity Fate might fling to him.



"In the next instant a brown, furry shape dropped upon him noiselessly, bearing him to the ground."

Belonging to the camp was a brindled dog, a sturdy and noisy mongrel whose barking was particularly obnoxious to the wild-cat. Of a surly yet restless temper, the mongrel was in reality by no means popular in the camp, and would not have been tolerated there but for the fact that he belonged to the Boss. In the wild-cat's eyes, however, as in the eyes of all the wild kindreds, he seemed a treasured possession of the mankind, and a specially objectionable expression of all their most objectionable characteristics. Moreover, being four-footed and furred, he was plainly more kin to the wild creatures than to man—and therefore, to the wild creatures, obviously a traitor and a renegade. There was not one of them but would have taken more satisfaction in avenging its wrongs upon the loud-mouthed mongrel than upon one of the mongrel's masters; not one but would have counted that the sweetest and completest form of vengeance.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the big cat quivered with eager hate when he saw the dog come lazily out of the cook-house and wander towards the spring—which lay just beyond the thick tree! His eyes blazed green, his fur rose slightly, and he set his claws into the bark to gain firm foothold.

Confident and secure, the dog approached the tree. On the way he jumped savagely at a chipmunk, which dodged in time and whisked into its hole. For a minute or two the dog pawed and scratched at the hole, trying to dig the little fugitive out. Then he gave up the main task and moved on towards the spring.

The wild-cat gave one quick glance on every side. There was not a man in sight. The cook was in the cook-house, rattling tins. Then the dog came beneath the tree, and stopped to sniff at the wild-cat's track.

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"The wild-cat crossed the Guimic by great leaps from rock to rock."

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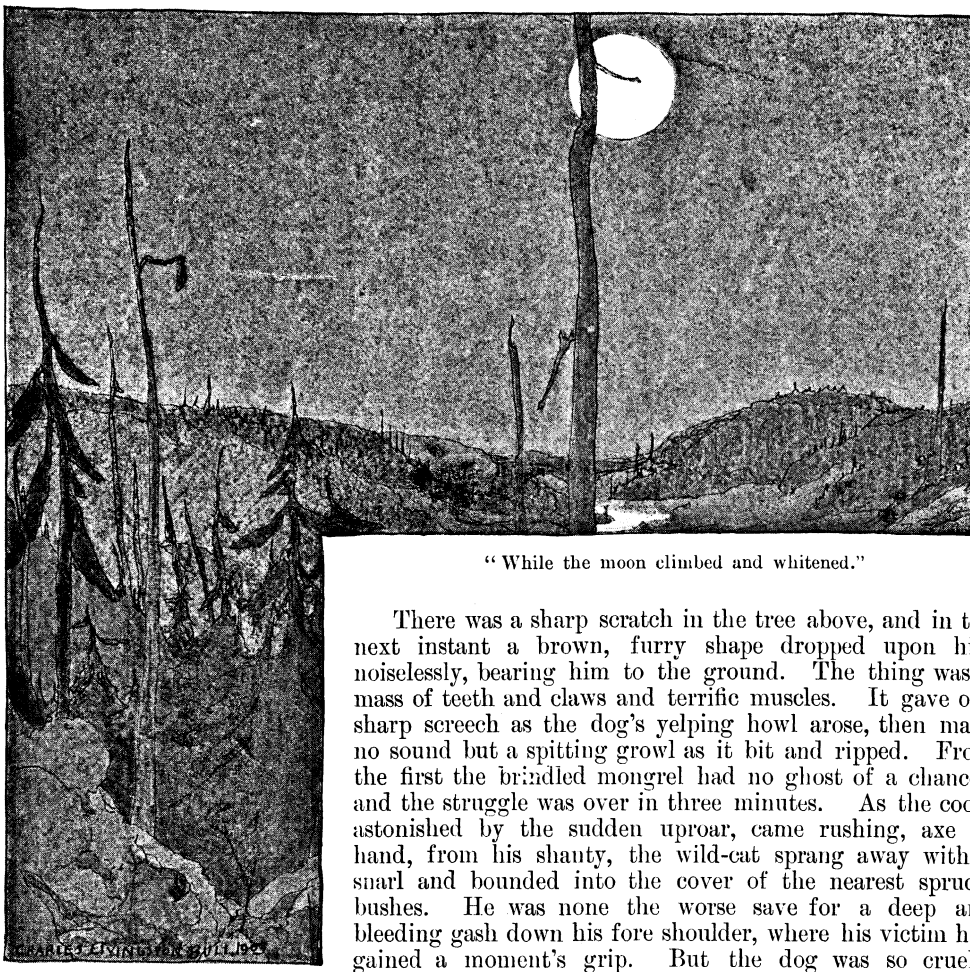

"While the moon climbed and whitened."

There was a sharp scratch in the tree above, and in the next instant a brown, furry shape dropped upon him noiselessly, bearing him to the ground. The thing was a mass of teeth and claws and terrific muscles. It gave one sharp screech as the dog's yelping howl arose, then made no sound but a spitting growl as it bit and ripped. From the first the brindled mongrel had no ghost of a chance; and the struggle was over in three minutes. As the cook, astonished by the sudden uproar, came rushing, axe in hand, from his shanty, the wild-cat sprang away with a snarl and bounded into the cover of the nearest spruce-bushes. He was none the worse save for a deep and bleeding gash down his fore shoulder, where his victim had gained a moment's grip. But the dog was so cruelly mauled that the woodsman could do nothing but compassionately knock him on the head with the axe which he had brought to the rescue.

Savage from the struggle, and elated from his vengeance, the wild-cat, with no further hesitation, turned his back upon his old haunts, crossed the Guimic by great leaps from rock to rock, and set southward towards the wooded slopes and valleys overlooked by the ragged crest of Ringwaak.

The indignant exile, journeying so boldly to confront a peril of which he had no suspicion or forewarning, belonged to a species confined to the forests of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia or the neighbourhood of their boundaries. He was a giant cousin of the common wild-cat, and known to the few naturalists who had succeeded in differentiating and classifying his species as *Lynx Gigas*. In weight and stature he was, if anything, more than the peer of his other and more distant cousin, the savage Canada lynx. The cook of the camp, in telling his comrades about the fate of the dog, spoke of the great wild-cat as a "catamount," to distinguish him from the common cat of the woods. These same woodsmen, had they seen the lynx who ruled on Ringwaak Hill, would have called him a "lucerfee," while any Madawaska Frenchman in their company would have dubbed him "*loup cervier*." Either catamount or lucerfee was respectfully regarded by the woodsmen.

For an hour the great cat journeyed on, wary and stealthy from habit rather than intention, as he was neither hunting for prey nor avoiding enemies. But when he found himself in strange woods—a gloomy cedar swamp, dotted with dry, hardwood knolls like islands—with true cat instinct he delayed his journey to look about him and investigate. Prowling

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"A little doe emerged from the bushes.'

from side to side, and sniffing and peering, he presently found something that he was not looking for. In a hollow beneath a granite boulder, behind the roots of two gnarled old cedars, he came upon two glossy black bear cubs, fast asleep. The mother was nowhere in sight, but the intruder shrank back with an abashed and guilty air and ran up the nearest tree. Thence he made his way from branch to branch, and did not return to the ground till he had put three or four hundred yards between him and the den. He had no mind to bring relentless doom upon his trail.

Not until he was well clear of the cedar-swamp did the catamount remember that he was hungry. The idea of being suspected of an interest in young bear's meat had taken away his appetite. Now, however, coming to a series of wild meadows, he lingered to hunt meadow-mice. Among the roots of the long grass the mice had innumerable covered runways, through which they could travel without danger from the hawks and owls. Crouching close to one of these runways, the big cat would listen till a squeak or a faint scurrying noise would reveal the passing of a mouse. Then a lightning pounce, with paws much wider apart than in his ordinary hunting, would tear away the frail covering of the runway, and usually show the victim clutched beneath one paw or the other. This was much quicker as well as craftier hunting than the more common wild-cat method of lying in wait for an hour at the door of a runway. Three of the plump meadow-mice made the traveller a comfortable meal. Forgetting his wrongs, he stretched himself in the full sun, under the shelter of a fallen tree, and slept soundly for an hour. Once only he awoke, when his ears caught the beat of a hawk's wings winnowing low over his retreat. He opened wide, fiercely bright eyes, completely alert on the instant; but seeing the source of the sound, he was asleep again before the hawk had crossed the little meadow.

His siesta over, the exile mounted the fallen tree, dug his claws deep into the bark, stretched himself again and again, yawned prodigiously, and ended the exercise with a big, rasping *miaow*. At the sound there was a sudden rustling in the bushes behind the

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windfall. Instantly the catamount sprang, taking the risk of catching a porcupine or a skunk. But whatever it was that made the noise, it had vanished in time; and the rash hunter returned to his perch with a shamefaced air.

From this post of vantage on the edge of the meadows he could see the crest of old Ringwaak dominating the forests to the south; and the sight, for some unknown reason, drew him. Among those bleak rampikes and rocks and dark coverts he might find a range to his liking. He resumed his journey with a definiteness of purpose which kept him from squandering time on the chase. Only once he halted, and that was when the cries and flutterings of a pair of excited thrushes caught his attention. He saw their nest in a low tree—and he saw a black snake, coiled in the branches, greedily swallowing the half-fledged nestlings. This was an opportunity which he could not afford to lose. He ran expertly up the tree, pounced upon the snake, and bit through its backbone just behind the head. The strong, black coils straightened out limply. Carrying his prize between his jaws, the catamount descended to the ground, growling and jerking savagely when the wriggling length got tangled among the branches. Quick to understand the services of their most unexpected ally, the desperate birds returned to one surviving nestling, and their clamour ceased. Beneath the tree the exile hurriedly devoured a few mouthfuls of the thick meat of the back just behind the snake's head, then resumed his journey towards Ringwaak.

It was close upon sunset when he reached the first fringes of the northward slope of the mountain. Here his reception was benign. On the banks of a tiny brook, rosy-gold in the flooding afternoon light, he found a bed of wild catnip. Here for a few minutes he rolled in ecstasy, chewing and clawing at the aromatic leaves, all four paws in air, and hoarsely purring his delight. When, at last, he went on up the slope, he carried with him through the gathering shadows the pungent, sweet aroma of the herb. In a fierce gaiety of spirit he would now and then leap into the air to strike idly at some bird flitting high above his reach. Or he would jump and clutch kittenishly with both paws at a fluttering, overhanging leaf, or pounce upon an imaginary quiet mouse crouched among the leaves.

About twilight, as he was nearing the summit of the hill, he came across a footprint which somewhat startled him out of his intoxication. It was a footprint not unlike his own, but distinctly larger. Being an old sign, there was no scent left to it; but its size was puzzling and disquieting. From this on he went warily, not knowing when he might be called upon to measure forces with some redoubtable possessor of the range. When the moon rose, round and white and all-revealing, and threw sinister shadows from rampike and rock, he kept to the densest thickets and felt oppressed with strangeness. But when he succeeded in surprising a hen partridge hovering over her brood, with the blood warm in his mouth he began to feel at home. This fine range should be his, whoever might contest the sovereignty. Coming across a deer-trail leading beneath an overhanging rock, he climbed the rock and crouched in ambush, waiting to see what might come by.

For an hour he crouched there, motionless as the eternal granite itself, while the moon climbed and whitened, and the shadows of the rampikes changed, and the breathless enchantment deepened over Ringwaak. At long intervals there would be a faint rustling in some near-by clump of juniper, or a squeak and a brief scuffle in the thickets; or, on wings as soundless as sleep, a great owl would pass by, to drop sharply behind a rock, or sail away like a ghost among the rampikes. But to none of these furtive happenings did the watcher on the rock pay any heed. He was waiting for what might come upon the trail.

At last it came. Stepping daintily on her small, fine hoofs, her large eyes glancing timorously in every direction, a little yearling doe emerged from the bushes and started to cross the patch of brilliant light. The strange, upright pupils of the catamount's eyes narrowed and dilated at the sight, and his muscles quivered to sudden tension. The young doe came beneath the rock. The cat sprang, unerring, irresistible; and the next moment she lay kicking helplessly beneath him, his fangs buried in her velvet throat.

This was noble prey; and the giant cat, his misgivings all forgotten, drank till his long thirst was satiated. His jaws dripping, he lifted his round, fierce face and gazed out and away across the moonlit slopes below him towards his ancient range beyond the Guimic. While he gazed, triumphing, something made him turn his head quickly and eye the spruce-thicket behind him.

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III.

It was at this moment that the old lynx, master of Ringwaak, coming suddenly out into the moonlight, saw the grim apparition beneath the rock, and flattened to the ground.

Through long, momentous, pregnant seconds, the two formidable and matched antagonists scrutinised each other, the lynx close crouched, ready to launch himself like a thunderbolt, the catamount half risen, his back bowed, one paw of obstinate possession clutching the head of his prey. In the eyes of each, as they measured each other's powers and sought for an advantage, flamed hate, defiance, courage, and savage question.

"Heedless of his wounds, he screeched his challenge across the night."

Seen thus near together, catamount by lucerfee, they were obviously akin, yet markedly different. The cat was heavier in the body, outweighing his rival by perhaps not far from ten pounds, but with shorter and more gracefully shaped legs and smaller feet. His head was more arched, seeming to indicate a greater intelligence, and his flaming eyes were set wider apart; but his mouth was smaller, his fangs less long and punishing. His fur was of a browner, warmer hue than that of the lynx, whose grey had a half-invisible ghostliness in the moonlight. The tails of both were ridiculously short, not six inches in length, but that of the catamount was straight and stiff, while that of the lucerfee had a curious upward twist that somehow mocked the contortions of his huge and overlong hind-legs. The eyes of the lynx, under his flatter forehead, were the more piercing, the less blazing. Altogether, the great wild-cat was the more beautiful of the two beasts, the more intelligent, the more adaptable and resourceful. But the lynx, with his big, uncouth hind-quarters, and great legs gathered under him, and exaggerated paws, looked to be the more formidable fighting-machine.

Thus, unstirring, they eyed each other. Then with a strident screech that seemed to tear the spell of the night to tatters, the grey body of the lynx shot through the air. It landed, not upon the catamount, but squarely upon the carcass of the doe, where, a fraction of a second before, the catamount had stood. The wary intruder had not waited to endure the full shock of that charge, but lightly as a puff of down had leaped aside. The next instant he had pounced, with a yowl of defiance, straight for the lynx's neck.

Lightning quick though he was, the lynx recovered in time to meet the attack with deadly counterstroke of bared claws, parrying like a skilled boxer. In this fore-arm work, the catamount, lighter of paw and talon, suffered the more; and being quick to perceive his adversary's advantage, he sought to force a close grapple. This the lynx at first avoided, rending and punishing frightfully as he gave ground; while the solemn height of old Ringwaak was shocked by a clamour of spitting and raucous yowling

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that sent every sleepy bird fluttering in terror from its nest.

Suddenly, perceiving that the lynx was backing dangerously close to the face of the rock, the great cat sprang, took a frightful ripping buffet across the face, broke down his foe's guard and bore him to the ground by sheer weight. Here, in this close embrace, the hinder claws of both came into play with hideous effect. The clamour died down to a tense, desperate, gasping snarl; for now the verdict of life or death was a matter of moments. But in this fearful and final test, when there was no more room for fencing, no more time for strategy, the more powerful hind-legs and longer, more eviscerating claws of the lynx had the decisive advantage. Though borne down, and apparently getting the worst of the fight, the master of Ringwaak was in reality ripping his enemy to pieces from beneath. All at once the latter sprang away with a scream, stood for a second erect and rigid, then sank limp beside the torn carcass of the doe.

The lynx, badly torn and bitten, but with no fatal injury, pounced upon the unresisting body of the catamount and mauled it till well assured of the completeness of his victory. Then, heedless of his wounds, he mounted the carcass of the doe, lifted his head high, and screeched his challenge across the night. No answer coming, he tore a mouthful of the meat to emphasise possession, stepped down, and crept off to nurse his hurts in some dark retreat; for not easy had been the task of defending his lordship. When all was still once more on Ringwaak, presently descended again the enchantment of the mystic light. And under its transforming touch even the torn bodies lying before the bright face of the rock lost their hideousness, becoming remote and unsubstantial and visionary.

MY RUNAWAY SUNBONNET.

I HAVE a dimity sunbonnet,—
I stood upon a chair
And tied it to its proper hook
With very special care,
For that sunbonnet has a way
Of getting torn by brambles;
I know it slips outdoors at night
To seek adventurous rambles.

But the next morning after breakfast,
That bonnet was untied!
That's how I proved its naughtiness,--
Roaming the countryside.
And so if mother says to me,
"How did you tear your hat?"
I shall reply quite truthfully,
"It was not I did that!"

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

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THE LOOT OF CITIES:

THE ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRE IN SEARCH OF JOY.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.*

IV.—A SOLUTION OF THE ALGIERS MYSTERY.

"AND the launch?"

"I am unaware of the precise technical term, sir, but the launch awaits you. Perhaps I should have said it is alongside."

The reliable Lecky hated the sea; and when his master's excursions became marine, he always squinted more formidably and suddenly than usual, and added to his reliability a certain quality of ironic bitterness.

"My overcoat, please," said Cecil Thorold, who was in evening dress.

The apartment, large and low, was panelled with bird's-eye maple; divans ran along the walls, and above the divans orange curtains were drawn; the floor was hidden by the skins of wild African animals; in one corner was a Steinway piano, with the score of "The Orchid" open on the music-stand; in another lay a large, flat bowl filled with blossoms that do not bloom in England; the illumination, soft and yellow, came from behind the cornice of the room, being reflected therefrom downwards by the cream-coloured ceiling. Only by a faintly heard tremor of some gigantic but repressed force, and by a very slight unsteadiness on the part of the floor, could you have guessed that you were aboard a steam-yacht and not in a large, luxurious house.

Lecky, having arrayed the millionaire in overcoat, muffler, crush-hat, and white gloves, drew aside a *portière* and followed him up a flight of stairs. They stood on deck, surrounded by the mild but treacherous Algerian night. From the white double funnels a thin smoke oozed. On the white bridge, the second mate, a spectral figure, was testing the engine-room signals, and the sharp noise of the bell seemed to desecrate the mysterious silence of the bay; but there was no other sign of life; the waiting launch was completely hidden under the high bows of the *Claribel*. In distant regions of the deck, glimmering beams came oddly up from below, throwing into relief some part of a boat on its davits or a section of a mast.

Cecil looked about him, at the serried lights of the Boulevard Carnot, and the riding lanterns of the vessels in the harbour. Away to the left on the hill, a few gleams showed Mustapha Supérieure, where the great English hotels are; and ten miles further east, the lighthouse on Cape Matifou flashed its eternal message to the Mediterranean. He was on the verge of feeling poetic.

"Suppose anything happens while you are at this dance, sir?"

Lecky jerked his thumb in the direction of a small steamer which lay moored scarcely a cable's-length away, under the eastern jetty. "Suppose——?" He jerked his thumb again in exactly the same direction. His tone was still pessimistic and cynical.

"You had better fire our beautiful brass cannon," Cecil replied. "Have it fired three times. I shall hear it well enough up at Mustapha."

He descended carefully into the launch, and was whisked puffingly over the dark surface of the bay to the landing-stage, where he summoned a fiacre.

"Hôtel de ——" he instructed the driver.

And the driver smiled joyously; everyone who went to the Hôtel de —— was rich and lordly, and paid well, because the hill was long and steep and so hard on the poor Algerian horses.

II.

EVERY hotel up at Mustapha Supérieure has the finest view, the finest hygienic installation, and the finest cooking in Algeria; in other words, each is better than all the others.

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Hence the Hôtel de —— could not be called "first among equals," since there are no equals, and one must be content to describe it as first among the unequalled. First it undoubtedly was—and perhaps will be again. Although it was new, it had what one visitor termed "that indefinable thing—*cachet*." It was frequented by the best people—namely, the richest people, the idlest people, the most arrogant people, the most bored people, the most titled people—that came to the southern shores of the Mediterranean in search of what they would never find—an escape from themselves. It was a vast building, planned on a scale of spaciousness only possible in a district where commercial crises have depressed the value of land, and it stood in the midst of a vast garden of oranges, lemons, and medlars. Every room—and there were three storeys and two hundred rooms—faced south: this was charged for in the bill. The public

"So he sat down beside her, and they talked."

rooms, Oriental in character, were immense and complete; they included a dining-room, a drawing-room, a reading-room, a smoking-room, a billiard-room, a bridge-room, a ping-pong-room, a concert-room (with resident orchestra), and a room where Aissouias, negroes, and other curiosities from the native town might perform before select parties. Thus it was entirely self-sufficient, and lacked nothing which is necessary to the

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proper existence of the best people. On Thursday nights, throughout the Season, there was a five-franc dance in the concert hall. You paid five francs, and ate and drank as much as you could while standing up at the supper-tables arrayed in the dining-room.

On a certain Thursday night in early January, this Anglo-Saxon microcosm, set so haughtily in a French colony between the Mediterranean and the Djujura Mountains (with the Sahara behind), was at its most brilliant. The hotel was crammed, the prices were high, and everybody was supremely conscious of doing the correct thing. The dance had begun somewhat earlier than usual, because the eagerness of the younger guests could not be restrained. And the orchestra seemed gayer, and the electric lights brighter, and the toilettes more resplendent that night. Of course, guests came in from the other hotels. Indeed, they came in to such an extent that to dance in the ballroom was an affair of compromise and ingenuity. And the other rooms were occupied, too. The bridge-players recked not of Terpsichore, the cheerful sound of ping-pong came regularly from the ping-pong-room; the retired Indian judge was giving points as usual in the billiard-room; and in the reading-room, the steadfast intellectuals were studying the *World* and the Paris *New York Herald.*

And all was English and American, pure Anglo-Saxon in thought and speech and gesture—save the manager of the hotel, who was Italian, the waiters, who were anything, and the wonderful concierge, who was everything.

As Cecil passed through the imposing suite of public rooms, he saw in the reading-room—posted so that no arrival could escape her eye—the elegant form of Mrs. Macalister, and, by way of a wild, impulsive freak, he stopped and talked to her, and ultimately sat down by her side.

Mrs. Macalister was one of those English-women that are to be found only in large and fashionable hotels. Everything about her was mysterious, except the fact that she was in search of a second husband. She was tall, pretty, dashing, daring, well-dressed, well-informed, and, perhaps thirty-four. But no one had known her husband or her family, and no one knew her county, or the origin of her income, or how she got herself into the best cliques in the hotel. She had the air of being the merriest person in Algiers; really, she was one of the saddest, for the reason that every day left her older, and harder, and less likely to hook—well, to hook a millionaire. She had met Cecil Thorold at the dance of the previous week, and had clung to him so artfully that the coteries talked of it for three days, as Cecil well knew. And to-night he thought he might, as well as not, give Mrs. Macalister an hour's excitement of the chase, and the coteries another three days' employment.

So he sat down beside her, and they talked.

First she asked him whether he slept on his yacht or in the hotel; and he replied, sometimes in the hotel and sometimes on the yacht. Then she asked him where his bedroom was, and he said it was on the second floor, and she settled that it must be three doors from her own. Then they discussed bridge, the Fiscal Inquiry, the weather, dancing, food, the responsibilities of great wealth, Algerian railway-travelling, Cannes, gambling, Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and the extraordinary success of the hotel. Thus, quite inevitably, they reached the subject of the Algiers Mystery. During the Season, at any rate, no two guests in the hotel ever talked small-talk for more than ten minutes without reaching the subject of the Algiers Mystery.

For the hotel had itself been the scene of the Algiers Mystery, and the Algiers Mystery was at once the simplest, the most charming, and the most perplexing mystery in the world. One morning, the first of April in the previous year, an honest John Bull of a guest had come down to the hotel-office, and laying a five-pound note before the head clerk, had exclaimed: "I found that lying on my dressing-table. It isn't mine. It looks good enough, but I expect it's someone's joke." Seven other people that day confessed that they had found five-pound notes in their rooms, or pieces of paper that resembled five-pound notes. They compared these notes, and then the eight went off in a body down to an agency in the Boulevard de la République, and without the least demur the notes were changed for gold. On the second of April, twelve more people found five-pound notes in their rooms, now prominent on the bed, now secreted—as, for instance, under a candlestick. Cecil himself had been a recipient. Watches were set, but with no result whatever. In a week nearly seven hundred pounds had been distributed amongst the guests by the generous, invisible ghosts. It was magnificent, and it was very soon in every newspaper in England and America. Some of the guests did not "care" for it;

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thought it "queer," and "uncanny," and not "nice," and these left. But the majority cared for it very much indeed, and remained till the utmost limit of the Season.

The rainfall of notes had not recommenced, so far, in the present Season. Nevertheless, the hotel had been thoroughly well patronised from November onwards, and there was scarcely a guest but who went to sleep at night hoping to descry a fiver in the morning.

"Advertisement!" said some perspicacious individuals. Of course, the explanation was an obvious one. But the manager had indignantly and honestly denied all knowledge of the business, and, moreover, not a single guest had caught a single note in the act of settling down. Further, the hotel changed hands and the manager left. The mystery, therefore, remained, a delightful topic always at hand for discussion.

After having chatted, Cecil Thorold and Mrs. Macalister danced—two dances. And the hotel began audibly to wonder that Cecil could be such a fool. When, at midnight, he retired to bed, many mothers of daughters and daughters of mothers were justifiably angry, and consoled themselves by saying that he had disappeared in order to hide the shame which must have suddenly overtaken him. As for Mrs. Macalister, she was radiant.

Safely in his room, Cecil locked and wedged the door, and opened the window and looked out from the balcony at the starry night. He could hear cats playing on the roof. He smiled when he thought of the things that Mrs. Macalister had said, and of the ardour of her glances. Then he felt sorry for her. Perhaps it was the whisky-and-soda which he had just drunk that momentarily warmed his heart towards the lonely creature. Only one item of her artless gossip had interested him—a statement that the new Italian manager had been ill in bed all day.

He emptied his pockets, and standing on a chair, he put his pocket-book on the top of the wardrobe, where no Algerian marauder would think of looking for it; his revolver he tucked under his pillow. In three minutes he was asleep.

III.

He was awakened by a vigorous pulling and shaking of his arm; and he, who usually woke wide at the least noise, came to his senses with difficulty. He looked up. The electric light had been turned on.

"There's a ghost in my room, Mr. Thorold! You'll forgive me—but I'm so—"

It was Mrs. Macalister, dishevelled and in white, who stood over him.

"This is really a bit too stiff," he thought vaguely and sleepily, regretting his impulsive flirtation of the previous evening. Then he collected himself and said sternly, severely, that if Mrs. Macalister would retire to the corridor, he would follow in a moment; he added that she might leave the door open if she felt afraid. Mrs. Macalister retired, sobbing, and Cecil arose. He went first to consult his watch; it was gone—a chronometer worth a couple of hundred pounds. He whistled, climbed on to a chair, and discovered that his pocket-book was no longer in a place of safety on the top of the wardrobe; it had contained something over five hundred pounds in a highly negotiable form. Picking up his overcoat, which lay on the floor, he found that the fur lining—a millionaire's fancy, which had cost him nearly a hundred and fifty pounds—had been cut away, and was no more to be seen. Even the revolver had departed from under his pillow!

"Well!" he murmured, "this is decidedly the grand manner."

Quite suddenly it occurred to him, as he noticed a peculiar taste in his mouth, that the whisky-and-soda had contained more than whisky-and-soda—he had been drugged! He tried to recall the face of the waiter who had served him. Eyeing the window and the door, he argued that the thief had entered by the former and departed by the latter. "But the pocket-book!" he mused. "I must have been watched!"

Mrs. Macalister, stripped now of all dash and all daring, could be heard in the corridor.

"Can she——?" He speculated for a moment, and then decided positively in the negative. Mrs. Macalister could have no design on anything but a bachelor's freedom.

He assumed his dressing-gown and slippers and went to her. The corridor was in darkness, but she stood in the light of his doorway.

"Now," he said, "this ghost of yours, dear lady!"

"You must go first," she whimpered. "I daren't. It was white . . . . but with a black face. It was at the window."

Cecil, getting a candle, obeyed. And having penetrated alone into the lady's chamber, he perceived, to begin with, that a pane had been pushed out of the window by the old, noiseless device of a sheet of

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"Cecil and Mrs. Macalister danced."

treacled paper, and then, examining the window more closely, he saw that, outside, a silk ladder depended from the roof and trailed in the balcony.

"Come in without fear," he said to the trembling widow. "It must have been someone with more appetite than a ghost that you saw. Perhaps an Arab."

She came in, femininely trusting to him; and between them they ascertained that she had lost a watch, sixteen rings, an opal necklace, and some money. Mrs. Macalister would not say how much money. "My resources are slight," she remarked. "I was expecting remittances."

Cecil thought: "This is not merely in the grand manner. If it fulfils its promise, it will prove to be one of the greatest things of the age."

He asked her to keep cool, not to be afraid, and to dress herself. Then he returned to his room and dressed as quickly as he could. The hotel was absolutely quiet, but out of the depths below came the sound of a clock striking four. When, adequately but not æsthetically attired, he opened his door again, another door near by also opened, and Cecil saw a man's head.

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"I say," drawled the man's head, "excuse me, but have *you* noticed anything?"

"Why? What?"

"Well, I've been robbed!"

The Englishman laughed awkwardly, apologetically, as though ashamed to have to confess that he had been victimised.

"Much?" Cecil inquired.

"Two hundred or so. No joke, you know."

"So have I been robbed," said Cecil. "Let us go downstairs. Got a candle? These corridors are usually lighted all night."

"Perhaps our thief has been at the switches," said the Englishman.

"Say our thieves," Cecil corrected.

"You think there was more than one?"

"I think there were more than half a dozen," Cecil replied.

The Englishman was dressed, and the two descended together, candles in hand, forgetting the lone lady. But the lone lady had no intention of being forgotten, and she came after them, almost screaming. They had not reached the ground floor before three other doors had opened and three other victims proclaimed themselves.

Cecil led the way through the splendid saloons, now so ghostly in their elegance, which only three hours before had been the illuminated scene of such polite revelry. Ere he reached the entrance-hall, where a solitary jet was burning, the assistant-concierge (one of those officials who seem never to sleep) advanced towards him, demanding in his broken English what was the matter.

"There have been thieves in the hotel," said Cecil. "Waken the concierge."

From that point, events succeeded each other in a sort of complex rapidity. Mrs. Macalister fainted at the door of the billiard-room and was laid out on a billiard-table, with a white ball between her shoulders. The head concierge was not in his narrow bed in the alcove by the main entrance, and he could not be found. Nor could the Italian manager be found (though he was supposed to be ill in bed), nor the Italian manager's wife. Two stablemen were searched out from somewhere; also a cook. And then the Englishman who had lost two hundred or so went forth into the Algerian night to bring a gendarme from the post in the Rue d'Isly.

Cecil Thorold contented himself with talking to people as, in ones and twos, and in various stages of incorrectness, they came into the public rooms, now brilliantly lighted. All who came had been robbed. What surprised him was the slowness of the hotel to wake up. There were two hundred and twenty guests in the place. Of these, in a quarter of an hour, perhaps fifteen had risen. The remainder were apparently oblivious of the fact that something very extraordinary, and something probably very interesting to them personally, had occurred and was occurring.

"Why! It's a conspiracy, sir. It's a conspiracy, that's what it is!" decided the Indian judge.

"Gang is a shorter word," Cecil observed, and a young girl in a macintosh giggled.

Sleepy *employés* now began to appear, and the rumour ran that six waiters and a chambermaid were missing. Mrs. Macalister rallied from the billiard-table and came into the drawing-room, where most of the company had gathered. Cecil yawned (the influence of the drug was still upon him) as she approached him and weakly spoke. He answered absently; he was engaged in watching the demeanour of these idlers on the face of the earth—how incapable they seemed of any initiative, and yet with what magnificent Britannic phlegm they endured the strange situation! The talking was neither loud nor impassioned.

Then the low, distant sound of a cannon was heard. Once, twice, thrice.

Silence ensued.

"Heavens!" sighed Mrs. Macalister, swaying towards Cecil. "What can that be?"

He avoided her, hurried out of the room, and snatched somebody else's hat from the hat-racks in the hall. But just as he was turning the handle of the main door of the hotel, the Englishman who had lost two hundred or so returned out of the Algerian night with an inspector of police. The latter courteously requested Cecil not to leave the building, as he must open the inquiry (*ouvrir l'enquête*) at once. Cecil was obliged, regretfully, to comply.

The inspector of police then commenced his labours. He telephoned (no one had thought of the telephone) for assistance and asked the Central Bureau to watch the railway station, the port, and the stage-coaches. He acquired the names and addresses of *tout le monde*. He made catalogues of articles. He locked all the servants in the ping-pong-room. He took down narratives, beginning with Cecil's. And while the functionary was engaged with Mrs. Macalister, Cecil quietly but firmly disappeared.

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"In various stages of incorrectness, they came into the public rooms."

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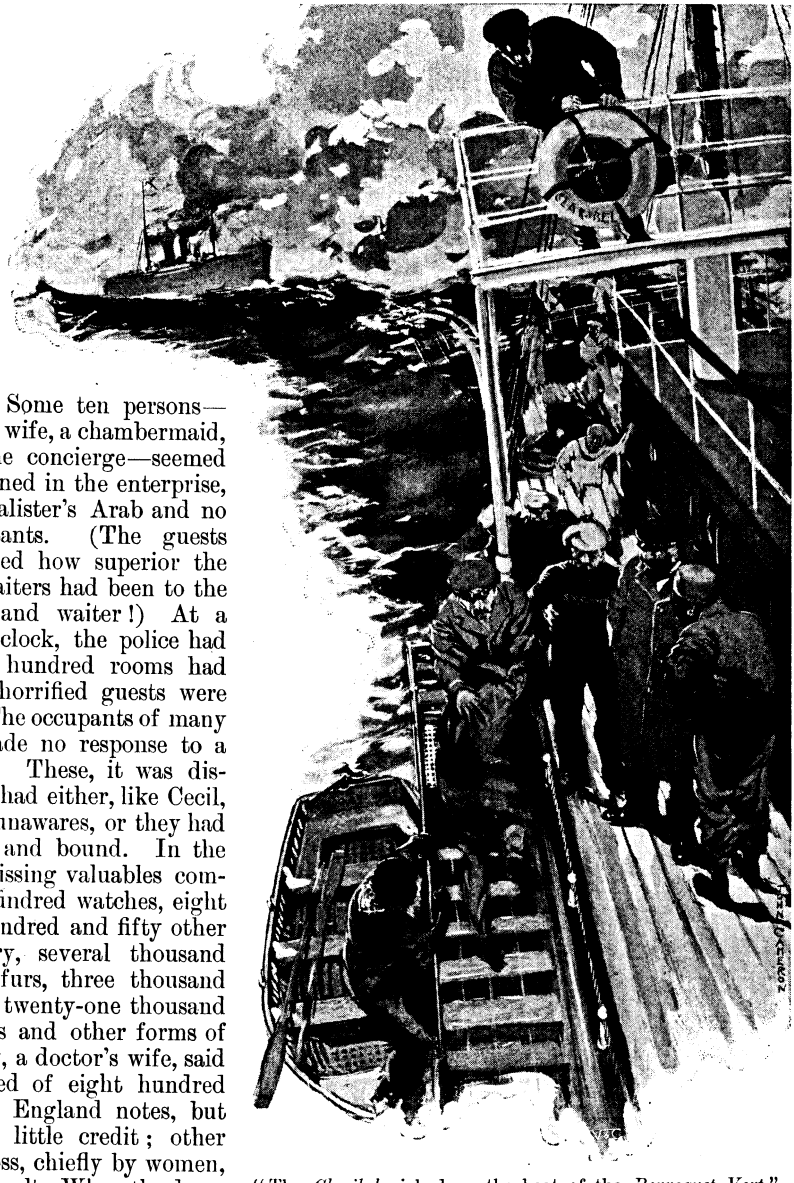
After his departure, the affair loomed larger and larger in mere magnitude, but nothing that came to light altered its leading characteristics. A wholesale robbery had been planned with the most minute care and knowledge, and executed with the most daring skill. Some ten persons—the manager and his wife, a chambermaid, six waiters, and the concierge—seemed to have been concerned in the enterprise, excluding Mrs. Macalister's Arab and no doubt other assistants. (The guests suddenly remembered how superior the concierge and the waiters had been to the ordinary concierge and waiter!) At a quarter past five o'clock, the police had ascertained that a hundred rooms had been entered, and horrified guests were still descending! The occupants of many rooms, however, made no response to a summons to awake. These, it was discovered afterwards, had either, like Cecil, received a sedative unawares, or they had been neatly gagged and bound. In the result, the list of missing valuables comprised nearly two hundred watches, eight hundred rings, a hundred and fifty other articles of jewellery, several thousand pounds' worth of furs, three thousand pounds in coin, and twenty-one thousand pounds in banknotes and other forms of currency. One lady, a doctor's wife, said she had been robbed of eight hundred pounds in Bank of England notes, but her story obtained little credit; other tales of enormous loss, chiefly by women, were also taken with salt. When the dawn began, at about six o'clock, an official examination of the façade of the hotel indicated that nearly every room had been invaded by the balconied window, either from the roof or from the ground. But the stone flags of the terrace, and the beautifully asphalted pathways of the garden disclosed no trace of the plunderers.



"The *Claribel* picked up the boat of the *Perroquet Vert*."

"I guess your British habit of sleeping with the window open don't cut much ice to-day, anyhow!" said an American from Indianapolis to the company.

That morning no omnibus from the hotel arrived at the station to catch the six-thirty train which takes two days to ramble to Tunis and to Biskra. And all the liveried porters talked together in excited Swiss-German.

IV.

"My compliments to Captain Black," said Cecil Thorold, "and repeat to him that all I want him to do is to kept her in sight. He needn't overhaul her too much."

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"Precisely, sir." Lecky bowed; he was pale.

"And you had better lie down."

"I thank you, sir, but I find a recumbent position inconvenient. Perpetual motion seems more agreeable."

Cecil was back in the large, low room panelled with bird's-eye maple. Below him the power of two thousand horses drove through the nocturnal Mediterranean swell his *Claribel* of a thousand tons. Thirty men were awake and active on board her, and twenty slept in the vast, clean forecastle, with electric lights blazing six inches above their noses. He lit a cigarette, and going to the piano, struck a few chords from "The Orchid"; but since the music would not remain on the stand, he abandoned that attempt and lay down on a divan to think.

He had reached the harbour, from the hotel, in twenty minutes, partly on foot at racing speed, and partly in an Arab cart, also at racing speed. The *Claribel's* launch awaited him, and in another five minutes the launch was slung to her davits, and the *Claribel* under way. He learnt that the small and sinister vessel, the *Perroquet Vert* (of Oran), which he and his men had been watching for several days, had slipped unostentatiously between the southern and eastern jetties, had stopped for a few minutes to hold converse with a boat that had put off from the neighbourhood of Lower Mustapha, and had then pointed her head north-west, as though for some port in the province of Oran or in Morocco.

And in the rings of cigarette-smoke which he made, Cecil seemed now to see clearly the whole business. He had never relaxed his interest in the affair of the five-pound notes. He had vaguely suspected it to be part of some large scheme; he had presumed, on slight grounds, a connection between the *Perroquet Vert* and the Italian manager of the hotel. Nay, more, he had felt sure that some great stroke was about to be accomplished. But of precise knowledge, of satisfactory theory, of definite expectation, he had had none—until Mrs. Macalister, that unconscious and man-hunting agent of Destiny, had fortunately wakened him in the nick of time. Had it not been for his flirtation of the previous evening, he might still be asleep in his bed at the hotel . . . . He perceived the entire plan. The five-pound notes had been mysteriously scattered, certainly to advertise the hotel, but only to advertise it for a particular and colossal end, to fill it full and overflowing with fat victims. The situation had been thoroughly studied in all its details, and the task had been divided and allotted to various brains. Every room must have been examined, watched, and separately plotted against; the habits and idiosyncrasy of every victim must have been individually weighed and considered. Nothing, no trifle, could have been forgotten. And then some supreme intelligence had drawn the threads together and woven them swiftly into the pattern of a single night, almost a single hour! . . . . And the loot (Cecil could estimate it pretty accurately) had been transported down the hill to Mustapha Inférieure, tossed into a boat, and so to the *Perroquet Vert*. And the *Perroquet Vert*, with loot and looters on board, was bound, probably, for one of those obscure and infamous ports of Oran or Morocco—Tenez, Mostaganem, Beni Sar, Melilla, or the city of Oran, or Tangier itself! He knew something of the Spanish and Maltese dens of Oran and Tangier, the clearing-houses for stolen goods of two continents, and the impregnable refuge of scores of ingenious villains.

And when he reflected upon the grandeur and immensity of the scheme, so simple in its essence, and so leisurely in its achievement, like most grand schemes; when he reflected upon the imagination which had been necessary even to conceive it, and the generalship which had been necessary to its successful conclusion, he murmured admiringly—

"The man who thought of that and did it may be a scoundrel; but he is also an artist, and a great one!"

And just because he, Cecil Thorold, was a millionaire, and possessed a hundred-thousand-pound toy, which could do nineteen knots an hour, and cost fifteen hundred pounds a month to run, he was about to defeat that great artist and nullify that great scheme, and incidentally to retrieve his watch, his revolver, his fur, and his five hundred pounds. He had only to follow, and to warn one of the French torpedo-boats which are always patrolling the coast between Algiers and Oran, and the bubble would burst!

He sighed for the doomed artist; and he wondered what that victimised crowd of European loungers, who lounged sadly round the Mediterranean in winter, and sadly round northern Europe in summer, had done in their languid and luxurious lives that they should be saved, after all, from the

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pillage to which the great artist in theft had subjected them!

Then Lecky re-entered the state-room.

"We shall have a difficulty in keeping the *Perroquet Vert* in sight, sir."

"What!" exclaimed Cecil. "That tub! That coffin! You don't mean she can do twenty knots?"

"Exactly, sir. Coffin! It—I mean she—is sinking."

Cecil ran on deck. Dawn was breaking over Matifou, and a faint, cold, grey light touched here and there the heaving sea. His captain spoke and pointed. Ahead, right ahead, less than a mile away, the *Perroquet Vert* was sinking by the stern, and even as they gazed at her, a little boat detached itself from her side in the haze of the morning mist; and she sank, disappeared, vanished amid a cloud of escaping steam. They were four miles north-east of Cape Caxine. Two miles further westward, a big Dominion liner, bound direct for Algiers from the New World, was approaching and had observed the catastrophe — for she altered her course. In a few minutes, the *Claribel* picked up the boat of the *Perroquet Vert*. It contained three Arabs.

V.

THE tale told by the Arabs (two of them were brothers, and all three came from Oran) fully sustained Cecil Thorold's theory of the spoliation of the hotel. Naturally they pretended at first to an entire innocence concerning the schemes of those who had charge of the *Perroquet Vert*. The two brothers, who were black with coal-dust when rescued, swore that they had been physically forced to work in the stokehold; but ultimately all three had to admit a knowledge of things which was decidedly incriminating, and all three got three years' imprisonment. The only part of the Algiers mystery which remained a mystery was the cause of the sinking of the *Perroquet Vert*. Whether she was thoroughly unseaworthy (she had been picked up cheap at Melilla), or whether someone (not on board) had deliberately arranged her destruction, perhaps to satisfy a Moorish vengeance, was not ascertained. The three Arabs could only be persuaded to say that there had been eleven Europeans and seven natives on the ship, and that they alone, by the mercy of Allah, had escaped from the swift catastrophe.

The hotel underwent an acute crisis, from which, however, it is emerging. For over a week a number of the pillaged guests discussed a diving enterprise of salvage. But the estimates were too high, and it came to nothing. So they all, Cecil included, began to get used to the idea of possessing irrecoverable property to the value of forty thousand pounds in the Mediterranean. A superb business in telegraphed remittances was done for several days. The fifteen beings who had accompanied the *Perroquet Vert* to the bottom were scarcely thought of, for it was almost universally agreed that the way of transgressors is and ought to be hard.

As for Cecil Thorold, the adventure, at first so full of the promise of joy, left him melancholy, until an unexpected sequel diverted the channel of his thoughts.

JOY COMETH.

IF Joy should come to you with smiling face
And outstretched hand,
To lead you gently to his dwelling-place,
In Love's enchanted land;

Go forth to meet him gladly with a smile,
Lest, if that day
You turn from Joy, Joy in a little while
Should turn his face away!

Joy scorned will pass in sadness from your side
Lift then your eyes,
And bid him welcome, for he opens wide
The gates of Paradise.

L. G. MOBERLY.

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THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

AN INTELLIGENT INTEREST.

"How's the war gettin' on, George?"
'What war?"
"Why, the Roosians and them Japanese!
"Are they fightin'?"
"To be sure!"
"Well, they're gotten fine weather fur it, anyhow!"

A TRUE WOMAN.

FANNY has no sympathy with advanced women. She thinks that independence of judgment is unfeminine, and would have a woman an echo of her husband. When a true woman gives her heart, the man's likes and his dislikes, his prejudices and his settled opinions become hers.

"But, Fanny," I remonstrated, "I favour women having opinions of their own."

"That shows you know nothing about it," said my *fiancée*; "and every true woman will tell you the same."

It was upon the question of the marriage service that the divergence between us showed most sharply. The word "obey" has always seemed to me an anachronism, so I wrote to the minister asking him to omit it. When Fanny heard about this, we came as near to a quarrel as we are ever likely to.

"Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?" said the minister. "Do you promise to serve, honour, and obey him?"

"I do," said Fanny firmly, with a sideway glance at me that was half shy, half triumphant, and wholly charming.

In the train I commented upon the minister's blunder.

"It was no mistake," said Fanny. "I wrote to him and said we had decided, after all, to stick to the old ways."

"It is one of the points that our Woman's Rights Society is most strong upon," said I. "The secretary was at the wedding to-day. How can I face her at committees after this?"

"Don't worry, dear," said my wife. "I saw her at the 'At Home,' and told her to remove your name, because you have changed your opinions. You have, you know, love, or soon will. It was a stupid old society. A wife doesn't want rights."

I answered her bitterly.

"So a woman of your ability is content to be a mere nonentity—a man's slave."

Fanny nodded.

"A true woman asks for nothing better. I was sorry to alter your arrangements about the service; although you must see yourself how ridiculous they were. I could not be happy if I did not obey my husband implicitly."

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

YOUNG LADY: Have you got Burton's "Anatomy"?

LIBRARY ASSISTANT: No, but we have his "Arabian Nights."

YOUNG LADY: You're sure you haven't his "Anatomy"?

LIBRARY ASSISTANT: Quite—we don't keep medical books.

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OF COURSE!

OLD GENTLEMAN: I'm afraid this place doesn't agree with me; I've scarcely eaten anything since I've been here.

POLITE YOUTH: Well, that's all right—you came for a rest, didn't you?

"WOULD you rather be born lucky or rich?"

"I'd rather be born rich. Then you don't have to be lucky."

NELL: The worst about ideals is that they are so easily shattered.

BELLE: Yes; we are apt to marry them.

"DE mule I stole wuz only wuth twenty dollars," said the Georgia darkey, "an bless me, ef de lawyer didn't charge fifty ter prove me innercent!"

SHE (discussing babies): My father weighed only four pounds at his birth.

BORED VISITOR: Good gracious! Did he live?

"THERE is one thing they cannot say about Mother Hubbard."

"What is that?"

"That she had a skeleton in her cupboard."

UNFORTUNATE BACHELOR: Can the baby talk yet?

PROUD MOTHER: Oh, no! He isn't old enough yet!

UNFORTUNATE BACHELOR: Ah, I see! And at what age, now, will he begin to get pretty and clever?

VISITOR: I suppose, Harold, you are very fond of your brave father, the hero of so many battles?

SMALL SON OF THE FAMOUS SOLDIER: Yes, sir.

VISITOR: Is he at home?

SMALL SON: No, sir. He went out this morning, to give mamma a chance to discharge the cook.

EDITH: I think Tom Manners is a flirt!

MAUDE: How so?

EDITH: Why, after I've refused him only three times, he is making love to that odious May Vereker.

MOST UNFORTUNATE!

BORED HOST (*sotto voce*): I say, Angela, when are these people going to make a move? It's getting awfully late.

HOSTESS (*ditto*): Yes, dear, I know; but that stupid clock is nearly three-quarters of an hour slow, and I'm afraid they are all going by it.

HOST: *Going* by it? Staying by it, you mean!

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A WOMAN'S REASON.

"Do you think she gets along well with her husband?"
"Oh, yes, of course. Why, she is always talking about the good times she used to have before she was married."

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THE DREAMER.

WHEN I retire each night to rest
And weary eyelids close,
'Tis not oblivion I seek
Nor senseless dull repose.

But rather in my sleeping hours
A higher life is mine;
I then am blest with mystic powers
And attributes divine.

On flying over people's heads
With graceful swoop, I dote,
Or with a confidence complete
Adown the staircase float.

My friends are all with wonder struck
And cannot understand
How when I leap down chasm steep
I safely reach the land.

Sweet poetry I oft compose
And melodies divine
Of which next morn when I awake
I can't recall a line.

In battles fierce my foes I pierce
And peril set at naught.
My sword I draw and spill their gore
With loud triumphant snort.

But there are times I will admit
When things are not so grand,
And 'tis embarrassing to walk
Unclothèd in the Strand.

But folks are kind and do not mind,
Nor do they make remarks
When in pyjamas bright and blue
I saunter through the parks.

But there's a bull, a vicious beast,
He seems to bear a grudge,
And when I try full swift to fly
I find I cannot budge.

On other nights I have my frights
(When I have dined off hare),
Mysterious burglars fill the house
And hide behind my chair.

Or (after pork) a bogie comes
And sits upon my chest.
I tell him to get off: he smiles,
Ignoring my request.

'Tis then I wake. The blest relief
Is almost worth the pain.
I turn my pillow and go off
To dream I fly again.

G. F. TURNER.

"THE ONLY WAY."

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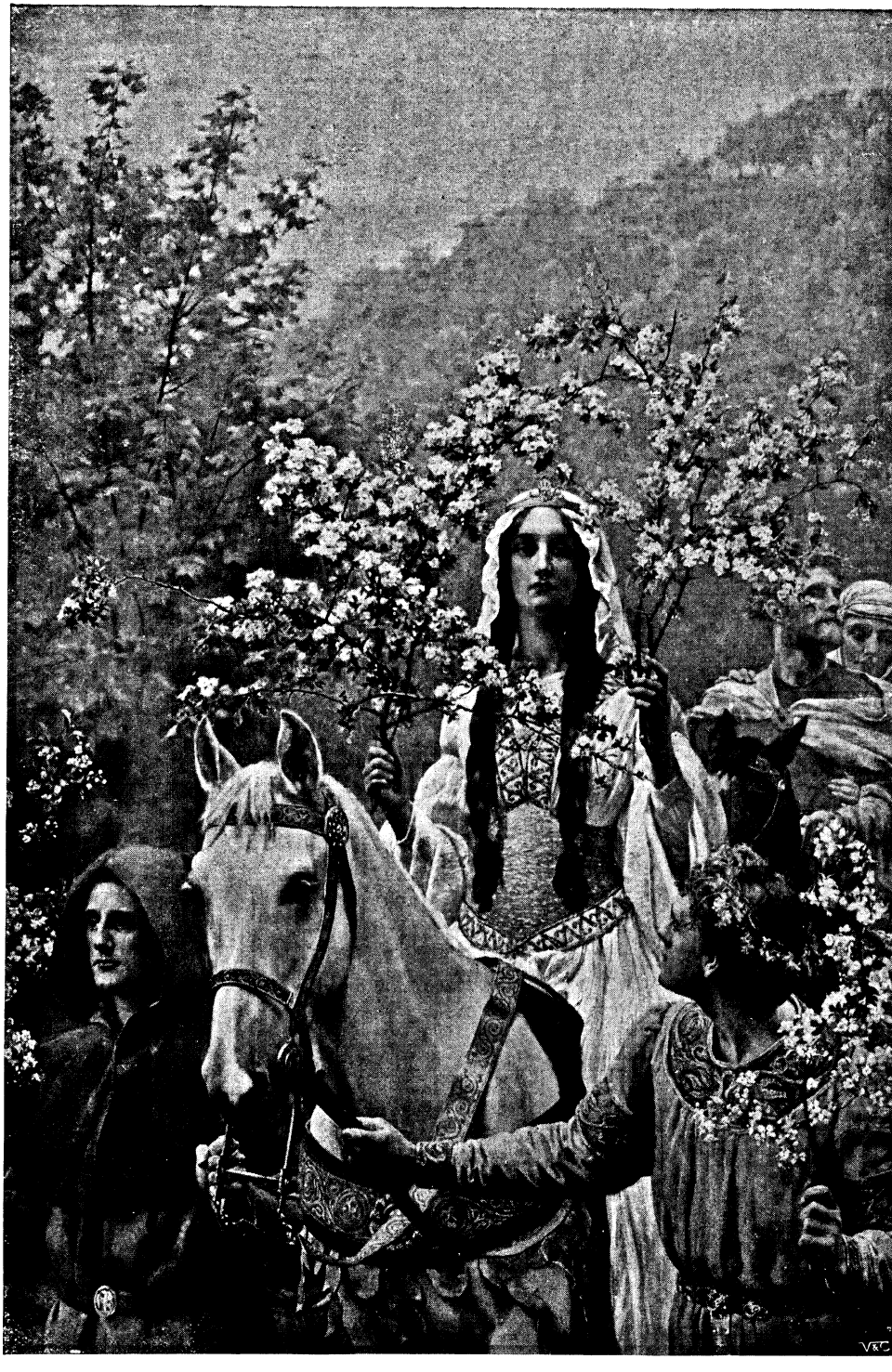

QUEEN GUINEVERE'S MAYING.

FROM THE PICTURE BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

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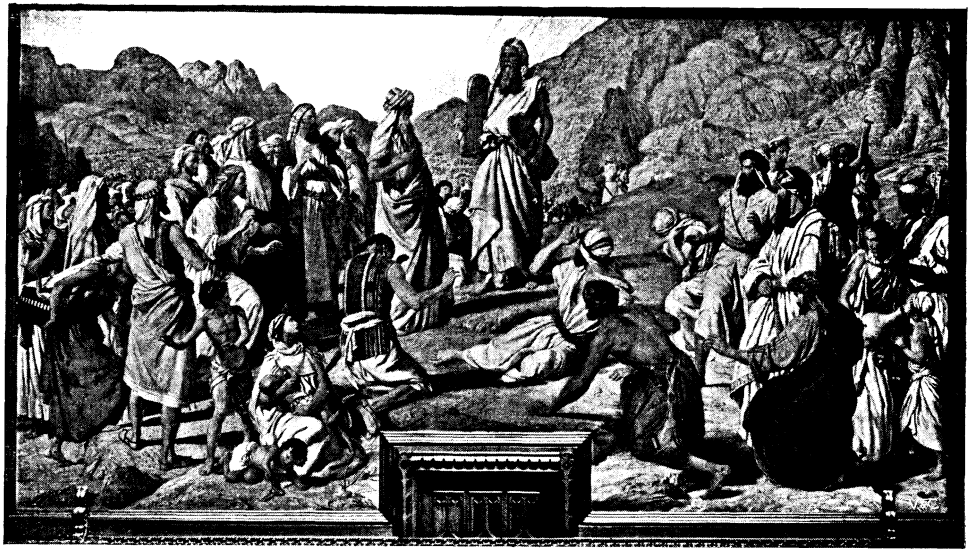

"MOSES GIVING THE LAW." BY J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

THE PAINTINGS IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

By Frederick Dolman.

THE story of the pictures in the Houses of Parliament forms one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of British art. When the Palace of Westminster was rebuilding after the disastrous fire of 1838, a Select Committee was appointed to inquire in what way the decoration of the new structure could be carried out with a view to the promotion of the interests of national art. This was in 1841, and in due course the deliberations of the Committee resulted in the formation of a Royal Commission of Fine Arts, authorised to spend a sum of £4,000 a year in the employment of British artists on the work of adorning the walls of the two Houses. The Prince Consort became president of the Commission, and throughout its career was its moving spirit, assisted by Sir Charles Eastlake, R.A., as secretary. The Commission's first step was to offer eleven prizes, amounting together to £2,000, for the best designs or cartoons of pictures illustrating the history of the British people. Among the prizewinners were C. W. Cope, G. F. Watts, and E. A. Armitage, and these artists were afterwards given commissions for pictures in the scheme of decoration actually adopted.

Curiously enough, the distinguished painter of the two largest and most important works now to be seen at Westminster Palace was an unsuccessful competitor in this tournament of art. It was some fifteen years later that Maclise was commissioned to paint the two great works in the Royal Gallery: "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher" and "The Death of Nelson," and in the meantime he had executed the two smaller works for the Conference Room: "The Spirit of Religion" and "The Spirit of Love." Having taken a leading position among the artists of his time—it is said that he refused the offer of the Presidency of the Royal Academy on the death of Sir Martin Shee—Maclise ventured to offer his services to the Royal Commission of Fine Arts in the decoration of the Royal Gallery, which was then the only part of the great buildings for which no plans had been formulated. The offer was promptly accepted, and Maclise prepared a scheme according to which, besides the two great subjects, the sixteen small compartments in the hall were to be filled by as many panels depicting historic scenes from the times of King Alfred the Great. In the result, as will subsequently appear, this scheme was carried into achievement only as regards the Wellington and Nelson subjects.

These two huge frescoes—the largest works of their kind in the country—measure

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"THE JUDGMENT OF DANIEL, CONDEMNING THE ELDERS WHO FALSELY ACCUSED SUSANNA." BY J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

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"SIR GAWAINE SWEARING TO BE MERCIFUL." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

each 45 feet long by 12 feet high. They occupied Maclise for seven years of almost unremitting labour, from 1858 to 1865. As they were to be monumental works, able to resist the ravaging effects of the air and dust to which they would be constantly exposed, it was decided from the first that they should be painted as frescoes—that is to say, in water-colour or tempera on a mortar surface of lime and sand. But Maclise found this style of work exceedingly distasteful to him. The cartoon of "Wellington and Blucher" he had prepared, dividing it into sections, in his own studio, and this had presented no difficulty to his industry and care, although it occupied him about fifteen months. But when he began to work on the actual picture —from a scaffolding erected in the Royal Gallery—he met with so much discouragement that he actually wrote to the Royal Commission proposing to resign his engagement unless he were permitted to revert to the use of oil-paints. Eventually the Prince Consort personally induced him to visit Germany, there to study an improved method of fresco-painting which had been recently devised by Kaulbach and others.

Maclise returned from this trip more reconciled to his task; he had been convinced that by the application of water-glass—liquid silica spread over the surface by means of a large syringe—there was a reasonable

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prospect of the frescoes perpetuating his name for centuries to come. Sustained by this belief, the artist applied himself to his great undertaking with inexhaustible energy and diligence. During the winter he was in his studio making studies of models and preparing designs of the costumes; during the summer he went day by day to the Royal Gallery, often working on his platform from ten or eleven in the morning till five or six in the afternoon, with only a brief luncheon interval. The reflected light through the stained-glass window often made his work very difficult, and sometimes the traffic overhead greatly disturbed him. Now and again he despaired of ever completing his task, and on one occasion he mournfully records in his diary that six inches had not been painted in as many hours. "Wellington's Meeting with Blucher," begun in March, 1859, was finished in December, 1861, and "The Death of Nelson," which was started shortly afterwards, was brought to completion in January, 1865.

This rapid execution, considering the size and character of the frescoes, was compatible with the greatest care on the part of the artist in respect to the multitudinous details with which he had to deal. For Wellington and Blucher he made over a hundred studies of costumes from uniforms actually worn in the battle of Waterloo. For "The Death of Nelson" he consulted—by interview and letter—every available survivor of the battle of Trafalgar who could throw the slightest light on any doubtful or difficult point. In all the circumstances, the iron must have entered the artist's soul when it was triumphantly shown in the columns of a newspaper that the meeting of Wellington and Blucher never took place! Fortunately Prince Albert was able to dispose of this false criticism by obtaining the testimony of a German general who had acted as *aide-de-camp* to Blucher at Waterloo.

The nation paid Maclise £7,000 for his seven years' arduous labour, the stipulated price for each fresco having been £3,500. A Parliamentary Committee, which inquired into the contracts entered into by the Royal Commission of Fine Arts, recommended that the amount should be increased to £10,000, but the recommendation was not acted upon.

Maclise profited to some extent by the experiences of his predecessors in the work of decorating Westminster Palace, of whom the principal were William Dyce, R.A., C. W. Cope, R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., and J. R. Herbert, R.A. The first fresco was executed by Dyce, in 1846, "The Baptism of Ethelbert," for the space over the Throne in the House of Lords, followed by Cope's "Edward the Third Conferring the Order of the Garter on the Black Prince," both these pictures, from their positions, being now inaccessible to the arts of the photographer. In 1848, Dyce undertook the frescoes in the Queen's Robing Room, illustrating the story of King

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"THE ADMISSION OF SIR TRISTRAM TO THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROUND TABLE." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

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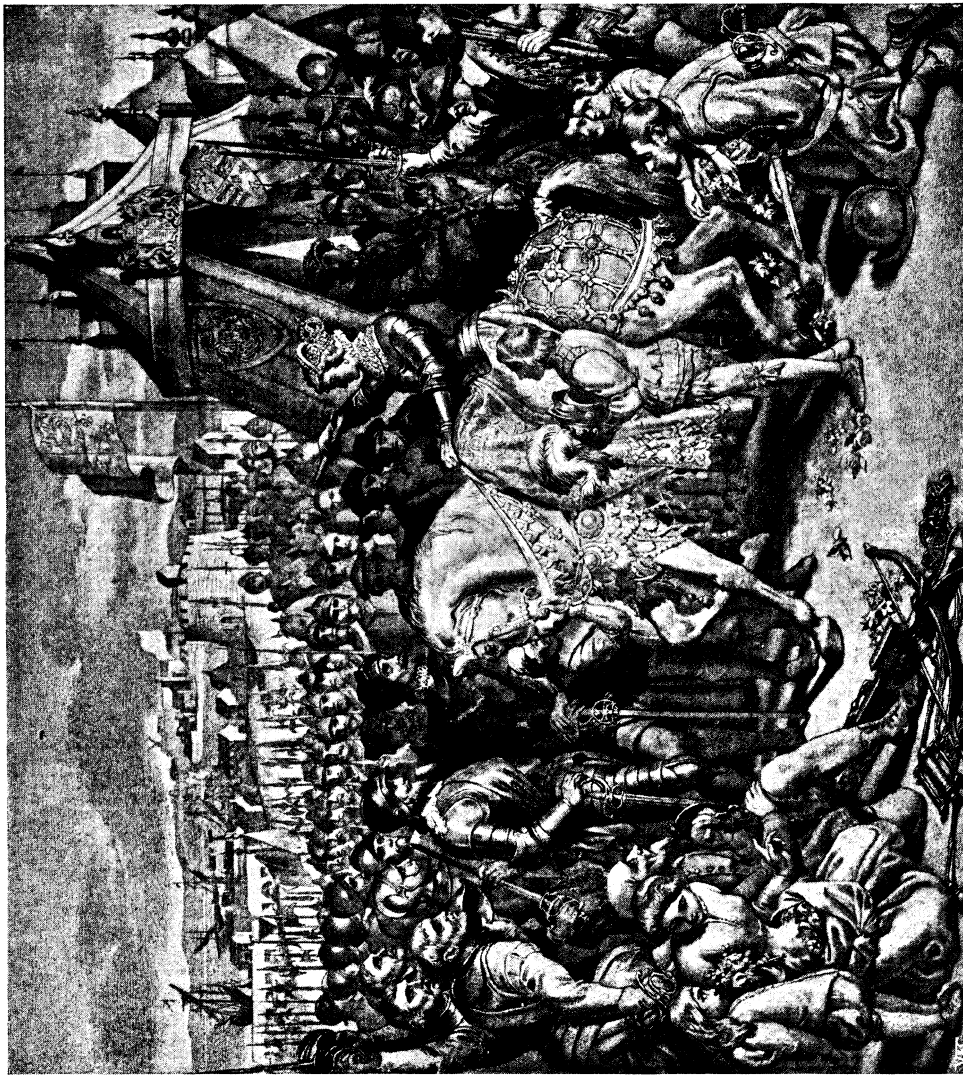
Arthur and the Round Table, of which two are reproduced in these pages. There were to have been seven large pictures, with twenty-eight small subjects in the frieze, ten years being allowed for the work, and the price agreed upon being £5,600; but owing to the artist's ill-health and early death, only five were completed by him.

story. "Moses Giving the Law" is a title which will explain itself to everybody, and "The Judgment of Daniel" is a representation, it need hardly be said, of the well-known incident in the life of the Biblical hero when, at the age of fifteen, he condemned the elders who had falsely accused Susanna. "Moses" measures twenty-two feet wide by ten feet



Reproduced from the print of] "QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY," BY D. MACLISE, R.A. [The Art Union of London.

Next to the "Wellington" and "Nelson" in point of size are the two pictures by J. R. Herbert in the Peers' Robing Room: "The Judgment of Daniel" and "Moses Giving the Law." These were the first two in a series of frescoes intended to depict "Justice on Earth, and its Development in Law and Judgment," according to the Scriptural

six inches high, and "Daniel" twenty feet by ten feet six inches, the numerous figures in both pictures being life-size. Herbert was engaged for nearly fifteen years on the two works, for which he received the sum of £6,800 from the Government.

There were to have been nine additional frescoes in this apartment by the same artist,

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"THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS." BY C. W. COPE, R.A.

"THE TRAIN-BANDS MARCHING FROM LONDON TO RELIEVE GLOUCESTER, 1643." BY C. W. COPE, R.A.

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who signed a contract in 1849 undertaking to execute them in the course of ten years for the sum of £1,000 apiece, among the subjects chosen being "The Judgment of Solomon." But this was another part of the scheme which somehow or other came to naught. As it is, the decoration of this chamber is largely wasted. The Peers' Robing Room is not seen by the general public, and is only occasionally used for committee meetings.

Fortunately the part of the original scheme of decoration which was the most fully and successfully carried out related to the lobbies connecting the two Houses, through which, when Parliament is sitting, there is a constant stream of traffic. The series of sixteen pictures by Cope and Ward in these lobbies has, too, wide popular interest as well as high artistic merit. It tells the story of the great conflict between King and People from the meeting of the Long Parliament to the crowning of William and Mary. Cavalier and Roundhead are treated with strict impartiality, an equal number of pictures recording the valour and devotion of each side. In the preparation of these pictures, both artists consulted Lord Macaulay, then fresh from his great historical labours covering this period, and he seems to have been ever ready to assist them with hints, suggestions, and information.

"The Last Sleep of Argyll" was frankly painted by Ward in accordance with a passage in Macaulay's History (chap. v., 1685), narrating the stoicism with which the Earl of Argyll composed himself for sleep in his prison cell on the night before his execution for having engaged in rebellion against James the Second. "The Defence of Basing House" was selected by Cope as one of his subjects doubtless because it was considered to typify better than any other battle in the Civil War the heroism shown in the cause of both King and Parliament. The residence of the Marquis of Winchester, near Basingstoke, this mansion for four years defied all the efforts of the Parliamentary generals, and was regarded by the Cavaliers as impregnable, until, in 1645, Cromwell himself led a be-

"THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE, 1650." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.
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"THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES I., 1648." BY C. W. COPE, R.A.

"THE DEFENCE OF BASING HOUSE AGAINST CROMWELL'S IRONSIDES IN 1645." BY C. W. COPE, R.A.

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"GENERAL MONK DECLARING FOR A FREE PARLIAMENT, 1660." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.
From the print of The Art Union of London.

sieging army and took it by storm. It is the only actual battle-picture in the series, although we have scenes of martial pomp in "Charles the First Raising his Standard at Nottingham," and "Departure of the London Train-Bands." Some of the other subjects chosen are fitly concerned with the constitutional aspect of the long struggle, such as "Monk Declaring for a Free Parliament," and "Parliament Offering the Crown to William and Mary."

One of Cope's eight subjects, "The Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers," may excite some comment as to its right of inclusion in this historical series. The subject was originally described as "Departure of Puritans for New England," but the name "May Flower" inscribed on the boat which is just being pushed off from the shore leaves no doubt as to the particular episode represented in the picture. But although chronologically erratic, the inclusion of this episode may possibly be defended as having initiated a movement which was not without its influence on the prolonged contest which came to a close with the accession of William and Mary. Artistically the fresco is one of the best of the series, and the original oil-picture is now one of the most valued posessions of the Melbourne National Gallery.

Each of these considerable pictures (about seven feet by seven feet six inches) occupied the artists, on the average, six months of their working time, and the price paid by the Fine Arts Commission was £600 apiece.

A few words must be said regarding the twenty-eight portraits in the Princes Chambers, all of members of the Tudor family, for whose exceptional honouring in this way I have not been able to discover any reason. They were copied in oil from "authentic likenesses" by Mr. Richard Burchett, headmaster of the Science and Art Department Training School, and assistants chosen by him from among the pupils in the school. The sum of £70 was paid for each.

According to the original scheme, another series of pictures in the Lower Waiting Hall —or "Poets' Hall," as it was to be called— was designed to recognise the genius of British poetry. There were to be eight frescoes, each depicting a characteristic theme

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"THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLL, 1685." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.
From the print of The Art Union of London.

from the works of as many poets. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Spenser, Pope, Byron, and Scott were, I believe, the immortals chosen, and in respect to the first three names, at least, the commissions were given to the painters and duly executed by them. C. W. Cope painted Chaucer's "Trial of Griselda's Obedience"; J. R. Herbert, Shakespeare's "Lear and his Daughter"; and J. C. Horsley, Milton's "Satan and Ithuriel's Spear." But the rest of the project suffered extinction when the Royal Commission of Fine Arts was dissolved, whilst these three pictures were soon ruined by the damp and the dust; at any rate, this is understood to be the reason why they are now covered over and so completely concealed from the public view.

The durability of the frescoes has always been a serious question to artists and authorities alike. At the outset it was believed that as the lime walls were for ever hardening, the pictures, painted in the fresco style, would be practically imperishable. On the completion of Cope's "Trial of Griselda's Obedience," the Prince Consort came to see it, and at his request the artist allowed the picture to be sponged over, when not a trace of colour was removed. But in less than four years the colours blistered and came off in powder, this disaster being attributed by Cope to "the constant change of temperature and the filth of the London climate." By that time the water-glass method had been brought into use, but this has not been equally effectual in all cases, probably owing to the unequal skill with which it has been applied. The pictures in the lobbies of both Houses are in the best state of preservation, but for many years these have been protected by glass. Some time after the death of Maclise, "The Death of Nelson" began to show a grey surface deposit which greatly obscured the colouring and threatened to destroy the picture altogether. This was attributed to Maclise having, in his inexperience of the new method, used rather too much "water-glass" on the completion of the fresco. The late Mr. George Richmond, R.A., out of disinterested regard for the work and fame of his brother-artist, devoted himself to the problem of saving the picture,

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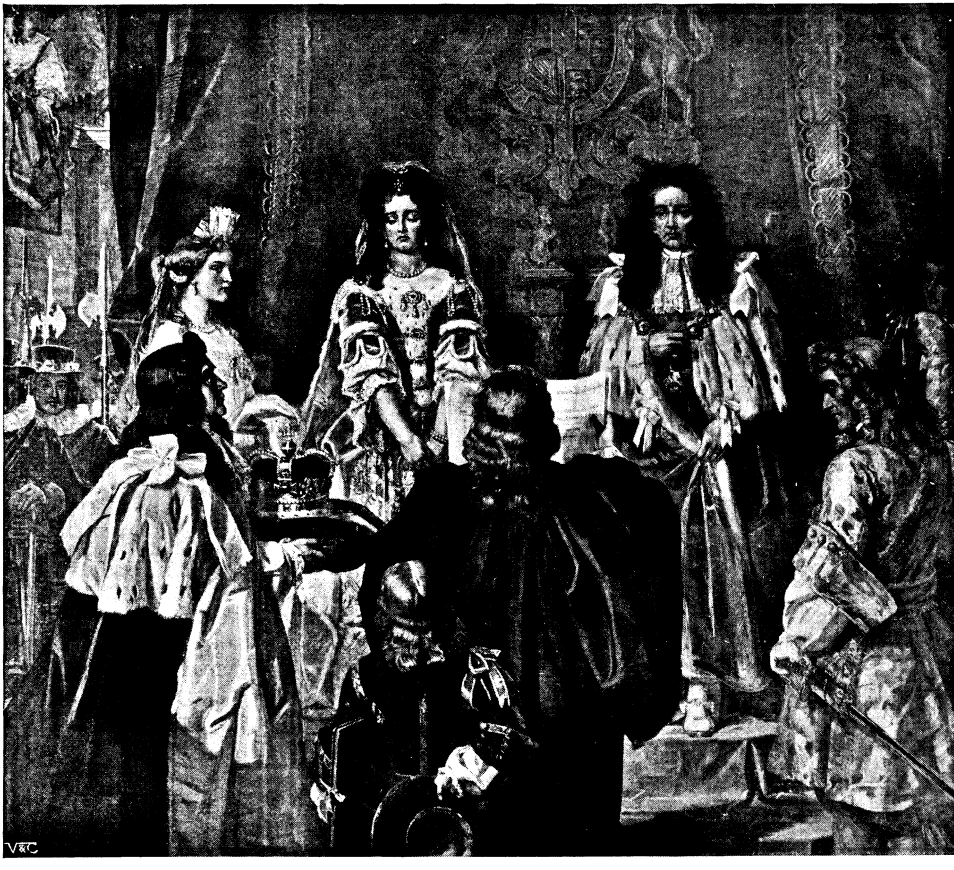
and was eventually able to achieve this end by the simple device of getting two men to beat the whole surface thoroughly with wash-leather bags.

This device might well be employed again on both pictures, the colouring of which in parts might be much improved. There is no doubt that a glass covering would best ensure the preservation of all the frescoes. But apart from the fact that it is artistically somewhat inconsistent with mural adornment, a glass covering would, in some cases, owing to the position of the pictures, render them in the eyes of the spectator a mere confusion of colours. As it is, the reflection of the stained windows on the glass surface often renders the subjects by Cope and Ward in the lobbies almost invisible, and in the most favourable condition of the light they cannot be seen to full advantage.

By the time the water-glass method of fresco-painting had been brought to perfection, and English artists had become experienced in its use, all further progress with the decoration of the Palace of Westminster was abandoned. It had always been the object of some amount of Parliamentary criticism, Sir Robert Peel himself, during his Premiership, finding it necessary on one occasion to make a speech in its defence. After the death of the Prince Consort, who had throughout taken an enthusiastic interest in the scheme of fresco-painting, this criticism broke out with renewed vigour. In the result, a Committee of Inquiry was appointed, and on its recommendation the Royal Commission of Fine Arts was debarred from incurring any further expenditure, whilst authorised, of course, to complete all existing contracts. This decision, whilst leaving the Houses of Parliament shorn of a large part of the artistic beauty which was to have been conferred upon them, seems to have inflicted considerable injustice, notably on Maclise. Although no binding legal contract had been entered into respecting



"PARLIAMENT OFFERING THE CROWN TO WILLIAM AND MARY." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

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"THE MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER." BY D. MACLISE, R.A.

"THE DEATH OF NELSON." BY D. MACLISE, R.A.

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them, this artist had in hand at the time several frescoes in accordance with the wishes of the members of the Commission of Fine Arts. For several of these, such as "Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury," "Admiral Blake before Tunis," and "The Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim," he had prepared finished oil-studies, which in the case of two of these subjects are reproduced in these pages. The labour they represented was cast upon his hands without a penny of compensation or a word of regret.

Maclise and some of his brother-artists bitterly resented the ruthless way in which this national enterprise for the honour and glory of art was suddenly discarded. It is said that the mortification which the circumstances produced in the mind of Maclise helped to undermine his health, although the only published expression of his feelings is contained in a letter to one of his fellow-victims: "We are scarcely forgiven for attempting to extend the limits of our art."

Some day, perhaps, reparation will be made in the only way it can now be made to the artists and their art—by the completion on a worthy scale and in a generous spirit of the decoration of the building in which the Mother of Parliaments has her home.

"ADMIRAL BLAKE BEFORE TUNIS, 1656." BY D. MACLISE, R.A.
From the print of The Art Union of London.

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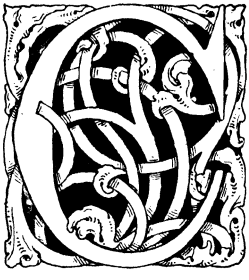
ANDREA DEL SARTO.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,*

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Monsigny," and "Journeys End."



AMERON pulled the sliding curtains away from the top-light and went back to the easel, but after a moment he shook his head.

"The light's paling fast, Betty," he said. "We shan't be able to do much more to-day. You might rest a moment."

He stood scowling thoughtfully at the half-finished study and touching it here and there, while the girl stretched her arms over her head and yawned. Then the bell rang, and Cameron's wife spoke from the doorway.

"May I come in?"

"Yes, rather!" he cried. "Of course you may!" And the yellow-haired model, across the room, wondered dully at the sudden change in his face and voice. Few of the painters for whom she posed were wont to use that tone to their wives. Generally they snapped at them.

Mrs. Cameron came into the studio holding her skirts cautiously about her, and Cameron went to meet her. She was a handsome woman, in a cold, regular fashion—her friends said beautiful, but she looked a bit discontented and *ennuyée*. The yellow-haired model noticed that when Cameron bent forward to kiss her, she quickly turned her cheek; and the model wondered why, for she fancied that most women would like to be kissed by Cameron.

"Just back, Alice?" he asked.

"An hour ago," said Mrs. Cameron. "I stopped a day longer than I had meant. They wanted me for some theatrical things last night. I loathe them." She moved over to the easel and stood before it, looking idly at the unfinished sketch. And she glanced from the canvas to the model who sat beyond, with that impersonal and contemptuous scorn common to the domestic woman in the presence of the woman whose beauty earns her bread. A dull flush spread up over the girl's cheeks, and she pulled the crimson silk which was wrapped about her closer over her shoulders.

"Rather a good sketch, I think?" said Cameron, as one who asks for criticism.

"Yes," said the woman slowly. "Yes, I—I expect it's very fine. It seems very—true to life," she ended lamely.

"Oh, it's not a portrait," said Cameron. "That wasn't what I was after, quite. I wanted to get a certain thing that it would take a long time to explain and that you wouldn't be interested to hear about. I'm trying these new solid colours of Rafaelli. You see, they're just like pastels—only they're oil. I expect to do wonders with them." He laughed and pulled the easel out into the light a bit.

"D'you see how I am using the things?" he said.

He had covered a coarse canvas with a thin smear of ochre—in liquid, and he had made the drawing of the girl's head and shoulders in rapid, sure brush-strokes of ochre, too—very much as Herr Lenbach does. Then, with his sticks of solid paint, he had touched the high lights with colour—cheek and nose and brow and shoulder, leaving the shadows and half-tones in the yellowish brown monochrome of the ochre. It was a masterly bit of work.

"Yes," said the woman again doubtfully; "I expect it is very fine—it's so—brutal, though!" she complained with a certain irritation. "It's like all the things you do. You had the chance to make it sweet and—beautiful, and all that, but you've chosen to make it all in big, coarse strokes—— Oh, I can't say what I mean; but it's too strong, somehow. It jumps out of the canvas at one." She turned to him half in apology. "Perhaps it isn't finished yet?" she suggested. "Perhaps you meant to—smooth it down?"

Cameron gave a short laugh and pushed the easel back to its place.

"No," said he, shaking his head. "No,

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I'm afraid not. I'm afraid it will never be smoothed down. I'm not a smooth painter."

"It's like those Sargent things," said the woman, still with a certain note of irritation in her voice. "It's so horribly truthful."

"Oh, I say," he cried. "Sargent! Why, Sargent's the master of us all! Sargent's the greatest portrait-painter living, Alice."

"Well, I don't care," she said. "He's brutal. And people don't want to be painted brutally. What's the good of dragging out all the unpleasant things people have in them and are trying to hide. It's—immoral! You know poor Mrs. Aberthenay sat to Sargent last summer in London, and she had to put the picture away in a storeroom. She couldn't have it about."

Cameron laughed gently, but his wife swept on.

"And only yesterday, at the Ridgeways', Mrs. Ridgeway was telling about a portrait she thought of having done, and wondering who'd do it best, when that horrid Welles man said: 'Dare you to let Cameron paint it?' And everybody laughed. Mrs. Ridgeway was awfully sweet and kind about it—said that if you were only a bit more charitable, she'd love to sit for you, and all that; but it was most trying."

"I'm sorry, dear," said Cameron. "I expect we'll have to struggle on without Mrs. Ridgeway, for I won't be charitable on canvas. I'll draw the things as I see them, for the God of things as they are."

Mrs. Cameron rose, frowning slightly.

"It's a very good thing, isn't it," said she, "that you aren't painting for a living? Ah, well, I must be going on. I dropped into the studio only for a moment. I was on my way to a tea-thing at the Hartlakes'. I must be going on." She started to move away, but Cameron rose quickly to check her.

"Don't go!" he said, and the woman's eyes widened a bit at the curious eagerness in his tone. "Don't go, I—— Throw the Hartlakes over this once. I—want to talk to you. We seem to have so few chances to talk alone of late!"

He turned about to where the yellow-haired model had been sitting restlessly, across the room.

"I shan't do anything more to-day, Betty," he said. "You need not wait." And when the girl had left the room, he dropped down into the chair beside which his wife was standing, and took one of her hands between his own.

"Stay with me a little while, Alice," he said. "I'm—I need you. I need you more than the Hartlakes do; and, as I said before, we seem to have very few chances to talk alone. You're always busy with your teas and your house-parties and such, and I—I'm at work."

"Yes," said the woman. "Yes!" And Cameron flushed a little at her tone.

"You don't quite understand, dear," he said gently. And then he frowned a bit with tightened lips.

"I've this thing to do," he said. "It appears to be what I was put into the world for, and, so far as I'm able, I shall do it. It's no play; it's no amusement; it's work, hard, unremitting, serious work for a serious end——"

But the woman broke in bitterly.

"What end?—what end? It isn't that you *have* to do it. It isn't that you've a living to make, or even an income to increase. No petty sums that a painting could sell for would mean anything to you. What end? It isn't to give pleasure to your friends, for you won't do the sort of work that would please them. Oh, I know!" she cried, as Cameron would have interrupted; "I know what the papers say of you, and the other painters and the critics say. I know that they call you one of the great ones—say you'll be an Old Master one day, and all that; but what is it worth? Why should you soil your hands with work, bury yourself alive here, when you might take the place among your friends and my friends that is your due? Of course, I'm proud of your—your talent and all that; but it seems so unnecessary! If you even painted for amusement, now and then!—anyone may have fads, I suppose—but to be so serious over it! Do you ever stop to think how it affects *me?* Do you know that people condole with me about it, that they think you're a bit queer, that they're sorry for me?"

Cameron lifted his hands a little way and dropped them helplessly.

"You don't understand, dear," he said again. "There's no use in trying to explain." And he sat drooping a bit in his chair and staring across the room for a long time.

"It's a—passion, sort of," he said at last; "a vice, if you choose. It's like drink. You can't let it alone. I shall go on scrawling things on paper—smearing things on canvas, so long as I live, Alice. Maybe I see the end differently from you. Maybe it seems more worth while to me. The good I do will live after me, girl. It won't be interred with my bones. My scrawls and

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"'A little bit to the left!' said he. 'So! Chin up!'"

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smears will hang in galleries after I'm back to the earth that made me, and some other chaps'll learn something from them. That's worth while, I think. It seems to me more worth while than going to lap-dog dinners and private vaudeville shows and crowded dances. I may be wrong."

He glanced about the big studio, with its priceless furniture and hangings and bric-à-brac, and gave a little whimsical, frowning smile.

"It doesn't look as if I'd a living to make, does it?" he said. "Sometimes I wish I had. Poverty's a wholesome thing, Alice. A poor millionaire has so little incentive to work!"

And, as if at some thought the words awakened in him, he sighed and smiled a bit, and after a moment rose from his chair and went across to a western window, raising the shade, so that, as he stood looking out over the park, the sun, near its setting, flooded him with red and gold.

"Poverty's a wholesome thing," he said again half under his breath. "This luxury dulls one. Oh, Alice! do you remember the good old days—before this money came? Do you remember a pair of children who sat about under the trees and talked of the small and exclusive heaven they were going to make together—the separate star for just the two of them? One was to paint very beautiful pictures, Alice—the most beautiful pictures in the world; and the other was to sit beside him while he did it, for he couldn't paint properly without her. And he was to become phenomenally great and famous—a sort of modern Raphael, another Velasquez; and people were to cheer him when he went about, and give him decorations, and tell him how much he'd done for the world. But he wasn't to care about that for a moment. He was just to bring his work and his rewards and lay them at her feet, because they were all done and won for her sake.

"Do you remember, girl? Can you shut your eyes and smell the mignonette in your old garden with the stone wall about it? Can you see the grape-arbour, Alice, and the quince-tree with the seat up in the branches where we used to have tea-parties? Have you forgotten the river, behind the orchard, where we used to paddle about in an old skiff that leaked so that you had to curl your feet up under you on the thwart?"

He turned about from the window, laughing softly, and the woman was amazed to see how eager and boyish his face had grown all in a moment. And he dropped down upon a low cushion at her feet.

"See!" he cried, tugging at something in the pocket of his jacket. "See what I have found this morning!" And he pulled out a little bow of apple-green ribbon stained with age.

"It was in a box of treasures," he said, "that I've had for a long time. There was a funny little bracelet, too, set with turquoises, and a broken side-comb of shell, and a bunch of withered spice-pinks, and half of a penny cut in two by hacking at it with a knife. Do you know what this is? It's a hair-ribbon. You wore it with a very beautiful gown of white sprigged muslin that didn't come quite to your knees, and stuck out on all sides of you like the skirts of a ballet dancer. Oh, it was a very beautiful gown! You fell into the river with it, once, and I fished you out."

He caught her hands in his, laughing eagerly up at her, and pressed them against his cheeks.

"Do you remember, Alice?" said he.

"That was twenty years ago," said the woman, turning her face away. "Nearly a quarter of a century. I'd rather forget."

"Twenty years?" cried the man. "Nonsense! It can't be. But, oh, girl! how about afterwards? How about ten years afterwards, when we were going to be married? Had we changed? Weren't we still looking forward to our separate star? Wasn't I still to work, and you sit by, and I to lay my triumph at your feet?"

But the woman would not meet his eyes.

"We were children even then," said she—"dreaming, pretending children! What did we know of the world? And besides—the money had not come then."

"No," said he, very low. "The money hadn't come then, thank God! Oh, Alice, if it hadn't come at all! It has lost us our Paradise.

> "We'll never lift again
> Our purple-painted headlands
> Or the lordly keeps of Spain."

He dropped his face in her lap, and his hands twisted and strained over hers.

"If it hadn't come at all!" he said again. "Why couldn't it let us alone? I'd have painted such things! Ah! I could have been *great* then. Yes, I know—with you beside me to cheer me on, your eyes to look into when I was fagged and blue—the sort of love you might have given me; that I saw you growing into. Ah, well! that's lost. The separate star's beyond our ken now."

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"Dickie, Dickie! said the woman gently, and that brought his head up like a flash.

"Is it?" he whispered, staring into her eyes. "Is it lost altogether? Couldn't we find our star yet, girl?" He crowded closer to her, kneeling at her feet, and a flush grew up over his cheeks.

"Couldn't we find our star yet?" he whispered again. "Oh, Alice, I could—we could do so much, together! I've been starving for you all these years. Listen! Chuck up all this social nonsense of yours. It's dulling the heart and soul of you. You're too good for it. Chuck it all up! We'll close the house here and go away, far away somewhere, where we can be quite alone—like the old days. And we'll forget everything that has come between the old days and now. We'll do nothing but paint and paint and paint; and we'll live for nobody but each other; and we'll have our heaven, after all! Oh, girl, think what we're losing here! Come with me before we forget the way utterly. What's your little marionette show here, your tangle of nothings, beside what we could do out yonder? Here, I am at the end of my chain. I'm one of a dozen. Never mind what the papers say. I know better. I've gone as far as I can go, for skill of hand can go no further. It needs *soul* to go to the last steps, and the soul's dying in me day by day. Oh, Alice, girl, out there, with you to love, to work for, to please, I could lead them all! I could be the very greatest! Won't you come?"

"Dickie, Dickie!" said the woman again gently. And she freed her hands and put them out till they met behind his head. Her eyes were wide and shadowed, and her face was full of a certain wondering distress. It was as if she were trying to rise to his height, to follow his eager enthusiasm, but lagged hopelessly behind—as if she tried to see what he saw, but could not.

Then at last she shook her head, with a little sigh.

"I—I can't seem to follow, Dickie," she said. "I'm sorry. I can't seem to think all that so important. We're no longer children. We've grown up now, and we've our responsibilities to—to ourselves, and to the people about us. We've a place in the world to fill—important, in its way. You know I'm very, very proud of your talent; but, Dickie, you must not let it overshadow everything else. You're no starving art student, with dreams of *salons* and commissions and all that. You mustn't bury yourself so."

She rose from the chair, pulling out a tiny jewelled watch.

"It's late, Dickie," she said. "I must be going." She stooped over him once more and kissed him lightly on the brow. "Don't dream too much, dear," she said. "It's bad for one."

Near the door she paused and turned back.

"Ah, I forgot," said she. "The Livingstones want us at Westchester for the week-end. Will you go—as an especial favour to me? Please."

"Yes," said Cameron, looking after her, dull-eyed. "Anything you like. Yes, I'll go." And then, when his wife had left the room, he dropped his face in his arms over the chair where she had been sitting, and crouched there, quite still, for a very long time.

It was the yellow-haired model who roused him at last. She spoke twice before he heard.

"Eh! what?" said he, turning and blinking at her. "Oh, *you*, Betty? Not gone yet?"

"I forgot to ask if you'd want me to-morrow," she said, and after a moment repeated it, for she thought he did not hear. But Cameron was staring at her with brightening eyes.

"A little bit to the left!" said he. "So! Chin up! By Jove!"

The girl had halted in the light from the western window, and the last rays of the setting sun bathed her in gold, set a halo about her hair and face against the background of deep crimson.

"Hold that!" said the man, and sprang to his feet, dragging the easel with its half-finished sketch out into the light.

"If I can get that!" he whispered, working swiftly with the sticks of solid colour.

"If only I can get that! Keep still, Betty! Lord, but it's beautiful! If only a man could get it!"

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CHARLES EDWARD.

By HARRISON RHODES.*

V.—A DISCIPLE OF PRINCE FLORIZEL.

THOSE who are familiar with the "New Arabian Nights" will remember that the adventures of Prince Florizel of Bohemia took place, not in the capital city of his own land, but in the great town of London. Since this accomplished creature of Stevenson's imagination, who "gained the affection of all classes by the seduction of his manners and by a well-considered generosity," was not far from being the ideal of Mr. Charles Edward Austin, it is not strange that the metropolis of Britain has always seemed to the young American a richer and more promising field for whimsical adventure than had ever New York. All through Charles Edward's career, romance—of his own special sort, of course—has followed close upon the wish for it; so, naturally, London, if only because it is full of memories of the Prince of Bohemia, has yielded him a greater harvest than has any city of America, though the soil of Manhattan has not, it is true, proved wholly sterile.

A foreign town, is perhaps, in any case the best playground for those in quest of adventure. In the first place, it gives the casual stranger the great privilege of being *incognito*. Besides, one brings to it a feeling of holiday-making, a kind of readiness to celebrate the carnival which one never has at home. When one is confessedly in search of amusement, and free from the responsibilities of everyday life, one can gaily follow the will-o'-the-wisp of romance wherever it may lead. And adventure is an elusive thing, and must be captured the moment it flashes into view. The man who hesitates has lost it.

This story begins with a conversation upon the possibilities of finding romance in modern life. It took place in a box at a London theatre, in which young Mr. Austin and a friend found themselves one June evening. The period is that which Charles Edward is pleased to term his unregenerate days, meaning by this the time before he was married. But the story is known to his wife, who says, with no appearance of being seriously annoyed at the thought, that she is convinced that should a similar occasion arise, her husband would behave now exactly as he did then. This may almost be taken to mean that, on the whole, she thinks the story rather to Charles Edward's credit. It is as well to bear this in mind, otherwise there might be some who would judge his early career to have been rather too rakish and undisciplined.

By the time the curtain had fallen on the second act of the adventures of a hero in doublet and hose, Mr. Austin had decided that it was a very dull play he was seeing. Admirers of the romantic drama may be surprised at this, yet the most impassioned of them must admit that there have been in the past few years at least one or two tiresome examples of the class.

"This," said Charles Edward, "is not romance."

"Perhaps not," replied Paul Cary; "still, it's got something of the feeling. It's better than as though the hero wore a frock-coat, don't you think?"

"Rubbish!" said his friend decisively. "Evening dress and an opera-hat are the costume of adventure, and London in this year of grace is far more romantic, to my mind, than Paris in the Middle Ages."

"I don't think I see it in that way. What, for example, Charles Edward, would be your idea of an adventure for to-night? If this were mediæval times, we might have our swords out three or four times on the way home. A lovely lady might signal to us from a lofty balcony——"

"Oh! all the corresponding things could happen to-night. You remember the Stevenson story where a young man comes out of a London theatre. Near the entrance stands a neat little brougham with a coachman in sober blue livery. As the young man passes by, a small hand, gloved in white, makes the

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quietest gesture of beckoning to him, while he catches a glimpse of a lady in a white cloak, with a cloud of lace enveloping her head and partially concealing her face. Unhesitatingly the young man advances to the brougham, opens the door, and springs in. There, Paul—there's adventure for you!"

"Ah, well, if that's all! It seems to me the sort of thing not unheard of, though perhaps sufficiently vulgar as adventure. I dare say——"

"Pardon me, I don't mean that. If you notice the brougham, you will see a crest upon it, perhaps even a coronet."

"Romance, then, I take it, consists in having a duchess fall in love with you at first sight."

"She might not be a duchess, and she might not fall in love. Of course, such a combination is one's wildest dream. But I don't feel one could count on either ducal rank or tender sentiment. She might be merely a lovely lady in distress—in desperate need of a gentleman to do something in her service. There's adventure. Talk of your romance in doublet and hose—I snap my fingers at it."

"Come out into the lobby and smoke instead," suggested Paul.

The two left the box, and the subject of modern romance was dropped for the sake of a discussion of the comparative merits of Egyptian and Turkish cigarettes. There is little of interest to record concerning the remainder of the time spent in the theatre. There was one more *entr'acte*—the usual *entr'acte;* two more acts of the play—the usual acts; and the audience to look at—the usual audience. The stalls presented the ordinary show of elaborately dressed heads, bare shoulders, and white shirt-fronts. The boxes contained no one of especial charm. Next the one which contained Charles Edward and his friend sat a lady alone, but so far back in the shadow of the curtains that she could scarcely be called an object of interest. In the boxes opposite sat three stout, yellow-haired ladies dressed in pink, accompanied by a black-bearded man, a Jew apparently, and nearer the stage two soldierly looking young men and a fashionable and frisky young matron.

Bored by the play and uninterested in the audience, the disciple of Prince Florizel welcomed the final fall of the curtain and the prospect of the cool night air outside. London for the moment seemed dull to him; and as he and Paul Cary, putting on coats and hats, prepared to go forth, he reflected somewhat despondently that it is one thing to prattle glibly of the possibilities of adventure contained in a London evening, and another to discover in it even enough to prevent its being tiresome. He wondered whether on the whole there were not something in Paul Cary's view, and he almost longed for doublet and hose and mediæval Paris.

They sauntered forth upon the pavement, and then the unexpected happened. Near the entrance stood a neat little brougham with a coachman in sober blue livery. As Charles Edward passed by, a small hand, gloved in white, made the quietest gesture of beckoning to him, while he caught a glimpse of a lady in a white cloak, with a cloud of lace enveloping her head and partially concealing her face. He advanced unhesitatingly to the carriage, opened the door, and sprang in; the coachman drove off swiftly in the direction of Trafalgar Square, and Paul Cary, as one in a dream, pursued his solitary course towards his hotel. Upon the door of the carriage he had noted a crest—he was not sure that it was not a coronet.

II.

THE faintest perfume of violets filled the brougham. The lady was sitting as far in the corner as she could retreat; the lace still partially concealed her face, but Charles Edward in the gloom divined it had charm.

"I have told the coachman to drive to the Savoy. I want you to take me to supper. Is that the right place?"

"It is a good place, unless, perhaps, you prefer the Carlton."

"Oh, I don't know. I never go to supper. I suppose you think me mad."

"Supper is an essential meal," said Charles Edward gravely. "I am sure you are right in beginning to have it, and I am enormously flattered that you inaugurate so charming a custom in my company."

He took her hand, the hand that had beckoned to him. She gave a little gasp.

"Oh, don't! please don't!" she pleaded.

"*Ah, chère Comtesse!*" protested her companion.

Charles Edward had let go her hand, and the lady had regained something of her composure.

"Why do you call me that?"

"I won't, if you prefer to be *incognita* even to me. And I apologise if you're a duchess."

"You really don't know me?"

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"Dear lady, I haven't seen you yet; the inside of a carriage is absurdly dark."

"I was in the box next yours to-night," explained the stranger—"I overheard your conversation."

"Ah!" said Charles Edward, "then do you love adventures, too?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "I never had one."

"Then you are a lovely lady in distress."

"I don't know," came plaintively. "I'm certainly in great trouble."

"And I know you're lovely."

"Please don't try to flirt with me."

Not to flirt at such a moment was a course which had little besides eccentricity and unexpectedness to recommend it. But these were both qualities in which Charles Edward dealt extensively, and so he endeavoured to obey his companion's order in a cheerful spirit.

Owing to the unexampled swiftness with which the coachman in sober blue had threaded his way through the tangle of nocturnal traffic, the brougham already stood in the line of carriages waiting to discharge their occupants at the brightly illuminated entrance of the restaurant. Charles Edward was now enabled to see his companion more plainly. That she was a lady, he had not doubted from the beginning, but he had scarcely been prepared for the almost excessive refinement of her delicately cut features, for the high-bred poise of her head, nor for the troubled look in her dark blue eyes. Although his observation was discreet, it could not pass unnoticed, and the lady acknowledged it with a kind of wan and plaintive smile.

Charles Edward withdrew his gaze. "Well, here we are," he said. The remark was commonplace, and unworthy of an admirer of the great Florizel, yet it produced upon his companion a sufficiently remarkable effect. She peered out at the entrance and the staircase, up which was passing the gay freight of the preceding carriages. It seemed as though only now, when the brougham stood at the very portico, did she realise where they were. A kind of nervous tremor passed over her, and she clasped her hands more tightly together as they lay in her lap.

"Oh, I don't think I can face it! I don't think I can," she said almost hysterically.

"Perhaps you are right; this place may be a little out of fashion. Shall we go to the Carlton?"

The lady nodded, and Charles Edward, putting his head out of the window, offered to the splendidly gold-braided functionary who stood ready to open the carriage door the most terrible insult of that individual's experience, by asking him to direct the coachman to drive to a rival establishment. The brougham drove swiftly away, and the lady gasped.

"Thank you, thank you. Let me think."

If she thought, in the brief period of silence that followed, so did her companion. Charles Edward's reply to her agitated statement that she could not make experiment of the Savoy's supper he had tried to conceive in a spirit of high and subtle comedy. It was one of the rules of the game of fantastic adventure, as he understood it, never to be agitated, however amazing a turn events might take. And agitated he was not. But that he was not ravaged by curiosity could not have been said with truth. Charles Edward could easily understand how a lovely lady in distress might swiftly decide to avail herself of the chivalrous aid which an unknown young gentleman in the next box was heard to say he was ready to offer to any of her sex. That to his mind seemed only the obvious thing to do . . . . he had a rare gift for making the startlingly unconventional seem the obvious. But he was unable to see what distress other than hunger could be alleviated by supping with hundreds of others at either the Savoy or the Carlton.

The brougham turned into Northumberland Avenue, and the lady broke the silence.

"I have perhaps taken an unfair advantage of you."

"Not as yet," replied Charles Edward lightly, "though I'm at your mercy."

"We are," was the lady's solemn statement, "probably followed by detectives."

"Ah! are we?" exclaimed her companion, feeling as he spoke that his tone betrayed too plainly the boyish delight which he could not stifle.

"I hope so, at least. I ought to tell you that this may cause you great trouble and annoyance. I have no right to ask it of you. I acted foolishly—on the impulse of the moment. If you will stop the carriage now and get out, I believe you will run no risks. And I thank you a thousand times for the spirit in which you have met me."

"You'll let me ask one question," his voice sounded serious: "You did say—did you not?—that you were in great distress, and that I could help you?"

"Yes. But it's a desperate way for me, and it may be an unpleasant one for you."

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"He caught a glimpse of a lady in a white cloak, with a cloud of lace enveloping her head."

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This sounded, in an almost literal sense, like adventure with a vengeance. In a flashing second of thought, Charles Edward weighed the possibilities of what it could mean, and with one swift glance at the lady decided that at least it could be nothing unworthy of a hero of modern romance. At this moment the carriage drew up at the Carlton.

"I really must have supper, you know," said he.

The lady acknowledged the reappearance of the note of whimsical comedy by a faint smile, but she was still serious.

"Thank you," she said. "You shall understand more before you commit yourself to anything beyond supper." They had descended, and she put her hand upon his arm.

"Now we must appear to enjoy each other's society."

"That is not asking too much of me," said Charles Edward lightly.

III.

It is probable that not often, in that great white room which flushes pink towards midnight with the shaded lights of its supper-tables, has a young man spent a more pleasant hour than did Charles Edward with his fair *incognita*. Her vivacity, though he suspected it to be unusual with her, and the result of the excessive nervous strain which she was undergoing, was nevertheless charming. They talked gaily of impersonal matters, and the lady, Charles Edward felt, was postponing so long as she dared any explanation of her conduct.

"I ought to point out celebrities to you. It's the usual thing at supper," he said. "But there are two objections. One is that there probably aren't many here, and the other is that as I'm a stranger, I probably shouldn't know them if there were. But *we're* rather celebrities, I gather. At least, a good many people have been looking at you."

"I expected that," she replied nervously. "I haven't dared to look. Don't let us talk about it. I'd rather hear about the others."

Hamberfeld, the pianist, whom Charles Edward had met at Munich, was at a table not far off, and he waved a cheery greeting to his friend when the latter was pointing him out. The lady was mildly interested.

Charles Edward gazed about the room. Suddenly, as sometimes happens in a crowded place, a long vista opened for an instant, and he caught a glimpse of a red-haired young woman at the very opposite end of the restaurant.

"And, yes, there's Nancy Scott; you know, the American actress, who has made such a hit at the Quadrant Theatre."

His companion held her head a little higher and turned paler than before.

"I should imagine the creature comes here or to the Savoy for supper every night."

"Creature!" said Charles Edward. "Why, I know Miss Scott, and if ever there was——"

"Doubtless," interrupted the lady, "you will see my husband sitting next to her."

It is not the thing to do at table, but Charles Edward leapt to his feet and gazed in the direction in which he had espied Miss Scott.

"The man with the small blonde moustache? But I know him. I met him at tea at Miss Scott's only the other day. Then you are Lady Holbrooke?" He resumed his seat.

"I am a very unhappy woman."

"You had better tell me something about it, hadn't you?" said Charles Edward gently. "I will try to understand."

"I have embarked on such a career of madness to-night that I may as well give you my confidence," said the lady. And she told her story. But since a lady still in agitation is not always the person best able to set forth a tale coherently and clearly, it may be permissible to give, more succinctly than Lady Holbrooke was able to do, the history which had led up to her present quarrel with her husband.

It was in a way no surprise to Charles Edward to find that the woman who had, in an impulse resulting from a condition of overwrought nerves, plunged into a mad and fantastic escapade was essentially the last person one would have thought capable of such an action. It was a fresh proof of the fact that it is only the conventional who can be really unconventional. Lady Holbrooke, a Puritan by nature, and a lover of all the refinements and delicacies of good form, had married a man whom one would like to call a Bohemian if the word had not of late years been cheapened beyond all hope of salvation. The marriage had been a love-match, and this fact had at first kept in the background all their differences of taste and disposition. A six months' honeymoon had been spent abroad, and when they returned to England, they had gone straight to the country. Lady Holbrooke's love of rural peace and calm, and her distaste for London and its whirl of worldly gaieties, had been intensified by the

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coming of a child. Lord Holbrooke, on the contrary, had for London something of the feeling which the *boulevardier* has for the asphalt of Paris; and when country life had produced upon his health its due tonic and invigorating effects, he longed to feel the pavement of Piccadilly once more beneath his feet, and to mix in the amazing and miscellaneous society which was his acquaintance. At first Lady Holbrooke had occasionally accompanied her husband to town, but she had found it beyond her powers to make even a pretence of enjoying herself. Charles Edward could see how, with all her charm and intelligence, she was a slave, though half unconscious of her servitude, to all the rigid, narrow, old-fashioned social prejudices in which she had been reared. She could never go with her husband more than a third of the way into his various "Bohemian" sets. Where she liked Tom, she would hate Dick and Harry, and with their female counterparts she was even more distant and suspicious. At this period Charles Edward's knowledge of the world was not of the completest, yet he felt that the society into which Lord Holbrooke wished to lead his wife was only mildly unconventional, and was always respectable. This was the more evident to him when it appeared that all the differences of opinion in the family had at last crystallised into the question of what their relations should be with Miss Nancy Scott.

"The lady was postponing so long as she dared any explanation of her conduct."

Lady Holbrooke did not know Miss Scott, and refused to. Her husband had made Nancy's acquaintance at a time when his wife had declined to leave Brookestede. The child had died young, and its mother had clung despairingly to the lonely life she had chosen to lead. Charles Edward divined the attempts which her husband had made to distract the current of her thoughts, and, curiously enough, he divined also that Lord Holbrooke admired and deeply loved his wife. But he also guessed—and the light

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"Lady Holbrooke rose to her feet."

touch with which conversation that afternoon at Miss Scott's had been managed helped him to comprehension—how the continual strain of a quiet life at Brookestede was more than the companionship-loving Earl could bear. If his wife would make no attempt to enjoy London, in the end he must try to do so without her. This wounded Lady Holbrooke, and the result was that day by day, and little by little, the pair

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had accentuated those differences of temperament which at last threatened to destroy altogether the very real and deep bond of affection which had originally made the match.

Not all of this did Lady Holbrooke put into words, but Charles Edward, whose sympathetic comprehension was very quick and lively, seemed to see it thus. As to the definite question of Miss Nancy Scott she was more precise. Even to the quiet of Brookestede had female friends of hers managed to carry the tale of Miss Scott's brilliant career and of the constant presence of Lord Holbrooke in her train. Marital difficulties in high life, as well as in low, are apt to be discussed with some prolixity, but the encounters between the Earl and Countess may, perhaps, be summarised.

"I cannot allow you to make yourself absolutely notorious in London with an actress," would be the lady's suggestion, put concisely.

"If you mean that I'm in love with her, it's not so."

"Humph! I know what actresses are."

"Do you?" sarcastically from Lord Holbrooke. "You have the ideas of your father, who read an occasional French novel on the sly and never left the Athenæum Club when he was in London. Ah! *nous avons changé tout celà.* Miss Scott is in every sense a lady, and her reputation is beyond reproach."

"I should not be taken in by her."

"You would like her enormously. Above all things, I wish that you and she might be friends. She is the one person who could thoroughly reconcile you to what you call my 'low Bohemian life' in London."

As might have been expected, Lady Holbrooke's reply to this was a reiteration, with embellishments, of the claim to know what actresses are, and the added statement that the proffered introduction to Miss Scott was nothing short of an insult. When quarrels have been several times repeated, they tend to become more acrimonious, if only from a desire on the part of the combatants to avoid monotony. The discussions at Brookestede rose to a pitch when Lady Holbrooke began to talk rather wildly about divorce.

"It is out of the question," protested her husband. "You can't charge me with cruelty, and, as a matter of fact, you can't charge me with any other offence."

The *impasse* thus presented to her view gave the final twist to Lady Holbrooke's quivering nerves. This was the morning of the very day when this narrative began. She could not divorce her husband. He laughingly assured her that he would not divorce her, and that he could not if he would. His laughter jangled in her ears, and, white-hot with rage, to her own astonishment, almost as much as to his, she found herself telling her husband that he should have evidence which would force him to divorce her within twenty-four hours.

"Laws are foolishly arranged," she said to Charles Edward as the coffee came, "but one finds a way through them sometimes. I went to the play to-night without a ghost of an idea. Now I want you to drive me to your rooms. Perhaps you could give me a cigarette—I smoke sometimes, but not in public; and we could talk for a half-hour. That's all. I think you understand, and you are a gentleman."

"Yes, I think so," said her companion gently, "and I understand. But——" and he hesitated, "how are you to make sure that Lord Holbrooke is to know where you have gone?"

"I thought it all out," she answered, "and I sent word to a detective agency this morning that I was to be watched to-night."

"You sent word?"

"Well, of course, I signed my husband's name."

The situation was not lacking in piquancy, Charles Edward felt. But he also felt that it was not the part of a hero of fantastic adventure to act in any comedy without himself rearranging it somewhat and playing therein the *rôle* of a minor Providence. Lady Holbrooke's confidences had put him in possession of half the materials for his plot. The singular chance that he knew Miss Nancy Scott gave him the other half, for he felt that it helped him to understand better than most people could the rights and wrongs of the Holbrooke quarrel.

The society of exquisitely beautiful actresses, so far as he had been able to secure it, had never been in any way distasteful to Charles Edward. But the privilege of knowing Miss Scott, of having known her for several years, of knowing her well enough to call her Nancy, was to him an exceptional pleasure, a joy quite apart. She is one of the most delightful young women of two continents—no, of three, for she once went to Cairo in the spring. Her unaffected frankness, her spontaneous gaiety, her delightful appearance, and her very genuine talent should be a permanent element in

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the national pride of her country. Her characteristically American capacity for friendship for men, which refuses to end in an arrangement for marriage, has been, perhaps, a source of less universal satisfaction. Rumour did not fail to add young Mr. Austin's name to the international list of disappointed suitors. It is not necessary for the moment to investigate this story. It is sufficient to know that Charles Edward felt himself a competent judge of what her feelings for Lord Holbrooke were. He had seen them together once, and he had recognised in Nancy the signs of friendliness of the most unmixed type. At least, Lady Holbrooke's story, it may be taken, had not in any way affected his liking for Miss Scott, because, while his companion secured her coat from the cloakroom, he sent a hurriedly pencilled note to the American actress, whose party still lingered at their table, so far to one end of the room that they had apparently not observed the hero of this tale nor his guest.

* * * * *

Lady Holbrooke's story had to a certain extent quenched the gaiety with which supper began. She and Charles Edward drove away in the cool night air with more subdued spirits than they had upon arriving. Perhaps the hansom lacked the romantic atmosphere of the brougham—this had been dismissed when they alighted at the Carlton. Perhaps, now that adventure was becoming more adventurous, the lady's courage faltered. Or perhaps it was that silence on the part of the gentleman was only the calm which, as is so well-known to his friends, is apt to precede a peculiarly pyrotechnic outburst of "Charles-Edwardism."

The hansom stopped two-thirds of the way up the slope with which Piccadilly leads you to Hyde Park Corner. The amazing luck which had attended Charles Edward throughout life had provided him, arriving at the most crowded moment of the Season, with rooms which had a balcony looking upon the Green Park. The situation is one which would reconcile most people to a permanent existence in London; and as Charles Edward, upon entering, flung open the windows, and Lady Holbrooke saw the waving trees and the long stretch of greensward falling away towards the Mall, agitated though she was, she could not repress an exclamation of delight. But contemplation of the beauties of Nature had had little time allotted to it in the schedule of events which Charles Edward had drawn up in his mind. He offered his guest a chair.

"Here is the celebrated cigarette I was to offer you," he said, "and a match. And now I mean to have the half-hour's talk—that is, if there is time," he added, half to himself, and looking at his watch.

"Remember," he continued, "that I have promised to behave. You can bind me hand and foot, if you like, but I won't be gagged. What I have to say, you must listen to."

"I owe you that," said the lady.

"I don't know whether or not you believe in—well, I won't frighten you—in strong liking at first sight. The purest chance—or Fate, perhaps—brought us together. But it brought us together that I might—yes, I will say it—that I might love you."

Lady Holbrooke grew rigid in her chair, and her eyes blazed out of a face paler than before.

"Oh! bind me if you like," said Charles Edward, with a smile and a deprecating movement of his hands, "only listen to me. If you have the courage for this adventure to-night, have you not enough courage for more than this? Do you know what the Italian lakes are like in June? Let's go there to-morrow."

"You have not understood. I am sorry. Will you kindly let me go?" Lady Holbrooke rose to her feet.

"No," said Charles Edward, without moving from where he stood; "not yet. The suggestion frightens you. You are afraid of the world's judgment. You hesitate to become an outcast from society."

It was not the usual way in which a lover describes to the object of his affections the results of yielding to a grand passion, yet the young man continued—

"In the eyes of the world, what I propose is no worse than this."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Lady Holbrooke, yet not wholly in a tone of conviction.

"Certainly. Come here, where you can look out of the window. You see that man leaning against the park-railings? There's your detective. What story will he tell? Of course, I shall swear that I have known you for a long time, but they can disprove that. You will be shown to have met a perfectly strange young man at the theatre and gone to his rooms. What I propose—a deep love, a great passion—would almost justify you in the eyes of the world. You hesitate to take it, yet you involve yourself in what can only seem an intrigue of the most squalid and vulgar sort."

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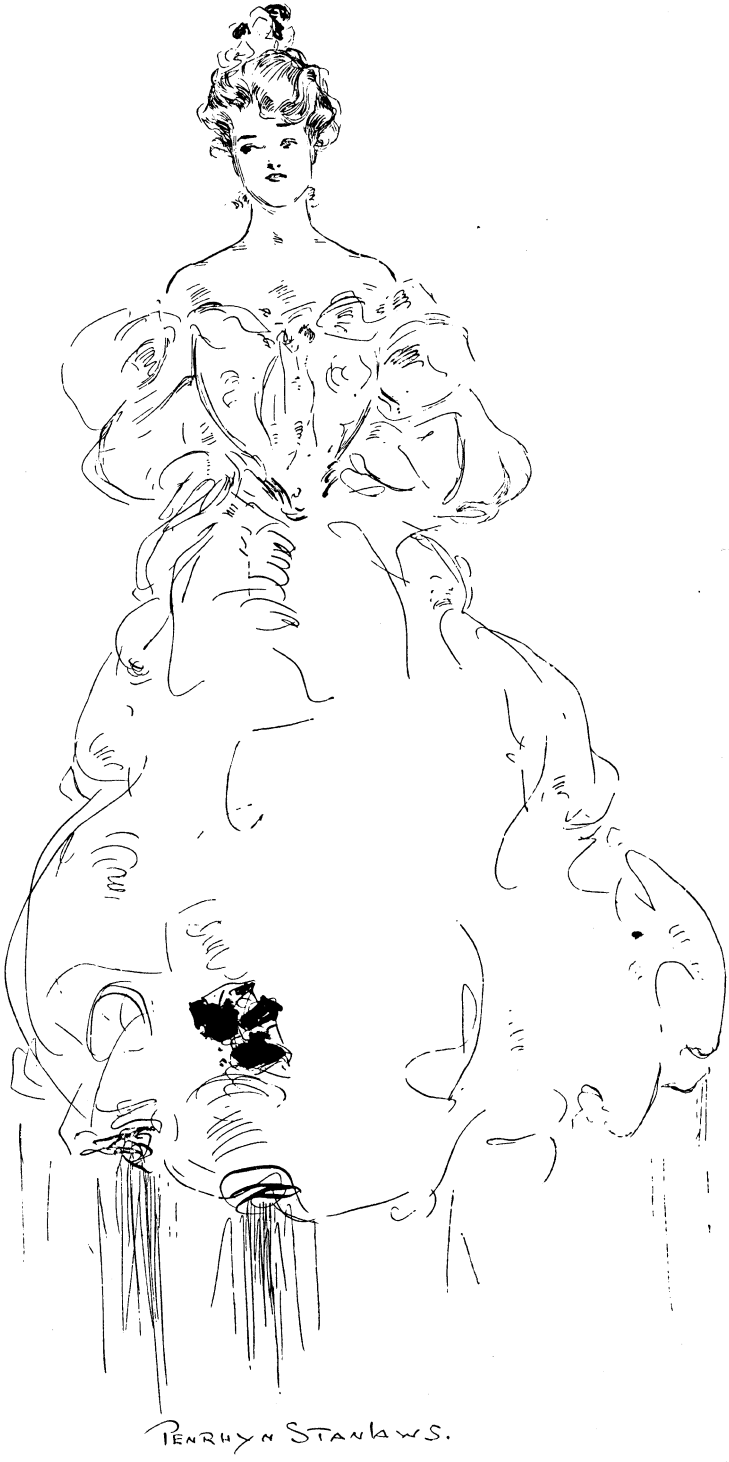

"'What is that?' she asked.

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"This is infamous—it is unworthy! How can you put it to me this way now—now——"

"Now that it is too late, do you mean?"

"Yes," said the lady, sinking into a chair.

"You must understand why. Because I think you could come to love me."

Lady Holbrooke shrugged her shoulders.

"Why not?" continued Charles Edward. "You don't love your husband."

The poor lady rested her head wearily on the high stuffed side of her chair. A tear or two started slowly down her cheek, and in a confused way she searched for a handkerchief. For a moment the young man hesitated, as though it were cruel to go on, and then, as if he must go through with it, continued—

"You don't love him. You can't ever have cared much for him, when you seized on such a pretext as Nancy Scott for a separation. I know her. I give you my word of honour she is a lady every inch of her, and as straight as a string. There couldn't ever have been anything between her and your husband. But, thank Heaven! you thought so, for otherwise I should have no hope."

Lady Holbrooke was quietly weeping now. Charles Edward took a step forward and broke his word of honour. He touched her arm.

"Could you not care for me a little?" he asked.

She sprang to her feet and shook him off.

"Certainly not!" she said fiercely; "there's only one man in the world I love."

"And that's your husband," said Charles Edward. "You had better go back to him."

"How can I now?" she cried, her fierceness again all gone. "Oh! how can I?"

Charles Edward said nothing. Lady Holbrooke was weeping again, with her head plunged into the cushions of a sofa. For a minute or two there was no sound except the occasional clatter of a cab-horse going by in Piccadilly. Then one came along which stopped, apparently just in front of the house, and in a moment the door-bell sounded, pulled by a vigorous hand. Lady Holbrooke started up.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That," said Charles Edward, "is Miss Nancy Scott and Lord Holbrooke. I sent her a note asking her to bring him on here. I thought that perhaps after our half-hour's talk you would like to see him. You can easily explain how you and I thought it would be fun to give him this surprise. And, of course, you've known me for a long time."

"Then you—you——" began the lady, smiling through the tears she was hastening to wipe away.

"I what?" asked Charles Edward, with almost a chuckle.

"You didn't mean——"

"No; I didn't mean any of it. Except that, of course, I do think you're a dear."

"That's what you are," exclaimed Lady Holbrooke, and darting forward with a sudden, impulsive movement, she kissed Charles Edward on the cheek, to that youth's utter amazement and, indeed, before he realised very clearly what was happening.

"There," she said, "now I *am* compromised. But you needn't say anything about it."

The voices of Lord Holbrooke and Miss Scott were now heard as they started to mount the second flight of stairs.

"Remember," said Charles Edward, "that I extremely want to talk to Miss Scott upon the balcony, and that I should like to be chaperoned from this room."

"We won't disturb you," promised the lady, radiant now, "and you mustn't disturb us. I shall have so much to say to Geoffrey."

* * * * *

What Lady Holbroke thought of her young American friend might have been gathered most easily ten days after the events above described, when he and Miss Scott, with some others, made up a week-end party at Brookestede. The hostess thought she had reason to suppose that Charles Edward had proposed, and in vain, to the adorable Nancy. She undertook to plead his cause with the young woman.

"Yes," answered Miss Scott, "all you say of him, and more, is true. I like him awfully. But I'm not a marrying woman—not even a falling-in-love woman, I'm afraid."

"Oh!" said her hostess in tones of one who could imagine no real happiness unless one were a woman of both these kinds.

"Besides," continued Miss Scott, in a vein of banter which Lady Holbrooke was beginning to find comprehensible, "if I were susceptible, I should be in love with Lord Holbrooke."

"Oh! I know there is no one like Geoffrey," said that gentleman's wife, beaming; "but Mr. Austin is wonderful."

"He's more than that," said Nancy, with the air of summing up the matter, "he is Charles Edward."

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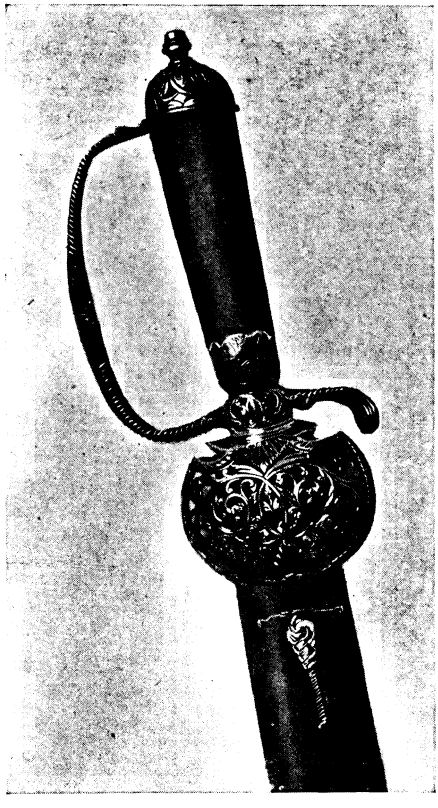
Nelson Relics and Relic Hunters.

By HORATIO, THIRD EARL NELSON.

THE collection and preservation of relics should in every way be encouraged, for they are of great assistance both to the biographer and to the historian.

I would put collectors into three classes—

The noblest is the man who purchases relics to prevent them from leaving the country, and to present them to our national collections. Of this class, Mr. T. A. Mullens is the best type, who, having spent £3,000 in saving Nelson relics at the Bridport sale, wrote, in repudiation of my letter of thanks: "Purchase gave me possession of these treasures, but, in my opinion, a mere transfer of money gave me no right to treat them as my own private property, and in handing them over to the nation, I have only done what any Englishman in my place would have been eager to do."



SILVER-MOUNTED DIRK, GIVEN BY CARDINAL YORK TO CAPTAIN NELSON, H.M.S. AGAMEMNON.

The collector who gathers relics for the mere pleasure of the work does some good, for he generally obtains a good pedigree for his possessions, and, though I grieve over the dispersion of such collections, they find their way, often at an enhanced price, to other collectors; and when, after the example of Lady Charlotte Schreiber, such collectors leave their treasures to the nation, they come very near to the unselfishness of the collector to whom I have just referred.

In the third class I should put the man who collects relics in connection with the parish, town, or county in which he lives; and with him may be classed those who preserve the relics of the past history of their own families. This last work may be considered a duty incumbent on every head of a family, yet how often do we find it neglected—family pictures without a name, pedigrees unverified, and family reminiscences, which some old grandparent delighted to relate, entirely forgotten.

In these days, when photographs so beautifully reproduce our family pictures, I would commend the example of a kind friend who compiles pedigrees illustrated with photographs of family pictures, thus securing their identity for all time.

These collectors should be encouraged. Proper museums should be formed for containing the relics of each district or county, and care should be taken where such museums already exist that the treasures entrusted to them should be carefully guarded. The robbery at Greenwich Hospital was a disgrace to our country.

I am pleased to be able to relate that after nearly four years the Nelson watch and the sword-hilt, presented to the Admiral by the captains who fought at the battle of the Nile, have been already recovered, and there is every hope that the beautifully enamelled casket representing the *Captain* and the capture by her of the two Spanish three-deckers, the *San Josef* and *San Nicolas*, at the battle of St. Vincent, may shortly be restored.

To encourage the family collector, a great deal more might be done to facilitate the making of family heirlooms, and saving

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MERTON ABBEY: SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON FISHING IN THE CANAL, AND LADY HAMILTON WITH CHARLOTTE NELSON (AFTERWARDS LADY BRIDPORT) AND THE SECOND LORD NELSON.

them from the payment of the death duties which, as the law at present stands, tempt many to part with them to meet the expenses of the tax.

But there is no greater discouragement to the collector than a careless and incorrect description of them, or the receiving of them without a duly authenticated pedigree.

The fiasco which only occurred last autumn in reference to the silver statue of the Admiral, said to have been presented to him by King George III. on an anniversary of the battle of the Nile, should be a sufficient warning against the latter error. After a careful examination into the matter, I am induced, for the benefit of future relic-hunters, to make another exposure of a supposed pedigree.

The Committee of the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891 rashly undertook to give an authoritative pedigree to the things there exhibited, as they proposed to admit nothing without a clear pedigree.

On page 334 of the published Catalogue, No. 3164, we find: "Post-mortem mask of Lord Nelson, taken after death on board the *Victory* for his sister, Mrs. Matcham." And then comes the attempted proof of the supposed pedigree: "On the death of Mrs. Matcham it became the property of her daughter, the wife of Captain Blanckley," etc., etc. To the rest I have no objection, and Mr. Tasker, the then exhibitor, still has the mask in his possession, and insured it for £1,000.

On this I have to remark that a post-mortem mask is not a very pleasing thing to look upon, unless it has been somewhat idealised, and many who saw this one doubted its post-mortem character.

At the same Exhibition we find, No. 1305: "A profile in crayon idealised from a plaster cast taken after death." I have found out that this "MacDonald profile" was not taken from this mask; though I have been unable to discover to what other plaster cast it refers.

But to proceed with the examination of the proposed pedigree. In 1805 there were no telegraphs, and long before the news of the battle could have reached this country, the Admiral's body was preserved in a cask of spirits, therefore no order from the sister could have come for the cast to be taken.

Dr., afterwards Sir William, Beatty gives, in his "Death of Nelson," a minute account of all that was done, and there is no mention of a post-mortem mask having been taken. Sir William visited me every year till his death, and never mentioned such a thing in his

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many conversations. On the arrival of the body at Portsmouth, where Sir William extracted the bullet, the features were too much decomposed to admit of a cast being taken.

None of Mrs. Matcham's family ever heard of her having such a mask in her possession, and the statement that on the death of Mrs. Matcham it became the property of Mrs. Blanckley, her daughter, is flatly contradicted by the fact that Mrs. Blanckley died in 1838, and her mother, Mrs. Matcham, did not die till 1842.

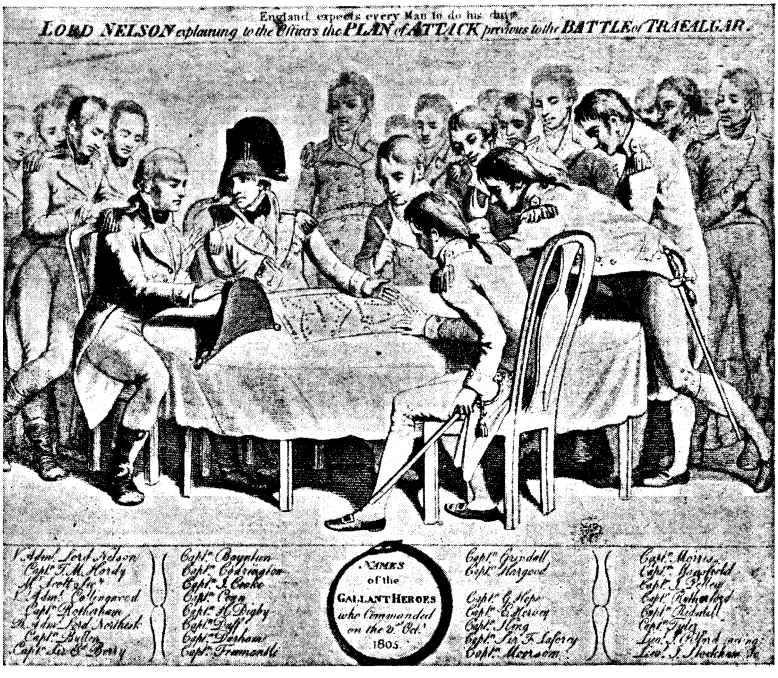
Captain Blanckley had a museum of curios, and he doubtless had this cast of the Admiral among them, but Mr. Nelson Ward has a similar cast which he bought in 1870, and it is possible that both these casts came from some bust from which the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's and other places were made.

I have been somewhat prolix in my exposure of this pedigree, because I am anxious that all should be fully alive to the importance of a careful examination of the pedigrees with which most relics are generally accompanied.

As a guide to a collector of Nelson relics, I would mention three authentic sources to which relics should be traced—

1. The things which were found in his cabin in the *Victory* at the time of his death.

A PORTRAIT-SKETCH OF LADY HAMILTON BY ROMNEY.



NELSON EXPLAINING HIS PLAN OF ATTACK FOR THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Some of the more private of these were returned to Lady Hamilton, and are now in the possession of Mr. Nelson Ward, Horatia's son. Some were given as special mementos to friends or his servant; but the bulk of them were divided between William Earl Nelson and his sisters, Susannah (my grandmother) and Catherine (Mrs. Matcham).

2. Anything that could be traced to the Viscountess before 1802.

3. Anything that can be traced to Merton and Lady Hamilton through

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Alderman Smith, who took charge of the things she left behind when he advanced money to enable her to get out of the King's Bench Prison and to go to France.

Of course, in addition to these, there were many presents given by the Admiral to friends in his lifetime and under his will. But a pedigree which can be traced up to any of the three sources I have named is pretty sure to be safe.

I would now venture on a short description of some of the relics in my possession which were partially referred to in an article in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, October, 1903, on "The Nelson Room at Trafalgar," and I would specially refer to this article for its interesting illustrations.

From the first source mentioned I received a very paltry share, as the things sent to the Bolton family were divided among the members of the family in the certain hope that my father would inherit the family heirlooms; unhappily these were left by William Earl Nelson to his daughter, Lady Bridport, and were eventually sold at public auction by her son.

I inherited, however, a beautiful silver cup presented to the Admiral by the company of merchants trading in the Levant, after the battle of the Nile—this was left by the Admiral in his will to my grandmother, Susannah Bolton, his eldest sister; a portion of his private log; and the ivory and silver seal which he used at Copenhagen. The Admiral sent for a candle, that the proposed armistice to the Crown Prince of Denmark should be duly sealed, lest the use of a wafer should give the appearance of its having been done in a hurry. This happened when they were still under fire, and it is recorded that the first messenger who went for the candle was killed before he reached the cabin.

I also received the large sofa-bed on which the Admiral slept; this gave me the idea of having a Nelson Room, in the hope that I might, in time, refurnish a *Victory* Cabin. To this end I was helped by a present from Lord Addington of a tripod table used on board the *Victory*, and by the Nelson chair, left me by G. H. Thompson, Esq., of Andover. On this chair I found the following inscription—

Photo by] [*Brooks & Son, Salisbury.*

THE HALL AT TRAFALGAR HOUSE.

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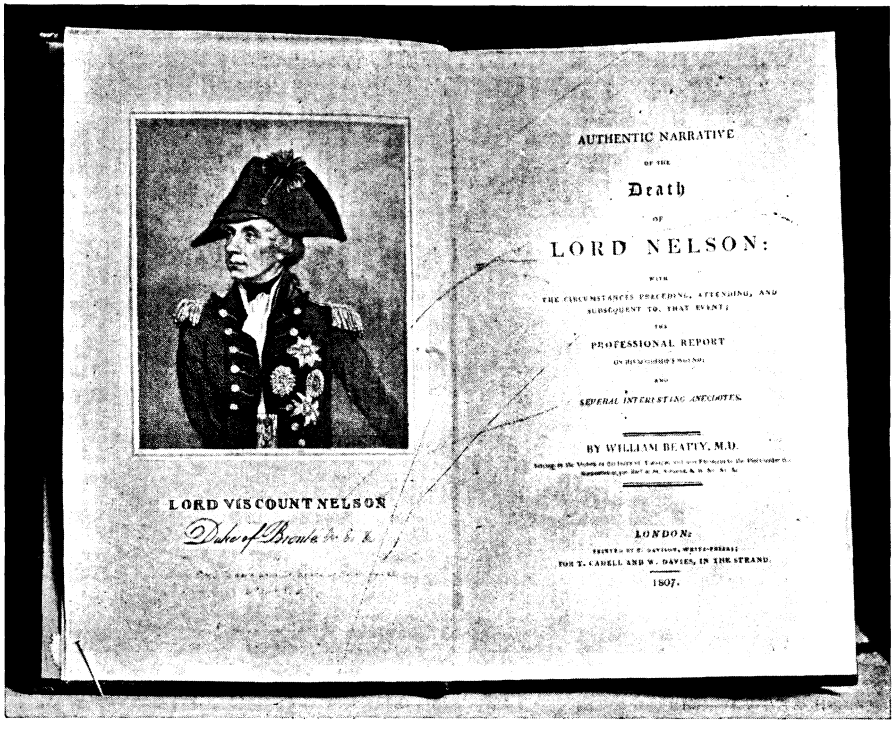

THE AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF NELSON'S DEATH BY SIR WILLIAM BEATTY, THE DOCTOR ON BOARD THE "VICTORY." PORTRAIT BY DEVIS.

"This chair is the last chair the great Lord Nelson sat on, and is to be given at my decease to the present Earl Nelson and his heirs. It was given by the then Captain Hardy to my aunt, Isabella Thompson, and was landed out of the *Victory* after her return from Trafalgar, and was taken to my grandfather's house at Portsea, where she was then living.

"(Signed) G. H. THOMPSON."

The writer of a former article, not seeing this signature, presented to me a grandfather and aunt Thompson of whom I had never previously heard.

It is also stated in this paper that Captain Hardy, when accused by Mrs. Thompson that he had given her his chair, and not the Admiral's, declared that it was the Admiral's chair, and that the one he used to sit on, its fellow, was broken when clearing the ship when going into action. The two chairs met once again in the Chelsea Naval Exhibition, and it was stated that "the Hardy chair" had been knocked to pieces by a cannon ball —an impossibility—and we here have the true cause of the damage described.

From this same source I received through my cousin, Nelson Matcham, the medal actually worn by the Admiral at the time of his death.

But I cannot let this pass without recording that on his return from Milford Haven, the Admiral stopped at Honiton to see Mrs. Westcott, the widow of one of his captains who had been killed at the Nile. Finding she had not received a Nile medal, he immediately presented her with the one he was then wearing. This medal was sold at auction June 10, 1904, for £100, a comparatively small sum in memory of so noble a trait of the great Admiral's character. At a previous auction, this same year, two letters were sold—one from Nelson to Lady Hamilton just before rejoining the fleet off Trafalgar, the other from Wellington to his secretary just after the battle of Waterloo. The Nelson letter went for £1,050, the Wellington for £100.

The Neapolitan cane, presented to me by Chancellor Burton, of Carlisle, came from the same source, having been purchased from the Admiral's valet, Chevalier.

From the second source I have obtained many valuable additions. A miniature, his seal as a Knight of the Bath, and

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some of his hair, these I purchased from the grand-daughter of the Viscountess. From the third source we obtained the beautiful bust by Thaller and Ranson, taken at Vienna in 1801. This was purchased of Miss Pettigrew, daughter of Dr. Pettigrew, who received it from Mrs. Alderman Smith for services as her medical adviser.

I also obtained some stars from his uniform, Freedoms of Cities, Rules of the Orders of Knighthood, and sundry letters, among them one from the first Countess Nelson on the loan of the uniform-coat in which the Admiral was wounded. This Lady Hamilton never returned, and it was bought by Prince Albert and presented to Greenwich Hospital. I handed the authorities there the above letter to help in establishing its pedigree.

Many kind people have helped me in my collection: Hilare, Countess Nelson, presented me with the model of the *Victory's* mast; Lady Charlotte Schreiber with a tray inlaid with the Nelson arms and a baron's coronet. Admiral Hockins left me the sofa-bed from the cabin of the *Theseus*, which had the marks of blood from the wounded arm, but the old black leather cover has been unfortunately removed. From the Rev. Henry R. Redpath, a miniature by Cosway; from Mrs. Fisher, of Poulshot, a Wedgwood medallion; from Thomas Atkinson, Esq., a telescope presented to his father, Captain Horatio Nelson Atkinson, by the Admiral, his godfather. The Admiralty presented me with a lot of old arms returned as past work in 1806, and therefore used in the previous wars. My thanks are also due to Captain Molyneux, who let me have the Hamilton locket for a mere song. This he had discovered in a pawnshop in Brussels; it has at its back a Greek figure. It is historic, as it shows that the Admiral firmly believed Lady Hamilton had done good service in 1796 by obtaining from the Queen of Naples news of the secret treaty between France and Spain. The Admiral had no intimate relations with her at that time, and the gift must have been in acknowledgment of these services.

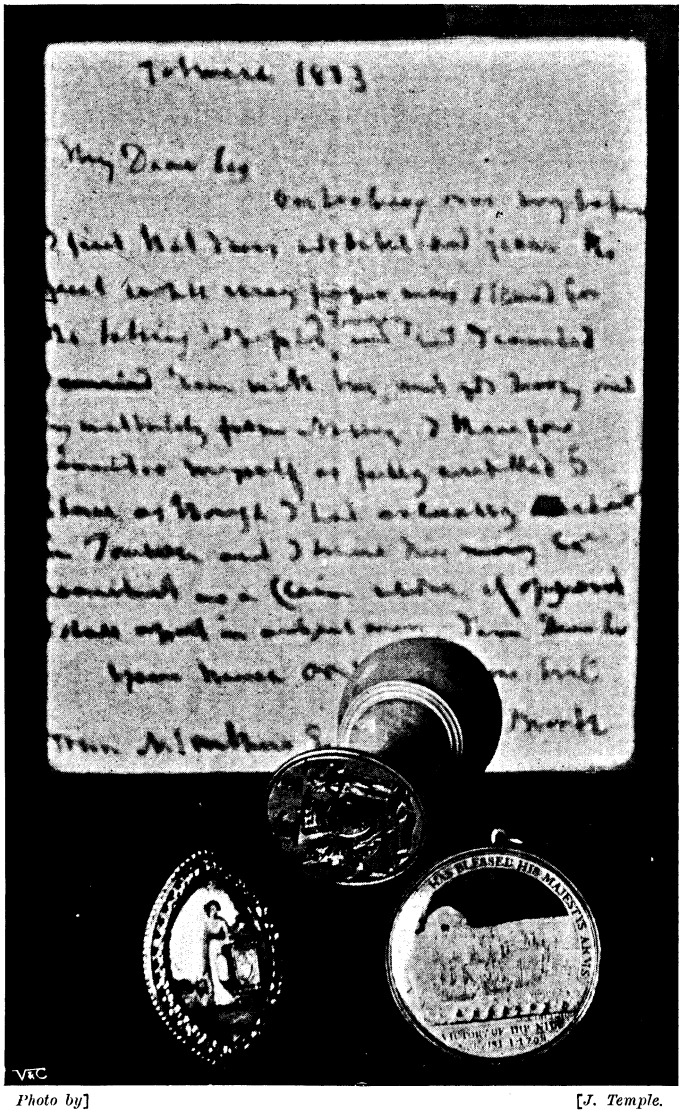

Photo by] [*J. Temple.*

THE COPENHAGEN SEAL, HAMILTON LOCKET, AND NILE MEDAL.

The Nelson Room has an oak overmantel.

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and on this is painted the flags composing the last signal.

Two dessert plates of Worcester ware are supported by two curtain-holders, with a miniature of the Admiral in Battersea enamel used in the decoration of a suite of rooms in his honour at Fonthill on his visit there with Sir William and Lady Hamilton in December, 1801.

In this room there are a table and two bookcases made out of the wood of the *San Josef*, presented to me by the Admiralty when she was broken up. She was for a long time the guardship at Devonport. On one of the bookcases stand the patents of nobility as Baron, Viscount, and Earl.

Of the pictures which illustrate this article, I would draw attention to a sketch of Merton—with Sir William Hamilton fishing in the canal, Lady Hamilton, Charlotte Nelson, afterwards Lady Bridport, my father with the dog, and the old gardener. This picture is interesting as helping me to the history of a needleworked print of "Sterne and Maria," which was evidently a squib against "Platonic affection," for Sterne with his long, grey locks is clearly meant for the Admiral in a suit of black dittoes, and the empty right sleeve, and, when compared with the sketch of Merton, Lady Hamilton's face and figure are unmistakable, while the markings of the dog correspond entirely. I give also a beautiful head of Lady Hamilton, by Romney.

Photo by] [*T. Temple.*

CUP PRESENTED BY THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS TRADING IN THE LEVANT, TO THE ADMIRAL, AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE NILE; OTHER VASES MODELLED FROM PICTURES AT THE TIME; AT THE BACK, THE PATENTS OF NOBILITY—BARON, VISCOUNT, AND EARL.

Photo by] [*J. Temple.*

A CORNER IN THE NELSON ROOM, WITH NELSON'S ARMCHAIR, COUCH, TELESCOPE, CANE, TRAY, AND PRESENTATION CUP.

I also give a clever painting, the last taken of the Admiral, by Devis, who was an assistant-surgeon on board the *Victory*. Sir William Beatty got him to paint this picture on the promise he would make no replicas; fortunately he painted another for Admiral Page. Sir William lent the original to Lady Hamilton, and never saw it again, as she said it was in a trunk which fell overboard on the voyage from Dover to Calais.

There is a beautiful miniature, evidently by Devis, now exhibited by Lord Rosebery at the United Service Institute in Whitehall: its pedigree might prove it to be the missing original.

The picture by Rigaud, referred to in the article in 1903, has Fort St. Juan, in Central America, in the background. I purchased it of Edward Hawke Locker, Esq., of Green-

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wich Hospital, son of the Captain Locker to whom the Admiral first presented it.

The Guzzardi Picture was obtained from a curiosity-shop at Naples. It has a beautiful pomegranate frame, and "For our Master the King" is written on the inner lining. It is a signed picture. A full-length was given by the Admiral to the landlord of the inn at Milford Haven, and now hangs in the Board Room of the Admiralty.

This picture is historic. In the background is shown the blowing up of *l'Orient*, also the diamond aigrette and other presents given to the Admiral after the victory. It also shows the extent of the wound at the Nile, which prevents his cocked hat from being properly worn. Before the Nile all Nelson's portraits show his hair brushed off his forehead. The latter ones show the lock of hair brought forward to hide the disfigurement of the wound.

I trust the above remarks, illustrated by a short account of some of my relics, will stimulate all to be careful in preserving the relics of the past, in transmitting a clear and correct account of them, and in carefully securing a trustworthy pedigree.

I am tempted to refer to two relics not in my own possession, because the circumstances with which they are connected refer to two events in Lord Nelson's life which are not generally known, and exemplify the fascination of the work of the collector in hunting out different illustrations of his collections.

The Galfridus Sword.

In the United Service Institute at Whitehall there is a sword supposed to have been used by Nelson as his fighting sword when he boarded the *San Josef* and *San Nicolas* on February 14th. It was given to the Institute by the late Admiral, Sir R. G. Lambert, G.C.B. If its pedigree is good, it is undoubtedly the Galfridus sword, which he also had at Teneriffe. This was in his cabin at Trafalgar, though not worn by him.

There were two events in the history of his family which are said to have had great influence in deciding the sickly Horatio to choose the Navy as a profession. His mother's great uncle, Galfridus Walpole, brother of Sir Robert, fought a gallant fight with the French in Vigo Bay when commanding H.M.S. *Lion* on March 21st, 1711. In this battle he lost his arm. The Admiral's own uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, commanded the *Dreadnought* in the action against the French off St. François, October 21st, 1757.

Galfridus, afterwards Admiral Walpole, was godfather to Captain Maurice Suckling in 1726, a short time before his death, and he left his sword to his godson, who afterwards gave it to his nephew with the injunction that he was never to part with it, even at the risk of his life. This gives ample reason for the Admiral's valuing it and desiring to use it as his fighting sword.

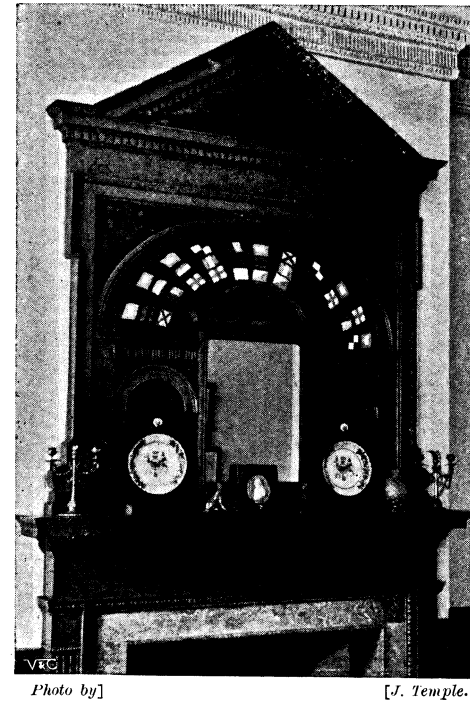

Photo by] [*J. Temple.*

OVERMANTEL SHOWING THE SIGNAL, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY," AND MINIATURE OF NELSON USED IN HIS HONOUR AT FONTHILL.

The other relic to which I would refer is—

A Silver-Mounted Dirk or Sword

given by the then Captain Nelson of the *Agamemnon* to Lieut. William Maurice Suckling, R.N., 1796, when he was returning home on the paying off of the *Agamemnon*. On the death of his elder brother he went home to marry and to take care of the family estates. A most suitable wedding present for a Suckling, as Wooton was full of Stuart relics. The dirk came in a direct line to Captain Thomas Suckling, R.N., of Highwood, near Romsey, its present possessor.

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Captain Suckling was much puzzled to make out how this Court sword or dirk, with its silver guard, could have been given to Lieutenant Suckling by the then Captain Nelson.

I happened to discover the following interesting account of Nelson and Cardinal York, which enabled me fully to identify this sword—

"When Napoleon Bonaparte entered Rome with his army, all who were not favourable to the conqueror fled from the city, and as nearly all Italy was under his control, there was hardly any resting-place for the fugitives.

"Cardinal York, brother of the Chevalier de St. George (commonly called the Pretender),was particularly obnoxious to Bonaparte as having reflected severely on his cruelty in a charge he made to his clergy as Bishop of Avisa. He removed to Venice, where the French troops followed him; he escaped in the guise of a mendicant friar to a village near Cape Otranto, where he lay secreted for several weeks, subsisting on the charity of the Curé of that place.

"The *Agamemnon*, 1774, was then cruising near the coast under the orders of Captain Nelson, and he learnt the deplorable situation of the Cardinal.

"Forgetting all those antipathies called up by the name of Stuart, and the Cardinal being an heir-presumptive to the British Crown, Nelson determined to assist the last of the Stuarts. He went on shore himself and invited him on board his ship, and found the illustrious unfortunate in rags. The Cardinal hesitated not to throw himself on his generosity. He was accommodated with a part of the captain's cabin, and proper apparel suitable to his dignity was furnished him.

"He remained on board seven weeks, during which period the ship was three times engaged in action. The Cardinal walked the deck with Captain Nelson quite undismayed, amidst a scene of carnage to which he had been a total stranger. As soon as convenient, Captain Nelson landed him on the Austrian territories, forcing upon him £100 to defray his expenses to Vienna. The old man shed tears when he left his benefactor, and was regretted by all on board, to whom he was endeared by his mild and unassuming manners.

"Nelson frequently spoke of him with admiration, and said: 'That man's example would almost make me a convert to the Catholic Faith.'

"The Cardinal had a handsome pension assigned him by the Emperor, and six months after his escape to the *Agamemnon* he was on board of her again in the harbour of Genoa. Fortune then smiled upon him, and his delight in seeing his deliverers was sincere. In the fulness of his gratitude he embraced all the officers and ran about the ship shaking hands with the crew.

"He repaid his pecuniary obligation to Nelson, and would have trebled the sum, which Nelson refused. He sent on board fruit, bread, wine, and meat sufficient to keep the sailors feasting for several days, and kept open house on shore for all the officers. When taking his final leave, he presented Nelson with a sword or dirk and a cane which the Pretender had used all his life. They were plainly mounted in silver, and highly valued by Nelson."

I have not yet discovered when this story was first published, but received the other day a curious corroboration of its truth. A gentleman to whom I told it had in his family a print of the interior of St. Peter's which had belonged to Cardinal York. On the back of this picture was some writing, almost illegible, but he was able to make out *Captain Nelson* and the word *Dirk* and a reference to Prince Charles Edward, being apparently a record of this event by the Cardinal himself.

THE REASON WHY.

NOT that the Great Life needs
My poor, pale deeds.
Not that the Valiant Throng
Will heed my song.
Doth mighty ocean dream
Of woodland stream?
Or to the sun in heaven
Can light be given?

But 'tis that I, born low,
Have need to grow.
The soul so much receiving
Must needs be giving.
The heart with joy and wonder swelling
Its secret must be telling.

MARY WHEELER

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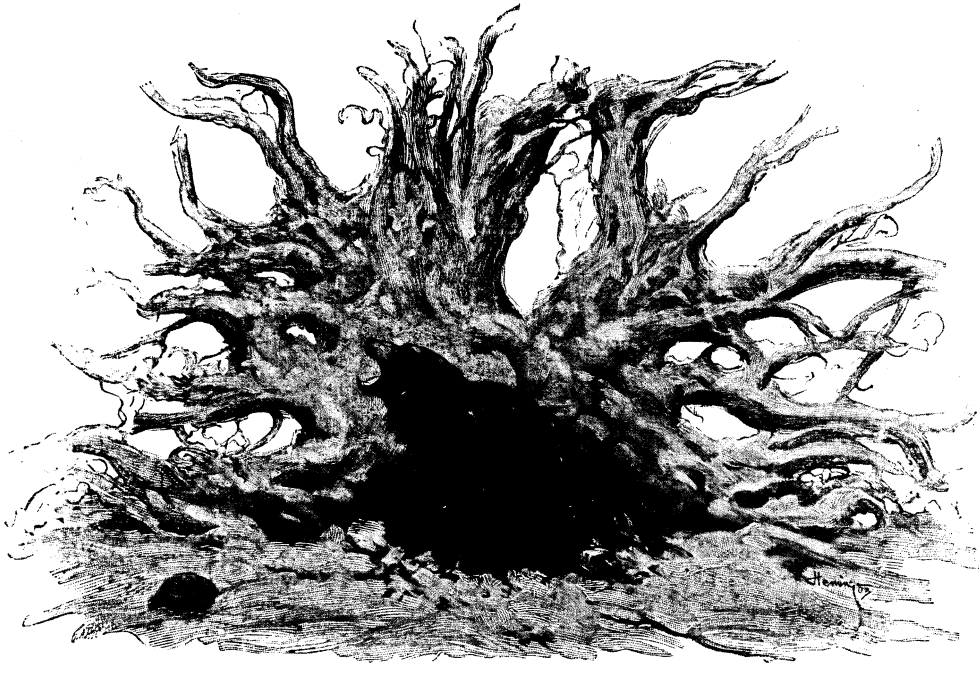

"Roused himself from his long winter sleep."

THE TRUCE.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.*

TOO early, while yet the snow was thick and the food scarce, the big black bear had roused himself from his long winter sleep and forsaken his snug den under the roots of the pine-tree. The thawing spring world he found an empty place—no rabbits to be captured, no roots to be dug from wet meadows; and his appetite was sorely vexing him. He would have crept back into his hole for another nap; but the air was too stimulatingly warm, too full of promise of life, to suffer him to resume the old, comfortable drowsiness. Moreover, having gone to bed thin the previous December, he had waked up hungry; and hunger is a restless bedfellow. In three days he had had but one meal—a big trout clawed out half dead from a rocky eddy below the falls; and now, as he sniffed the soft, wet air with fiercely eager nostrils, he forgot his customary tolerance of mood and was ready to do battle with anything that walked in the wilderness.

It was a little past noon, and the shadows of the tree-tops fell blue on the rapidly shrinking snow. The air was full of faint, trickling noises and thin tinklings where the snow veiled the slopes of little rocky hollows. Under the snow and under the rotting patches of ice, innumerable small streams were everywhere hurrying to swell the still ice-fettered flood of the river, the Big Fork, whose roomy valley lay about a half a mile eastward through the woods. Every now and then, when a soft gust drew up from the south, it bore with it a heavy roar, a noise as of muffled and tremendous tramping—the voice of the Big Fork Falls thundering out from under their decaying lid of ice. The falls were the only thing which the black bear really feared. Often as he had visited them, to catch wounded fish in the black eddies at their foot, he never could look at their terrific plunge without a certain awed dilation of his eyes, a certain shrinking at his heart. Perhaps by reason of some association of his cubhood, some imminent peril and

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narrow escape at the age when his senses were most impressionable, in all his five years of life the falls had never become a commonplace to him. And even now, while questing noiselessly and restlessly for food, he rarely failed to pay the tribute of an instinctive, unconscious turn of head whenever that portentous voice came up upon the wind.

Prowling hither and thither among the great, ragged trunks, peering and sniffing and listening, the bear suddenly caught the sound of small claws on wood. The sound came apparently from within the trunk of a huge maple, close at hand. Leaning his head to one side, he listened intently, his ears cocked, eager as a child listening to a watch. There was, indeed, something half childish in the attitude of the huge figure, strangely belying the ferocity in his heart. Yes, the sound came unmistakably from within the trunk. He nosed the bark warily. There was no opening; and the bark was firm. He stole to the other side of the tree, his head craftily outstretched and reaching around far before him.

The situation was clear to him at once—and his hungry muzzle jammed itself into the entrance to a chipmunk's hole. The maple-tree was dead, and partly decayed all up one side of the trunk. His craft forgotten on the instant, the bear sniffed and snorted and drew loud, fierce breaths, as if he thought to suck the little furry tenant forth by inhalation. The live, warm smell that came from the hole was deliciously tantalising to his appetite. The hole, however, was barely big enough to admit the tip of his black snout, so he presently gave over his foolish sniffings and set himself to tear an entrance with his resistless claws. The bark and dead wood flew in showers under his efforts, and it was evident that the chipmunk's little home would speedily lie open to the foe. But the chipmunk, meanwhile, from the crotch of a limb overhead, was looking down in silent indignation. Little Stripe-sides had been wise enough to provide his dwelling with a sort of skylight exit.

Suddenly, in the midst of his task, the bear stopped and lifted his muzzle to the wind. What was that new taint upon the air? It was one almost unknown to him, but one which he instinctively dreaded, though without any reason based directly upon experience of his own. At almost any other time, indeed, he would have taken the first whiff of that ominous man-smell as a signal to efface himself and make off noiselessly down the wind. But just now his first feeling was wrath at the thought of being hindered from his prospective meal. He would let no one, not even a man, rob him of that chipmunk. Then, as his wrath swelled rapidly, he decided to hunt the man himself. Perhaps, as the bear relishes practically everything edible under the sun except

"To catch wounded fish in the black eddies."

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human flesh, he had no motive but a savage impulse to punish the intruder for such an untimely intrusion. However that may be, a red light came into his eyes and he swung away to meet this unknown trespasser upon his trails.

On that same day, after a breakfast before dawn in order that he might make an early start, a gaunt trapper had set out from the settlement on the return journey to his camp beyond the Big Fork. He had been in to the settlement with a pack of furs, and was now hurrying back as fast as he could because of the sudden thaw. He was afraid the ice might go out of the river and leave him cut off from his camp—for his canoe was on the other side. As the pelts were beginning to get poor, he had left his rifle at home and carried no weapon but his knife. He had grown so accustomed to counting all the furry wild folk as his prey that he never thought of them as possible adversaries—unless it might chance to be some such exception as a bull moose in rutting season. A rifle, therefore, when he was not after skins, seemed to him a useless burden; and he was carrying, moreover, a pack of camp supplies on his broad back. He was tall, lean, leather-faced and long-jawed, with calm, light blue eyes under heavy brows; and he wore a stout, yellow-brown homespun shirt, squirrel-skin cap, long leggings of dearhide, and oiled cowhide mocassins. He walked rapidly with a slouching stride that was almost a lope, his toes pointing straight ahead like an Indian's.

When, suddenly, the bear lurched out into his trail and confronted him, the woodsman was in no way disturbed. The bear paused, swaying in surly fashion about ten paces in front of him, completely blocking the trail. But the woodsman kept right on. The only attention he paid to the big black stranger was to shout at him authoritatively: "Git out the way, thar!"

To his unbounded astonishment, however, the beast, instead of getting out of the way, ran at him with a snarling growl. The woodsman's calm blue eyes flamed with anger; but the life of the woods teaches one to think quickly, or, rather, to act in advance of one's thoughts. He knew that with no weapon but his knife he was no match for such a foe, so, leaping aside as lightly as a panther, he darted around a tree, regained the trail beyond his assailant, and ran on at his best speed towards the river. He made sure that the bear had acted upon a mere spasm of ill-temper and would not take the trouble to follow far.

When, once in a long time, a hunter or trapper gets the worst of it in his contest with the wild kindreds, in the majority of cases it is because he had fancied he knew all about bears. The bear is strong in individuality and delights to set at naught the traditions of his kind. So it happens that every now and then a woodsman pays with his life for failing to recognise that the bear won't always play by rule.

To the trapper's disgusted amazement, this particular bear followed him so vindictively that, before he realised the full extent of his peril, he was almost overtaken. He saw that he must deliver up his precious pack, the burden of which was effectively handicapping him in the race for life. When the bear was almost upon him, he flung the bundle away, with angry violence, expecting that it would at once divert the pursuer's attention.

In about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, perhaps, it would have done so, for it contained, among other things, bacon and sugar, dainties altogether delectable to a bear's palate. But, as luck would have it, the bundle so bitterly hurled struck the beast full on the snout, making him grunt with pain and fresh fury. From that moment he was a veritable demon of vengeance. Well enough he knew it was not the bundle, but the man who had thrown it, upon whom he must wipe out the affront. His hunger was all forgotten in red rage.

Fortunate it was now for the tall woodsman that he had lived abstemiously and laboured sanely all that winter, and could depend upon both wind and limb. Fortunate, too, that on the open trail, cut years before by the lumbermen of the Big Fork drive, the snow was already almost gone, so that it did not seriously impede his running. He ran almost like a caribou, with enough in reserve to be able to glance back over his shoulder from time to time. But seeing how implacable was the black hulk that pursued, he could not help thinking what would happen, there in the great, wet, shadow-mottled solitudes, if he should chance to trip upon a root, or if his wind should fail him ere he could reach the camp. At this thought, not fear, but a certain disgust and impotent resentment swelled his heart; and with a challenging look at the ancient trunks, the familiar forest aisles, the high, branch-fretted blue, bright with spring sunshine, he defied the wilderness, which he had so long loved and ruled, to turn upon him with such an unspeakable betrayal.

The wilderness loves a master; and the

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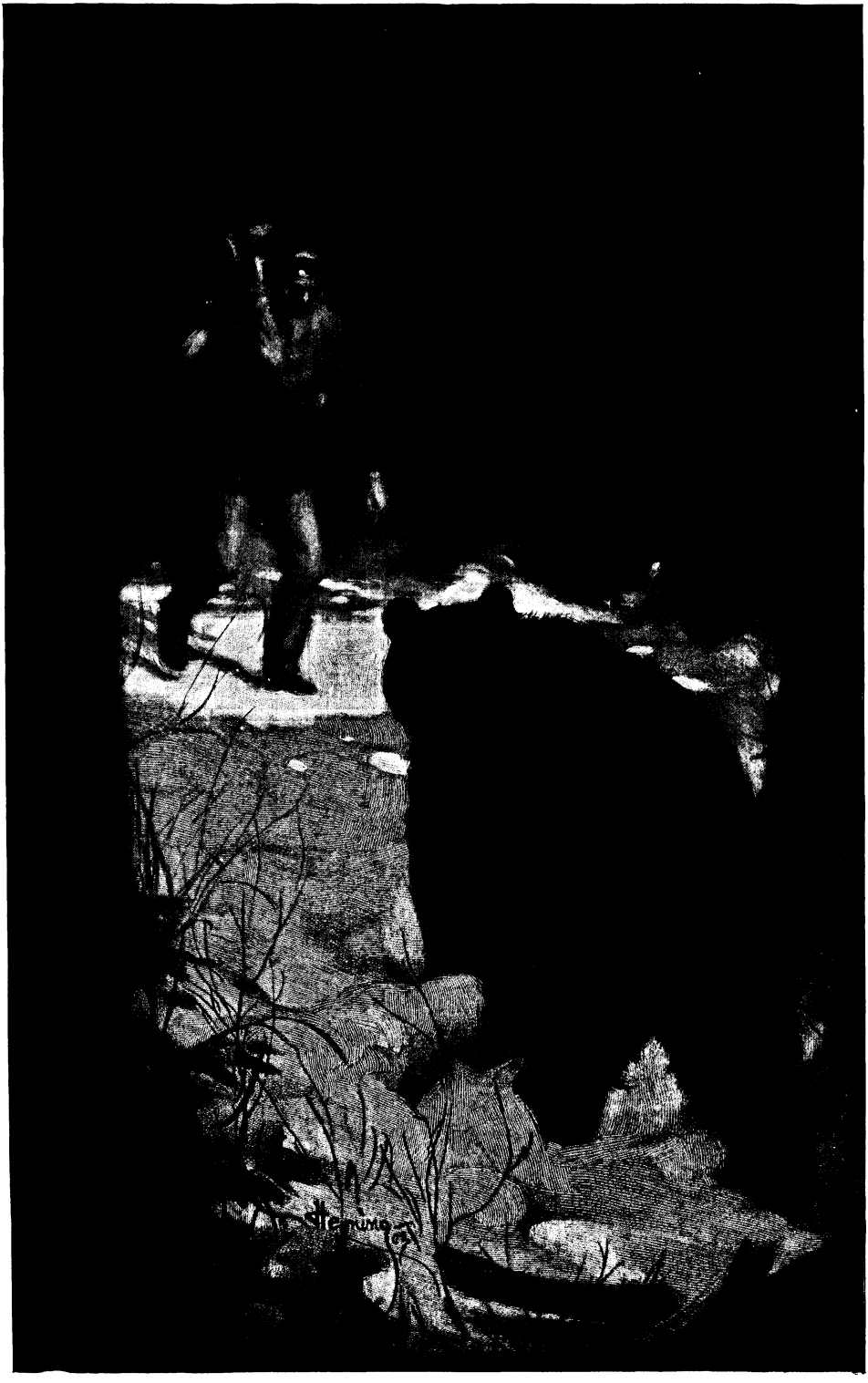

"'Git out the way, thar!'"

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challenge was not accepted. No root tripped his feet, nor did his wind fail him; and so he came out, with the bear raging some ten paces behind his heels, upon the banks of the Big Fork. Once across that quarter mile of sloppy, rotting ice, he knew there was good clear running to his cabin and his gun. His heart rose, his resentment left him, and he grinned as he gave one more glance over his shoulder.

As he raced down the bank, the trampling of the falls, a mile away, roared up to him on a gust of wind. In spite of himself, he could not but notice how treacherous the ice was looking. In spite of himself, he noticed it, having no choice but to trust it. The whole surface looked sick, with patches of sodden white and sickly lead-colour; and down along the shore it was covered by a lane of shallow, yellowish water. It appeared placid and innocent enough; but the woodsman's practised eye perceived that it might break up, "go out," at any moment. The bear was at his heels, however, and that particular moment was not the one for indecision. The woodsman dashed knee deep through the margin water and out upon the free ice; and he heard the bear, reckless of all admonitory signs, splash after him about three seconds later.

On the wide, sun-flooded expanse of ice, with the dark woods beyond and the soft blue sky above, the threat of imminent death seemed to the woodsman curiously out of place. Yet there death was, panting savagely at his heels, ready for the first misstep. And there too, a mile below, was death in another form, roaring heavily from the swollen falls. And, hidden under a face of peace, he knew that death lurked all about his feet, liable to rise in mad fury at any instant with the breaking of the ice. As he thought of all this besetting menace, the woodsman's nerves drew themselves to steel. He set his teeth grimly; a light of elation came into his eyes, and he felt himself able to win the contest against whatever odds.

As this sense of new vigour and defiance spurred him to a fresh burst of speed, the woodsman took notice that he was just about half way across the ice. "Good!" he muttered, counting the game now more than half won. Then, even as he spoke, a strange, terrifying sound ran all about him. Was it in the air or beneath the ice? It came from everywhere at once—a straining grumble, ominous as the first growl of an earthquake. The woodsman understood that dreadful voice very well. He wavered for a second, then sprang forward desperately. And the bear, pursuing, understood also. His rage vanished in a breath. He stumbled, whimpered, cast one frightened glance at the too distant shore behind him, then followed the

"In the common and appalling doom, the enmity was forgotten."

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woodsman's flight—followed now, with no more heed to pursue.

For less than half a minute that straining grumble continued. Then it grew louder, mingled with sharp, ripping crashes; and long, black lanes opened suddenly in every direction. Right before the woodsman's flying feet one opened. He took it with a bound. But even as he sprang, the ice went all to pieces. What he sprang to was no longer a solid surface, but a tossing fragment which promptly went down beneath the impact of his descent. Not for nothing was it, however, that the woodsman had learned to "run the logs" in many a tangled boom and racing "drive." His foot barely touched the treacherous floe ere he leaped again, and yet again; till he had gained, by a path which none but a river man could ever have dreamed of traversing, an ice-cake broad and firm enough to give him foothold. Beyond this refuge was a space of surging water, foam, and ice-mush, too broad for the essay of any human leap.

The Big Fork from shore to shore was now a tossing, swishing, racing, whirling, and grinding chaos of ice-cakes, churning in an angry flood and hurrying blindly to the falls. In the centre of his own floe the woodsman sat down, the better to preserve his balance. He bit off a chew from his plug of "blackjack," and with calm eyes surveyed the doom towards which he was rushing. A mile is a very short distance when it lies above the inevitable. The woodsman saw clearly that there was nothing to be done but chew his "blackjack" and wait on Fate. That point settled, he turned his head to see what the bear was doing.

To his surprise, the animal was now a good fifty yards further up stream, having evidently been delayed by some vagary of the struggling ice. He was now sitting up on his haunches on a floe and staring silently at the volleying cloud which marked the falls. The woodsman was aware of a curious fellow-feeling for the great beast which, not five minutes ago, had been raging for his life. To the woodsman, with his long knowledge and understanding of the wild kindreds, that rage and that pursuit now appeared as lying more or less in the course of events, a part of the normal savagery of Nature, and no matter of personal vindictiveness. Now that he and his enemy were involved in a common and appalling doom, the enmity was forgotten. "Got cl'ar grit, too!" he murmured to himself, as he took note of the quiet way the bear was eyeing the falls.

And now it seemed to him that the trampling roar grew louder every second, drowning into dumbness the crashing and grinding of the ice; and the volleying mist-clouds seemed to race up-stream to meet him. Then, with a sickening jump and turn of his heart, a hope came and shook him out of his stoicism. He saw that his ice-cake was sailing straight for a little rocky islet just above the falls. Two minutes more would decide his fate—at least for the time. He did not trouble to think what he would do on the island if he got there. He rose cautiously and crouched, every sinew tense, to renew the battle for life.

Another minute fled away and the island was close ahead, wrapt in the roar and the mist-volleys. A cross current, seizing the racing ice-cake, dragged it aside—and the man clenched his fists in a fury of disappointment as he saw that he would miss the refuge, after all. He made ready to plunge in and at least die battling, when Fate took yet another whim, and a whirling mass of logs and ice, colliding with the floe, forced it back to its original course. Another moment and it grounded violently, breaking into four pieces which rolled off on either side towards the abyss. And the woodsman, splashing into turbulent shallows, made good his hold upon a rock and dragged himself ashore.

Fairly landed, he shook himself, spat coolly into the flood, and turned to see what was happening to his fellow in distress. To the roaring vortex just below him—so close that it seemed as if it might at any moment drag down the little island and engulf it—he paid no heed whatever, but turned his back contemptuously upon the tumult and the mists. His late enemy, alive, strong, splendid, and speeding to a hideous destruction, was of the keener interest to his wilderness spirit.

The bear was now about twenty paces above the island; but, caught by an inexorable current, he was nearly that distance beyond it. With a distinct regret, a pang of sympathy, the man saw that there was no chance of his adversary's escape. But the bear, like himself, seeing a refuge so near, was not of the temper to give up without a struggle. Suddenly, like a gigantic spring uncoiling, he launched himself forth with a violence that completely up-ended his ice-cake and carried him over a space of churned torrent to the edge of another floe. Gripping upon this with his mighty forearms till he pulled it half under, he succeeded in clawing out upon it. Scrambling across, he launched himself again desperately, sank almost out of

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"Closer he came—but not quite close enough to get his strong paws on the rock."

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sight, rose, and began swimming with all the energy of courage and despair combined.

But already he was opposite the head of the island. Could he make it? The man's own muscles strained and heaved in unconscious sympathy with that struggle. The bear was a gallant swimmer, and for a moment it looked as if there might be the ghost of a chance for him. But no; the torrent had too deadly a grip upon his long-furred bulk. He would *just* miss that last safe ledge!

In his eagerness, and without any conscious thought of what he was doing, the man stepped down into the water knee-deep, bracing himself and clinging with his left hand to a tough, projecting root. Closer came the bear, beating down the splintered refuse that obstructed him, his long, black body labouring dauntlessly. Closer he came —but not quite close enough to get his strong paws on the rock. A foot more would have done it—but that paltry foot he was unable to make good.

The man could not stand it. It was quite too fine a beast to be dragged over the falls before his eyes, if he could help it. Reaching out swiftly with his right hand, he caught the swimmer by the long fur of his neck and heaved with all his strength.

For a moment he wondered if he could hold on. The great current drew and sucked almost irresistibly. But his grip was of steel, his muscles sound and tense. For a moment or two the situation hung in doubt. Then the swimmer, stroking desperately, began to gain. A moment more, and that narrow, deadly foot of space was covered. The animal got first one paw upon the rock, then the other. With prompt discretion the woodsman dropped his hold and stepped back to the top of the island, suddenly grown doubtful of his own wisdom.

Drawing himself just clear of the torrent, the bear crouched, panting, for several minutes, exhausted from the tremendous struggle; and the man, on the top of the rock, waited with his hand upon his knife-hilt to see what would come of his reckless act. In reality, however, he did not look for trouble, knowing intuitively as he did the natures of the wild kindreds. He was merely holding himself on guard against the unexpected. But he soon saw that his caution was unnecessary. Recovering breath, the bear clambered around the very edge of the rocks to the further side of the island, as far as possible from his rescuer. There he seated himself on his haunches and devoted himself to gazing down, as if fascinated, at the cauldron from which he had been snatched.

During the next half-hour the woodsman began to think. For the present he knew that the bear was quite inoffensive, being both grateful and overawed. But there was no food on the island for either, except the other. So the fight was bound to be renewed at last. And after that, whoever might be the victor, what remained for him? From that island, on the lip of the falls and walled about with wild rapids, there could be no escape. The situation was not satisfactory from any point of view. But that it was clear against his principles to knuckle down, under any conditions, to beast or man, or Fate, the woodsman might have permitted himself to wish that, after all, his ice-cake had missed the island. As it was, however, he took another bite from his plug of "black-jack" and set himself to whittling a stick.

With a backwoodsman's skill in the art of whittling, he had made good progress towards the shaping of a toy hand-sled, when, looking up from his task, he saw something that mightily changed the face of affairs. He threw away the half-shaped toy, thrust the knife back into his belt, and rose to his feet. After a long, sagacious survey of the flood, he drew his knife again and proceeded to cut himself a stout staff, a sort of alpenstock. He saw that an ice-jam was forming just above the falls.

The falls of the Big Fork lie at a sharp elbow of the river, and cross the channel on a slant. Immediately above them the river shoals sharply, and though at ordinary seasons there is only one island visible, at times of low water huge rocks appear all along the brink. It chanced, at this particular time, that after the first run of the ice had passed, there came a second run that was mixed with logs. This ice, moreover, was less rotten than that which had formed near the falls, and it came down in larger cakes. When some of these big cakes, cemented with logs, grounded on the head of the island, the nucleus of a jam was promptly formed. At the same time, some logs, deeply frozen into another floe, caught and hung on one of the unseen mid-stream ledges. An accumulation gathered in the crook of the elbow, over on the further shore: and then, as if by magic, the rush stopped, the flood ran almost clear from the lip of the falls, and the river was closed from bank to bank.

The woodsman sat quietly watching, as if it were a mere idle spectacle, instead of the very bridge of life, that was shaping before

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his eyes. Little by little the structure welded itself, the masses of drift surging against the barrier, piling up and diving under, till it was compacted and knit to the very bottom—and the roar of the falls dwindled with the diminishing of the stream. This was the moment for which the man was waiting. Now, if ever, the jam was solid, and might hold so until he gained the further shore. But beyond this moment every second of delay only served to gather the forces that were straining to break the obstruction. He knew that in a very few minutes the rising weight of the flood must either sweep all before it or flow roaring over the top of the jam in a new cataract that would sweep the island bare. He sprang to his feet, grasped his stick, and scanned the tumbled, precarious surface, choosing his path. Then he turned and looked at the bear, wondering if that animal's woodcraft were subtler than his own to distinguish when the jam was secure. He found that the bear was eyeing him anxiously and not looking at the ice at all; so he chuckled, told himself that if he didn't know more than a bear, he'd no business in the woods, and stepped resolutely forth upon the treacherous pack. Before he had gone ten paces, the bear jumped up with a whimper and followed hastily, plainly conceding that the man knew more than he.

In the strange, sudden quiet, the shrunken falls clamouring thinly and the broken ice swishing against the upper side of the jam, the man picked his way across the slippery, chaotic surface, expecting every moment that it would crumble with a roar from under his feet. About ten or a dozen yards behind him came the bear, stepping hurriedly, and trembling as he looked down at the diminished cataract. The miracle of the vanishing falls daunted his spirit most effectively, and he seemed to think that the whole mysterious phenomenon was of the man's creating. When the two reached shore, the flood was already boiling far up the bank. Without so much as a "Thank you," the bear scurried past his rescuer and made off through the timber like a scared cat. The man looked after him with a slow smile, then turned and scanned the perilous path he had just traversed. As he did so, the jam seemed to melt away in mid-channel. Then a terrific, rending roar tortured the air. The mass of logs and ice, and all the incalculable weight of imprisoned waters, hurled themselves together over the brink with a stupefying crash, and throbbing volumes of spray leaped skyward. The woodsman's lean face never changed a muscle, but presently, giving a hitch to his breeches under the belt, he muttered thoughtfully—

"Blame good thing we came away when we did!"

Then, turning on his larriganed heels, he strode on up the trail till the great woods closed about him and the raving thunders gradually died into quiet.

OUT OF THE MAZE.

OUT of the world's inextricable maze
You came to me, Beloved, and I knew,
Looking into your eyes, that it was you
For whom the watch-fires of my soul did blaze
Their beacon through life's darkness. Many days
And many tears our hearts must battle through,
Before God's benediction like a dew
Falls on the twilight of our woven ways.

But, Love, in simply knowing that you are,
My soul is strong to dare the long ascent
Toward the light, serene and confident
That it shall find Love's temple, though afar;
For in your eyes I see Life's sacrament,
And one pure purpose shining like a star.

ELSA BARKER.

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FROM POLE TO POLE:

AN ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY THROUGH THE AXIS OF THE EARTH; COLLATED FROM THE DIARIES OF THE LATE PROFESSOR HAFFKIN AND HIS NIECE, MRS. ARTHUR PRINCEPS.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

"WELL, Professor, what is it? Something pretty important, I suppose, from the wording of your note. What is the latest achievement? Have you solved the problem of ærial navigation, or got a glimpse into the realms of the fourth dimension, or what?"

"No, not any of those as yet, my friend, but something that may be quite as wonderful of its sort," replied Professor Haffkin, putting his elbows down on the table and looking keenly across it under his shaggy, iron-grey eyebrows at the young man who was sitting on the opposite side pulling meditatively at a good cigar and sipping a whisky-and-soda.

"Well, if it is something really extraordinary and at the same time practicable—as you know, my ideas of the practicable are fairly wide—I'm there as far as the financial part goes. As regards the scientific end of the business, if you say 'Yes,' it is 'Yes.'"

Mr. Arthur Princeps had very good reasons for thus "going blind" on a project of which he knew nothing save that it probably meant a sort of scientific gamble to the tune of several thousands of pounds. He had had the good fortune to sit under the Professor when he was a student at the Royal School of Mines, and being possessed of that rarest of all gifts, an intuitive imagination, he had seen vast possibilities through the meshes of the verbal network of the Professor's lectures.

Further, the kindly Fates had blessed him with a twofold dowry. He had a keen and insatiable thirst for that kind of knowledge which is satisfied only by the demonstration of hard facts. He was a student of physical science simply because he couldn't help it; and his grandfather had left him ground-rents in London, Birmingham, and Manchester, and coal and iron mines in half-a-dozen counties, which produced an almost preposterous income.

At the same time, he had inherited from his mother and his grandmother that kind of intellect which enabled him to look upon all this wealth as merely a means to an end.

Later on, Professor Haffkin had been his examiner in Applied Mathematics at London University, and he had done such an astonishing paper that he had come to him after he had taken his D.Sc. degree and asked him in brief but pregnant words for the favour of his personal acquaintance. This had led to an intellectual intimacy which not only proved satisfactory from the social and scientific points of view, but also materialised on many profitable patents.

The Professor was a man rich in ideas, but comparatively poor in money. Arthur Princeps had both ideas and money, and as a result of this conjunction of personalities the man of science had made thousands out of his inventions, while the scientific man of business had made tens of thousands by exploiting them; and that is how matters stood between them on this particular evening when they were dining *tête-à-tête* in the Professor's house in Russell Square.

When dinner was over, the Professor got up and said—

"Bring your cigar up into the study, Mr. Princeps. I want a pipe, and I can talk more comfortably there than here. Besides, I've something to show you."

"All right, Professor; but if you're going to have a pipe, I'll do the same. One can think better with a pipe than a cigar. It takes too much attention."

He tossed the half of his Muria into the grate and followed the Professor up to his sanctum, which was half study, half laboratory, and withal a very comfortable apartment. There was a bright wood-and-coal fire burning in the old-fashioned grate, and on either side of the hearth there was a nice, deep, cosy armchair.

"Now, Mr. Princeps," said the Professor, when they were seated, "I am going to ask you to believe something which I dare say you will think impossible."

"My dear sir, if you think it possible,

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that is quite enough for me," replied Princeps. "What is it?"

The Professor took a long pull at his pipe, and then, turning his head so that his eyes met his guest's, he replied—

"It's a journey through the centre of the earth."

Arthur Princeps bit the amber of his pipe clean through, sat bolt upright, caught the pipe in his hand, spat the pieces of amber into the fireplace, and said—

"I beg your pardon, Professor—through the centre of the earth? That's rather a large order, isn't it? I've just been reading an article in one of the scientific papers which goes to show that the centre of the earth—the kernel of the terrestrial nut, as it were—is a rigid, solid body harder and denser than anything we know on the surface."

"Quite so, quite so," replied the Professor. "I have read the article myself, and I admit that the reasoning is sound as far as it goes; but I don't think it goes quite far enough—I mean far enough back. However, I think I can show you what I mean in a much shorter time than I can tell you."

As he said this, he got up from his chair and went to a little cupboard in a big bureau which stood in a recess beside the fireplace. He took out a glass vessel about six inches in diameter and twelve in height, and placed it gently on a little table which stood between the easy-chairs.

Princeps glanced at it and saw that it was filled with a fluid which looked like water. Exactly half-way between the surface of the fluid and the bottom of the glass there was a spherical globule of a brownish-yellow colour, and about an inch in diameter. As the Professor set the glass on the table, the globule oscillated a little and then came to a rest. Princeps looked at it with a little lift of his eyelids, but said nothing. His host went back to the cupboard and took out a long, thin, steel needle with a little disc of thin white metal fixed about three inches from the end. He lowered it into the fluid in the glass and passed it through the middle of the globule, which broke as the disc passed into it, and then re-shaped itself again in perfectly spherical form about it.

The Professor looked up and said, just as though he were repeating a portion of one of his lectures—

"This is a globule of coloured oil. It floats in a mixture of alcohol and water which is of exactly the same specific gravity as its own. It thus represents as nearly as possible the earth in its former molten condition, floating in space. The earth had then, as now, a rotary action on its own axis. This needle represents that axis. I give it a rotary motion, and you will see here what happened millions of years ago to the infant planet Terra."

As he said this, he began to twirl the needle swiftly but very steadily between the fore-fingers of his right and left hand. The globule flattened and spread out laterally until it became a ring, with the needle and the disc in the centre of it. Then the twirling slowed down. The ring became a globule again, but it was flattened at either pole, and there was a clearly defined circular hole through it from pole to pole. The Professor deftly withdrew the needle and disc through the opening, and the globule continued to revolve round the hole through its centre.

"That is what I mean," he said. "Of course, I needn't go into detail with you. There is the earth as I believe it to be to-day, with certain exceptions which you will readily see.

"The exterior crust has cooled. Inside that there is probably a semi-fluid sphere, and inside that again, possibly, the rigid body, the core of the earth. But I don't believe that that hole has been filled, simply because it must have been there to begin with. Granted also that the pull of gravitation is towards the centre, still, if there is a void from Pole to Pole, as I hold there must be, as a natural consequence of the centrifugal force generated by the earth's revolution, the mass of the earth would pull equally in all directions away from that void."

"I think I see," said Princeps, upon whom the astounding possibilities of this simple demonstration had been slowly breaking. "I see. Granted a passage like that from Pole to Pole—call it a tunnel—a body falling into it at one end would be drawn towards the centre. It would pass it at a tremendous velocity and be carried towards the other end; but as the attraction of the mass of the earth would be equal on all sides of it, it would take a perfectly direct course—I mean, it wouldn't smash itself to bits against the sides of the tunnel.

"The only difficulty that I see is that, suppose that the body were dropped into the tunnel at the North Pole, it wouldn't quite reach the South Pole. It would stop and turn back, and so it would oscillate like a pendulum with an ever-decreasing swing until it finally came to rest in the middle of the tunnel—or, in other words, the centre of the earth."

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"Exactly," said the Professor. "But would it not be possible for means to be taken to propel the projectile beyond the attraction from the centre if those means were employed at the moment when the momentum of the body was being counteracted by the return pull towards the centre?"

"Perfectly feasible," said Princeps, "provided always that there were reasonable beings in the said projectile. Well, Professor, I think I understand you now. You believe that there is this tunnel, as we may call it, running through the earth from Pole to Pole, and you want to get to one of the Poles and make a journey through it.

"She had looked over the great Ice Wall of the South."

"It's a gorgeous idea, I must confess. You've only got to tell me that you really think it possible, and I'm with you. If you like to undertake the details, you can draw on me up to a hundred thousand; and when you're ready, I'll go with you. Which Pole do you propose to start from?"

"The North Pole," said the Professor, quietly, as though he were uttering the merest commonplace, "although still undiscovered, is getting a little bit hackneyed. I propose that we shall start from the South Pole. It is very good of you to be so generous in the way of finances. Of course, you understand that you cannot hope for any monetary return, and it is also quite possible that we may both lose our lives."

"People who stick at small things never do great ones," replied Princeps. "As for the money, it doesn't matter. I have too much—more than anyone ought to have. Besides, we might find oceans of half-molten gold inside—who knows? Anyhow, when you're ready to start, I am."

II.

Nearly two months after this conversation had taken place, something else happened. The Professor's niece, the only blood-relation he had in the world, came back from Heidelberg with her degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She was "a daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," as became one in whose veins ran both the Norse and the Anglo-Saxon blood. Certain former experiences had led Princeps to the opinion that she liked him exceedingly for himself, and disliked him almost as much for his money—a fact which somehow made the possession of millions seem very unprofitable in his eyes.

Brenda Haffkin happened to get back to London the day after everything had been arranged for the most amazing and seemingly impossible expedition that two human beings had ever decided to attempt.

The British Government and the Royal Geographical Society of London were sending out a couple of vessels—one a superannuated whaler, and the other a hopelessly obsolete

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cruiser, which had narrowly escaped experimental bombardment—to the frozen land of Antarctica. A splendid donation to the funds of the expedition had procured a passage in the cruiser for the adventurers and about ten tons of baggage, the ultimate use of which was little dreamt of by any other member of the expedition.

The great secret was broken to Brenda about a week before the starting of the expedition. Her uncle explained the theory of the project to her, and Arthur Princeps added the footnotes, as it were. Whatever she thought of it, she betrayed no sign either of belief or disbelief; but when the Professor had finished, she turned to Princeps and said very quietly, but with a most eloquent glow in those big, grey eyes into which he had often looked so longingly—

"And you are really going on this expedition, Mr. Princeps? You are going to run the risk of probable starvation and more than probable destruction; and, in addition to that, you must be spending a great deal of money to do it — you who have money enough to buy everything that the world can sell you?"

"What the world can sell, Miss Haffkin—or, in other words, what money can buy—has very little value beyond the necessaries of life. It is what money cannot buy, what the world has not got to sell, that is really precious. I suppose you know what I mean," he said, putting his hands into his pockets and turning to stare in an unmeaning way out of the window. "But I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to get back on to that old subject, I can assure you."

"And you really are going on this expedition?" she said, with a deliciously direct inconsequence which, in a beautiful Doctor of Philosophy, was quite irresistible.

"Of course I am. Why not? If we find that there really is a tunnel through the earth, and jump in at the South Pole and come out at the North, and take a series of electro-cinematograph photographs of the crust and core of the earth, we shall have done something that no one else has ever thought about. There ought to be some millions in it, too, besides the glory."

"And suppose you don't? Suppose this wonderful vessel of uncle's gets launched into this bottomless pit, and doesn't come out properly at the other end? Suppose your explosive just misses fire at the wrong moment, and when you've nearly reached the North Pole you go back again past the centre, and so on, and so on, until, perhaps, two or three centuries hence, your vessel comes to rest at the centre with a couple of skeletons inside it—what then?"

"We should take a medicine-chest with us, and I don't suppose we should wait for starvation."

"And so you seriously propose to stake your life and all your splendid prospects in the world on the bare chance of accomplishing an almost impossibly fantastic achievement?"

"That's about what it comes to, I suppose. I don't really see how a man in my position could spend his money and risk his life much better."

There was a little silence after this, and then Brenda said, in a somewhat altered voice—

"If you really are going, I should like to come, too."

"You could only do that, Miss Haffkin, on one condition."

"And that is——?"

"That you say 'Yes' now to a question you said 'No' to nine months ago. You can call it bribery or corruption, or whatever you like; but there it is. On the other hand, as I have quite made up my mind about this expedition, I might as well tell you that if I don't get back, you will hear of something to your advantage by calling on my lawyers."

"I would rather go and work in a shop than do that!" she said. "Still, if you'll let me come with you, I will."

"Then the 'No' is 'Yes'?" he said, taking a half turn towards her and catching hold of her hand.

"Yes," she said, looking him frankly in the eyes. "You see, I didn't think you were in earnest about these things before; but now I see you are, and that makes you very different, you know, although you have such a horrible lot of money. Of course, it was my fault all the time, but still——"

She was in his arms by this time, and the discussion speedily reached a perfectly satisfactory, if partially inarticulate, conclusion.

III.

THE quiet wedding by special licence at St. Martin's, Gower Street, and the voyage from Southampton to Victoria Land, were very much like other weddings and other voyages; but when the whaler *Australia* and His Majesty's cruiser *Beltona* dropped their anchors under the smoke-shadow of Mount Terror, the mysterious cases were opened, and the officers and crew began to have grave suspicions as to the sanity of their passengers.

The cases were brought up on deck with

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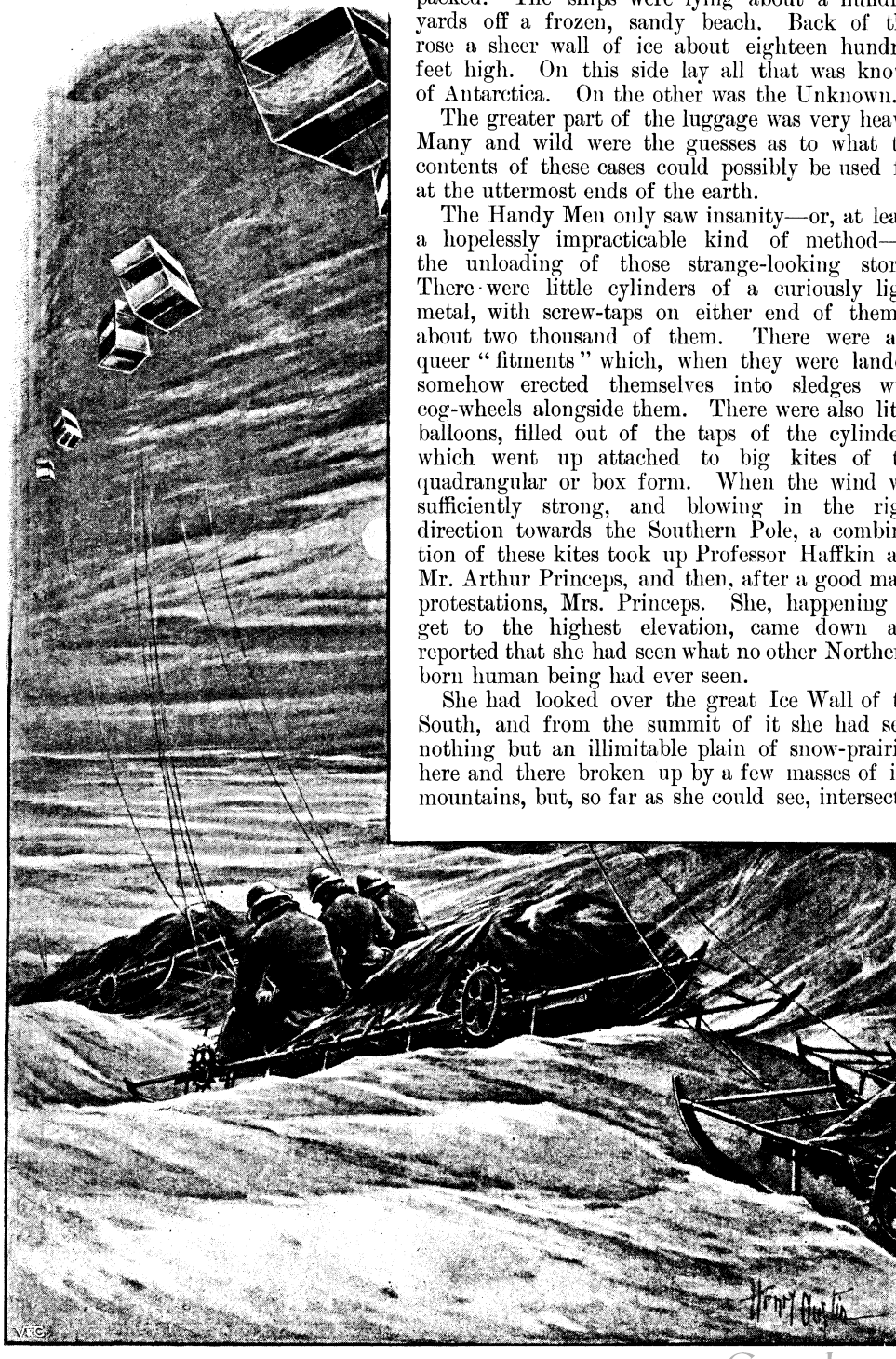
the aid of the derricks, and then they got unpacked. The ships were lying about a hundred yards off a frozen, sandy beach. Back of this rose a sheer wall of ice about eighteen hundred feet high. On this side lay all that was known of Antarctica. On the other was the Unknown.

The greater part of the luggage was very heavy. Many and wild were the guesses as to what the contents of these cases could possibly be used for at the uttermost ends of the earth.

The Handy Men only saw insanity—or, at least, a hopelessly impracticable kind of method—in the unloading of those strange-looking stores. There were little cylinders of a curiously light metal, with screw-taps on either end of them—about two thousand of them. There were also queer "fitments" which, when they were landed, somehow erected themselves into sledges with cog-wheels alongside them. There were also little balloons, filled out of the taps of the cylinders, which went up attached to big kites of the quadrangular or box form. When the wind was sufficiently strong, and blowing in the right direction towards the Southern Pole, a combination of these kites took up Professor Haffkin and Mr. Arthur Princeps, and then, after a good many protestations, Mrs. Princeps. She, happening to get to the highest elevation, came down and reported that she had seen what no other Northern-born human being had ever seen.

She had looked over the great Ice Wall of the South, and from the summit of it she had seen nothing but an illimitable plain of snow-prairies, here and there broken up by a few masses of ice-mountains, but, so far as she could see, intersected



"It was more like a twelve-hundred mile switchback ride than a Polar expedition."

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by snow-valleys, smooth and hard frozen, stretching away beyond the limit of vision to the South.

"Nothing," she said, "could have been better arranged, even if we had done it ourselves; and there is one thing quite certain—granted that that hole through the earth really exists, there oughtn't to be any difficulty in getting to the edge of it. The wind seems always blowing in the same direction, and with the sledges and the auxiliary balloons we ought to simply race along. It's only a little over twelve hundred miles, isn't it?"

"About that," said the Professor, opening his eyes a little wider than usual. "And now that we have got our stores all landed, and, as far as we can provide, everything that can stand between us and destruction, we may as well say 'Good-bye' to our friends and world. If we ever get back again, it will be *viâ* the North Pole, after we have accomplished what the sceptics call the impossible."

"But, Brenda, dear, don't you think you had better go back?" said her husband, laying his hands on her shoulders. "Why should you risk your life and all its possibilities in such an adventure as this?"

"If you risk it," she said, "I will. If you don't, I won't. You don't seem to have grasped the fact even yet that you and I are to all intents and purposes the same person. If you go, I go—through danger to death, or to glory such as human beings never won before. You asked me to choose, and that is what I have chosen. I will vanish with you into the Unknown, or I will come out with you at the North Pole in a blaze of glory that will make the *Aurora Borealis* itself look shabby. But whatever happens to you must happen to me as well, and the money in England must just take care of itself until we get back. That is all I have to say at present."

"And I wouldn't like you to hear you say one syllable more. You've said just what I wanted you to say, just what I thought you would say, and that's about good enough for me. We go from South to North through the core of the earth, or stop and be smashed up somewhere midway or elsewhere, but we'll do it together. If the inevitable happens, I will kill you first and then myself. If we get through, you will be, in the eyes of all men, just what I think you are now, and—well, that's about enough said, isn't it?"

"Almost," she said, "except——"

And then, reading what was plainly written in her eyes, he caught her closer to him. Their lips met and finished the sentence more meaningly than any words could have done.

"I thought you'd say that," he said afterwards.

"I don't think you'd have asked me to marry you if you hadn't thought it," she said.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't. It seems a bit brutal to say so, but really I wouldn't."

"And if you hadn't asked like that," she said, once more looking him straight in the eyes, "I should have said 'No,' just as I did before."

She looked very tempting as she said this. He pulled her towards him; and as she turned her face up to his, he said—

"Has it ever struck you that there is infinitely more delight to a man in kissing lips which have once said 'No' to him, and then 'Yes,' than those which have only said 'Yes'?"

"What a very mean advantage to take of an unprotected female——"

A kiss ended the uncompleted sentence.

Then she began again—

"And when shall we start?"

"Seven to-morrow morning—that is to say, by our watches, not by the sun. Everything is on shore now, and we shouldn't make it later. I'm going to the Professor to help him up with the fixings, and I suppose you want to go into the tent and see after your domestic business. Good night for the present."

"Good night, dear, for the present."

And so was said the most momentous "Good night" that man and woman had ever said to each other since Adam kissed "Good night" to Eve in Eden.

IV.

THE next day—that is to say, a period of twelve hours later, measured according to the chronometers of the expedition (for the pale sun was only describing a little arc across the northern horizon, not to sink below it for another three months or so)—the members of the Pole to Pole Expedition said "Good-bye" to the companions with whom they had journeyed across the world.

There was a strong, steady breeze blowing directly from the northward. The great box-kites were sent up, six of them in all, and along the fine piano-wire cables which held them, the lighter portions of the stores were sent on carriers driven by smaller kites.

Princeps and Brenda had gone up first in the carrier-slings. The Professor remained

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on the beach with the bluejackets from the cruiser, who, with huge delight and no little mystification, were giving a helping hand in the strangest job that even British sailors had ever helped to put through. Their remarks to each other formed a commentary on the expedition as original as it was terse and to the point. It had, however, the disadvantage of being mostly unprintable.

It was twelve hours later when the Professor, having shaken hands all round, a process which came to between three and four hundred handshakes, took his seat in the sling of the last kite and went soaring up over the summit of the ice-wall. A hearty cheer from five hundred throats, and a rolling fire of blank cartridge from the cruiser, reverberated round the walls of everlasting ice which guarded the hitherto unpenetrated solitudes of Antarctica as the sling crossed the top of the wall, and a pull on the tilting-line bought the great kite slowly to the ground.

As the cable slackened, it was released from its moorings on the beach. A little engine, driven by liquid air, hauled it up on a drum. Three tiny figures appeared on the edge of the ice-cliff and waved their last adieus to the ships and the little crowd on the beach. Then they disappeared, and the last link between them and the rest of the world was cut, possibly—and, as every man of the Antarctic Expedition firmly believed, for ever.

The three members of the Pole to Pole Expedition bivouacked that night under a snow-knoll, and after a good twelve hours' sleep they set to work on the preparations for the last stage but one of their marvellous voyage. There were four sledges. One of these formed what might be called the baggage-wagon. It carried the gas-cylinders, the greater part of the provisions, and the vehicle which was to convey the three adventurers from the South Pole to the North through the centre of the earth, provided always that the Professor's theory as to the existence of the transterrestrial tunnel proved to be correct. It was packed in sections, to be put together when the edge of the great hole was reached.

The sledge could be driven by two means. As long as the north-to-south wind held good, it was dragged over the smooth, snow-covered ice and land, which stretched away in an illimitable plain as far as the eye could reach from the top of the ice-wall towards the horizon behind which lay the South Pole and, perhaps, the tunnel. It was also furnished with a liquid-air engine, which actuated four big, spiked wheels, two in front and two behind. These, when the wind failed, would grip the frozen snow or ice and drive the sledge-runners over it at a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour. The engine could, of course, be used in conjunction with the kites when the wind was light.

The other three sledges were smaller, but similar in construction and means of propulsion. Each had its drawing-kites and liquid-air engine. One carried a reserve of provisions, balloons, and basket-cars, with a dozen gas-cylinders. Another was loaded with the tents and cooking-apparatus, and the third carried the three passengers, with their immediate personal belongings, which, among other oddments, included a spirit-heater and a pair of curling-tongs and hair-wavers.

All the sledges were yoked together, the big one going first. Then came the passenger-car, and then the other two side by side. In case of accidents, there were contrivances which made it possible to cast any of the sledges loose at a moment's notice. The kites, if the wind got too high, could be emptied and brought down by means of tilting-lines.

There was a fine twenty-mile breeze blowing when the kites were sent up after breakfast. The yoked sledges were held by lines attached by pegs driven deeply into the frozen snow. The kites reached an altitude of about a thousand feet, and the sledges began to lift and strain at the mooring-lines as though they were living things. The Professor and Princeps cut all the lines but one before they took their places in the sledge beside Brenda. Then Princeps gave her a knife and said—

"Now start us."

She drew the keen edge backwards and forwards over the tautly stretched line. It parted with a springing jerk, and the next moment the wonderful caravan started forward with a jump which tilted them back into their seats.

The little snow-hills began to slip away behind them. The tracks left by the spring-runners tailed swiftly away into the distance, converging as railway-lines seem to do when you look down a long stretch of them. The keen, cold air bit hard on their flesh and soon forced them to protect their faces with the sealskin masks which let down from their helmets; but just before Brenda let hers down, she took a long breath of the icy air and said—

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"Ah! That's just like drinking iced champagne. Isn't this glorious?"

Then she gasped, dropped her mask over her face, put one arm through her husband's and one through her uncle's, pulled them close to her, and from that moment she became all eyes, looking through the crystal plate in her mask at the strange, swiftly moving landscape and the great box-kites, high up in the air, dull white against the dim blue sky, which were dragging them so swiftly and so easily towards the Unknown and, perhaps, towards the impossible.

V.

THE expedition had been travelling for little more than six days, and so far the journey had been quite uneventful. The pale sun had swung six times round its oblique course without any intervention of darkness to break the seemingly endless polar day. At first they had travelled seventeen hours without halting. None of them could think of sleep amidst such novel surroundings, but the next day they were content with twelve, and this was agreed on as a day's journey.

They soon found that either their good fortune had given them a marvellously easy route, or else that the Antarctic continent was strangely different from the Arctic. Hour after hour their sledges, resting on rubber springs, spun swiftly over the undulating fields of snow-covered ice with scarcely a jog or a jar—in fact, as Brenda said at the end of the journey, it was more like a twelve-hundred mile switchback ride than a polar expedition.

So they travelled and slept and ate. Eight hours for sleep, two hours evening and morning for pitching and striking tents, supper and breakfast, and the stretching of limbs, and twelve hours' travel.

Lunch was eaten *en route*, because the lowering of the kites and the mooring of the sledges were a matter of considerable labour, and they naturally wanted to make the most of the wind while it lasted.

Every day, as the sun reached the highest point of its curved course along the horizon, the Professor took his latitude. Longitude, of course, there was practically none to take, since every day's travel took them so many hundred miles along the converging meridians, and east and west, with every mile they made, came nearer and nearer together.

On the seventh morning the kites were all lowered, taken to pieces, and packed up, with the exception of one which drew the big sledge.

They had calculated that they were now within about a hundred miles of the Pole—that is to say, the actual end of the earth's axis—and, according to the Professor's calculations (granted that the Pole to Pole tunnel existed) it would be about a hundred miles in diameter. At the same time, it might be a good deal more, and, therefore, it was not considered advisable to approach what would literally be the end of the earth at a speed of twenty miles an hour, driven by the strong, steady breeze which had remained with them from the top of the ice-wall. So the liquid-air engines were set to work, the spiked wheels bit into the hard-frozen snow, and the sledges, following the big one, and helped to a certain extent by its kite, began to move forward at about eight miles an hour.

The landscape did not alter materially as they approached the polar confines. On all sides was a vast plain of ice crossed in a generally southerly direction by long, broad snow-lanes. Here and there were low hills, mostly rounded domes of snow; but these were few and far between, and presented no obstacles to their progress.

A little before lunch-time the ground began to slope suddenly away to the southward to such an extent that the kite was hauled in, and the spiked wheels had to be used to check the increasing speed of the sledges. On either hand the slope extended in a perfectly uniform fashion, and after a descent of about an hour, they could see a vast curved ridge of snow stretching to right and to left behind them which shut out the almost level rays of the pale sun so that the semi-twilight in which they had been travelling was rapidly deepening into dusk.

What was it? Were they descending into a vast polar depression, to the shores of such an open sea as had often been imagined by geographers and explorers, or were they in truth descending towards the edge of the Arctic tunnel itself?

"I wonder which it is?" said Brenda, sipping her midday coffee. "Don't you think we'd better stop soon and do a little snowshoeing? I, for one, should object to beginning the journey by falling over the edge. Ugh! Fancy a fall of seven thousand miles into nowhere! And then falling back again another seven thousand miles, and so for ever and ever, until your flesh crumbled off your bones and at last your skeleton came

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to a standstill exactly at the centre of the earth!"

"Not at all a pleasant prospect, I admit, my dear Brenda," said the Professor; "but, after all, I don't think you would be hurt much. You see, you would be dead in a very few seconds, and then think of the glory of having the whole world for your tomb."

"I don't like the idea," she replied. "A commonplace crematorium and a crystal urn afterwards will satisfy me completely. But don't you think we'd better stop and explore?"

"I certainly think Brenda's right," said Princeps. "If the tunnel is there, and the big sledge dragged us over into it—well, we needn't talk about that. I think we'd better do a little exploring, as she says."

The sledges were stopped, and the tilting-line of the great kite pulled so as to empty it of wind. It came gently to the earth, and then, rather to their surprise, disappeared completely.

"By Jove!" said Princeps. "I shouldn't be surprised if the tunnel *is* there, and the kite has fallen in. Brenda, I think it's just as well you spoke when you did. Fancy tobogganing into a hole like that at ten or fifteen miles an hour!"

"If that is the case," said the Professor, quietly ignoring the hideous suggestion, "the Axial Tunnel must be rather larger than I expected. I did not expect to arrive at the edge till late this afternoon."

When the sledges were stopped, they put on their snowshoes and followed the line of the kite-cable for about a mile and a half

"She knelt down on the threshold of the door, and made a sideward slash at the slender rope."

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until they came to the edge of what appeared to be an ice-cliff. The cable hung over this, hanging down into a dusk which quickly deepened into utter darkness. They hauled upon it and found that there were only a few yards over the cliff, and presently they landed the great kite.

"I wonder if it really *is* the tunnel?" said Brenda, taking a step forward.

"Whatever it is, it's too deep for you to fall into with any comfort," said her husband, dragging her back almost roughly.

Almost at the same moment a mass of ice and snow on which they had been standing a few minutes before, hauling up the cable of the kite, broke away and disappeared into the void. They listened with all their ears, but no sound came back. The huge block had vanished in silence into nothingness, into a void which apparently had no bottom; for even if it had fallen a thousand feet, an echo would have come back to them up the wall.

"It *is* the tunnel," said Brenda, after a few moments' silence, during which they looked at each other with something like awe in their eyes. "Thank you, Arthur, I don't think I should have liked to have gone down, too. But, uncle," she went on, "if this is the tunnel, and that thing has gone on before us, won't it stop and come back when it gets near the North Pole? Suppose we were to meet it after we have passed the the centre. A collision just there wouldn't be very pleasant, would it?"

"My dear Brenda," he replied, "there is really no fear of anything of that sort. You see, there is atmosphere in the tunnel, and long before it reaches the centre, friction will have melted the ice and dissipated the water into vapour."

"Of course. How silly of me not to have thought of that before! I suppose a piece of iron thrown over there would be melted to vapour, just as the meteorites are. Well now, If we've found the tunnel, hadn't we better go back and get ready to go through it?"

"We shall have to wait for the moon, I suppose," said Princeps, as they turned away towards the sledges.

"Yes," said the Professor. "We shall have plenty of moonlight to work by in about fifty-six hours. Meanwhile we can take a rest and do as Brenda says."

It was just fifty hours later when the moon, almost at the full, rose over the eastern edge of the snow-wall, casting a flood of white light over the dim, ghostly land of the World's End. As it rose higher and higher, they saw that the sloping plain ended in a vast semicircle of cliff, beyond which there was nothing. They went down towards it and looked beyond and across, but the curving ice-walls reached away on either hand until they were lost in the distance. They were standing literally on the end of the earth. No sound of water or of volcanic action came up out of the void. They brought down a couple of rockets and fired them from the edge at a downward angle of sixty degrees. The trail of sparks spread out with inconceivable rapidity, and then, when the rockets burst, two tiny blue stars shone out, apparently as far below them as the stars of heaven were above them.

"I don't think there's very much doubt about that," said the Professor. "We have found the Axial Tunnel; but, after all, if it is only a very deep depression, our balloons can take us out of it after we have touched the bottom. Still, personally, I believe it to be the tunnel."

"Oh, it must be!" said Brenda decisively. And so, in fact, it proved to be.

As the moon grew rounder and brighter, the work of preparation for the last stage of their amazing enterprise grew apace. Everything had, of course, been thought out to the minutest detail, and the transformation which came over their impedimenta was little short of magical.

The sledges dissolved into their component parts, and these came together again in the form of a big, conical, drum-like structure, with walls of thick *papier mâché*. It had four long plate-glass windows in the sides and a large round one top and bottom. It was ten feet in diameter and fifteen in height. The interior was plainly but snugly fitted up as a sitting-room by day and, by means of a movable partition, a couple of sleeping-berths by night.

The food and water were stowed away in cupboards and tanks underneath the seats, and the gas-cylinders, rockets, etc., were packed under the flooring, which had a round trap-door in the centre over the window.

The liquid air-engines and the driving apparatus of the sledges were strongly secured to the lower end with chains which, in case of emergency, could be easily released by means of slip-hooks operated from inside. There were also two hundred pounds of shot-ballast underneath the flooring.

Attached to the upper part of the structure were four balloons, capable at their full capacity of easily lifting it with its whole load on board. These were connected by tubes with the interior, and thus, by means

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of pumps worked by a small liquid-air engine, the gas from the cylinders could either be driven up into them or drawn down and re-stored. In the centre of the roof was another cable, longer than those which held the balloons, and to this was attached a large parachute which could be opened or shut at will from inside.

VI.

When the moment chosen for departure came, there remained no possible doubt as to the correctness of the Professor's hypothesis. The sun was dipping below the horizon and the long polar night was beginning. The full moon shone down from the zenith through a cloudless, mistless atmosphere. The sloping snow-field and the curved edge of the Axial Tunnel were brilliantly illuminated. They could see for miles along the ice-cliffs, far enough to make certain that they were part of a circle so vast that anything like an exact calculation of its circumference was impossible.

The breeze was still straight to the southward, to the centre of the tunnel. The balloons were inflated until the *Brenda*—as the strange vehicle had been named by a majority of two to one—began to pull at the ropes which held her down. Then, with a last look round at the inhospitable land they were leaving—perchance never to see land of any sort again—they went in through the curved sliding door to windward. Princeps started the engine, the balloons began to fill out, and three of the four mooring-ropes were cast off as the *Brenda* began to rock and swing like the car of a captive balloon.

"Once more," said Princeps, giving his wife the knife with which she had cut the sledges loose.

"And this time for good—or the North Pole—or—well, at any rate, this is the stroke of Fate."

She gave her left hand to her husband, knelt down on the threshold of the door, and made a sideward slash at the slender rope which was fastened just under it. The strands ripped and parted, the *Brenda* rocked twice or thrice and became motionless. The ice-cliffs slipped away from under them, the vast, unfathomed, and fathomless gulf spread out beneath them, and the voyage, either from Pole to Pole or from Time to Eternity, had begun.

The Professor, who was naturally in command, allowed the *Brenda* to drift for two and a half hours at a carefully calculated wind-speed of twenty miles an hour. Then he said to Princeps—

"You can deflate the balloons now, I think. We must be near the centre. I will see to the parachute."

They had been thinking and talking of this journey, with all its apparent impossibilities and terrific risks, until they had become almost commonplace to them. But for all that, they looked at each other as they had never done before, as the Professor gave the fateful order. Even his lips tightened and his brows came together a little as he turned to cast loose the fine wire cables which held the ribs of the parachute.

The powerful little engine got to work, and the gas from the balloons hissed back into the cylinders. Then the envelopes were hauled in and stowed away. Through the side windows, Brenda saw a dim, far-away horizon rise up all round, and through the top window and the circular hole in the parachute, she saw the full disc of the moon growing smaller and smaller, and so she knew that they had begun their fall of 41,708,711 feet.

Taking this at 7,000 miles, in round numbers, the Professor, reckoning on an average speed of fifty to sixty miles an hour, expected to make the passage from Pole to Pole in about six days, granted always that the tunnel was clear all through. If it wasn't, their fates were on the knees of the Gods, and there was nothing more to say. As events proved, they made it in a good deal less.

For the first thirty-six hours everything went with perfect smoothness. The wind-gauges at each side showed a speed of fifty-one miles an hour, and the *Brenda* continued her fall with perfect steadiness.

Suddenly, just as they were about to say "Good night" for the second time, they heard a sharp snapping and rending sound break through the smooth swish of the air past the outer wall of their vehicle. The next instant it rocked violently from side to side, and the indicators of the gauges began to fly round into invisibility.

"Heavens, uncle! what has happened?" gasped Brenda, clinging to the seat into which she had been slung.

"It can only be one thing," replied the Professor, steadying himself against the opposite wall. "Some of the stays have given way, and the parachute has split or broken up. God forgive me! Why did I not think of that before?"

"Of what?" said Princeps, dropping into

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the seat beside Brenda and putting his arm round her.

"The increasing pull of gravitation as we get nearer to the earth's centre. I calculated for a uniform pull only. They must have been bearing a tremendous strain before they parted."

While he was speaking, the vehicle had become steady again. The wind-gauges whirled till the spindles screeched and smoked in their sockets. The rush of the wind past the outside wall deepened to a roar and then rose to a shrill, whistling scream.

Long, uncounted minutes of sheer speechless, thoughtless terror passed. The inside air grew hot and stifling. Even the uninflammable walls began to crinkle and crack under the fearful heat developed by the friction of the rushing air.

Brenda gasped two or three times for breath, and then, slipping out of her husband's arms, fell fainting in a heap on the floor. Mechanically both he and the Professor stooped to lift her up. To their amazement, the effort they made to do so threw her unconscious form nearly to the top of the conical roof. She floated in mid-air for a moment and then sank gently back into their arms.

"The Centre of the Earth!" gasped the Professor. "The point of equal attraction! If we can breathe for the next hour, we have a chance. Quick, Arthur, give us more air! The evaporation will reduce the temperature."

Even in such an awful moment as this, Professor Haffkin could not quite forget his scientific phraseology.

He laid Brenda, still weighing only a few pounds, on one of the seats and went to the liqueur-case for some brandy. Princeps meanwhile turned the tap of a spare cylinder lying beside the air-engine which drove the little electric-light installation. The sudden conversion of the liquid atmosphere into the gaseous form brought the temperature down with a rush, and—as they thought afterwards, with a shudder—probably prevented all the cylinders from exploding.

The brandy and the sudden coolness immediately revived Brenda, and after the two men had taken a stiff glass to steady their shaken-up nerves, they sat down and began to consider their position as calmly as might be.

They had passed the centre of the earth at an enormous but unknown velocity, and they were, therefore, endowed with a momentum which would certainly carry them far towards the northern end of the Axial Tunnel; but how far, it was impossible to say, since they did not know their speed.

But, however great the speed, it was diminishing every second, and a time must come when it would be *nil*—and then the backward fall would begin. If they could not prevent this, they might as well put an end to everything at once.

Hours passed; uncounted, but in hard thinking, mingled with dumb apprehension. The rush of the wind outside began to slacken at last, and when Princeps at length managed to fit another wind-gauge in place of the one that had been smashed to atoms, it registered a little over two hundred miles an hour.

"Our only chance, as far as I can see," said the Professor at length, looking up from a writing-pad on which he had been making pages of calculations, "is this. We must watch that indicator; and when the speed drops, say, to ten miles an hour, we must inflate our balloons to the utmost, cut loose the engines and other gear, and trust to the gas to pull us out."

There was literally nothing else to be done, and so for the present they sat and watched the indicator, and, by the way of killing the weary hours, counted the possibilities and probabilities of their return to the civilised world should the *Brenda's* balloons succeed in lifting her out of the northern end of the Axial Tunnel.

Hour by hour the speed dropped. The fatal pull, which, unless the balloons were able to counteract it, would drag them back with a hand resistless as that of Fate itself, had got them in its grip. Somewhere, an unknown number of miles above them, were the solitudes of the Northern Pole, from which they might not get away even if they reached them. Below was the awful gulf through which they had already passed, and to fall back into that meant a fate so terrible that Brenda had already made her husband promise to shoot her, should the balloons fail to do their work.

The Professor passed most of his time in elaborate calculations, the object of which was the ascertaining, as nearly as possible, their distance from the centre of the earth, and, therefore, the number of miles which they would have to rise to reach the outer air again. There were other calculations which had relation to the lifting power of the balloons, the weight of the car and its occupants, and the amount of gas at their disposal, not only for the ascent to the Pole,

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"He hung for a moment to the edge with his hands, and let go."

but also for their flight southward, if happily they found favourable winds to carry them back to the confines of civilisation. These he kept to himself. He had the best of reasons for doing so.

The hours went by, and the speed shown by the indicator dropped steadily. A hundred miles an hour had become fifty, fifty became forty, then thirty, twenty, ten.

"I think you can get your balloons out now, Arthur," said the Professor. "It's a very good thing we housed them in time, or they would have been torn to ribbons by this. If you'll cast them loose, I'll see to the gas apparatus. Meanwhile, Brenda, you may as well get dinner ready."

Within an hour the four balloons were cast loose through their portholes in the roof of the car and attached to their cables and supply pipes. Meanwhile the upward speed of the *Brenda* had dropped from ten to seven miles. The gas-cylinders were connected with the transmitters and apparatus which allowed the gas to return to a normal temperature before passing into the envelopes, and then the balloons began to fill.

For a few moments the indicator stopped and trembled as the cables tightened, then it went forward again. They saw that it was registering six and a half miles an hour. This rose to seven, eight, and nine. Presently it passed ten.

"We shall do it, after all," said Princeps. "You see, we're going faster every minute. I wonder what the reason of that check was?"

"Probably the increased atmospheric friction on the surface of the balloons," replied the Professor quietly, with his eyes fixed on the dial.

The indicator stopped again at ten, and then the little blue, steel hand, which to them was veritably the Hand of Fate, began to creep slowly backwards.

None of them spoke. They all knew what it meant. The upward pull of the balloons was not counteracting the downward pull exerted from the centre of the earth. In a few hours more they would come to a standstill, and then, when the two forces balanced, they would hang motionless in that awful gulf of everlasting night until the gas gave out, and then the backward plunge to perdition would begin.

"I don't like the look of that," said Princeps, keeping his voice as steady as he could. "Hadn't we better let the engines go?"

"I think we ought to throw away everything that we can do without," said Brenda, staring at the fateful dial with fixed, wide-open eyes. "What's the use of anything

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if we never get to the top of this horrible hole?"

"That's rather a disrespectful way in which to speak of the Axial Tunnel of the earth, Brenda," said the Professor, with the flicker of a smile. "But we won't get rid of the impedimenta just yet," he went on. "You see, as the mathematicians say, velocity is momentum multiplied into mass. Therefore, if we decrease our mass, we shall decrease our momentum. The engines and the other things are really helping us along now, though it doesn't seem so. When the indicator has nearly stopped, it will be time to cut the weight loose."

Then they had dinner, eaten with a mere pretence of appetite, assisted by a bottle of "Pol Roger '89." The speed continued to drop steadily during the night, though Princeps satisfied himself that the balloons were filled to the utmost limit consistent with safety, and at last, towards the middle of the conventional night, it hovered between one and zero.

"I think you may let the engines go now, Arthur," said the Professor, "It's quite evident that we're overweighted. Slip the hooks, and then go up and see if your balloons will stand any more."

He said this in a whisper, because Brenda, utterly worn out, had gone to lie down behind the partition.

The hooks were slipped, and the hand on the dial began to move again as the *Brenda*, released from about six hundred pounds' weight, began to ascend again. But the speed only rose to fifteen miles an hour, and that was eight miles short of the result the Professor had arrived at. The attractive force was evidently being exerted from the sides of the tunnel as well as from the centre of the earth. He looked at the dial and said to Princeps—

"I think you'd better go and lie down now. It's my watch on deck. We're doing nicely now. I want to run through my figures again."

"All right," said Princeps, yawning and shaking hands. "You'll call me in four hours, as usual, won't you?"

Professor Haffkin nodded and said: "Good night. I hope we shall be through our difficulties by the morning. Good night, Arthur."

He got out his papers again and once more went minutely through the maze of figures and formulæ with which the sheets were covered. Then, when the sound of slow, deep breathing told him that Princeps was asleep, he opened the trap-door in the floor and counted the unexhausted cylinders of gas. When he had finished, he said to himself in a whisper—

"Barely enough to get them home, even with the best of luck; but still enough to prove that it is possible to make a journey through the centre of the earth from Pole to Pole. At least, that will be done and proved—and Karl Haffkin will live for ever."

There was the light of martyrdom in his eyes as he looked for the last time at the dial. Then he unscrewed the circular window from the bottom of the car, lowered himself through it, hung for a moment to the edge with his hands, and let go.

* * * * *

When Princeps and Brenda woke after several hours' sleep, they were astonished to find the windows of the car glowing with a strange, brilliant light—the light of the Northern Aurora. Princeps got out, saying: "Hurrah, Professor! we've got there! Daylight at last!"

But there was no Professor, and only the open trap-door and the window hanging on its hinges below told how an almost priceless life had been heroically sacrificed to make the way of life longer for two who had only just begun to tread it together through the golden gates of the Garden of Love.

But Karl Haffkin's martyrdom meant even more than this. Without it, the great experiment must have failed, and three lives would have been lost instead of one; and so he chose to die the lesser death so that his comrades on that marvellous voyage might live out their own lives to Nature's limit, and that he himself might live for ever on the roll of honour which is emblazoned with the names of the noblest of all martyrs—those who have given their lives to prove that Truth is true.

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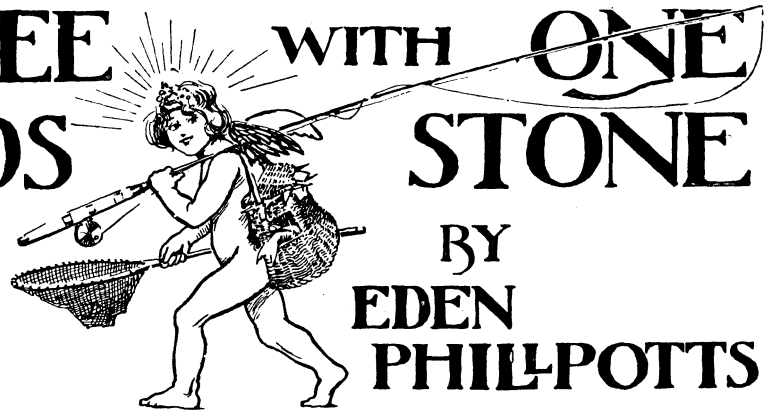
THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE



BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

WHEN General Sir Robert Slanning adopted the orphan daughter of an old Indian comrade, his nephew, Captain John Slanning, of the First Royal Border Regiment, felt himself an injured man. In the ordinary course of things, John must have been his childless uncle's heir; but now Lucy Maine stood in that position. It happened, however, that these young people, friends since early childhood, were in love; and while the General's reason told him that no more satisfactory solution to the problem could be forthcoming, his temper fretted at the incident, and he chose to regard his nephew as unfitted for the great and solemn position of Lucy's husband. She was indeed the apple of his eye—a girl not pretty, but as good as gold, clever, kind-hearted, and popular. He had great ambitions for her. He was a very wealthy man, and, with the exception of some small annuities and a gift of ten thousand pounds to Army charities, the girl would presently inherit all that he possessed. As for young Slanning, little but prejudice was responsible for Sir Robert's attitude towards him. The Slannings all held a cheerful conceit of themselves, and his egotism had no offence in it. He was a promising officer and a good sportsman. Against rare skill with the fishing-rod, however, had to be set poverty, for Captain John could boast but a bare three hundred a year besides his pay.

No understanding existed between Lucy and John, since Sir Robert had forbidden it, and both were loyal to him. But the soldier sighed for war and possible promotion as a way out of the difficulty, while Lucy counselled patience and resolute effort at every opportunity to storm the old man's objections. For the result she felt no fear.

Halstock Court, the seat of the Slannings since Elizabethan days, faced Dartmoor and spread its E-shaped front amid the foot-hills of that great Devon tableland; and now, on a June night, while dusk closed in, and Silver and crystal reflected the dying light upon Sir Robert's dining-table, three persons sat round it and talked of trout-fishing. Captain John's regiment had recently returned from India, and, after a long absence, he arrived to pay a visit at Halstock. One great and sensational event marked the period during which young Slanning was quartered abroad; and though he was quite familiar with it, yet to-night he endured a lengthy repetition, for the General loved the story, and lost no opportunity of relating every circumstance.

"Now be off, Lucy," he said. "I'll spare you the yarn of the robbery this evening, because, to my certain knowledge, you've heard it five hundred times already."

The girl rose, and having seen her from the room, Captain Slanning turned to the window.

"All right for to-morrow," he said. "I long to kill an Oke trout again. The wind's holding nicely; we shall be able to fish up-stream."

"Ah! I've heard a lot about your fishing of late—from you!" said his uncle drily. "But after the mahseer abroad, and these chalk-stream monsters on a dry fly at home, you'll not care a button for our little fellows."

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"There's no trout in the world so sweet as a Dartmoor, or so game for his size."

"Well, we'll leave them till to-morrow. I daren't fish late now, though the evening rise is often much the best. Draw the blind and switch on the light, then I'll tell you about our robbery."

Sir Robert had taken to fishing late in life, and knew nothing of the higher branches of the science; therefore he scorned them. He fished the stream, never the rise. He used a wet fly, and stoutly refused to believe the things he heard concerning a dry one. Oke River ran through Halstock Park in deep reaches and glittering stickles after her journey over the moor; and where she passed under great hanging woods, many thousand Loch Levens had gone to strengthen the breed of brown moor-trout in her bosom; while upon a separate tributary, a diminishing colony of "Rainbows" sometimes gave sport to the elect. This grand fish (*Salmo iridens*), from the American Pacific Coast rivers, rarely thrives in English running waters, though it prospers in some of our lakes.

Now Sir Robert offered his nephew a Havannah, though from choice he himself lighted a Trichinopoly.

"The rascals did what they always do, of course—bribed a man inside the house. Electric bells and trained terriers proved vain. The booty was my famous collection of old Indian gold and silver; and not content with that, they broke into the strong-room and stole an heirloom or two, including the Slanning tiara. Intrinsically, it may have been worth five thousand pounds; to me, of course, it was priceless. Shakespeare's eyes have rested on it, and Queen Elizabeth's: that can be circumstantially proved."

"And not a thief of them all taken?"

"Not a man—at the time. Strangely enough, the gang was captured a year afterwards, and then we gleaned some particulars; but I never recovered an ounce of my gold and silver. The stuff was, of course, all melted down. Nor did I learn anything of the tiara, for the head of the gang—so the others who were captured assured us—deserted his accomplices on the night of the Halstock raid. My diamonds were, of course, worth all the rest of the stolen goods put together; and Neil Forrest, a notorious housebreaker, it seems, appropriated the tiara as his own share on the night of the robbery after he broke into the strong-room."

"Wouldn't he divulge its whereabouts even for a reward?"

"He gave us no opportunity to offer him one. His captured accomplices informed us that they never saw him again after the Halstock burglary. Each man went his way to a rendezvous somewhere outside Exeter; but while the rest duly turned up with their booty, Neil Forrest did not. They solemnly swear that he deserted them, and that none of them ever heard of him more; certainly the police never did."

"He bolted out of the country, no doubt."

"That is my own opinion. To look for my diamonds in America would be a vain and dazzling quest. Every wealthy woman is loaded with 'em there, they tell me. Now, since you'll drink nothing, let us join Lucy. The wise man gets out of the way of drinking in India; the fool does the other thing. I'm glad you're wise. We shall find her upon the terrace."

They went out through an open French window into the gloaming.

"The air's as warm and soft as new milk," said Sir Robert. "After such a night, there's always a tremendous hatch of fly in Oke. You may do great deeds to-morrow."

Through the still night the river cried musically; and while they watched, the moon swam slowly out from behind the jagged tors easterly and set a heavy dew glittering on leaf and blade.

II.

OKE is a true Dartmoor river. She rises in the heart of boggy desolation, leaps from a cradle of granite and chocolate-coloured peat, then winds northerly amid the solemn and stone-crowned hills under low banks of pearly heather, through great marshes aflame with asphodel, or glimmering snowy under cotton-grass. Anon, amidst mighty concourse of boulders, she twines and leaps and glitters, where enormous stones are piled and scattered, as though Titans from Palæolithic times had fought the gods there. Taking leave of the Moor, Oke dips to meet her sister-river in the valley, and here, under Halstock Hill, two miles of fine water, richly stocked, belonged to General Slanning. The river teemed with small trout that darted upstream at a shadow, that vanished to their hovers under dark banks or great solitary rocks, and that set the sandy bottom moving in a little cloud beneath the crystal as they sped away.

On the following morning, a mist, soft and warm as a blanket, moved in shining flakes beside the river. The sportsmen wetted their lines before ten o'clock, and Sir Robert watched his nephew, not without a twinge of

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"In that terrific moment Sir Robert lost his nerve."

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jealousy; but he was jealous with Time rather than the young man.

"Do drop a purty fly, sure enough," said Zack Mudge, the General's water-keeper and regular attendant by the river. "He knoweth his business—there! got 'un!"

John Slanning threw a very long line and a straight one. Now he hooked a small fish that rose at his "blue upright" and set the reel a-singing. Two minutes, with one grand run for such a trifling trout, brought a half-pounder to the fisherman's net—a perfect little fish, sweet to the nose, grateful to the sight, a shining silver-gilt as to the belly, and finely spotted with ebony and scarlet where its shapely girth rose to the rich green and brown blended of its back and sides.

"A shame to kill him," said John; "but I know on Dartmoor a half-pounder is fair game."

So the fish died, and his corpse, with a leaf of bracken for decent burial, took on the dulness of death in the creel.

As Captain Slanning picked the fern, a little beetle with a green head and ruddy shards appeared upon it.

"The fern web!" he said. "What a deadly bait on a hot June day! As a boy I slew my thousands with it."

"But never will here," answered Sir Robert firmly. "Every natural bait is poaching on this water—except, of course, a May-fly, and that's an exceedingly rare visitor to Dartmoor. My last keeper, Will Leverett, was dismissed because he killed a heavy fish with a bluebottle. Look out!"

The General made no bones about his fish. His rod bent, and, like a shooting star, a trout of five or six ounces left its native element for ever, flew through the air and leapt on the heather ten yards behind its captor.

To the chalk-stream man the slaughter of such a fish seemed a crime far worse than use of the "fern web" beetle; but Sir Robert gravely produced a foot-rule, made sure that his fish exceeded the regulation six inches, then creeled it.

"It may seem small to you," he said, "but remember that we deal in small fish on Dartmoor. They've got to fight too hard for a living to attain any size here. Not but what there are big ones among 'em. Now I'll go forward half a mile, and you can come after. You'll kill plenty in the water I've fished, for I'm a veritable duffer beside you."

"No, no, uncle. You throw a rare good fly. You're not at all the 'chuck and chance it' fisherman you pretend to be. I watched you just now, and wondered if you'd have pluck to risk that little hole surrounded with rushes. I thought you'd funk it; but you got the flies there perfectly, and out again too."

The veteran was pleased, although he shook his head.

"We've both been fishing now for fifteen years," he answered. "But you began when you were fifteen; I, when I was fifty-three—that's the difference."

Sir Robert pushed forward, with Zack to look after his fly and his footsteps, while young Slanning fished steadily; but when his uncle's back was turned, he suffered most of the trout he took to return to the river. His skill told, however, for his fly reached many a difficult spot overhung with sallow and alder—places the General merely looked at and passed. A fine, fearless fish or two of some size rewarded him; and once a real heavy trout broke him in a dark corner surrounded by bramble bushes; but nothing of interest befell John until luncheon; and then at a waterfall, known as Ben Bond's Steps, the fisherman met his uncle and found Miss Maine ready and waiting beside a cloth spread under a mountain ash. A man-servant was busy with the last touches, and the gold head of a little bottle of sparkling Moselle glittered out of a hole in the river.

"Lucy's bribe," explained Sir Robert—"that sweet, horrid, Muscat grape stuff; she'll never come out and look after me unless there's a glass of that provided."

His nephew's creel made the old man's eyes glitter, for one trout of a pound—a great fish for Oke—lay there.

"A Loch Leven," he said. "You'll see to-morrow that he'll cut as pink as a dog-rose."

"I missed another even heavier," answered his nephew. "You've made this the best fishing on Dartmoor—as good as the double Dart itself. And what a grand bit of water this is!"

They stood below a fall of twelve feet, where the river passed from long, smooth reaches over a ridge of granite into a deep hole. The water, full of air, shone silvery green at the fall, and burst in perpetual foam upon the surface; then it snaked away—all covered with oily lines and tremorous crinkles—into still darkness, overhung by a larch or two and a whitethorn. Osmunda fern sprouted along the edge of the deep black water, and

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bluebells, nodding to the edge, bent their blossoms to peep in.

"Ben Bond was a famous poacher, and lost his wicked life here," said Lucy.

"A beautiful spot to perish in, but not as he perished," added Sir Robert. "The beggar, hard pressed by my grandfather's keepers, tried to cross above the apron of the fall on a winter night, when the river ran high. In he went and down he went. Not for a week was any more seen of him. Then they found him floating and fetched him out."

But John Slanning paid little heed to this story. He had dropped an excellent ham sandwich, and was staring into a dark backwater, separated from the main pool by a submerged stone.

"A real rise!" he said. "A heavy one, sucking quietly, as they do—just the chap you'd expect in such a glorious place."

"You're probably wrong—spray from the fall, I suspect. I've fished this pool scores of times and never moved a trout," answered his uncle.

"Why? Because there's a whacker here that keeps the others in order, and swallows them if they attempt to argue with him."

"There! in thicky hole between the King-fern an' that sunk stone!" cried Zack. "'Tis so for a pint! A masterpiece of a fish, your Honour!"

"If so, you'll never move him," declared the General. "He's midging, depend on it."

"But do try, John," begged Miss Maine. "I'd love to see you really hook and play a big one. Uncle's trout always turn into flying-fish and sail through the air when he catches them."

"Let us see the modern style," said Sir Robert, shaking his finger at Lucy. "For once, even in this fast water, you can fairly fish the rise. If you're right, and hook a real heavy one, let alone kill him, I'll call back some hard things I've said in my time about the dry fly."

John nodded and made ready quickly.

"What a gert trout that size be doing of 'pon top the water I can't say," declared Zack. "Most times you'll never move they without a worm by night."

"Mudge!" said the General, "don't dare to name such a thing in my hearing. Remember Leverett!"

Meantime the fisherman had put on a lighter cast, and selected from a seductive box of eyed flies nestling on cork a tiny black and brown thing of the midge persuasion. It was much like a buzzy "Red Palmer," but far smaller, and fitted with tiny wings.

"Loramercy!" said Zack, "you'd never hold a minnow on that, your honour."

"I'd hold you, Mudge," answered John, "if I had you in deep water. I'm only afraid for the rod, not the gear. This is too whippy for a dry fly."

"Excuses!" said Lucy.

"No, no," he answered, "none—until afterwards."

Then with a preliminary cast or two—well out of the way, to judge distance—John dried his midge, made its final toilet, and dropped it before the rising fish. Only the fall of the line was visible; none of the watchers could see where, light as thistledown, the fly had dropped. But John knew—and one other.

The second pair of eyes were under water, and belonged to a huge, black, lantern-jawed monster, with an evil past and an unwholesome carcass, long and lank. No single spot of scarlet brightened him, though scarlet sins in plenty marked his rascally record, for he was an aged Saturn among trout, and, not content with numerous meals upon his own offspring in the days of romance, he now continued the unholy joys of baby-eating at the expense of many respectable and honest families. He reigned here by force, the cannibal king of the pool. All decent fish loathed and feared him, trouty mothers frightened their young with his name, and fry were brought up from the egg in righteous fear of his monstrous wickedness, terrific size and speed and teeth.

What possessed this four-pound water-wolf thus innocently to sport on this June day, what touch of higher nature in him brought him thus into the sunlight to eat young spiders as they dropped from the larch-tree overhead, who shall say? But here he was, toying with the diet of his innocent youth and maybe thinking of the old times, when he was tender in conscience as well as body.

Perhaps fleeting resolve, charmed out of his wicked heart by the glorious weather, pointed towards a better way of living and an insect diet; but flies or no flies, now he took one midge too many, and an atom that fell with admirable precision and lifelike cock exactly four inches in front of his ugly nose, went not after the young spiders, but stuck fast in the bony plates of his palate and dared to sting him there. With disgust and the shattering of good resolves, he swore an instant return to his evil habits; then he attempted to disgorge the obnoxious

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fly, but failed. It was come to stop, and fury indescribable marked the movements of the great fish when he discovered the true state of the case. Overhead the winch screeched and was hardly quick enough for his first grand rush. But the split cane bent true in a lovely arch, and a moment later, as King Cannibal turned and shook his head like a dog, the line began to come back into the reel again.

As yet the fish had felt no strain upon him, but merely an irritating little thread proceeding from his mouth and leading aloft; now, however, this same thread became a power, and appeared each moment to grow into a more formidable thing. It strained upon the fighting trout, and presently he rushed to the surface that he might see about it. With a bounce and a flounce he rose into the air—a black, shining hoop, with a tremendous broad tail and a face like a pike. John dropped his point to the leap, and the fish, with an internal grunt of satisfaction, returned to the water.

"Done him!" said King Cannibal, as he sank to his own dark sitting-room; but he exclaimed too soon. The thread was there still hard and fast. It seemed to grow stouter and stronger every moment. The slack was snug in the reel again, and the strain never left off. Two further stupendous runs the great trout made, with all the strength and ferocity of his nature thrown into them. Round and round he tore, and once over shallow water, where his dorsal fin stuck up like a black sail, while John Slanning's heart leapt to his mouth almost before he got the monster back into the deep pool. Zack and Sir Robert both shouted volumes of advice, but the fisherman heeded not. He only knew that his trout had ploughed across a ledge of granite in the shallow water, and probably scraped the gossamer that held him.

"Mudge preferred the hours of darkness."

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Had King Cannibal been also aware of the fact, it had doubtless put heart into his sombre carcass; but all he understood about the affair was that the pace began to tell. He turned sulky, kept low, tried to foul the bottom without success, and would not budge until the maddening strain brought him up once more in a storm of rage and despair. Now both his courage and his strength slowly failed, and the battle drew towards a close. Little by little he had shortened his runs. The line that had sung and spun now only leaped from the reel in fitful jerks, and was quickly back again; the cast, that had seemed a mere spider's web at first, was now a remorseless cable dragging him to death.

All eyes centred on the big fish, and his gloomy belly shone wan and sickly, clouded with darkness, where he turned limp and exhausted. He had shot his bolt; there was not a kick left in him. His eyes glared up full of wrath as John reeled him in. Then young Slanning, with excellent tact, shouted to Sir Robert—

"Net him for me, uncle! I'd like you to do it, please. He's ready to land now."

The General, trembling with excitement, hesitated, but only for a moment. To get the net under this monster and feel his glorious weight was an experience that could not be resisted, since Providence had brought it to his door. He joined his nephew and got down on his knees beside him. His pith helmet fell off and went down stream like some stately galleon of olden times; his glasses also fell, but happily Lucy rescued them. He puffed and blew and nearly burst with importance. Then, with outstretched arm, and the landing-net in the water, he waited.

But refraction upset Sir Robert's unspectacled vision at the critical moment. The net was not nearly deep enough, and suddenly, as the line touched it and John grew cold, the dying king gave a last convulsive splash with his mighty tail. In that terrific moment Sir Robert lost his nerve, lunged forward, and hit the fish, while John's rod flew upright, with a broken cast fluttering from its point. Like a stone, King Cannibal sank and faded from their gaze. They saw a silver twinkle, for he was on his side and powerless to swim a stroke; then he vanished, having thus returned to life by a short cut.

Lucy cried aloud her sorrow; Mr. Mudge uttered a string of bad words under his breath; young Slanning laughed, speared his rod into the ground, and went back to his sandwich; the General alone was absolutely silent. He dropped the net, took his glasses with a shaking hand from Miss Maine, his hat from Zack, and his plate from the footman. Without a word he pointed to a flask of Glenlivet, and after he had drunk a stiff tot, he spoke.

"I can't ask you to forgive me—not yet It would be contrary to human nature. From this day I'll go home and play croquet. An old fool—a dangerous old fool—that's what I am."

"He made a great fight, and, after all, I'm glad he has escaped," said Lucy. "But it was beautiful to watch—beautiful. How it must have cheered Ben Bond's ghost!"

Captain Slanning was examining the broken end of his cast. He borrowed his uncle's glasses, and, having completed a careful scrutiny through one lens, spoke with cheerful accents—

"You needn't blame yourself an atom, sir. The fault was all mine for letting him get into the shallow at the third run. He nearly broke me then. The cast was badly frayed. I should have done no better myself."

"Stuff and nonsense, boy! You'd never have gone within a mile of the cast; you know that very well. A bath-chair—that's all I'm fit for—shaky, blind old idiot!"

"It often happens."

"Ah, well, you're a sportsman, Jack!"

General Slanning only said these words; then he kept amazingly silent and moped mournfully, like an old white cockatoo in trouble, and made no luncheon at all worth mentioning.

III.

A WEEK after these great moments at Ben Bond's Steps, young Slanning returned to them alone. Like art, a sanguine nature is its own reward. That King Cannibal would ever rise again to a midge seemed improbable while memory kept its throne in his hideous head, but Captain John knew that nothing but the unexpected happens where a trout is concerned; therefore, without mentioning the matter to anybody, he rose at dawn and revisited the great pool.

Now, it happened that another person was also deeply interested in this big fish. Mr. Zack Mudge had no sporting instincts whatever, but he saw in the heavy trout a good meal for his long family; nor did conscience prick him, because he well knew that the monster was better out of the river than in it. While Slanning chose dawn for his attack,

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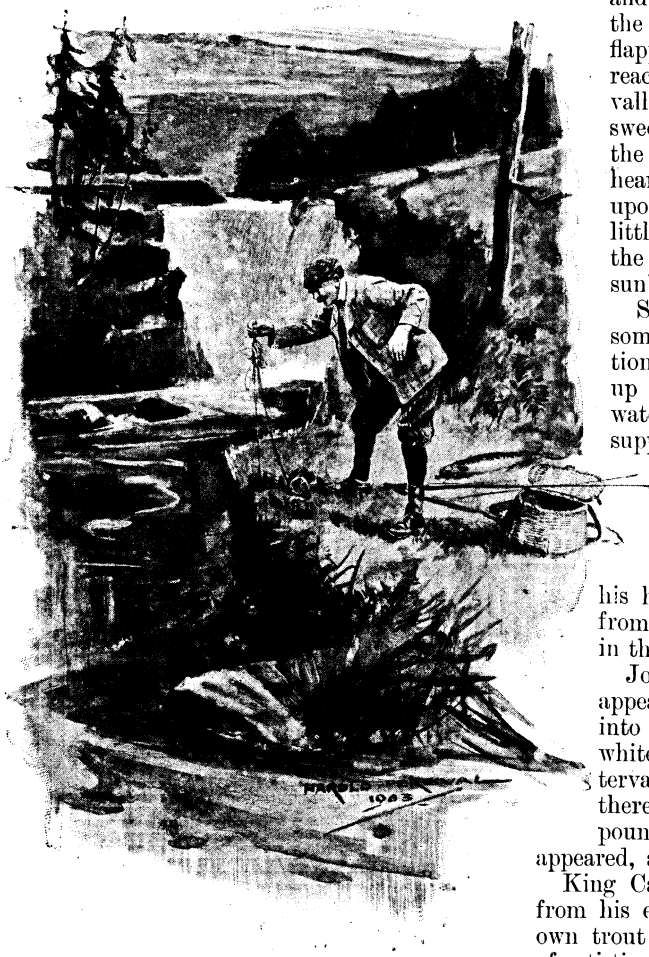
Mudge preferred the hours of darkness, and he had turned his attention to the matter on the previous evening.

Young John tramped over the heather by streamside, and in his mind was not the trout he came to seek, but the girl he hungered to marry. This fortnight spent in her society had made him a desperate man. He felt, without a word spoken, that



"And John knew them for the remains of a human hand."

he had risen in his uncle's esteem of late; but esteem did not increase his income. The General was on better terms with himself again. He had killed a heavy "Rainbow" without any help from Zack, and he made no more allusions to croquet or a bath-chair. A gulf still yawned between John and Lucy. There seemed little chance of ever crossing it. No war-cloud hovered anywhere. Passing peace and security rendered the Army a matter of indifference to common minds.

God and a soldier all people adore
In time of war; but not before.

He had his sweetheart on his side, however; and, war or no war, her love was fixed. There lay his strength, there—— At this juncture Ben Bond's death-pool appeared, and its granite lips were touched with the red of dawn. A heron rose and flapped heavily away from the still reaches above the fall; the denes and valley-dingles glittered with dew; a sweet, exhilarating freshness marked the air, and the scents of the morning heartened all waking life. Far away upon the porphyry crowns of the hills, little rosy clouds rolled lazily where the Mother o' the Mist awoke at the sun's kiss and turned upon her pillows.

Slanning had put up his rod when something strange attracted his attention, and he saw a large cork bobbing up and down sedately in the deep water under the larches. At first he supposed that it was free, and would soon sail down stream, but suddenly the cork dipped sharply like the float of a bottom-fisher.

"A night-line!" cried the angler, and soon the cork was in his hands. A double thread stretched from it, and one end was fast to a peg in the bank.

John hove amain, and presently appeared ten yards of stout line tangled into a Gordian knot with something white in the midst. Hooks at intervals followed, and upon the first there wriggled an engaging eel of a pound weight; then three bare hooks appeared, and "then was the tug-of-war."

King Cannibal, after a week to recover from his experience, had found himself his own trout once again, and a fine brandling of artistic colour and lively ways had tempted him by night, as an olive, or caviare, tempts the hungry before serious business of feeding. Now worm and hook were deeply gorged and the end had come. No science was demanded, for Zack Mudge's gear would have held a crocodile; therefore the black and uncomely giant soon slimed the dew of the morning, gasped and flopped, took his last look at the risen sun, and waited for the stroke of death.

Slanning, however, was concerned with matters even more sensational than this

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great capture. In the tangle of the night-line which he now examined was a bunch of small bones still held together by their tough ligaments, and John knew them for the remains of a human hand.

When Mr. Mudge arrived cautiously half an hour later, his system received a shock; for, sprawling on the bank of Oke in wild confusion was his night-line, and upon one hook there wriggled and writhed a heavy eel. But nothing else met his startled sight, because John Slanning, King Cannibal's corpse, and the dead hand were all on their way to Halstock Court.

A month later John received a letter from Sir Robert, and so learnt the sequel to his discovery at Ben Bond's Steps.

"DEAR JACK," wrote the General, "you'll want to know the end of that stirring business. Briefly, my diagnosis was confirmed in every particular. To drag the pool proved impossible, since the bottom is full of large boulders with great pits between them. A man or two dived for me, but could make nothing of it, so finally I deflected the whole body of the river, and cut a half circle from above the fall to below the pool. The channel was made in a week; then we broke the barrier and sent Oke on a temporary detour of fifty yards.

"Ben Bond's Pool soon ran empty; and as the water escaped, each puddle left was churned up by a good trout or two. Pails were ready to rescue them, and so many were there, including three or four dozen small fry, that it would seem that my fish are treating this noble pool as it deserves since the reign of terror ended.

"We found what was left of the burglar—Neil Forrest—jammed tightly under a shelving ledge at the bottom of the water. He had been reduced to bones, poor devil!—the big trout knew all about him. But there was that alongside the remains that helped their identification—the Slanning tiara.

"The thief, making for Okehampton, clearly attempted to cross Bond's Steps, and he met with Bond's fate. You will rejoice at this—not that a sinner was cut off in his sin, but that the Slanning diamonds (whose light has glittered in Shakespeare's eyes) have come back into the world again. But Lucy absolutely won't wear them until your next visit. She associates the tiara with the big trout and you, whereas of course it is my late rascally keeper who should be thanked. Needless to say, he confessed when I taxed him.

"The fish is exceedingly hideous, but I have had it set up, because, in these degenerate days, a true trout story is so uncommon, and, without this demon of a fish glaring down from his case to substantiate the tale, few who do not know my reputation would credit the narrative.

"You expressed a hope that I would not dismiss Zachariah Mudge, and Lucy has also pleaded his cause. But discipline is discipline. I am too old to alter the principles of a lifetime. He set a night-line in my water, therefore I have dismissed him without a character; but because his dishonesty has restored to me a great Slanning heirloom, and since I am notoriously a man not devoid of generosity, I have taken his son into my employment to fill his father's place, and bestowed upon Zack a modest annuity which will enable him to poach—on other people's water—in peace.

"Now Oke is back in her channel again, and Ben Bond is forgot in favour of this more recent rascal. I think that is all there is to be said, except that, on reconsidering the subject, I believe the big trout would have risen just as freely to a wet fly as he did to your dry one.

"Your affectionate Uncle,
"ROBERT SLANNING.

"P.S.—Lucy comes of age next spring, and she much desires that I should henceforth regard you as her accepted suitor. Since her wish is law in this house, as you will have observed, I trust that you may see your way to meet us in this delicate matter."

THE ROBIN.

EXCEPT within poetic pale
I have not found a nightingale,
Nor hearkened in a dusky vale
To song and silence blending;
No stock-dove have I ever heard,
Nor listened to a cuckoo-bird,
Nor seen a lark ascending.

But I have felt a pulse-beat start
Because a robin, spending
The utmost of his simple art
Some of his pleasure to impart
While twilight came descending,
Has found an answer in my heart,
A sudden comprehending.

WITTER BYNNER.

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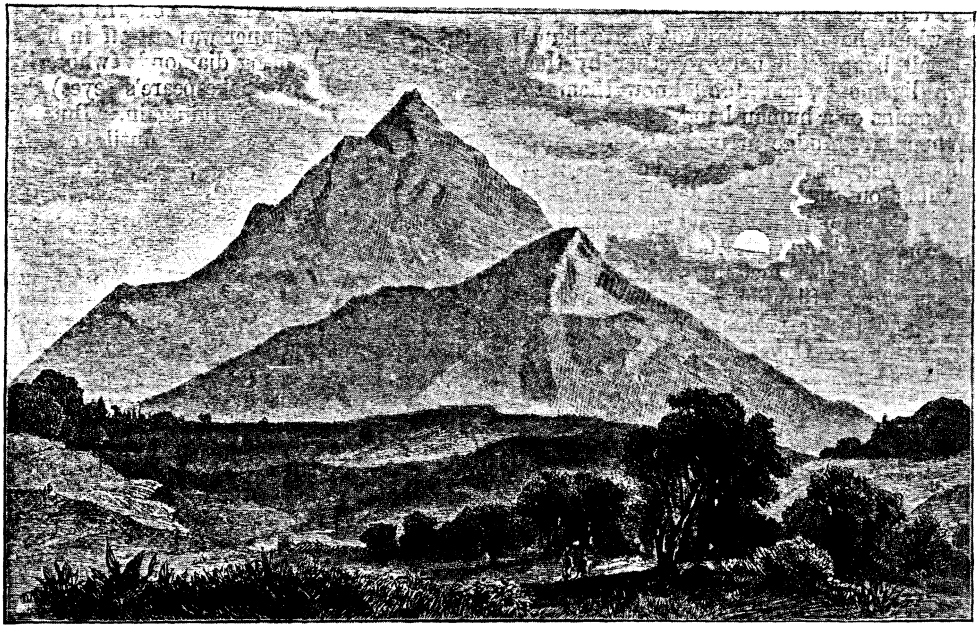

THE LITTLE CAMEROON

LOST ON THE CAMEROONS MOUNTAIN.

BY SIR H. H. JOHNSTON.*

Illustrated from Sketches by the Author.

IN 1886, I was Her late Majesty's Vice-Consul in the Cameroons, a West African territory which had recently become a German possession. Readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE are probably sufficiently well acquainted with the political geography of Africa to know that in 1884, Great Britain and Germany were engaged in a friendly rivalry for the political control over the Cameroons, and that, as a temporary settlement, while Germany was allowed to establish a Protectorate over the greater part of this region, Great Britain reserved to herself the right of annexing and administering the small territory lying between the western flanks of Mount Cameroons † and the sea-coast known as Ambas Bay. This little colony of Ambas Bay had been originally founded by the English Baptist Missionary Society, which had first established itself in some force on the island of Fernando Pô (a large island lying within sight of Ambas Bay), when that island was under the temporary administration of Great Britain. When the Spaniards, however, resumed their government of the island (which is still a Spanish possession), the Baptist Mission had to leave, owing to the opposition shown to its work by the Roman Catholic missionaries at Fernando Pô. The Spanish Government compensated the Mission for its retirement; and with the money thus obtained, the Baptist Missionary Society bought from the natives the territory of Ambas Bay, which forms the nearest approach by water to the great extinct volcano of the Cameroons. From this territory of Ambas Bay the influence of

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† This somewhat foolish name, which the Germans have now officially confirmed as the name of this colony in the form "Kamerun," is simply the corruption of the Portuguese "Camerões," meaning "prawns." The great river delta near the mountain swarmed with prawns when first discovered in 1490.

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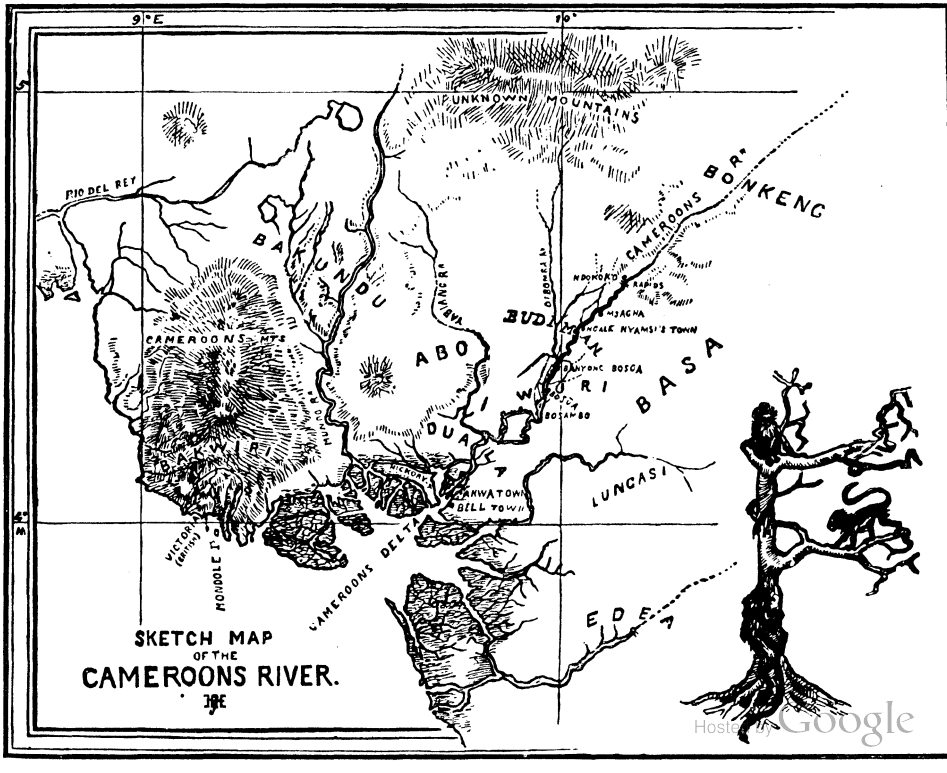
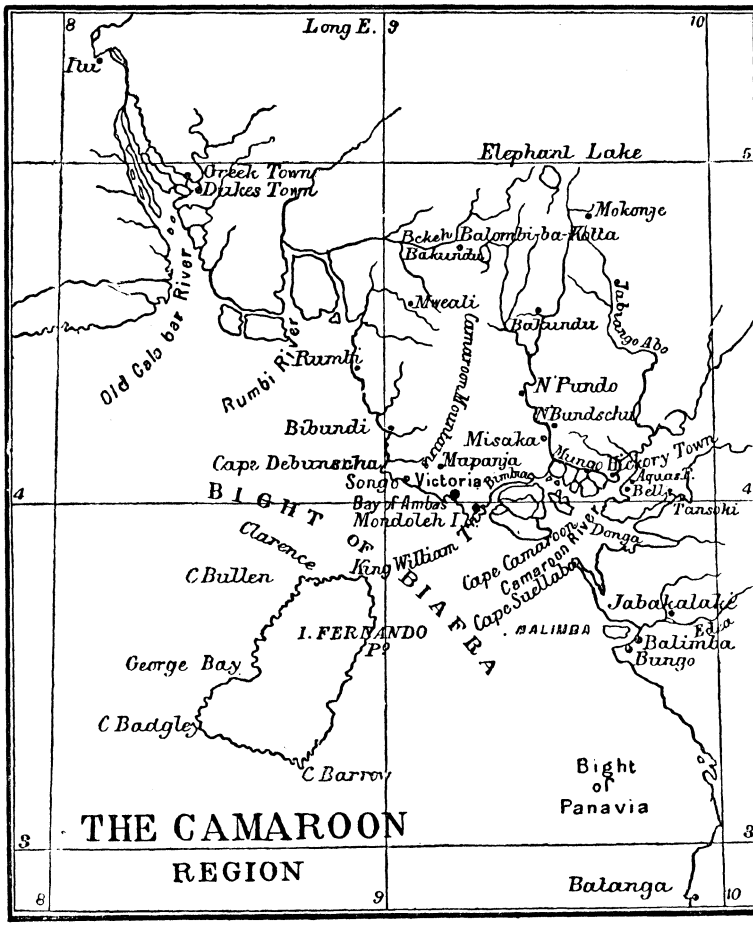
the Baptist missionaries extended to the Cameroons River, and in time a work was accomplished there which might rank in value with the best of missionary efforts; for the natives were instructed in reading and writing, in carpentry, masonry, brick-making, and other simple arts needed as the first steps in an advance towards a permanent civilisation. The country was so thoroughly "Englished" by these means that it was riper than many other parts of West Africa for that British political control which was desired by at least four-fifths of the intelligent population. The natives feared the advance of the French from the south, and dreaded lest the French might be allowed to occupy their country. For a long time, however, the British Government shrank from committing itself to a further responsibility in this direction. Even after the policy of annexation was finally decided on, their agents were somewhat slow to carry out this measure, and in the interval Germany appeared on the scene and induced one of the Cameroons chiefs to accept a German protectorate over his patch of territory. The result was a civil war, which was only appeased by the efforts of the British Government to persuade the remaining chiefs of the Cameroons that Germany would afford the people the same protection as they might expect from Great Britain. Meantime, the little territory of Ambas Bay was reserved and annexed by Great Britain; and amongst other functions, the present writer had to administer this territory until in 1887 it was handed over to Germany, after the Baptist missionaries had received compensation for the loss of their property. I took advantage of this residence at Ambas Bay to explore the then very little known Cameroons Mountain.

This is a very marked feature in the coast geography of West Africa. The traveller, who journeys in a steamer along the African Coast from west to east, sees no high land from the deck of the ship after he has quitted the celebrated Lion Mountain of Sierra Leone until he sights simultaneously the lofty cone of Fernando Pô (an extinct volcano nearly ten thousand feet high) and the mighty crest of the Cameroons, which is a little over thirteen thousand feet at its greatest altitude. Both the Fernando Pô and Cameroons Mountains are of volcanic origin, scarcely yet extinct in activity. Rising to

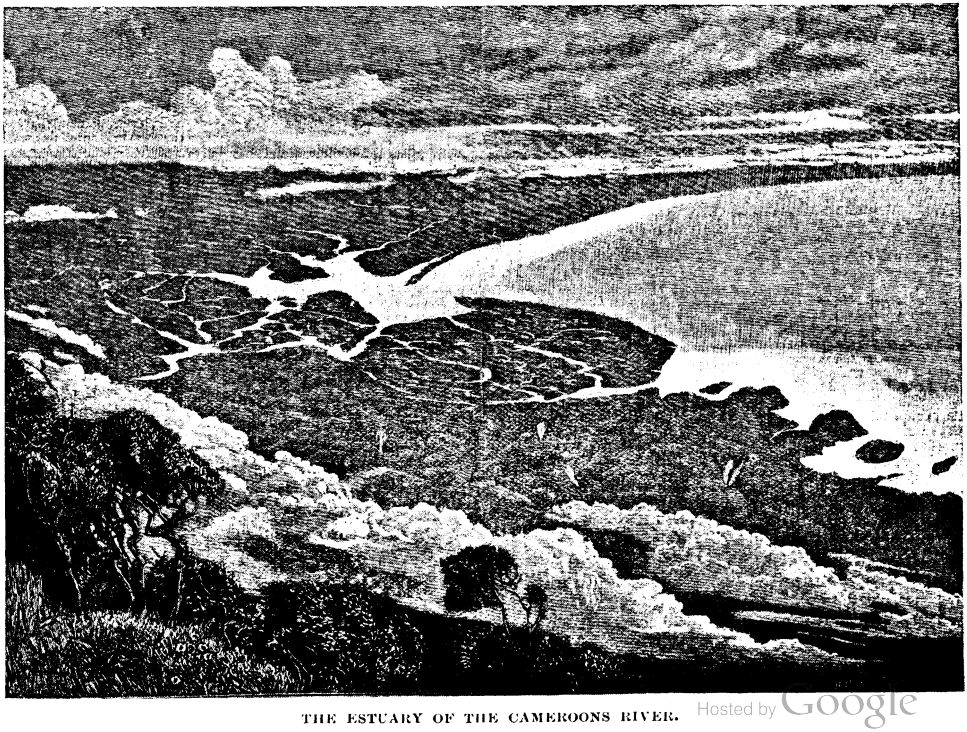




these great altitudes in an equatorial region, they will in the future furnish valuable sanatoria for the use of jaded Europeans who are exhausted by the damp heat of the tropical lowlands on this unhealthy coast.

In starting to ascend the high peak of the Cameroons, in 1886, it must be remembered that I had had very few predecessors. The principal of these had been the late Sir Richard Burton, who, with his companions, was the first of Europeans to reach the summit. The most fatiguing part of our ascent was the journey through the forest from the seashore at the little settlement of Victoria to Mann's Spring, at about seven thousand three hundred feet. The road through the forest then was a winding native path, bestrewn with obstacles in the shape of huge fallen tree-trunks, over which my porters and myself had to clamber with great difficulty. The heat in this forest was exhausting, as the dense vegetation shut out any breeze which might have cooled our perspiring bodies. I remember also being violently sick on this section of the journey, from a curious cause. Some Roman Catholic missionaries, who had settled in the neighbourhood and had rapidly developed beautiful gardens and plantations, had made a delicious but very sweet drink, a sort of ginger-beer, out of pineapples. This was a beverage which, sipped in moderation, might have done no harm, but drunk as one was apt to drink it, in quarts, during one's intense thirst, its ultimate effects were those of an emetic and made one desperately ill. Even this feeling of nausea, however, did not prevent my admiring the gorgeous beauty of this piece of tropical forest. I have only seen its like in grandeur in the eastern part of the Congo Free State, in those forests where the Okapi was discovered. When we reached Mann's Spring (so-called because this little welcome rill of water had been first made known by a botanist named Mann, who was sent out by the British Government to study the flora of this country), the aspect of the vegetation had assumed a notable change. Much of the tropical character of the forests had disappeared, and the trees and plants belonged to species more characteristic of South Africa or the higher parts of Abyssinia. From Mann's Spring for more than a thousand feet upwards, the main characteristic of the scenery was forest, more or less dense. It was, therefore, with considerable relief that at an altitude of about nine thousand five hundred feet we emerged on to open, grassy country dotted with small clumps of trees,

these trees being hung with the grey-green *Usnea* lichen so familiar to natives of the Southern States as "Old Man's Beard." Here at last we got a view; and such a view! Below the cascades of dark-green forest which clothed all the lower flanks of the great mountain stretched a wonderful map of sea, rivers, and a great delta; and beyond, peaks and ranges to the south of the Cameroons, which had then never been visited by a white man. Cumulus clouds, like pieces of white cotton, floated occasionally between us and this map of West Africa. We had at last reached a bracing, frosty climate which was extremely agreeable to my jaded body, weakened from the effects of a severe fever and twelve months' constant perspiration in a steamy climate, the temperature of which never went below seventy, and seldom below eighty degrees. Although the Cameroons Mountain lies in a region of excessive rainfall—possibly one hundred inches a year—it is, nevertheless, very poorly supplied with streams or springs of water on its slopes, and so far as is yet known, there is no water supply above an altitude of, say, nine thousand five hundred feet. Consequently we were obliged to make our permanent camp at this height. Wishing, however, to ascend the high peak in a deliberate manner, and aware that this implied a journey of something like ten miles (besides a climb) from this permanent camp, I established a subsidiary encampment at a site about half way towards the mountain, and at an altitude of some ten thousand five hundred feet, to which it was arranged that supplies of water should be brought by my carriers. We reached this camp at ten thousand five hundred feet by midday. Like most mountains in tropical Africa, however, the Cameroons is constantly under the clouds, and a clear view of the peak is by no means an every-day occurrence. Therefore, when we reached this encampment at ten thousand five hundred feet, and saw the great peak, rich in vivid coloration of orange, crimson, slaty-blue, whitish-yellow, and pale green (the effect of various forms of vegetation growing in scattered streaks and clumps on the scoriæ), the temptation to march straight over to it was irresistible. I decided, somewhat foolishly, to go alone, merely as an experimental trip during the afternoon, and took nothing with me except a bird-gun and several scientific instruments. My route lay over an undulating country covered with short grass, and pimpled all over with small, extinct craters, nearly all of which were grass-covered.



THE ESTUARY OF THE CAMEROONS RIVER.

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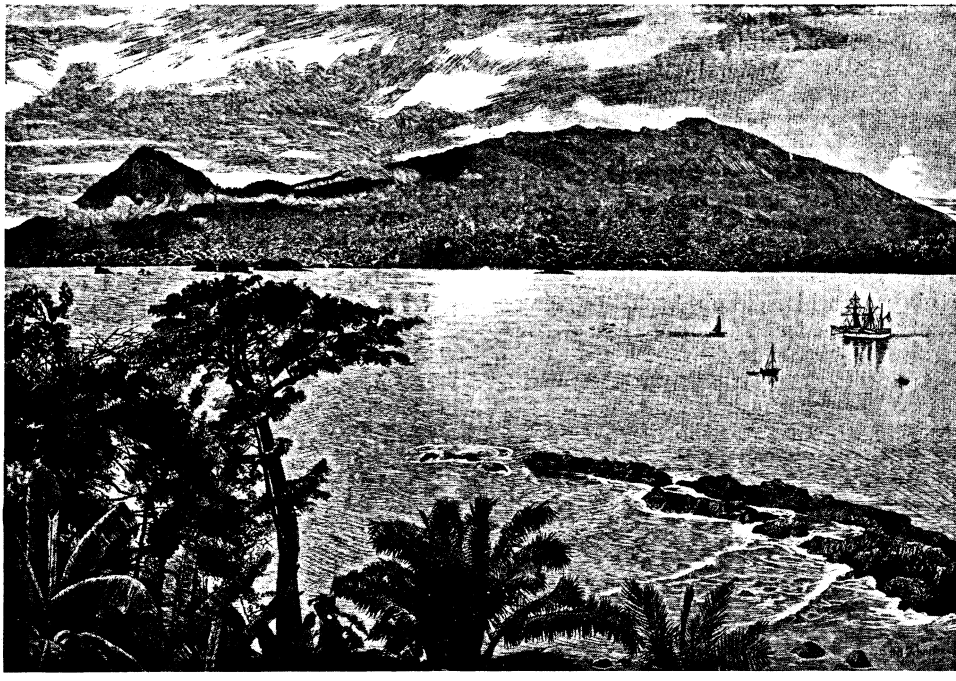

THE CAMEROONS MOUNTAINS VIEWED FROM MONDOLE ISLAND.

Every now and then, however, one had to cross a tremendous river of lava, in appearance not unlike a blue-black glacier. I felt at the time quite sure of finding my way back by remembering certain craters of remarkable appearance. It was a work of the greatest difficulty and utmost fatigue to ascend this summit of the Cameroons, its slopes being a mass of ashes. After a two hours' painful scrambling I reached the summit and began to take the necessary observations for determining its height. My name was added to those of the explorers who had preceded me, this roll of names being enclosed in a bottle placed in a small cairn of stones. Then I became engrossed with the marvellous view. Away to the west the sun was flaming in a glorious crimson sky, but seemingly only at the declination he would assume at about three o'clock in the afternoon; for the actual horizon was not distinguishable, and the observer, being at such a great elevation, did not realise that what he took to be a breadth of greenish sky below the sun was really the Atlantic Ocean! As it was, the sun set whilst I was still on the high peak, leaving me no longer sufficient time to get back to my encampment before nightfall. Perhaps I was indifferent to this, as a full moon was rising in the east, and it seemed perfectly easy to distinguish the way by moonlight. Accordingly I commenced my return with a light heart, plunging down almost with the leaps of a seven-league boot through the ashes of the great cone, and accomplishing in ten minutes a descent which it had cost me over two hours to climb. But then I became bewildered. The twilight made all the boulders and scoriæ look alike, and the outline of one crater fused in the shadow of another. Impatient of delay, I gave up the search for my special bearings, feeling confident of sighting the smoke of the encampment before long. But my anticipations for a speedy return were not to be realised. Amid the innumerable subsidiary craters, and in the interval of darkness which separated the sunset from the complete power of the moon rising behind the mountain, I lost my way. I shouted, but no one replied. It was known to me that in some directions the descent of the mountain was extremely precipitous, so that I moved about very tentatively and timidly. I was still walking at midnight, and the scene now was a truly weird one. The moon was high in the heavens, and it seemed a moon world into which I had strayed, a land of nothing but extinct craters and rifts, and lakes and rivers of congealed lava, the conelike craters throwing sharp shadows. Frost was on the ground, and the air was so

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keen that, apart from my desire to reach some destination, I was too cold to remain still. One of the strangest experiences was wandering through large herds of antelope of a kind I have never been able to identify completely, but they were some species of *Tragelaphus*, not unlike the South African kudu in size and appearance. I walked about amongst these creatures as one might through a herd of cattle. They were absolutely unafraid of me, and even if I had wished to slay them stupidly and without reason, I had no gun but a small one for bird-collecting purposes. Every now and then a buck would lower its horns towards me in a threatening manner, but no attempt was made to pursue me as I slithered through their ranks. I was clothed at this time in a long waterproof coat which I had taken with me in anticipation of one of the frequent storms of rain.

SCENERY ON THE CAMEROONS RIVER.

At last it seemed to me that the search for my camp was hopeless, and that my wisest course would be to descend the mountain in a westerly direction until the tropical forest was reached, where I might be likely to find a native village. Here it would be possible to obtain some simple food, like bananas, and a guide to take me back to my permanent camp. So I turned my face to the south, guided by the Southern Cross, and commenced a descent of the precipitous mountainside which very nearly terminated my earthly career, so much of the ground seemed to be composed of loose rubble or scoriæ, which gave under my step, carrying me down ten or twenty feet in a rush of *débris*, with my legs buried perhaps up to the knees, thus causing many a painful wrench and twist. Once I should have fallen over a small precipice, but that my long-tailed coat caught in a bush and held me back till I was able to scramble up over the ledge. At last this attempt became so dangerous in the waning light of the moon that I crept under the shelter of a cliff and waited shivering for the dawn. I suffered most from thirst, and not at all from hunger, and throughout all this descent—and, indeed, since leaving my permanent camp, twenty-four hours before—I had met with no water and had drunk nothing. When the dawn came, and I emerged from my shelter to continue the descent, I noticed that a heavy dew had fallen, and that the tattered skirts of my waterproof were soaked in moisture. I relieved my thirst, therefore, by sucking the fringe of my coat, and absorbed in this way a considerable quantity of moisture, which had, however, a disagreeable taste of earth and indiarubber. At last, at about six thousand feet, I came across hollows in

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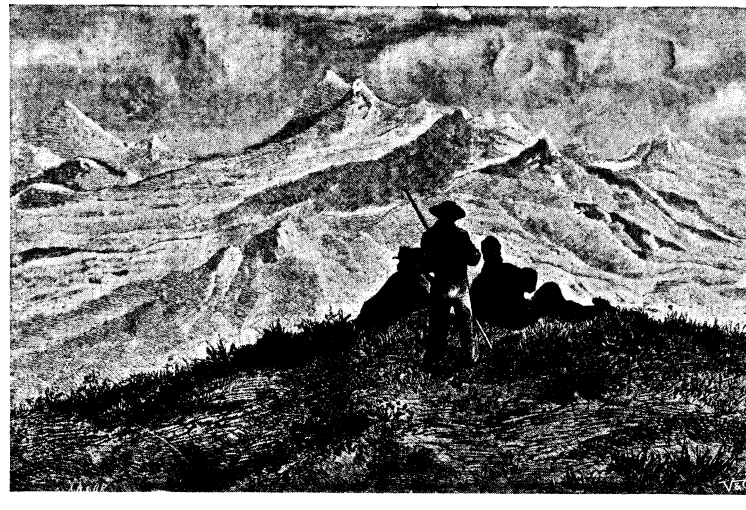
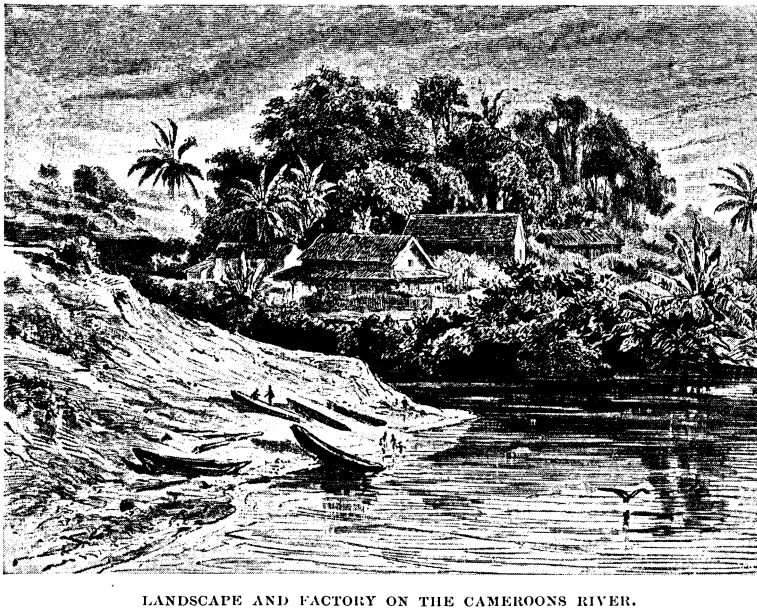
the bare rock still filled with rain-water, and from these I drank greedily. Another problem I had to face was the possible hostility of the first natives I encountered; for the people on the southern flanks of the Cameroons at this time were at war with the Germans, and might not at first sight discriminate between an Englishman and a German when they saw a forlorn white man alone in their forests. They were reported to be a wild and ferocious race of cannibals, and their country had seldom, if ever, been penetrated in this direction by Europeans. At last I struck a native path on the upper verge of the tropical forest, and this I followed with ever-increasing trepidation, until at last there rose before me the blue smoke, curling up through the trees, which indicated a native settlement. Here I deemed it best to pause and shout, in the native language, the words for "friend" and "white man." You are seldom received with active hostility by savage Africans if you announce your approach with a great deal of noise, or a firing of guns, or shouting. It is the silent and stealthy coming which precipitates hostile acts on their part. My shouts soon had the effect of bringing a man in my direction—a wild-looking creature, almost entirely naked, but with a not unpleasing countenance, and with the lighter, yellowish skin which characterises so many of the forest negroes. He surveyed me at first with stupefaction, and would not advance nearer than twenty or thirty yards, apparently taking the hygrometrical, barometrical, and other instruments which festooned my body for deadly weapons. Fortunately I was able to speak the Bantu dialect of this district in some slight degree, and my words soon conveyed to the man's mind the impression that I was, first of all, not a German, and secondly, "the White Man of Ambas Bay." He, therefore, first approached and shook me by the hand, and then led me to the village. Here I was



THE CAMEROONS GROUP VIEWED FROM MOUNT HELEN.



LANDSCAPE AND FACTORY ON THE CAMEROONS RIVER.

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subjected to a brief examination by the elders, and had to satisfy their suspicions by consenting to an elaborate ceremony, eating with them a mysterious substance, the nature of which I strongly suspect not to have been disconnected with the remains of deceased elders of the tribe, and drinking a small quantity of a very nauseous preparation of palm wine. All this time the spirits of ancestors were being appealed to to witness my making friendship with the tribe, and to pursue me with their vengeance if I turned traitor. When these rites were concluded (the whole proceeding scarcely lasted more than half an hour), I was given bananas to eat, and offered the highly decomposed flesh of some forest animal, which I declined with thanks. Then I made it clear to the first friend whom I had encountered that my most earnest desire was to be led back to my permanent camp. He agreed to act as my guide with an alacrity and friendliness which surprised me, as I had expected a long and tedious bargaining, knowing the distance to be a considerable one. But I am glad to say that my brief residence at Ambas Bay and dealings with the natives there had caused me to be considered a "good" white man, and my fame as such had spread even as far as this remote part of the mountain. So at about eight o'clock in the morning of this second day of my wanderings we started to find my permanent camp. The march was a long and weary one—perhaps eighteen or twenty miles—and lay for the most part through wonderful tropical forests. Had I not been so exhausted by want of sleep, incessant marching, and no food for twenty-four hours but a few bananas, I should have been peculiarly interested. For the most part of the way the forest was uninhabited, and we were constantly on the tracks of chimpanzees. Monkeys and baboons chattered and grunted at us from the trees. On the other hand, the glorious plumage of the turacos and plantain-eaters delighted the eye; and if only I could have felt a little less weary and faint, I should probably have numbered this walk amongst the jewels of my African experiences. But there were not a few occasions when I was compelled to lie down and rest for half an hour or more. My native guide turned out to be a most kindly creature, and would sometimes carry me on his shoulders. After journeying for perhaps ten miles, more or less, on a level of four thousand feet through this tropical forest, we began to recommence the ascent of the mountain, and at last arrived at my permanent camp at over nine thousand feet. My porters had all concluded that I had been carried off by the "Spirit of the Mountain," and could hardly believe in the reality of my corporeal existence, until the very angry orders I issued—orders, I am afraid, for once accompanied by kicks and blows—brought home to them that I was a living man urgently desirous of food and a bath.

The fact was that before setting out for the uppermost camp, which I had failed to find again after ascending the High Peak, I had been warned by native guides and porters that it was extremely dangerous to approach the upper parts of the mountain, as the "Spirit of the Mountain" would not hesitate to deal death to anyone rash enough to enter his presence. This Spirit was said to appear in the form of a gigantic mask—that is to say, that although he looked like a huge man when seen from the front, at the back he was hollow, like the fragment of gourd or mask. If you could only succeed in getting behind him and then mocked at his hollowness, he lost all power; but as a rule, he killed you with a huge club almost before you were aware of his presence. So frightened were the natives at that time that I could only succeed in getting quite a few porters to accompany me to the higher camp at ten thousand five hundred feet. It appears that after I had started for the High Peak, one of those sudden and curiously local thunderstorms so characteristic of this part of Africa came on, a storm which I had climbed above and of which I was unconscious. The rumblings of thunder were taken to be the awful speech of the Spirit, and I was thought to be a doomed man, an impression which became a conviction when I failed to return at nightfall. The porters then became so scared that they left the camp just as it was and scurried down to the permanent encampment, convinced that they would never see their white master any more. When I arrived, they were consulting as to how they should break the news to my nearest colleague, some ninety miles distant to the north. A good dinner and a good night's rest effaced much of my fatigue, and the next morning I started again for the upper camp. But all the rest of the time of my stay on the mountain I was followed by bad weather, and never again did I succeed in finding my way through the cloud-mists and ascending once more the High Peak.

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THE NORTHERN LIGHT.

By FRED M. WHITE.*

"THIS," said Meredith gravely, "is most interesting. Quite a remarkable discovery, in fact. It points to the confirmation of poor Saxon's story. If you will permit me——"

"Oh, shut up!" Gaskell growled. "Shove the confounded thing in your pocket and let us press on. Funny thing that you never use two words when three will do. Look at the sky, man, and the dogs. They are pretty well fagged out, and we're fifteen miles from the ship. If we do get a downfall—well, I don't like to think of it."

"The atmospheric conditions," Meredith said complacently, "according to recent observations——"

The third man, Ottaway, rapped out something like an oath and whipped up the dogs. Meredith was a good fellow and an ardent scientist, but he was a bit of an ass all the same. He could see no danger beyond those tinted spectacles of his. The trio had left the *Far North* in the ice early in the day, to make some observations round the bend of Cape Ressan—the farthest point reached by any Polar expedition up to date.

It was bitterly cold, and a thin, cutting wind had commenced to blow. It had been sunny and fine enough when the little party started, and two at least of them began to wish they had stayed on the ship. Fifteen miles was no great distance to travel over hard snow with a team of good dogs, but anything like a further fall would have spelt disaster. Gaskell muttered to himself as he glanced at the sky.

"Really this is very interesting," Meredith went on. "I mean this medal, which I have just found. It was struck by James Montgomery, of Greenock, to celebrate his discovery of the North Pole. James Montgomery was a millionaire, you remember."

"No, he wasn't," Gaskell growled. "He was a swindler with a craze for notoriety. After his disappearance he was found to have embezzled trust money on a huge scale. He fitted out a Polar expedition, hoping to get a C.B., or a baronetcy, or something of that kind. I had the offer to skipper the *Research*. It was never heard of again."

"Aren't you wrong?" Meredith suggested mildly. "A man named Saxon came back. The poor fellow was quite mad; had been living for some time with the Esquimaux, when a whaler brought him home. He told some rambling story as to the way in which Montgomery got the whole of his crew on the ice and sailed off in the *Research* alone. Said that Montgomery was suffering from chronic *delirium tremens*. Montgomery was always a crank—nobody but a crank would have had those medals struck. Now, it strikes me as a remarkable thing that I should have just picked up one of those medals."

Meredith babbled on, but the others did not appear to be listening. The sun had disappeared in a red haze, with a curtain of lace whirling before it, the wind grew colder and more cutting. Ottaway, snugging down in his furs, declared that he would cheerfully sacrifice ten years of his pay for a sight of the *Far North*. From the set expression in his eyes Gaskell seemed fully to realise the danger. Yet when they had set out, the glass was high, with every specious promise of a fine day. The dogs were fretting and whining, too, as if they realised what was before them. Ottaway steered off the ice, and under the shadow of one of the desolate hills they moved a little faster when out of the full swell of that cutting wind. A high crag stood up a mile away, with a black crag on the top, where the white sheet had been torn off it. Suddenly the crag was blotted out as if by the fall of a curtain, instantly a wall of whirling flakes shut in the sledge. Before the occupants had time to draw breath, the white terror was upon them.

It appeared as if all the world had been swept away, that the universe had been dissolved into a grey powder. The snow was overpowering, there was no getting away from it. The dogs clustered together with cry and whimper; they refused to go any further, nor had Ottaway the power to force

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them on. He could only drop the guiding-reins and bow his head to the storm. Very soon the sledge and its burden was no more than a hummock on the swept plain.

After all, it was only a matter of muscle. All this had happened in the space that it takes to tell the story. Apparently there was nothing to be done but to wait patiently to the end. At the first onrush of the snow fury the sledge had tilted on one side, so that it offered a slight obstacle to the furious charge of the white brigade, and yet affording a slight protection for those inside. The snow curled over them like a wave swept in from the sea, and froze as it fell. The men were huddled up in warm furs; they were recently fed and well nourished, so that hope was not altogether abandoned yet. When the reeking fury had passed, there would be an exploring-party sent from the ship, but over those millions of white, gleaming acres it would be as the needle in the proverbial rick of hay.

The snow was piled high over them now; there was warmth with the three human bodies and the pack of dogs all huddled together. It was not sufficiently light to see, but at length Gaskell contrived to get his hand to his watch and press the slide of his repeater.

"Been here nearly an hour," he said. "Wonder if it is snowing still? An hour of this is as good as a week's fall at home. Let's scrape a hole under the side of the sledge."

It was something to do, at any rate, so they went for it with a will. The deeper down they dug, the warmer it became, what with the dogs and the rugs and the reek of their own steaming bodies. But though they were safe for the present, the danger was by no means done. All the old, familiar trails to and from the *Far North* made by them for months past would be filled up by the new fall. Some of those deep tracks would not be safe for an exploring-party for days. And meanwhile they would have to lie there and slowly starve.

The hours went by and the snow ceased at last. Ottaway burrowed a hole in the side of the drift and crept out, followed by the others, into the open. The whirling, grey desolation had ceased now; the sky was like steel, covered with a powder of brilliant stars. So far as the adventurers could see, they were in

"'Let's track her little footsteps in the snow,' Ottaway suggested."

the crater of a snow volcano. If the frost held, they would be able to creep out in a day or two, otherwise they were in a prison-house. It was freezing hard enough now, which was one consolation. They crept back again and blocked up the passage once more. There was nothing for it but to huddle together and sleep.

Morning came at length, a dull, opaque light piercing the snow wall. The dogs whined and shivered, with their dark eyes turned on the men, mutely seeking for food. There was a raging pain at the pit of Gaskell's stomach as he came back to consciousness. A born Ishmaelite, he knew quite well what the feeling meant. He had been ravenously hungry before. The others sat up presently and looked about them. Even Meredith was retrospective and absent-minded no longer.

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It was he who suggested that they should go out and prospect.

It was an utterly dreary prospect at the best—nothing but a deep pit of snow, with high, dazzling walls towering on all sides. They were only fifteen miles from the ship, and yet they might as well have been a million. There were no natives on that thick coast, no chance of food, and they had positively none of their own.

"It's a fine prospect, boy," Gaskell said with a grim irony. "They will send to look for us, of course, but it's like to be a slow job. They may hit upon us right away; they may take a week. And if they do take a week——"

"'Subsequent proceedings interest us no more,'" Ottaway quoted. "Still, we've got plenty of baccy, which is one comfort. Talk about Robinson Crusoe, why——"

"He's here!" Meredith shouted. "Robinson and his man Friday! Look for yourselves."

The other two glanced uneasily at each other. Meredith was not an imaginative man, and his nerves were no part of his daily conviction. Nerves and fancies would come surely enough, as Gaskell very well knew, but they were not due for a day or two yet.

"What are you talking about?" he growled. "It seems to me that—— Good Heavens!"

It was no chimera of a disordered imagination. There on the snow, close by the impromptu hut, was the track of a small, delicate, human foot.

"'Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream!'" Ottaway yelled. "We are three utterly sane men—as yet. Meredith could imagine nothing, even patent facts must be proved to him. Therefore I am prepared to swear that those are footprints—six, seven, eight, nine, ten dainty little footprints made by a lady's boot. We are a million miles from civilisation, an eternity from an educated woman, and yet there she has been within recent memory, evidently as much at home as she would be in Hyde Park."

"It's stunning!" Gaskell muttered; "nothing less than stunning! What does it mean?"

It certainly was a most amazing discovery. The *Far North* was further north than any vessel of discovery had been yet, and the crew of the *Far North* were proud of the fact. The sledge-party were in grievous danger of their lives, they were in desperate need of food, and yet close by somewhere was a woman, evidently a lady by her footgear, who walked about, as Ottaway put it, much as if she were strolling in the Park.

There could be no doubt about it whatever—there was the shape of the foot, clean-cut as a cameo on the frozen snow—a small foot, in a stout boot with nails on the heels. There were seven footmarks in all, then the print disappeared suddenly, as if a slide of snow had obliterated them. It was nothing more nor less than a miracle; had the sky fallen on them, the pioneers would have been not a whit more astonished.

"Never heard of any hermit up this way, have you?" Ottaway asked grimly. "No family party taken a furnished house here for the sake of the pure air and the fishing? Never heard of anything in the way of a convent in this delightful sylvan glade?"

The others laughed in a constrained kind of way. There was something pathetic as well as startling in this stupendous discovery; the footprints reminded them all of home. But it was not good to dwell upon that kind of thing just then. Gaskell bit his lip.

"Some fine old reindeer reading the fashion plates," he said, with a wild attempt at frivolity that he was far from feeling. "What an ass I am, to be sure! Heaven knows how that woman reached this cursed spot; but here she is! And quite at home, too—there's no sign of hesitation about those footprints. Let's follow them up."

It was quite easy to follow the footsteps as far as they went. It was obvious also that there was some way out of the snow-crater in which the sledge lay, as the owner of the boots could not have vanished so swiftly and mysteriously.

"Can't be natives, I suppose?" Meredith suggested. "Looking at the thing from a matter-of-fact point of——"

"You can't, you fool!" Gaskell cried. "How can there be anything matter-of-fact about a discovery like this? It is an amazing romance, as puzzling to me as the mystery of Creation. And you know there are no natives within a thousand miles."

"So far as we can go by exact scientific data," Meredith began, "we are forced to——"

"Oh, shut up, you idiot!" Ottaway said savagely. "What's scientific data to do with this?"

"It is just possible," Meredith continued, quite unabashed, "that the *Research*——"

The others laughed a little boisterously. The *Research* had been lost utterly in the Polar Seas three years before, and only one man, and he an idiot, had lived to tell the

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tale. Those footprints had another meaning than that.

"Let's track her little footsteps in the snow as far as they go," Ottaway suggested, as he proceeded to suit the action to the word. "Not that one has much to go by. . . . It seems to me that the snow has shifted slightly just at this point. One thing is certain—there must be some way out of this crater. Stand by to give me a hand in case I disappear."

But Ottaway did not disappear. He mounted up the slope, feeling his way as he went, till he had nearly reached the top. Here and there were little, jutting crags of rock which offered a good foothold, and presently he stood on the top of the crater.

"It must have been a tremendous fall of snow!" he shouted. "All our familiar landmarks have utterly disappeared. If I could smell food, I should not know where to go for it. Come up and have a good look for yourselves."

"The queer laugh was repeated, followed by the crack of a rifle."

Ottaway stood there, a figure black and clean cut against the dazzling background. He looked strangely large as he stood there, a statue in the silence. It was deadly silent there — so quiet that the others could hear the blood humming in their ears, all the more intensified by the fierce hunger that was beginning to assail them. Suddenly the silence was broken by a sharp, whiplike crack, and Ottaway jumped in the air with a yell of pain. Then he fell headlong down, till he was brought up sharply at Gaskell's feet.

"In the name of Fortune, what was that?" the latter asked.

"A rifle," Ottaway groaned. "Never saw where it came from, but it's got me through the fleshy part of my arm. It stings like blazes. Doctor, come and have a look at it."

Meredith stripped the arm in the shelter of the improvised hut. Sure enough, a bullet had passed clean through the deltoid muscle, leaving a hole a little bigger than a pin-point, so that there was practically no loss of blood. The bullet itself had lodged against a silver tobacco-box, and Meredith examined it eagerly.

"No harm done," he said; "but, on the whole, a lucky escape for you. And as I am a living soul, this is nothing else than

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a Mauser bullet! Some luxurious individual in these parts has a place of his own here, where everything seems to be quite up-to-date. The hermit of the snowy glen shoots his game with the very latest pattern of small arms."

"And a proper murderous ruffian he must be!" Gaskell exclaimed.

"My dear fellow, are you quite sure that it is a *he?*" Meredith went on in his crisp, matter-of-fact way. "You don't suggest that we have a colony of educated people here. Is it not just possible that the sharp-shooter who nearly wiped Ottaway's number out might chance to be the lady whose footsteps I found in the snow?"

Gaskell gave a long, low whistle. The point had not occurred to him before. It might turn out exactly as Meredith had suggested. But then that theory only deepened the maddening mystery. Still, whoever the miscreant might be, he or she was plentifully supplied with all the modern of equipment, and food assuredly formed part of it.

"I'll get to the bottom of this, if it costs me my life," Gaskell said between his teeth. "We may as well die fighting as die of hunger. Let us lie low here till it gets dark, and then go and prospect for ourselves. We are three desperate men, and we know the way out of our cage now. Come and lie low, lest worse befall us."

There was nothing else to do but to fall in with this suggestion. The slow, torturing hours crept by, relieved from time to time by the judicious application of tobacco. But even that was partaken of sparingly, for the supply was limited. They were talkative at first, as befits the opening of a remarkable discovery, but they grew cross and moody as the day progressed. Meredith would have talked—he would have talked on his way to the scaffold, as Gaskell rudely reminded him—but the others drove him to silence by snarling epithets. Finally the scientist dropped into an uneasy slumber, with a dog on either side of him, and the others dozed, too.

It was Gaskell who aroused the rest as the darkness commenced to fall. There was a fierce light in his eyes and a sting of colour in his cheeks. He was going to do or die this time. It was freezing hard as the little party stepped into the open; there was a faint light in the sky that just served to pick out the way that Ottaway had tried in the afternoon. They were all at the summit at last and picking their way cautiously down the other side.

"Go easy," Gaskell whispered, as the snow whistled and crunched underfoot. "It isn't as if we had not plenty of time before us. Hallo! unless my eyes deceive me, here are more of those footprints, leading to that queer-looking hummock yonder. Here's a seal-hole, too. We must have found our way on to the water again. What's that?"

A quick, crisp, rippling sound in the near distance, a roll of melody. Ottaway stopped and checked a wild desire to burst into hysterical laughter.

"Don't you recognise it?" he cried. "May I live on bread and water for the rest of my days, if it isn't one of Chopin's Impromptus in F, played on a grand piano!"

II.

Gaskell and Ottaway regarded each other uneasily. They had both heard of that strange form of madness that comes from the solitary contemplation of the snow. It seemed to Gaskell that somebody had told him that this form of delusion often occurred to several men at the same time. But a piano up there! The thing was too utterly absurd. Yet they had both assumed to hear it, and even the practical and matter-of-fact Meredith had followed suit. Ottaway repressed the strong desire to laugh that possessed him.

"A piano, sure enough," Meredith said, much as a scientist would speak if he had stumbled upon a rare fossil. "A grand piano, I should say, with one of the notes in the minor very much out of tune. Still, to look for Queen's Hall form up here!"

Ottaway broke out into a cackle of laughter suddenly. It was a relief to Gaskell's feelings to take his friend by the shoulders and shake him vigorously.

"You fool!" he panted. "We're not going out to afternoon tea. There's danger here, as that shot this morning should have told you."

"Upon my soul, I simply couldn't help it," Ottaway whispered contritely. "There is something so ghastly comical about it, if you understand me. There is a girl I know who plays that Impromptu in F, and I was thinking of her mother's drawing-room. . . . The warmth and the lights, you know, and the firm flesh-tints."

"Oh, Heavens! I understand!" Gaskell groaned. "And we poor wretches here doomed to starvation! Yes, I understand. But for Heaven's sake don't laugh like that again!"

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"What are you fellows maundering about?" the practical Meredith asked. "It is a very strange thing, but there is the piano. I dare say the explanation is a perfectly simple one. Where pianos are found, food and light are found also. The sound seems to me to proceed from the centre of the hummock of snow on which we are standing."

"Bless the man! even he has his uses," Ottaway said in a saner tone of voice. "We had better proceed to investigate; only it's a case of *festina lente*, lest the first hospitable opening take the form of a rifle-bullet. Let us search."

But the search produced nothing, though the music still continued. The air changed presently to Handel's Largo and slid from that into the grand impressiveness of Liszt's Étude in F, but the explorers got no nearer to the mysterious musician.

"What fools we are!" Meredith exclaimed. "Let's put one of the dogs on the trail."

Strange that nobody had thought of it before. One of the dogs were brought up, held by the collar to a trace. The stiff, stocky little creature could smell food, evidently, for he whined and commenced to scratch at what looked like a wall of snow. Something black appeared at length, and the black thing revolved itself into what at one time had been a cabin door.

"Good boy!" Gaskell said approvingly. "Take him back and give him a biscuit, Meredith. We will now proceed to do a little burglary. Civilisation in the Arctic region is progressing! Be as quiet as you can there."

The door was not fastened in any way—it opened with a thong and strap. Inside was a dark tunnel, with a suggestion of dubious warmth breathing from it. It was like the fragrant breath of a beautiful girl on the cheek of an intoxicated lover. There were other odours—more prosaic, perhaps, but equally reeking of Araby the Blest.

"Food!" Ottaway said exultingly. "Hot soup! the magical savour of vegetables! We've struck the back door to the Garden of Eden. I never realised how ravenously hungry I was till this very moment. Let us make a rush for it."

The mouths of the others were literally watering. It was only the cool sanity of Gaskell that held them back now. They fumbled their way noiselessly along the tunnel until Meredith nearly betrayed their presence by stumbling down a ladder, a companion-way, as the three of them versed in the way of ships could tell even in the dark.

"It's a ship bound in the snow," Gaskell whispered; "though what ship it can be, why——"

"The one I told you of," Meredith muttered, rubbing his shin. "It's the *Research*, for a million. Now we shall be able to see what we are about."

He stood at the foot of the ladder, looking towards the saloon. There were lights now and a fairly good view of everything. Silently Meredith pointed to a lifebuoy that lay on the floor. On it, in white letters, was painted the legend "S.S. *Research* 1901." The story of the poor, mad sailor who had found his way back to Greenock was true.

The music in the saloon suddenly ceased, and a cabin door opposite flew open. A woman's voice called out that everything was ready.

"So are we," Ottaway groaned. "Good Heavens! so are we. My dear lady, if you only knew how ready we are! . . . Pretty voice, too!"

It was a very pretty, sweetly modulated voice, evidently the voice of a lady. Then a figure stood out against the light in the cabin. The hungry eyes of the watchers saw a nice-looking girl, partly clad in furs. A certain youthfulness was given to her appearance owing to the fact that she wore her hair in a neat plait down her back. After a year or more in those white solitudes, the sight of a woman at all was in itself a thrilling episode.

"Are you not coming, May?" the girl called. "Everything is quite ready."

May responded from the distance that she was coming at once. There was a crashing chord on the piano, and then the patter of other footsteps. In the distance somebody laughed in a hard, staccato voice that seemed strangely out of harmony. The girl in the cabin started, and a little cry escaped her. There was a shrinking motion about her.

"Oh, May! is he bad again to-night?" she asked, as the other girl came along. "What have we done, to be punished like this? A hideous prison, with the prospect of starvation coming nearer and nearer day by day. My dear child——"

Gaskell stepped forward. At the sound the girls turned round. They were singularly alike, dressed in the same way, both with clear skins and blue eyes. Their eyes were dilated, Gaskell noticed, as with a certain chronic terror. The girl called May would

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have screamed, only the other one pressed a hand upon her lips.

"Don't be afraid," Gaskell whispered. "We've—we've come to help you, you know. I dare say that you have seen something of the *Far North*."

Evidently the *Far North* was no more than an abstract name to the girls. They clung together as slaves might do who had changed their masters. In any case, the figures of Gaskell and his companions were not exactly calculated to induce confidence.

"We have heard something about you," Gaskell went on hoarsely. "One of the sailors of the *Research* managed to reach a native settlement. His sufferings deprived him of his senses. People did not believe the story of James Montgomery, and the strange way that he abandoned his crew for——"

"It is as true as Gospel," one of the girls said. "He is coming. If you are not armed——"

The intruders were not armed, save with clasp-knives. Gaskell looked at the girls.

"A dangerous criminal lunatic," one of them said. "We go in terror of our lives. The only wonder is that he has not killed us both long ago. If he sees you——"

A trembling, snarling laugh came from the end of the passage leading to the bows of the great steam-yacht. Though they were not aware of the fact, Gaskell and his companions were standing under the lamp suspended from the roof, and full in the stream of light flung on them through the open cabin door. The queer laugh was repeated, followed by the crack of a rifle and the scream of a bullet. There was a crash of glass and a patter of warm oil on the floor. If the would-be assassin were mad, his aim was true enough, for the lamp overturned and was smashed into fragments.

"How now, you secret, black, and midnight hogs!" the thin, reedy voice screamed. "So the devil has come for me at last. Two years I have fought him—two years, day by day. But I am an old gentleman, and there has been madness in my family for generations."

"Put that rifle down," Gaskell said, with a hard ring in his voice.

The madman laughed aloud. Evidently his moods were subject to lightning changes. The pathetic, personal touch had vanished like a flash.

"James Montgomery!" he yelled, "of Greenock, millionaire—the man who used people's money for his own ends. The benefactor of man, the great explorer. And then to come back and stand in the dock! No, no, no. . . . And then they were all on the ice, with their party and that; and only I and the two engineers, with the captain's children, aboard. It was only a matter of two shots, and the *Research* was mine. The beautiful engines spoke and laughed with me, and they cursed me from the shore with the white loneliness of the snow coming up behind them. I was free, I tell you—free, free, free, and none left to tell the tale. Till you came. Curse you! take this."

Then came a series of whiplike cracks, followed by the soft splash of bullets on the side of the companion-way. Evidently the maniac had armed himself with a repeating rifle. There was no help for it now; the only chance was to rush for the cabin and close the door behind. Meredith was conscious of a hot, singeing sensation along his scalp. Gaskell was more concerned for the girls. Had the light been less dim, it would have been impossible to say how the story had ended, but by great, good fortune nobody was hurt.

"Well, of all the adventures!" Ottaway gasped. "I'll never disbelieve anything I see in print again, not even in a halfpenny paper. Truth is stranger than fiction."

"Fiction is a prosaic old dowager," Gaskell said, as he removed his outer furs. "Let me introduce myself and my friends, ladies. . . . Your names are?"

"Irene and May Broxwood," the girl who had first appeared said. "We came here with the ship at our own earnest request—you see, we had no mother. My father was the captain of the ship. He was in the Royal Navy at one time—Captain Ernest Broxwood."

"I knew him slightly," Gaskell said. "I was in the service myself; Ottaway, here, is still. But it seems incredible that the story just told by James Montgomery——"

"Is absolutely true," May Broxwood said. "We knew that he was eccentric and very moody, and all that kind of thing. There were frequent quarrels. But nobody ever expected that—— The men stood on the beach, with the snow coming up behind them, and my father was with them. I can see the grey light on his face now, as he implored that for our sakes——"

Something rose in the throat of the pretty speaker and checked further utterance. A shot splintered the door and spattered the wall like a molten star on the far side of the cabin. There was an oak table in the centre, devoid of a cloth, but the silver on it was beautifully clean. A large tureen of soup

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smoked on the table; there was meat and hot, tinned vegetables at the other end; the whole place was filled with the delicious perfume of it.

"Oh!" Ottaway muttered, "I can't stand this any longer! The mere sight of that food seems to deprive me of all my manhood. Ladies, if you don't mind——"

"We have had nothing since early this morning," Gaskell explained. "We got caught in a snowstorm and lost our bearings. We should have starved and died if Providence had not brought us here. Really——"

Gaskell stood at a loss for further words. He felt dazed, like a man who walks in his sleep; he had eyes only for the table.

"Oh, forgive us!" May cried in deep distress. "We could not possibly know. We imagined, naturally, that your ship was close by. Quick, quick! the danger is not over yet."

"Then there was a yell, wilder and fiercer than any that had come before."

The girl pointed to the roof of the cabin, which was partly of glass. Two of the slides had been removed, for the atmosphere of the stove was stuffy, even in that climate. It was easy enough to take in the danger at a glance. If the madman recollected, he would station himself on that coign of vantage and shoot the occupants of the cabin down like dogs.

"We must risk it," Ottaway said between his teeth. "I am like a veritable infant for the want of food. It is no time for ceremony."

They fell to eagerly, wolfishly. They had been saved by a marvellous intervention of Providence; there was a curious feeling amongst them that they could come to no harm now. As they ate of the delicious soup and vegetables, the strength and vigour of manhood came back to them. It was only a matter of moments, for the horrible singing and cackling was going on outside, and presently the madman moved afar off. The men in the cabin grew suddenly grave.

"His cunning brain has taken up the idea," Irene Broxwood said. "Oh, we are well used to scenes like this—they are the portion of our daily life. Thank God it has been no worse! We might have been kitchenmaids, for all the notice James Montgomery has taken of us. There, did I not tell you? I can hear him overhead."

A footstep clanged over the skylight, and the gleam of a rifle-barrel was seen. Ottaway whipped the clasp-knife from his pocket and flung it with all his force at the hanging lamp. The aim was true, for the globe and chimney were shattered; there was a puff of black smoke, and the cabin was in pitchy darkness.

A yell of rage came from the skylight, and the leaden hail began again, accompanied by oaths and curses and snatches of song. They were all down now, by Gaskell's order, against the door. He whispered to Ottaway to open it quietly. Whilst the din from above went on, Ottaway did so, and the four fugitives crept into security.

"Now's our chance," Gaskell said between his teeth. "One of you pretend to be hit.

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Roll about the floor, and toss your coat inside as if you were in agony. Miss Broxwood, I am going to ask you to attempt a task of some danger. As you know the ship well, I want you to guide me quietly to the place where that murderous old rascal is standing. With this row going on, I shall have no difficulty in securing him. If you are afraid——"

"I am not afraid," the girl said quietly. "I am afraid of nothing that will end a life like this."

They slipped away together into the darkness. For the next few minutes the fusillade into the cabin went on; then there was a yell, wilder and fiercer than any that had come before, followed by a noise of falling bodies, and silence. . . . Gaskell whistled softly.

"Bring some rope," he said. "It's all right. I'm sitting on his head."

Ropes were procured, and irons as well, and presently the madman was secured in a small cabin, where he seemed sullenly resigned to his fate. The lights of the *Research* were restored; there was smiling content in the warm cabin, where supper had been laid.

"We can finish our supper in peace," Ottaway suggested. "My dear young ladies, what a really dreadful time you must have had! Your story——"

"Is almost incredible," May Broxwood said with a shudder. "Fancy seeing a whole crew of men abandoned to their fate in that cruel way, and we able to do nothing! Then there was the solitude of it—those dreadful outbursts of madness, for James Montgomery is mad indeed. Of course, we had plenty of coal and oil and provisions to last for years, seeing that there were only three of us; and everything we had was of the very best and latest. But think of the monotony of it, and the certainty that, sooner or later, the food and fuel would become exhausted, and that we should have to sit down and die! Can you imagine a worse fate for young girls like us?"

"It beggars imagination," Gaskell said. "Naturally everybody regarded the *Research* as one of the ill-fated Polar expeditions. But there is going to be an end of this before long. We are quite safe here till the *Far North* sends out an expedition in search of us. We know that they are only fifteen miles away. It may be a week or two——"

"Not if the *Research* carries anything in the way of a big gun," the practical Meredith suggested.

"What should we do without our Meredith?" Gaskell smiled. "We will fire a shot or two from the big gun, and that will soon settle matters."

"I cannot understand how you contrived to find us?" Irene Broxwood asked.

Gaskell proceeded to explain all about the footprints in the snow, and the shot which very nearly ended in the unexpected demolition of Ottaway. He noted the change that had come over the girls in the last half-hour; the change was still more noticeable at breakfast the next morning. And when at length the long, black string that formed the search party from the *Far North* came in sight, even the practical Meredith was bound to volunteer the statement that the Broxwoods were the prettiest girls that he had ever seen.

THE SIMPLE HEART.

TO one who dwells by country lanes apart—
Grateful for nameless stars, calm hills, the sea;
In whose clean eyes the gentle tears might start
Unbidden at the ancient mystery
That lies within the commonest wayside flower;
A friend of days and nights as hour gives hour—
To him the town must breed a sorry art
That walls us out of God's great living heart.

EMERY POTTLE.

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THE WAYS OF OUR RAILWAYS.

By CHARLES H. GRINLING.

No. V.—THE PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

IT will surprise a good many readers to learn that the receipts of the railway companies of the United Kingdom from passenger traffic are not so large as their revenue from the carriage of goods. The difference, however, is not very considerable. Roughly speaking, the annual income of our railway companies is £100,000,000, of which fifty-three per cent. comes from goods traffic, and forty-seven per cent. from passengers. On the other hand, the number of miles travelled by passenger trains throughout the kingdom is very largely in excess of the mileage of the goods trains, being 228 millions, as compared with 170 millions, the remainder of the 400 million train miles referred to in our last article being run by "mixed" trains, conveying both classes of traffic. It follows from the above figures that the goods traffic should be the more profitable branch of the companies' business, as it brings in a larger revenue than the passenger traffic, with a much less occupation of the companies' plant. But while goods traffic is the more profitable to haul on account of the larger loads obtainable, it entails a larger amount of expense at the terminal stations. Passengers to a large extent "handle themselves"; goods have, as a general rule, to be collected and delivered by cart at either end of their journey; and in many cases they have also to be warehoused — a service for which, under competitive conditions, the companies find it difficult to obtain adequate remuneration from their customers.

Photo by] [*The Locomotive Publishing Co., Ltd.*

PART OF THE INTERIOR OF LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, LONDON.

The Great Eastern carries a larger number of passengers annually than any other line in the United Kingdom.

The great difficulty of railway management on the commercial side consists in the impossibility of getting at the actual cost of any single operation. Most manufacturers can gauge the cost of their products with sufficient accuracy to know for certain whether the price they are getting for each brings in a profit or entails a loss. In the railway business actual cost is an unknown and undiscoverable quantity. No compilation of statistics can ever enable a railway manager to know accurately what it has cost him to transport over any given distance "Mrs. Brown and her luggage," or a ton of coal. All the figures he has to guide him as to how much he ought to charge "Mrs. Brown" or the coal merchant are average figures—nay, they are not even real averages; they are averages based very largely upon estimate, which is only a polite name for

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guesswork. To quote Sir George Gibb, the general manager of the North-Eastern Railway: "A railway is worked as a whole; and although many items can be separated in the accounts or allocated to particular services, the residue, which no knowledge and no ingenuity can allocate, is so large that the result must always be a very distant and doubtful approximation to actual fact. This is not surprising when it is considered that the fact itself is of the nature of a metaphysical abstraction. There is no such thing, in fact, as the cost of moving a passenger by himself or a ton by itself. It is impossible to ascertain the separate cost of working passenger, goods, and mineral traffic on a railway, because these kinds of traffic are not separately worked, except in regard to some items of the service."

Photo by] [*The Locomotive Publishing Co., Ltd.*

A WORKMEN'S TRAIN, G. E. R.

The carriages forming these trains are of the specially "widened" type.

But for each passenger and for each consignment of goods or coal a separate charge has to be made, and therein lies the crux of railway management on the commercial side. In almost every other business the price of a commodity is based on its cost of production, but in the transportation business the cost of production cannot be ascertained except as "a very distant and doubtful approximation." A railway may be efficiently worked, and the shareholders may be receiving a sufficient, and not excessive, dividend; but it by no means follows that the customers of the line are being fairly charged. The goods traffic may be rated excessively and the passenger accommodation be unduly cheap and luxurious, or the passengers may be paying high fares and the traders receiving a despatch in the conveyance of their goods with which the rates they pay are not commensurate. But the shareholders rejoice in a steady dividend, and the general manager receives a knighthood; and the philosophers amongst the customers of the line console themselves that what they lose as traders they gain as travellers, or *vice versâ*. The unphilosophical clamour for a Parliamentary revision of rates and fares, or the nationalisation of the lines, or the compilation of ton-mile statistics, or some other fashionable nostrum of the hour; but the fact remains that the fixing of railway charges must always be a "rule-of-thumb" business. To quote the words of an outspoken member of Parliament, uttered sixty years ago, anent the work of one of our earliest "Railway Commissions": "Five angels could not have performed their duty satisfactorily, if they had come down from heaven and sat four hours a day as a Board."

"Get business—honestly, if you can—but get business!" was the reputed instruction of a pushful merchant to his subordinates. Without in the slightest degree impugning the honesty of the commercial branch of our railway administration, it may be said that from morning till night, and from 9 a.m. Monday to midday Saturday, "Get traffic!" is their rule of life. The time-table has been drawn up and the trains are running; success or failure depends on how completely they can be filled with traffic. That "facilities create traffic" is another saying current amongst railway managers; but the facilities must be studiously adjusted to the needs of potential travellers, and they must be widely and attractively advertised. These are the duties of the passenger department.

The number of passenger-journeys made over the railways of the United Kingdom has reached the stupendous total of over twelve hundred millions per annum. The exact figure cannot be given, as the number of journeys made by each season-ticket holder is an unknown quantity. It is certain, however, that twelve hundred millions is well within the mark, and of this total con-

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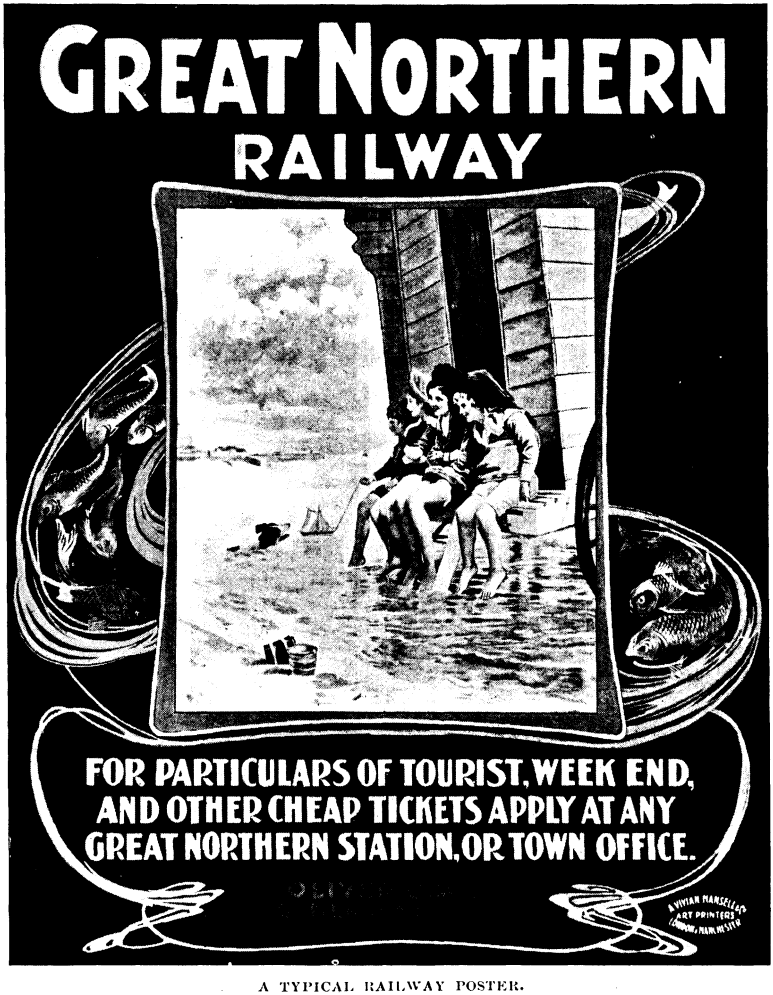
siderably more than a thousand millions are made in third-class carriages, leaving the odd two hundred millions to be divided between the other two classes in the proportions of about two-thirds to the second and one-third to the first. The normal scale of rates for the three classes is, roughly, 2*d.*, $1\frac{1}{4}$*d.*, and 1*d.* per mile; but the reductions on season and traders' tickets, and the low fares charged to "workmen," soldiers, sailors, volunteers, tourists, excursionists, "week-enders," golfers, anglers, etc., bring down the actual average fares for each class well below those figures. Probably the average fare paid by all classes of railway travellers in the United Kingdom is somewhere between $\frac{1}{2}$*d.* and $\frac{3}{4}$*d.* a mile, which certainly cannot be considered excessive, having regard to the accommodation given.

In granting powers to railway companies, Parliament has deemed it necessary to place them under limitations as to the maximum charges they may make to their customers, lest the monopoly of the ownership of the rights of transportation over a route should lead to an excessive tax being levied upon the travelling and trading community. As a matter of experience, most, if not quite all, the railway companies of the United Kingdom have realised that high fares are incompatible with the fullest measure of commercial success. The reductions voluntarily made by the companies for commercial reasons have gone far beyond their Parliamentary obligations, except in the case of the workmen's traffic between suburb and city. This is a class of passenger-traffic rigid in its requirements as regards the times when the trains have to be run, and liable quickly to outgrow the facilities which can, without excessive expenditure, be provided for it.

Partly as the result of special obligations incurred in connection with the displacement of working-class dwellings formerly existing on the site of Liverpool Street Station, and partly as penalty for an over-generous policy towards suburban traffic in the past, the authorities of the Great Eastern Railway Company—which carries a larger number of passengers annually than any other line in the United Kingdom—now find that the conveyance of workmen from and



A TYPICAL RAILWAY POSTER.

The facilities must be widely and attractively advertised. This is one of the duties of the passenger department.

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to their homes, morning and evening, is the acutest problem of its kind which they or any other railway company have to face, the traffic having grown so abnormally under the encouragement of the low fares. In 1899, the Railway Commissioners imposed 3*d.* return fares by trains arriving at Liverpool Street between 7 and 7.30 a.m., the then existing half fares, with a minimum of 4*d.*, remaining in force by trains arriving between 7.30 and 8, in addition to which two special 3*d.* trains were imposed to run from Edmonton Station only, arriving at Liverpool Street between 7.30 and 8 o'clock, it being arranged that on these two trains the tickets should be issued to *bonâ fide* workmen only.

INTERIOR OF THIRD-CLASS DINING-CAR, G. N. R.
The luxury of third-class travel.

The fare imposed by Parliament in 1864 from Edmonton to London by the new line then sanctioned was 2*d.* for the return journey of 17½ miles by one train before 7.0 a.m., but as there was no terminal accommodation at the Edmonton station on this line, the trains had to be run from and to Enfield, and the tickets were issued from the latter station at the same fare as a matter of convenience, and are now available by all trains reaching Liverpool Street between 5 and 7 a.m.

The carriages forming these workmen's trains are of the specially "widened" type referred to in our last article; and at the busiest times, when the traffic is at its height, the Great Eastern runs fifteen of these coaches in a train, all third-class, giving a total seating accommodation per train of 852 passengers. By this means the Great Eastern performs the remarkable feat of providing seating accommodation in trains running in one direction over one track for more than 11,000 passengers in a single hour, which number will be increased to about 13,000 when the lengthening of certain platforms has been completed. The remarkable character of this achievement may be gauged from the fact that the Central London Railway in its busiest hour can only seat about 9,000 people travelling in the same direction.

Despite all the efforts of the authorities, it has been found practically impossible to prevent overcrowding of these workmen's trains, owing to the incurable habit of the majority of the passengers of delaying their journey until the latest available train. The hours of pressure on suburban lines are between 6 and 10 a.m., and between 5 and 9 p.m. It has been calculated that during those hours the Great Eastern Company provides about 24,000 more seats than there are passengers on the Edmonton and Walthamstow lines, and that in every one of the hours there is an excess of seats over passengers. Yet such is the pressure to travel by favourite trains—the arrival or departure of which from Liverpool Street happens to suit the working hours of the passengers—that overcrowding daily occurs; and so loth are some of the customers of the line to give themselves the smallest margin for the journey that, even when there are seats vacant at the rear of a train, they will prefer to stand in already filled carriages at

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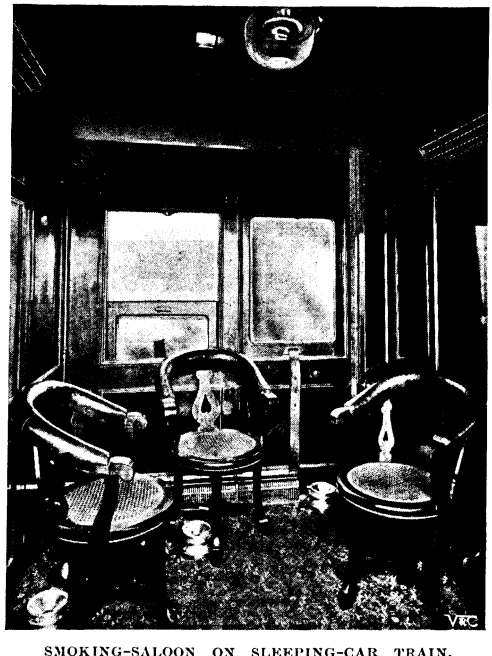
the front, so that they may get through the barriers at the terminus with the least possible delay. In order to cope with the extraordinary growth of its suburban traffic, the Great Eastern Company has lately incurred an expenditure of about £200,000 in widening carriages, lengthening platforms, and strengthening their engines in order to have longer trains, a large proportion of which outlay is attributable to the workmen's traffic. Most of the trains of widened third-class carriages have to remain idle except during the "rush" hours; and from various causes it is estimated that the cost of carrying the workmen is rather higher than the normal expense of running passenger trains on the line, though the fares they pay are in some cases less than one-sixth of the ordinary third-class charges. The company suffers indirectly also from the excessive local rating of districts inhabited exclusively by the working classes, such as Walthamstow and Edmonton. Under these circumstances, there is little likelihood of this or any other company taking any further steps to encourage the growth of low-fare suburban traffic, unless they are compelled to do so by Parliament.

INTERIOR OF SLEEPING-BERTH, L. AND N. W. R.
The highest attainable standard of comfort.

The difficulty which is felt so acutely by the Great Eastern Company in reference to the daily workmen's traffic—namely, that a vast and ever-growing number of people all require to be carried over the same lines within a very limited period of time—also arises in a less degree in connection with all suburban traffic on railways. When a line is constructed primarily for long-distance traffic, it is undoubtedly profitable to the railway company to fill up the intervals between the main-line trains with full trainloads of short-journey travellers, even though these may be carried at exceptionally low fares, as is the case with suburban season-ticket holders. But it is impossible to regulate the growth of this class of business, and the point is soon reached when, as we saw in our last article, the efficient working of the suburban service requires the provision of duplicate running lines and also of extended terminal accommodation. This, in the neighbourhood of a large and growing city, involves very large expenditure and perhaps more than doubles the capitalisation of the section of railway concerned. The company is then in the position of having spent a great deal of money primarily for the accommodation of the low-fare suburban traffic, whereas originally this traffic was merely a by-product of a plant laid down for the production of a more remunerative form of transportation. Under these conditions, it is



SMOKING-SALOON ON SLEEPING-CAR TRAIN, L. AND N. W. R.
First-class travel to-day is a pleasure in itself.

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extremely doubtful whether it is really good policy for a railway company with good main-line resources to lay itself out for the accommodation of short-distance suburban customers. At the outset such traffic is undoubtedly very profitable, as it can be accommodated without additional expense beyond the running of more frequent trains within the suburban zone; but later on it may become excessively costly by necessitating the provision of lines, station accommodation, and rolling-stock which are only required within a few hours morning and evening. When, however, the special outlay for the traffic has once been incurred, a railway company feels bound to take measures to prevent the diversion of its suburban business to competitive electric tramways; and this is the reason for the sweeping reductions of fares recently made on several of the lines in London and the larger provincial cities, where the "zone" system —*i.e.*, a uniform fare within a certain distance—has been adopted by one or two of the companies.

The railway companies of the United Kingdom are primarily commercial undertakings formed with a view to the earning of dividends on invested capital. Nevertheless, they cannot divest themselves of the character of public servants, as they have been brought into being under Parliamentary authority for the purpose of doing work which is absolutely necessary to the community, and which in many countries is performed by the State itself. Therefore, railway fares and rates cannot be fixed on a crudely commercial basis. In the passenger department, Parliament has, by the Cheap Trains Acts of 1844 and 1883, made it obligatory upon the companies to provide "a due and sufficient proportion of the accommodation for passengers at fares not exceeding one penny per mile," and also to carry workmen, soldiers, sailors, policemen, etc., at an even lower rate than this. But by far the larger part of the facilities for cheap travelling which exist on our lines have been brought about by the discovery that "facilities create traffic" and that you cannot *fill* a modern railway with high-paying freight alone. You must "charge what the traffic will bear," if you are to do the largest possible amount of business and utilise your plant to the best advantage; just as a doctor cannot build up a large practice except by charging his patients according to the weight of their purses. But the medical man who, with a large mixed population at his doors, attends the poor for next to nothing, may soon find himself unable, on account of the pressure of that part of his practice, to attend properly to the requirements of his better-paying patients. This is a danger to which railway companies are constantly exposed; and the art which the Americans call "railroading," on the commercial side, consists in so adjusting the facilities offered as not merely to fill the trains, but to secure the largest possible proportion of high-paying freight and at the same time to provide for the reasonable requirements of the population as a whole.

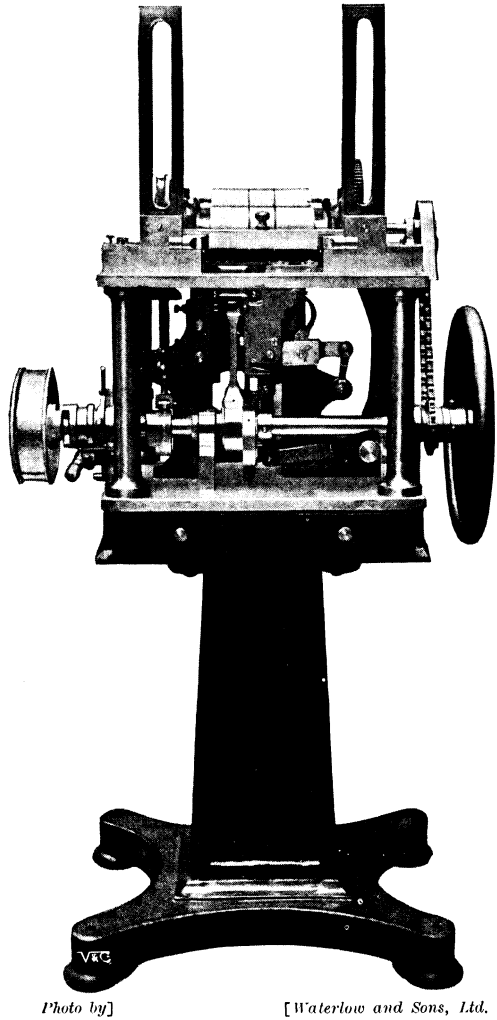

Photo by] [*Waterlow and Sons, Ltd.*

A TICKET-PRINTING MACHINE.

The supply of tickets is one of the minor problems of the passenger department.

The plan adopted by the founders of our railway system was to have three classes of

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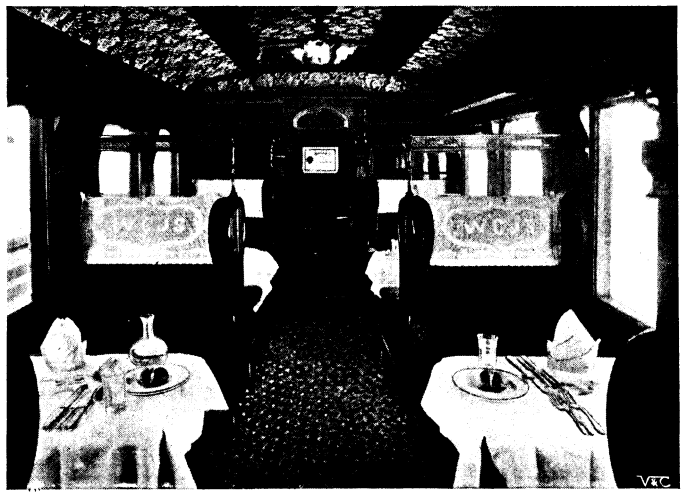
THE QUEEN'S DAY-SALOON, L. AND N. W. R.

The new Royal train, recently built by the London and North-Western Railway Co., represents the highest perfection yet attained in the railway carriage builder's art.

business conducted under these conditions was very profitable to the railway companies, or at least to such of them as commanded the main routes of travel. For there was a sufficient number of travellers upon whom transportation over those routes was obligatory, to fill the lines as they then existed nearly up to the limits of their passenger capacity. As early as the 'forties, however, the idea dawned upon a few enterprising men, of whom Thomas Cook and James Allport were destined to become the most famous, that there might be a "business of travel" in addition to the travel required by business, and from this idea grew that remarkable modern development—the excursion traffic of our railways, most of which is conducted on the terms of charging single fare for the double journey. One of the first excursion trains known in railway history was run on the Midland Railway from Nottingham to Leicester on August 24th, 1840, "to view the splendid alterations which have recently been

passenger accommodation, the charges for which were supposed to be adapted to the means, and the facilities offered to meet the needs of the upper, middle, and lower classes of the population. Speed and comfort were in those days extended only to first- and second-class passengers. The masses of the people were held to require, and to be able to pay for, only the slowest and the barest kind of transportation. Even first-class travel forty years ago had to be done under conditions which made it a disagreeable adjunct to business or pleasure, instead of being, as it usually is to-day, a pleasure in itself.

Undoubtedly passenger



FIRST-CLASS DINING-CAR, WEST COAST ROUTE (L. AND N. W. AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS).

The companies forming the main routes between London and Scotland have a number of jointly owned passenger coaches.

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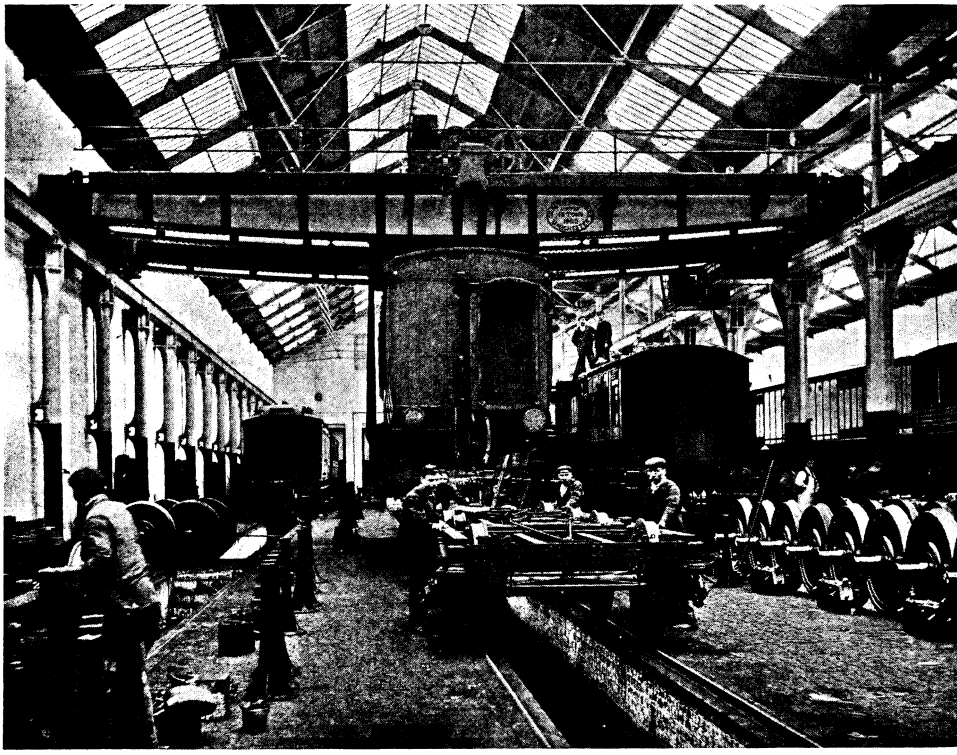
made in the Leicester Exhibition." To quote a contemporary account, "the enormous train of nearly seventy carriages passed majestically in review before the astonished spectators. It was indeed a wonderful scene. Grand, magnificent, sublime, were the terms which gave vent to the feelings as in countless succession the animated mass rushed into view. It was, in truth, a moving city, with banners, music, and accompaniments, and all the material of high excitement to enhance its efficiency."

Bass trip this year, for example, no less than seventeen "specials" were chartered by the great brewing firm, and by the time the last of these had left Burton, the first had arrived at the destination of the party—Blackpool—ninety miles away.

When the Midland Railway Company opened its line to London in 1868, its general manager, Mr. James Allport, found that he must "tap new strata" if he was to obtain the requisite amount of passenger traffic for this highly competitive



CARRIAGE-ERECTING SHOP, WOLVERTON CARRIAGE WORKS, L. AND N. W. R.

Most of our larger railway companies build and repair their own carriages.

The number of people carried in this early "excursion" is stated to have been about 2,400, which is certainly a large number to be hauled in a single train. As explained in our last article, however, the deficiencies of the signalling and braking appliances of those days made it dangerous to divide the party. Monster modern excursions, such as Messrs. Bass's annual trip from Burton, or the yearly excursion of the Swindon *employés* of the Great Western Railway, are differently conducted. A succession of trains is run at about ten-minute intervals, thus securing much quicker despatch. For the line. It was for the carriage of coal from the rapidly developing collieries of the Midland Counties to London that the line was primarily constructed, and passenger traffic with the Metropolis was, practically, a by-product. It could, therefore, in Mr. Allport's opinion, be legitimately conducted at comparatively low fares. Hence the two successive new departures on the part of the Midland directorate which astonished the British railway world in the early 'seventies and revolutionised passenger travel on our railways. I allude, of course, to the policy adopted by Mr. Allport of carrying third-

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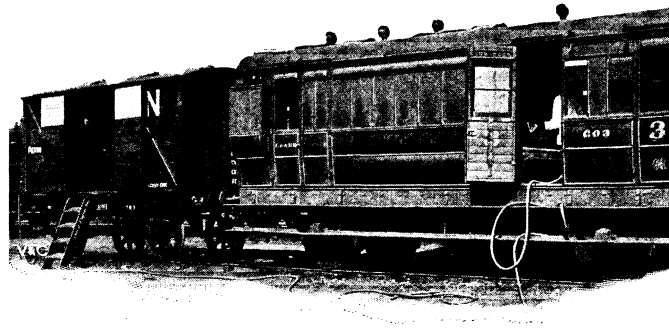
class passengers by all trains, which was instituted in 1872, and followed three years later by the abolition of second-class carriages and the reduction of first-class fares to second-class level. These changes struck a blow at the profitableness of the passenger business of the main lines to the North from which they have never since wholly recovered. As has already been explained, it is impossible to ascertain conclusively whether any one department of a railway company's business "pays" or is conducted at a loss; but some elaborate calculations prepared about fifteen years ago by Sir George Findlay, the then general manager of the London and North-Western, led that authority to declare that "the revenue to be derived from the conveyance of passenger traffic upon English railways was a diminished and diminishing quantity." He added: "The state of things thus described, so unfavourable from the railway shareholders' point of view, has been brought about chiefly by reason of the lengths to which the companies have gradually proceeded, under the pressure of competition, in making concessions without adequate remuneration for the privileges bestowed." Since those words were written, such concessions have been carried to still further lengths, particularly in the direction of increasing the luxury of third-class travel.



THE VACUUM CLEANER ON THE G. N. R.

This machine is lodged in a van which travels from place to place.

A RAILWAY CARRIAGE CLEANER AT WORK.

The latest device for removing dust from the cars is the "vacuum cleaner."

It is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between necessary and optional travelling, and to say that so many passengers will make their journeys in any case, whilst so many others require to be tempted by special facilities. Broadly speaking, however, these two classes of travellers exist, and the distinction between them should be made the foundation of all differences in passenger fares and accommodation. It is a mistake to give too much, or charge too little, to the passenger who has to go; it is equally a mistake to charge too much, or offer too little, to him who has the option of staying at home. The exigencies of the situation would appear to be best met by having a comparatively high scale of ordinary fares, coupled with the highest attainable standard of speed and comfort, and qualified by a very liberal programme of "special bookings" at a lower level of accommodation. It would also appear reasonable not to charge the same scale per mile for the longer journeys as for the shorter ones, particularly in the case of tourists. The principle which justifies a reduction of $\frac{1}{4}d.$ a mile on a return ticket should also justify a similar concession to the man who "books" for a single journey of, say, 300 miles, as compared with the 150-mile traveller. This is a principle which the Great Western Railway Company has just begun to act upon, tentatively, in connection with its traffic between London and Cornwall. The mistake made by the northern lines at

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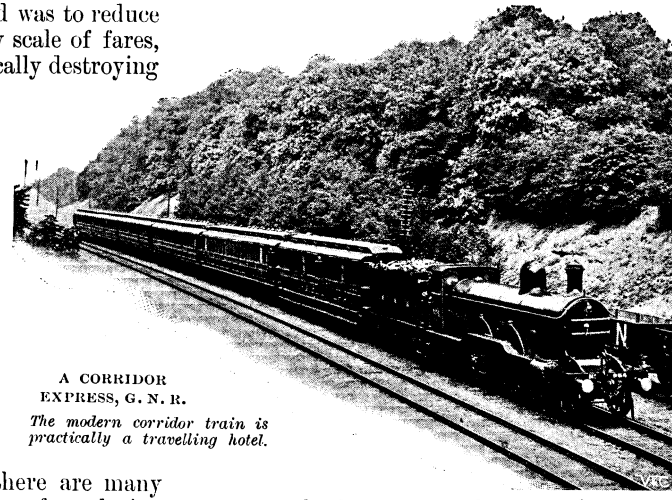
the instigation of the Midland was to reduce too sweepingly their ordinary scale of fares, whilst at the same time practically destroying the distinctions between the "classes" as regards accommodation. It seems probable that by confining the changes then made to special bookings, the northern companies might have secured the advantages of the immense modern developments of pleasure travel, without rendering their business passenger traffic unremunerative, as it is to be feared they have done.

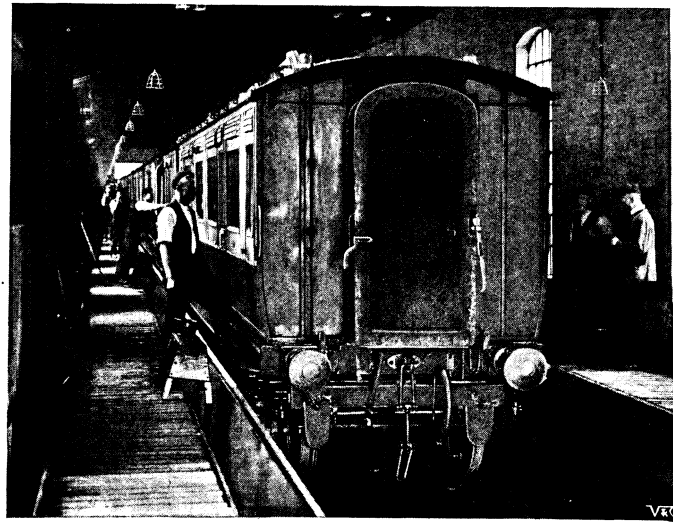


A CORRIDOR EXPRESS, G. N. R.

The modern corridor train is practically a travelling hotel.

In addition to the supreme problem of fixing the fares, there are many minor problems which come up for solution in the passenger department of a great railway. One of these is the supply of tickets. Twelve hundred million passenger journeys made over the railways of the United Kingdom imply the issue of twelve hundred million separate pieces of pasteboard. Allowing for "returns" and for the journeys of season-ticket holders, perhaps the number of ordinary tickets issued does not exceed eleven hundred millions annually; but whatever the approximate number may be, it is obvious that the printing, issuing, and collecting of them involves a great deal of work upon the responsible officials. There is need, too, of the most systematic organisation and the most careful arrangement of check and counter-check, for countless are the opportunities of fraud which present themselves both to travellers and *employés* in connection with railway tickets.

Some British railway companies print their own tickets; others contract for their supply with firms such as Waterlow & Sons, Limited, who have made a speciality of this class of work; others print some themselves and contract for the rest. This last is the case with the Great Northern Railway Company, at whose stationery stores at Holloway I was recently permitted to see the ticket-printing machinery in operation. A ticket-printer, in appearance, is something like a penny-in-the-slot automatic machine for the supply of sweetmeats. In one column the blank cards are placed. When the machine is set going, the column of cards gradually falls and a column of tickets rises in a similar receptacle on the other side of the machine. The ordinary type of machine prints the cards on one side only, and they have to go through a second process before they are complete. But there is a still cleverer type which takes the tickets as they come down the columns, prints them on the one side, turns them over, and then prints them on the other side. In either case the printing on the name side of the ticket also includes numbering with successive numerals, beginning — for each batch — at 000 and



CARRIAGE-WASHING AT WOLVERTON WORKS, L. AND N. W. R.

A trough of water runs alongside the stand of the cars.

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closing at 9999. The part of the machinery which performs this last-named operation is somewhat similar to a typewriter, except that it operates automatically.

The successive numbering of the tickets, and their subsequent dating in the press before being passed through the window by the booking-clerk, are important safeguards against fraud. To this end it is most necessary to exercise the utmost care lest tickets should be printed with duplicate numbers, and also that no one of a series should be missing. Immediately after being printed, the tickets are, therefore, passed through an ingenious counting-machine, which automatically records on a dial the number which has passed through it. 250 tickets at a time are counted by this machine; and should the dial not record exactly that number at the close of the counting process, a most careful search has to be made, so that the duplicate may be destroyed or the missing one supplied.

The number of different tickets issued by a large railway company is legion, and it is impossible to keep a supply of every kind in stock. Much ingenuity has been expended upon the invention of differently marked and coloured cards to denote tickets of various classes; and provided a supply of the right kind of card is ready to hand, it is a matter of but an hour or so for the printer to set the requisite type, place it in the machine, adjust the numbering apparatus, and set the automatic mechanism to work. In a very short time some hundreds or thousands of the required class of ticket can be produced, and consequently the business of supplying the booking-clerks is usually conducted on a "hand-to-mouth" basis. But, of course, it is the duty of the officials in charge of the booking-offices to see to it that they do not entirely exhaust their stock of any one kind before sending a requisition to the stationery stores for a fresh supply. It is rather curious that in the summer time, when the holiday traffic is at its height, the amount of the requisitions received at the stores is usually less than at other times of the year. The explanation is that in the rush of the summer business the booking-clerks have no time to overhaul and renew their stocks. This is done at the slacker times of the year, and a generous supply is thus got in hand in preparation for the holiday pressure.

PART OF RUGBY STATION, L. AND N. W. R. A LARGE "STOPPING" STATION.

When a booking-clerk is "caught short" on a particular line of tickets, he usually falls back upon the closing numbers of the kind most nearly resembling those he is lacking. But whenever he does this, he has to send a special advice to the audit-office at head-

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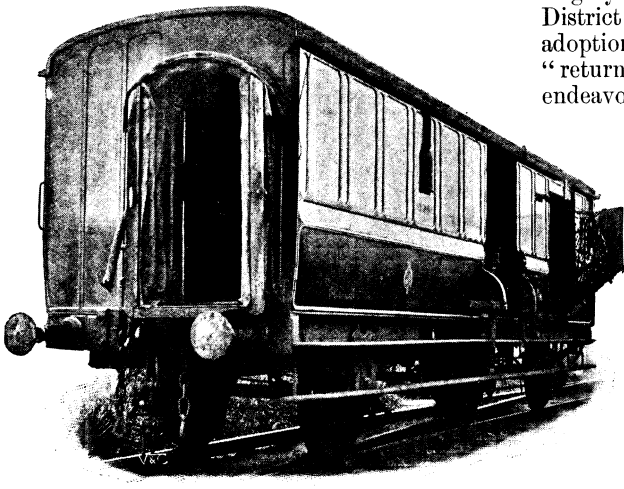
quarters. For cases of emergencies, and to meet the exigencies of exceptional bookings, various kinds of blank forms are supplied.

A few years ago it would probably have been correct to say that all railway tickets issued on the railways of the United Kingdom were collected at, or near, the end of the passengers' journeys. With the opening of the Central London Railway, however, the innovation was introduced of collecting the pasteboards before the passenger entered the train. Could such a practice be adopted generally, it would not only obviate the "lost ticket worry"—*vide* the "Twopenny Tube" advertisements—but it would also be an important safeguard against fraud; but, of course, the Central London system is only possible with a uniform fare. The competition of railway companies with one another, and their eagerness to create traffic by offering exceptional facilities, have produced the most complicated and bewildering varieties of fares and conditions of journey, with the corresponding necessity for the creation of a vast number of different classes of tickets. The most troublesome of these to the railway authorities are those which are available for more than one journey, such as "returns," "seasons" (or "contracts," as they are called in the North), and "tourist" and "circular" tickets. As already stated, the best preventive of fraud is to compel each passenger to give up a ticket before he enters the train, as is done on the Central London. The next best method is to make him show the ticket on entering the station and give it up on leaving, and this is, of course, the practice with all ordinary tickets. But in the case of many special forms of ticket the rule cannot be enforced. The fact that by uttering the magic word "Season!" a ticketless person can usually pass the barrier at many busy stations, is a standing encouragement to the unscrupulous to defraud the railway companies, which is only partially checked by the practice of making periodical examination of "All seasons!" The issue of books of daily tickets in place of cardboard "seasons" has been adopted on the Central London, and it would appear to have much to recommend it as a safeguard against fraud, provided due precautions are taken against forgery. The authorities of the Metropolitan District Company are now considering the adoption of the same system. As regards "returns," the companies have hitherto endeavoured to check misuse by limiting the availability of the return half within a few days of issue; but, on the initiative of the London and North-Western, the limit has recently been extended to six months, thus putting ordinary "returns" practically on the same level as "tourists," the return halves of which have for many years been available for two months, and in some cases for six months, after the date of issue. Were it not for the pressure of competition and the desire of each company to attach a traveller to its route for his return journey, the issue of "returns" might well be abolished, and its place taken by a system of graduated fares, giving an increasing advantage to the long-distance traveller, such as the Great Western has lately introduced for its Cornish traffic. The same principle has been adopted on the North-Eastern and one or two other lines, in the form of the issue at a discount of books of coupons entitling the holder to travel 1,000 miles within a fixed period of time.



L. AND N. W. R. MAIL-VAN, SHOWING "NET" AND VESTIBULE CONNECTION.

The ingenious arrangement for taking on board and dropping mail-bags when the train is running at speed.

The life of a railway ticket does not end with its collection at the station barrier. In company with its fellows collected at the same station, it is carefully packed up and sent off without delay to the audit-office at headquarters, where there is a large room and a considerable staff devoted to ticket-sorting. High railway officials have begun their career as boys in the ticket-sorting room, where they learnt to know the geography

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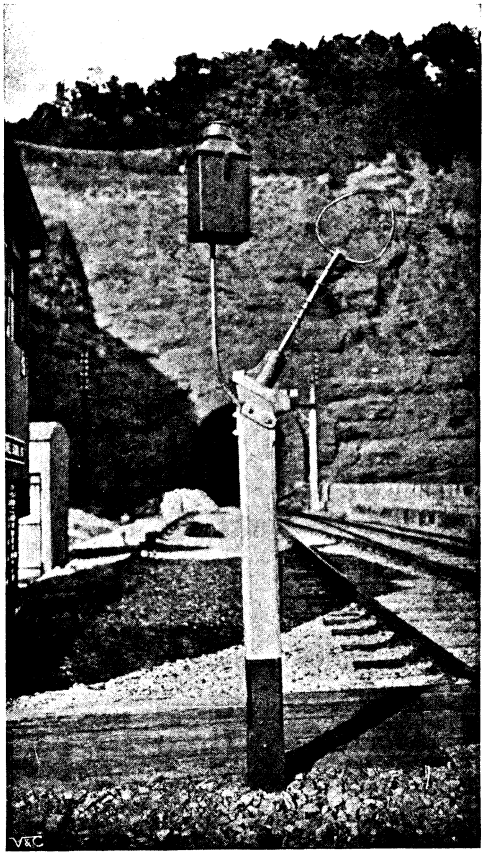
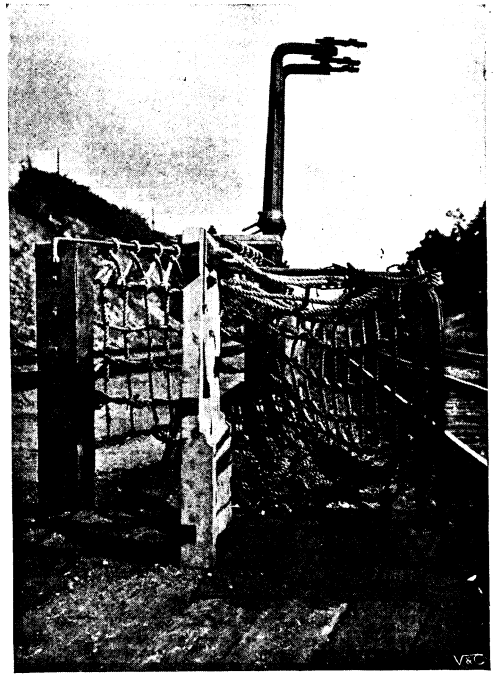
of the line from the names on the pasteboards. Some of the companies now employ girls for the task, as being defter and more methodical. In this office every collected ticket is sorted into its proper series, and the delinquencies of booking-clerks and collectors are brought home to them by means of the reports periodically made by the audit accountant to the superintendent of the line as to numbers missing or irregularly issued. Frauds on the part of travellers, too, are often detected by the vigilance of the ticket-sorters. A common thing is to find that a number of short-journey tickets are being issued but not collected. Investigation may point to the conclusion that a dishonest traveller is in the habit of taking a ticket merely from one station to the next. Having passed the barrier by this means, he continues his journey to his real place of destination, where laxity on the part of the collector, or the supposition that he is a season-ticket holder, enables him to pass out without challenge. After



APPARATUS FOR SINGLE-LINE WORKING, G. W. R.

The "staff," with looped handle, in position to be picked up by driver of a train passing at speed.



APPARATUS FOR RECEIVING MAIL-BAGS FROM A TRAIN.

The bag drops into an elastic net carefully adjusted to take off the force of impact.

the tickets have been sorted, they are destroyed by a cutting machine specially provided for the purpose, and their remains are sent to the paper-makers, to be worked up into fresh cards Printed tickets cost railway companies from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* a thousand, and about a million of them weigh a ton.

The original intention of our railway companies was merely to provide the track and the motive power for the haulage of vehicles belonging to their customers. In the goods traffic department this policy still partially prevails, there being about half a million traders' wagons running on the lines. In the passenger department, privately owned carriages are practically extinct, even the Royal saloons being the property of the companies. The new Royal train recently built by the London and North-Western Railway Company at its carriage works at Wolverton represents the highest perfection yet attained in the railway carriage builders' art. It consists of the King's car, the Queen's car, and six others for the accommodation of their suites. The two cars first named are, of course, specially reserved for their Majesties' use, and are not infrequently lent to other railway companies for Royal journeys; but the cars

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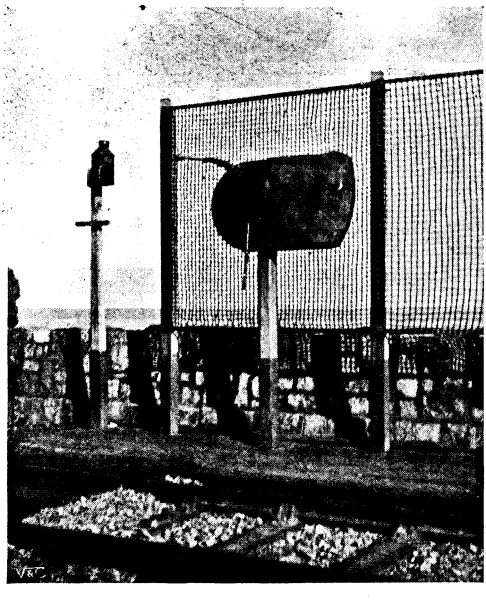
built for the Royal suites can, at a moderate charge, be secured by ordinary travellers on giving sufficient notice. It may possibly surprise some readers to learn that when His Majesty the King and the members of the Royal Family travel by rail, they pay for their journeys like other folk.

Shortly after the Midland Railway Company abolished second-class carriages on its line, it introduced into this country the American "Pullman" car, a number of which are still running on the Brighton, South-Western, and other lines, on hire from the Pullman Car Company. The companies respectively forming the three main routes



APPARATUS FOR SINGLE-LINE WORKING, G. W. R.
The position of the "staff" after it has been dropped from the train.

between London and Scotland have a number of jointly owned passenger coaches. With a few exceptions such as these, the passenger rolling-stock of each of our railway companies is exclusively its own property, save, of course, when a large company undertakes to work the traffic of a smaller line. The running of "through" coaches from one line to another is also quite common, the earnings of these being distributed through the Railway Clearing House, as explained in the first article of this series.

Most of our larger railway companies build and repair their own passenger carriages. The carriage department is usually a branch of the establishment presided over by the chief mechanical engineer; but in several cases its organisation and location are quite separate from the locomotive works. The passenger stock is commonly classified as "firsts," "seconds," "thirds," "composites" (*i.e.*, carriages comprising more than one class of compartment), saloons, and brake-vans. There are, however, many varieties of each of these classes, such as lavatory- and corridor-cars, "diners," "sleepers," family-saloons, picnic-saloons, invalid-carriages, etc. The pattern-book at Wolverton, for instance, shows nearly a hundred different designs. The head of the carriage department has, of course, to work to the requirements of the superintendent of the line and his staff, who, under the supervision of the general manager and the Board, settle what additions are to be made to the stock from time to time. Much of the regular traffic of the line is done in "block" or "linked" trains—*i.e.*, trains the cars of which are never uncoupled, from the time they come out of the works until they go in again for repair or renewal. On the other hand, a large proportion of the passenger stock is "loose"—*i.e.*, it is constantly being uncoupled and coupled up again in trains of varying "make-up" to suit the traffic requirements. Usually there is an official with the title of "rolling-stock controller," located at some central point of the system, whose duty it is to regulate the movements of the cars and see that the spare stock is kept in the right places to meet the varying requirements of the traffic. On Bank Holidays and other specially busy days this official is often hard pressed to supply sufficient carriages for the trains which the superintendent of the line wishes to run, and he has to exercise much ingenuity in arranging "duplicate" and "triplicate" workings for his coaches. Sometimes he is able to borrow stock from a neighbouring company.

The working of all regular passenger trains has to be so arranged as to secure a "circuit" for the carriages—*i.e.*, that they may return to their point of departure either the same day or the day after. The carriage-sheds, where the stock is stabled when not in use, are situated at various convenient points in the neighbourhood of terminal or other important stations, and are under the control of the carriage superintendent, who is responsible for keeping every vehicle clean and in good repair. Special appliances are provided for washing and removing dust from the cars, the latest device for the latter

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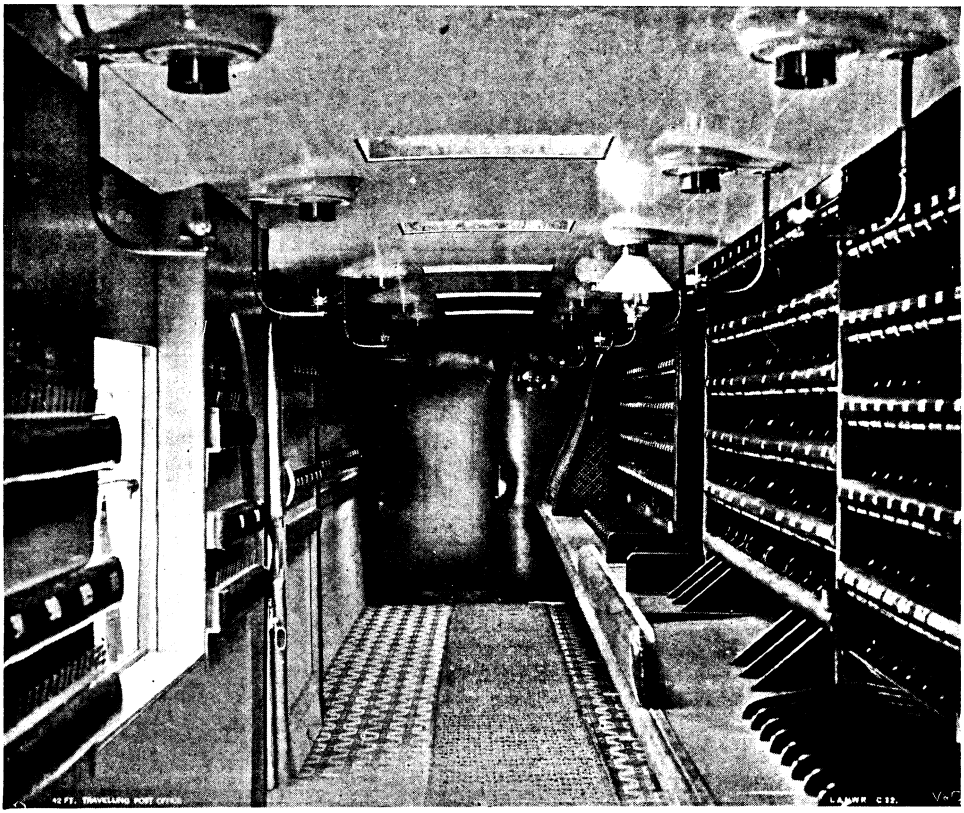
being the "vacuum cleaner," an apparatus for removing dust by suction through a hose. This machine is usually lodged in a van which travels from place to place. For cleaning exteriors, a special washing-machine is employed by some companies, whereby brushes are thrown into contact with the carriages as they pass through a special structure, whilst spraying pipes turn on to them a strong stream of water. Other carriage superintendents prefer ordinary manual washing, with the assistance of a trough of water running alongside the stand of the cars. The carriage superintendent has a staff of inspectors distributed over the more important stations on the system who examine axles, tyres, etc., during the ordinary station "stops." The "tapping" noise made by these men is a familiar sound to all railway travellers.

The lighting and heating of the carriages are two of the most perplexing problems of the passenger department. For many years the oil-lamp and the hot-water-can were the primitive appliances exclusively employed, and as these had to be renewed at all important stations, they added very considerably to the work of the traffic staff and were frequently the cause of unpunctuality as well as of discomfort. The use of electricity generated from the axle for illuminating, and of exhaust steam carried through a pipe from the engine for heating, has removed both these matters out of the sphere of the traffic department and placed them in the hands of the locomotive and carriage superintendents, to the great advantage of all concerned. Where oil-gas is used for lighting, the gas-holders carried under the cars have constantly to be recharged, and as this cannot always be done in the carriage-sheds, it devolves, in some places, upon the station staff. Electric lighting from the axle, on the other hand, is practically automatic, as, by an ingenious contrivance known as "the slipping of the belt," the pressure and output are kept steady and



INTERIOR OF TRAVELLING POST-OFFICE, L. AND N. W. R.

Every effort is made to promote despatch in the carriage of the mails.

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constant in spite of the very varying speeds of the train. Each coach, moreover, is self-contained when equipped with its own dynamo and accumulators. The system of heating cars by steam from the engine is not so completely satisfactory, proper regulation being the chief difficulty, and complaints of overheating are common. Both in the steam-pipes and in the old-fashioned foot-warmers, acetate of soda is used for the better retention of the heat.

Just as improved signalling and braking appliances conduce to better working of the lines, so also do additions to the comfort of railway passengers. But for the skill of carriage superintendents in designing trains which afford lavatory and refreshment accommodation to every passenger, it would be impossible to make those long non-stop runs which are so important a feature of present-day "railroading" in the passenger department. The modern corridor train, with its restaurant- and sleeping-cars, is practically a travelling hotel. The result is that long-journey passengers are transported with far greater expedition than in the more leisurely days when a stop of half an hour to an hour for dinner was quite a common arrangement. The efficient and economical working of the whole plant must in the long run be enhanced thereby, though during the transition stage some loss is inevitable from the supersession of accommodation provided to suit different conditions of travel at the large "stopping" stations of former days. From the shareholders' point of view there is, as already suggested, reason to regret that the companies, under stress of competition, have, whilst so greatly enhancing the comfort and convenience of railway travelling, not maintained a scale of fares commensurate with the increased expense involved; nor are the charges made on trains for meals and sleeping accommodation usually fixed at rates likely to be profitable, having regard to the very special difficulties of the services rendered.

The carriage of the mails is a branch of the work of the passenger department which deserves a special article to itself. Here it is not possible to do more than note that every effort is made to promote despatch, by the provision of travelling sorting-offices and by means of the ingenious appliance, which is illustrated herewith, for taking on board and dropping mail-bags when the train is running at speed. The mail-bag to be delivered to the travelling post-office carriage whilst the train is speeding by is wrapped in a strong leather pouch, which is suspended by a strap from an iron post. As the train rushes up, the operator in the sorting-carriage pulls a lever which extends a net outside the carriage; a projection therefrom knocks the strap of the suspended bag, which at once falls into the net. The bag is at once opened, a staff of sorters quickly deal with the letters, which are re-sorted into bags, to be despatched at the subsequent "apparatus" or "stopping" stations. Similarly a bag dropped from a train in motion is suspended by a strap outside the sorting-carriage; the strap comes in contact with an arm extending from the apparatus-post on the railway; the bag is immediately released and drops into an elastic net carefully adjusted to take off the force of impact.

In our last article this arrangement was compared to the somewhat similar one for exchanging the "staff" in single-line working without stopping the train. The interesting photographs reproduced herewith illustrate the nature of both these classes of appliance. Reference may also be made in this connection to the method—commoner, perhaps, ten or twenty years ago than it is to-day—of setting down passengers at an intermediate station by means of a coach "slipped" from the tail of a passing express. This is effected by means of a hinge on the coupling-hook of the car which it is desired to "slip." This hinge is supported by a pin, which, in its turn, is connected with a lever in the guard's van. The pulling over of the lever withdraws the pin, thus causing the hinged hook to drop and the coupling to be released.

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THE LOOT OF CITIES:

THE ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRE IN SEARCH OF JOY.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.*

No. V.—IN THE CAPITAL OF THE SAHARA.

RS. MACALISTER turned with sudden eagerness and alarm towards Cecil Thorold—the crowd on the lawn in front of the railings was so dense that only heads could be moved—and she said excitedly—

"I'm sure I can see my ghost across there!"

She indicated with her agreeable snub nose the opposite side of the course.

"Your ghost?" Cecil questioned, puzzled for a moment by this extraordinary remark.

Then the Arab horsemen swept by in a cloud of dust and of thunder, and monopolised the attention of the lawn and the grand-stand, and the *élite* of Biskra crammed thereon and therein. They had one more lap to accomplish for the Prix de la Ville.

Biskra is an oasis in the desert, and the capital of the Algerian Sahara. Two days' journey by train from Algiers, over the Djujura Ranges, it is the last outpost of the Algerian State Railways. It has a hundred and sixty thousand palm-trees; but the first symptom of Biskra to be observed from the approaching first-class carriage is the chimney of the electric-light plant. Besides the hundred and sixty thousand palm-trees, it possesses half-a-dozen large hotels, five native villages, a fort, huge barracks, a very ornamental town-hall, shops for photographic materials, a whole street of dancing-girls, the finest winter climate in all Africa, and a gambling Casino. It is a unique thing in oases. It completely upsets the conventional idea of an oasis as a pool of water bordered with a few date-palms, and the limitless desert all round! Nevertheless, though Biskra as much resembles Paris as it resembles the conventional idea of an oasis, it is genuine enough, and the limitless desert is, in fact, all around. You may walk out into the desert—and meet a motor-car manœuvring in the sand; but the sand remains the sand, and the desert remains the desert, and the Sahara, more majestic than the sea itself, refuses to be cheapened by the pneumatic tyres of a Mercedes, or the blue rays of the electric light, or the feet of English, French, and Germans wandering in search of novelty—it persists in being august.

Once a year, in February, Biskra becomes really and excessively excited, and the occasion is its annual two-day race-meeting. Then the tribes and their chieftains and their horses and their camels arrive magically out of the four corners of the desert and fill the oasis. And the English, French, and Germans arrive from the Mediterranean coast, with their trunks and their civilisation, and crowd the hotels till beds in Biskra are precious beyond rubies. And under the tropical sun, East and West meet magnificently in the afternoon on the racecourse to the north of the European reserve. And the tribesmen, their scraggy steeds trailing superb horsecloths, are arranged in hundreds behind the motor-cars and landans, with the *pari-mutuel* in full-swing twenty yards away. And the dancing-girls, the renowned Ouled-Nails, covered with gold coins and with muslin in high, crude, violent purples, greens, vermilions, shriek and whinny on their benches just opposite the grand-stand, where the Western women, arrayed in the toilettes of Worth, Doucet, and Redfern, quiz them through their glasses. And fringing all is a crowd of the adventurers and rascals of two continents, the dark and the light. And in the background the palms wave eternally in the breeze. And to the east the Aurès mountains, snow-capped, rise in hues of saffron and pale rose, like stage-mountains, against the sapphire sky. And to the south a line of telegraph-poles lessens and disappears over the verge into the inmost heart of the mysterious and unchangeable Sahara.

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It was amid this singular scene that Mrs. Macalister made to Cecil Thorold her bizarre remark about a ghost.

"What ghost?" the millionaire repeated, when the horsemen had passed.

Then he remembered that on the famous night, now nearly a month ago, when the hotel at Algiers was literally sacked by an organised band of depredators, and valuables to the tune of forty thousand pounds disappeared, Mrs. Macalister had given the first alarm by crying out that there was a ghost in her room.

"Ah!" He smiled easily, condescendingly, to this pertinacious widow, who had been pursuing him, so fruitlessly, for four mortal weeks, from Algiers to Tunis, from Tunis back to Constantine, and from Constantine here to Biskra. "All Arabs look more or less alike, you know."

"But——"

"Yes," he said again. "They all look alike, to us, like Chinamen."

Considering that he himself, from his own yacht, had witnessed the total loss in the Mediterranean of the vessel which contained the plunder and the fleeing band of thieves; considering that his own yacht had rescued the only three survivors of that shipwreck, and that these survivors had made a full confession, and had, only two days since, been duly sentenced by the criminal court at Algiers—he did not feel inclined to minister to Mrs. Macalister's feminine fancies.

"Did you ever see an Arab with a mole on his chin?" asked Mrs. Macalister.

"No, I never did."

"Well, my Arab had a mole on his chin, and that is why I am sure it was he that I saw a minute ago—over there. No, he's gone now!"

The competing horsemen appeared round the bend for the last time, the dancing-girls whinnied in their high treble, the crowd roared, and the Prix de la Ville was won and lost. It was the final race on the card, and in the *mêlée* which followed, Cecil became separated from his adorer. She was to depart on the morrow by the six a.m. train. "Urgent business," she said. She had given up the chase of the millionaire. "Perhaps she's out of funds, poor thing!" he reflected. "Anyhow, I hope I may never see her again." As a matter of fact, he never did see her again. She passed out of his life as casually as she had come into it.

He strolled slowly towards the hotel through the perturbed crowd of Arabs, Europeans, carriages, camels, horses, and motor-cars. The mounted tribesmen were in a state of intense excitement, and were continually burning powder in that mad fashion which seems to afford a peculiar joy to the Arab soul. From time to time a tribesman would break out of the ranks of his clan, and, spurring his horse and dropping the reins on the animal's neck, would fire revolvers from both hands as he flew over the rough ground. It was unrivalled horsemanship, and Cecil admired immensely the manner in which, at the end of the frenzied performance, these men, drunk with powder, would wheel their horses sharply while at full gallop, and stop dead.

And then, as one man, who had passed him like a hurricane, turned, paused, and jogged back to his tribe, Cecil saw that he had a mole on his chin. He stood still to watch the splendid fellow, and he noticed something far more important than the mole—he perceived that the revolver in the man's right hand had a chased butt.

"I can't swear to it," Cecil mused. "But if that isn't my revolver, stolen from under my pillow at the hotel at Algiers, on the tenth of January last, my name is Norval, and not Thorold."

And the whole edifice of his ideas concerning the robbery at the hotel began to shake.

"That revolver ought to be at the bottom of the Mediterranean," he said to himself; "and so ought Mrs. Macalister's man with the mole, according to the accepted theory of the crime and the story of the survivors of the shipwreck of the *Perroquet Vert*."

He walked on, keeping the man in sight.

"Suppose," he murmured—"suppose all that stuff isn't at the bottom of the Mediterranean, after all?"

A hundred yards further on, he happened to meet one of the white-clad native guides attached to the Royal Hotel, where he had lunched. The guide saluted and offered service, as all the Biskra guides do on all occasions. Cecil's reply was to point out the man with the mole.

"You see him, Mahomet," said Cecil. "Make no mistake. Find out what tribe he belongs to, where he comes from, and where he sleeps in Biskra, and I will give you a sovereign. Meet me at the Casino to-night at ten."

Mahomet grinned an honest grin and promised to earn the sovereign.

Cecil stopped an empty landau and drove hurriedly to the station to meet the afternoon train from civilisation. He had arrived

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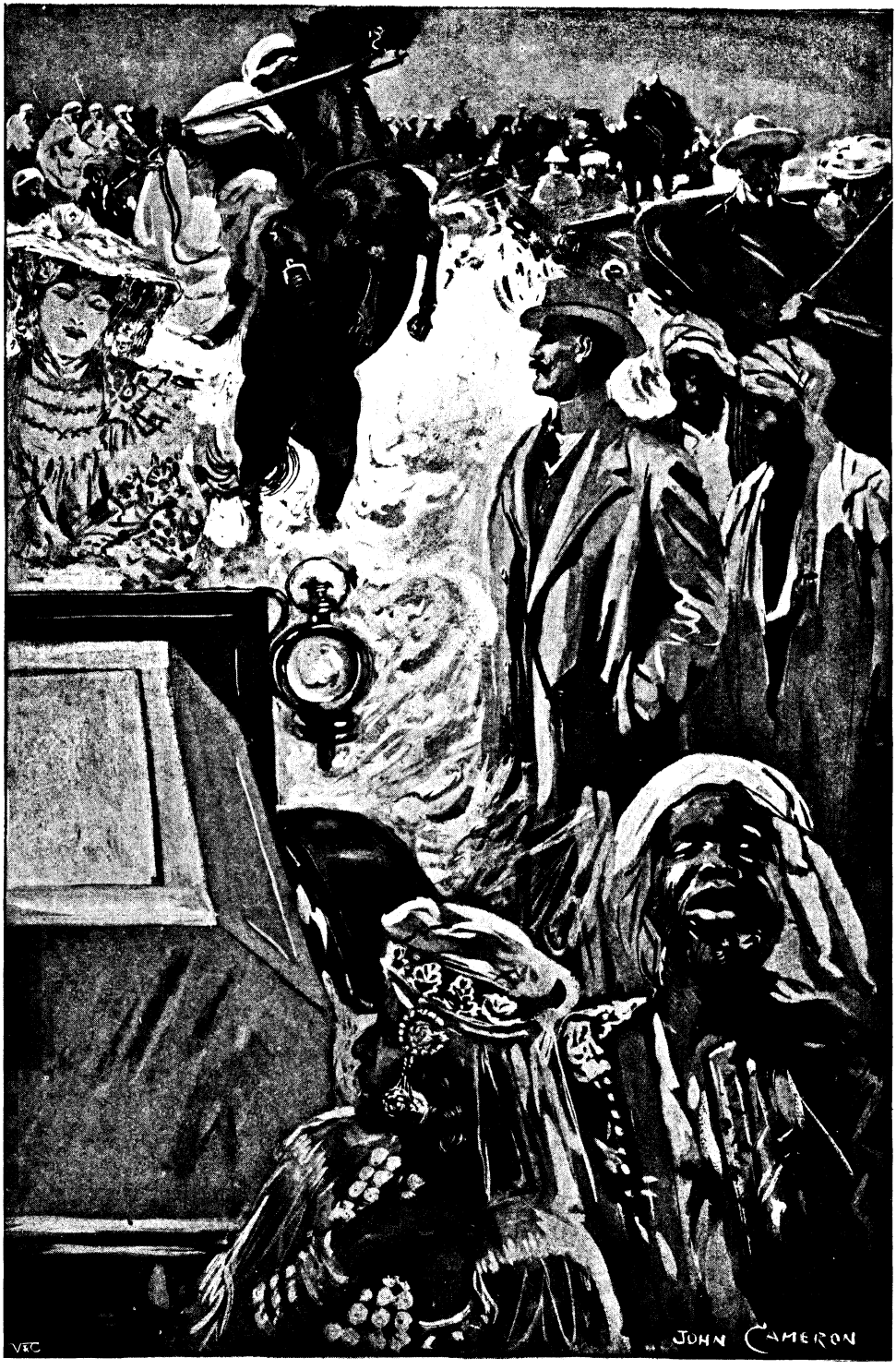

"He perceived that the revolver in the man's right hand had a chased butt."

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in Biskra that morning by road from El Kantara, and Lecky was coming by the afternoon train with the luggage. On seeing him, he gave that invaluable factotum some surprising orders.

In addition to Lecky, the millionaire observed among the passengers descending from the train two other people who were known to him; but he carefully hid himself from these ladies. In three minutes he had disappeared into the nocturnal whirl and uproar of Biskra, solely bent on proving or disproving the truth of a brand-new theory concerning the historic sack of the Algiers hotel.

But that night he waited in vain for Mahomet at the packed Casino, where the Arab chieftains and the English gentlemen, alike in their tremendous calm, were losing money at *petits chevaux* with all the imperturbability of stone statutes.

II.

Nor did Cecil see anything of Mahomet during the next day, and he had reasons for not making inquiries about him at the Royal Hotel. But at night, as he was crossing the deserted market, Mahomet came up to him suddenly out of nowhere, and, grinning the eternal, honest, foolish grin, said in his odd English—

"I have found—him."

"Where?"

"Come," said Mahomet mysteriously. The Eastern guide loves to be mysterious.

Cecil followed him far down the carnivalesque street of the Ouled-Nails, where tom-toms and nameless instruments of music sounded from every other house, and the *premières danseuses* of the Sahara showed themselves gorgeously behind grilles, like beautiful animals in cages. Then Mahomet entered a crowded *café*, passed through it, and pushing aside a suspended mat at the other end, bade Cecil proceed further. Cecil touched his revolver (his new revolver), to make sure of its company, and proceeded further. He found himself in a low Oriental room, lighted by an odorous English lamp with a circular wick, and furnished with a fine carpet and two bedroom chairs certainly made in Curtain Road, Shoreditch—a room characteristic of Biskra. On one chair sat a man. But this person was not Mrs. Macalister's man with a mole. He was obviously a Frenchman, by his dress, gestures, and speech. He greeted the millionaire in French and then dropped into English—excellently grammatical and often idiomatic English, spoken with a strong French accent. He was rather a little man, thin, grey, and vivacious.

"Give yourself the pain of sitting down," said the Frenchman. "I am glad to see you. You may be able to help us."

"You have the advantage of me," Cecil replied, smiling.

"Perhaps," said the Frenchman. "You came to Biskra yesterday, Mr. Thorold, with the intention of staying at the Royal Hotel, where rooms were engaged for you. But yesterday afternoon you went to the station to meet your servant, and you ordered him to return to Constantine with your luggage and to await your instructions there. You then took a handbag and went to the Casino Hotel, and you managed, by means of diplomacy and of money, to get a bed in the *salle à manger*. It was all they could do for you. You gave the name of Collins. Biskra, therefore, is not officially aware of the presence of Mr. Cecil Thorold, the millionaire; while Mr. Collins is free to carry on his researches, to appear and to disappear as it pleases him."

"Yes," Cecil remarked. "You have got that fairly right. But may I ask——"

"Let us come to business at once," said the Frenchman, politely interrupting him. "Is this your watch?"

He dramatically pulled a watch and chain from his pocket.

"It is," said Cecil quietly. He refrained from embroidering the affirmative with exclamations. "It was stolen from my bedroom at Algiers, with my revolver, some fur, and a quantity of money, on the tenth of January."

"You are surprised to find that it is not sunk in the Mediterranean?"

"Thirty hours ago I should have been surprised," said Cecil. "Now I am not."

"And why not now?"

"Because I have formed a new theory. But have the goodness to give me the watch."

"I cannot," said the Frenchman graciously —"not at present."

There was a pause. The sound of music was heard from the *café*.

"But, my dear sir, I insist." Cecil spoke positively.

The Frenchman laughed. "I will be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Thorold. Your cleverness in forming a new theory of the great robbery merits all my candour. My name is Sylvain, and I am head of the detective-force of Algiers—*Chef de la Sureté*. You will perceive that I cannot part with

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"'Is this your watch?'"

the watch without proper formalities. Mr. Thorold, the robbery at the hotel was a work of the highest criminal art. Possibly I had better tell you the nature of our recent discoveries."

"I always thought well of the robbery," Cecil observed, "and my opinion of it is rising. Pray continue."

"According to your new theory, Mr. Thorold, how many persons were on board the *Perroquet Vert* when she began to sink?"

"Three," said Cecil promptly, as though answering a conundrum.

The Frenchman beamed. "You are admirable," he exclaimed. "Yes, instead of eighteen, there were three. The wreck of the *Perroquet Vert* was carefully prearranged; the visit of the boat to the *Perroquet Vert* off Mustapha Inférieure was what you call, I believe, a 'plant.' The stolen goods never left dry land. There were three Arabs only on the *Perroquet Vert*—one to steer her, and the other two in the engine-room. And these three were very careful to get themselves saved. They scuttled their ship in sight of your yacht and of another vessel. There is no doubt, Mr. Thorold," the Frenchman smiled with a hint of irony, "that the thieves were fully *au courant* with your doings on the *Claribel*. The shipwreck was done deliberately, with you and your yacht for an audience. It was a masterly stroke," he proceeded almost enthusiastically, "for it had the effect, not merely of drawing away suspicion from the true direction, but of putting an end to all further inquiries. Were not the goods at the bottom of the sea, and the thieves drowned? What motive could the police have for further activity? In six months—nay, three months—all the notes and securities could be safely negotiated, because no measures would have to be taken to stop them. Why take measures to stop notes that are at the bottom of the sea?"

"But the three survivors who are now in prison," Cecil said. "Their behaviour, their lying, needs some accounting for."

"Quite simple," the Frenchman went on. "They are in prison for three years. What is that to an Arab? He will suffer it with stoicism. Say that ten thousand francs are deposited with each of their families. When they come out, they are rich for life. At a cost of thirty thousand francs and the price of the ship—say another thirty thousand—the thieves reasonably expected to obtain absolute security."

"It was a heroic idea!" said Cecil.

"It was," said the Frenchman. "But it has failed."

"Evidently. But why?"

"Can you ask? You know as well as I do! It has failed, partly because there were

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too many persons in the secret, partly because of the Arab love of display on great occasions, and partly because of a mole on a man's chin."

"By the way, that was the man I came here to see," Cecil remarked.

"He is arrested," said the Frenchman curtly, and then he sighed. "The booty was not guarded with sufficient restrictions. It was not kept in bulk. One thief probably said: 'I cannot do without this lovely watch.' And another said: 'What a revolver! I must have it.' Ah! The Arab, the Arab! The Europeans ought to have provided for that. That is where they were foolish—the idiots! The idiots!" he repeated angrily.

"You seem annoyed."

"Mr. Thorold, I am a poet in these things. It annoys me to see a fine composition ruined by bad construction in the fifth act. . . . . However, as Chief of the Surety, I rejoice."

"You have located the thieves and the plunder?"

"I think I have. Certainly I have captured two of the thieves and several articles. The bulk lies at——" He stopped and looked round. "Mr. Thorold, may I rely on you? I know, perhaps, more than you think of your powers. May I rely on you?"

"You may," said Cecil.

"You will hold yourself at my disposition during to-morrow, to assist me?"

"With pleasure."

"Then let us take coffee. In the morning, I shall have acquired certain precise information which at the moment I lack. Let us take coffee."

III.

On the following morning, somewhat early, while walking near Mecid, one of the tiny outlying villages of the oasis, Cecil met Eve Fincastle and Kitty Sartorius, whom he had not spoken with since the affair of the bracelet at Bruges, though he had heard from them and had, indeed, seen them at the station two days before. Eve Fincastle had fallen rather seriously ill at Mentone, and the holiday of the two girls, which should have finished before the end of the year, was prolonged. Financially, the enforced leisure was a matter of trifling importance to Kitty Sartorius, who had insisted on remaining with her friend, much to the disgust of her London manager. But the journalist's resources were less royal, and Eve considered herself fortunate that she had obtained from her newspaper some special descriptive correspondence in Algeria. It was this commission which had brought her, and Kitty with her, in the natural course of an Algerian tour, to Biskra.

Cecil was charmed to see his acquaintances; for Eve interested him, and Kitty's beauty (it goes without saying) dazzled him. Nevertheless, he had been, as it were, hiding himself, and, in his character as an amateur of the loot of cities, he would have preferred to have met them on some morning other than that particular morning.

"You will go with us to Sidi Okba, won't you, to-day?" said Kitty, after they had talked a while. "We've secured a carriage, and I'm dying for a drive in the real, true desert."

"Sorry I can't," said Cecil.

"Oh, but——" Eve Fincastle began, and stopped.

"Of course you can," said Kitty imperiously. "You must. We leave to-morrow—we're only here for two days—for Algiers and France. Another two days in Paris, and then London, my darling London, and work! So it's understood?"

"It desolates me," said Cecil. "But I can't go with you to Sidi Okba to-day."

They both saw that he meant to refuse them.

"That settles it, then," Eve agreed quietly.

"You're horrid, Mr. Thorold," said the bewitching actress. "And if you imagine for a single moment we haven't seen that you've been keeping out of our way, you're mistaken. You must have noticed us at the station. Eve thinks you've got another of your——"

"No, I don't, Kitty," said Eve quickly.

"If Miss Fincastle suspects that I've got another of my——" he paused humorously, "Miss Fincastle is right. I *have* got another of my—— I throw myself on your magnanimity. I am staying in Biskra under the name of Collins, and my time, like my name, is not my own."

"In that case," Eve remarked, "we will pass on."

And they shook hands, with a certain frigidity on the part of the two girls.

During the morning, M. Sylvain made no sign, and Cecil lunched in solitude at the Dar Eef, adjoining the Casino. The races being over, streams of natives, with their tents and their quadrupeds, were leaving Biskra for the desert; they made an interminable procession which could be seen from

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the window of the Dar Eef coffee-room. Cecil was idly watching this procession, when a hand touched his shoulder. He turned and saw a gendarme.

"Monsieur Collang?" questioned the gendarme.

Cecil assented.

"*Voulez-vous avoir l'obligeance de me suivre, monsieur?*"

Cecil obediently followed, and found in the street M. Sylvain, well wrapped up, and seated in an open carriage.

"Drew another revolver from his own pocket and winked."

"I have need of you," said M. Sylvain. "Can you come at once?"

"Certainly."

In two minutes they were driving away together into the desert.

"Our destination is Sidi Okba," said M. Sylvain. "A curious place."

The road (so called) led across the Biskra River (so called), and then in a straight line eastwards. The river had about the depth of a dinner-plate. As for the road, in some parts it not merely failed to be a road—it was nothing but virgin desert, intact: at its best it was a heaving and treacherous mixture of sand and pebbles, through which, and not over which, the two unhappy horses had to drag M. Sylvain's unfortunate open carriage.

M. Sylvain himself drove.

"I am well acquainted with this part of the desert," he said. "We have strange cases sometimes. And when I am on important business, I never trust an Arab. By the way, you have a revolver? I do not anticipate danger, but——"

"I have one," said Cecil.

"And it is loaded?"

Cecil took the weapon from his hip pocket and examined it.

"It is loaded," he said.

"Good!" exclaimed the Frenchman, and then he turned to the gendarme, who was sitting as impassively as the leaps and bounds of the carriage would allow, on a small seat immediately behind the other two, and demanded of him in French whether his revolver also was loaded. The man gave a respectful affirmative. "Good!" exclaimed M. Sylvain again, and launched into a description of the wondrous gardens of the Comte Landon, whose walls, on the confines of the oasis, they were just passing.

Straight in front could be seen a short line of palm-trees, waving in the desert breeze under the desert sun, and Cecil asked what they were.

"Sidi Okba," replied M. Sylvain. "The hundred and eighty thousand palms of the desert city of Sidi Okba. They seem near to you, no doubt, but we shall travel twenty kilometres before we reach them. The effect of nearness is due to the singular quality of the atmosphere. It is a two hours' journey."

"Then do we return in the dark?" Cecil inquired.

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"If we are lucky, we may return at once, and arrive in Biskra at dusk. If not—well, we shall spend the night in Sidi Okba. You object?"

"Not at all."

"A curious place," observed M. Sylvain.

Soon they had left behind all trace of the oasis, and were in the "real, true desert." They met and passed native equipages and strings of camels, and from time to time on either hand at short distances from the road could be seen the encampments of wandering tribes. And after interminable joltings, in which M. Sylvain, his guest, and his gendarme were frequently hurled at each other's heads with excessive violence, the short line of palm-trees began to seem a little nearer and to occupy a little more of the horizon. And then they could descry the wall of the city. And at last they reached its gate and the beggars squatting within its gate.

"Cecil snatched at the revolver."

"Descend!" M. Sylvain ordered his subordinate.

The man disappeared, and M. Sylvain and Cecil drove into the city; they met several carriages of Biskra visitors just setting forth on the return journey.

In insisting that Sidi Okba was a curious place, M. Sylvain did not exaggerate. It is an Eastern town of the most antique sort, built solely of mud, with the simplicity, the foulness, the smells, and the avowed and the secret horrors which might be expected in a community which has not altered its habits in any particular for a thousand years. During several months of each year it is visited daily by Europeans (its mosque is the oldest Mohammedan building in Africa, therefore no respectable tourist dares to miss it), and yet it remains absolutely uninfluenced by European notions. The European person must take his food with him; he is allowed to eat it in the garden of a *café* which is European as far as its sign and its counter, but no further; he could not eat it in the *café* itself. This *café* is the mark which civilisation has succeeded in making on Sidi Okba in ten centuries.

As Cecil drove with M. Sylvain through the narrow, winding street, he acutely felt the East closing in upon him; and, since the sun was getting low over the palm-trees,

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he was glad to have the detective by his side.

They arrived at the wretched *café*. A pair-horse vehicle, with the horses' heads towards Biskra, was waiting at the door. Unspeakable lanes, fetid, winding, sinister, and strangely peopled, led away in several directions.

M. Sylvain glanced about him.

"We shall succeed," he murmured cheerfully. "Follow me."

And they went into the mark of civilisation, and saw the counter, and a female creature behind the bar, and, through another door, a glimpse of the garden beyond.

"Follow me," murmured M. Sylvain again, opening another door to the left into a dark passage. "Straight on. There is a room at the other end."

They vanished.

In a few seconds M. Sylvain returned into the *café*.

IV.

Now, in the garden were Eve Fincastle and Kitty Sartorius, tying up some wraps preparatory to their departure for Biskra. They caught sight of Cecil Thorold and his companion entering the *café*, and they were surprised to find the millionaire in Sidi Okba after his refusal to accompany them.

Through the back door of the *café* they saw Cecil's companion reappear out of the passage. They saw the creature behind the counter stoop and produce a revolver and then offer it to the Frenchman with a furtive movement. They saw that the Frenchman declined it, and drew another revolver from his own pocket and winked. And the character of the wink given by the Frenchman to the woman made them turn pale under the sudden, knifelike thrust of an awful suspicion.

The Frenchman looked up and perceived the girls in the garden, and one glance at Kitty's beauty was not enough for him.

"Can you keep him here a minute while I warn Mr. Thorold?" said Eve quickly.

Kitty Sartorius nodded and began to smile on the Frenchman; she then lifted her finger beckoningly. If millions had depended on his refusal, it is doubtful whether he would have resisted that charming gesture. (Not for nothing did Kitty Sartorius receive a hundred a week at the Regency Theatre.) In a moment the Frenchman was talking to her, and she had enveloped him in a golden mist of enchantment.

Guided by a profound instinct, Eve ran up the passage and into the room where Cecil was awaiting the return of his M. Sylvain.

"Come out!" she whispered passionately, as if between violent anger and dreadful alarm. "You are trapped—you, with your schemes!"

"Trapped!" he exclaimed, smiling. "Not at all. I have my revolver!" His hand touched his pocket. "By Jove! I haven't! It's gone!"

The miraculous change in his face was of the highest interest.

"Come out!" she cried. "Our carriage is waiting!"

In the *café*, Kitty Sartorius was talking to the Frenchman. She stroked his sleeve with her gloved hand, and he, the Frenchman, still held the revolver which he had displayed to the woman of the counter.

Inspired by the consummate and swiftly aroused emotion of that moment, Cecil snatched at the revolver. The three friends walked hastily to the street, jumped into the carriage, and drove away. Already, as they approached the city gate, they could see the white tower of the Royal Hotel at Biskra shining across the desert like a promise of security. . . .

The whole episode had lasted perhaps two minutes, but they were minutes of such intense and blinding revelation as Cecil had never before experienced. He sighed with relief as he lay back in the carriage.

"And that's the man," he meditated, astounded, "who must have planned the robbery at the hotel! And I never suspected it! I never suspected that his gendarme was a sham! I wonder whether his murder of me would have been as leisurely and artistic as his method of trapping me! I wonder! . . . Well, this time I have certainly enjoyed myself."

Then he gazed at Eve Fincastle.

The women said nothing for a long time, and even then the talk was of trifles.

V.

Eve Fincastle had gone up on to the vast, flat roof of the Royal Hotel, and Cecil, knowing that she was there, followed. The sun had just set, and Biskra lay spread out below them in the rich autumn light which already, eastwards, had turned to sapphire. They could still see the line of the palm-trees of Sidi Okba, and in another direction, the long, lonely road to Figuig, stretching across the desert like a rope which had been flung

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from heaven on the waste of sand. The Aurès mountains were black and jagged. Nearer, immediately under them, was the various life of the great oasis, and the sounds of that life—human speech, the rattle of carriages, the grunts of camels in the camel-enclosure, the whistling of an engine at the station, the melancholy wails of hawkers—ascended softly in the twilight of the Sahara.

Cecil approached her, but she did not turn towards him.

"I want to thank you," he started.

She made no movement, and then suddenly she burst out. "Why do you continue with these shameful plots and schemes?" she demanded, looking always steadily away from him. "Why do you disgrace yourself? Was this another theft, another blackmailing, another affair like that at Ostend? Why——" She stopped, deeply disturbed, unable to control herself.

"My dear journalist," he said quietly, "you don't understand. Let me tell you."

He gave her his history, from the night-summons by Mrs. Macalister to that same afternoon.

She faced him.

"I'm so glad," she murmured. "You can't imagine——"

"I want to thank you for saving my life," he said again.

She began to cry; her body shook; she hid her face.

"But——" he stammered awkwardly.

"It wasn't I who saved your life," she said, sobbing passionately. "I wasn't beautiful enough. Only Kitty could have done it. Only a beautiful woman could have kept that man——"

"I know all about it, my dear girl," Cecil silenced her disavowal. Something moved him to take her hand. She smiled sadly, not resisting. "You must excuse me," she murmured. "I'm not myself to-night . . . It's because of the excitement . . . . Anyhow, I'm glad you haven't taken any 'loot' this time."

"But I have," he protested. (He was surprised to find his voice trembling.)

"What?"

"This." He pressed her hand tenderly.

"That?" She looked at her hand, lying in his, as though she had never seen it before.

"Eve," he whispered.

* * * * *

About two-thirds of the loot of the hotel robbery was ultimately recovered; not at Sidi Okba, but in the cellars of the hotel itself. From first to last that robbery was a masterpiece of audacity. Its originator, the *soi-disant* M. Sylvain, head of the Algiers detective-force, is still at large.

THE REASON.

IT seems as if the moon at night
Shines brighter since you went,
And that the stars more grandeur give
To all the firmament.
The reason? When I had your eyes
To luminate the night,
Their light which shone alone for me
Made stars and moon less bright.
And when I had your smile by day,
I cared not if the sun
Arose or set—nor if the day
Had ended or begun.
But now you're gone—like common men
I turn to Nature's light,
And think the sun your smile by day,
The stars your eyes at night.

RALPH TELLER.

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ACCOUNTING FOR THE SHAPE.

TOMMY (who has never seen flat fish before): I say, Sis, I do believe that fisherman kills his fish by sitting on them!

THE WEEK.

THE whole round week is parcelled off,
And each day has its sign:
There's washing-day and ironing-day,
And bake-day, rain or shine.

There's scrubbing-day and sweeping-day,
And Sunday for the collection-penny,
Then washing-day again, and so
There's not one day too many.

How very nice it would have been,
O mother, dear, for you
To have some extra days put in
With nothing much to do!

If there were ten days in the week,
You would have three for playing,
Six days for work, and still the seventh
For preaching and for praying.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

HOUSEHOLDER (to tramp asking for a bite): Can you saw wood?

TRAMP: No, I was taught to say: "Can you see wood?" or "I see wood"; but "I can saw wood" is bad grammar, and I don't use that expression.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

PATERFAMILIAS: This is an awful big bill for Turkish baths. Why do you go there so often?

DISSATISFIED DAUGHTER: Where else can a girl go who has nothing to wear?

SERVANT: Please, sir, I've swallowed a pin.

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: Never mind, Mary; here's another.

"YOUR baby-brother is very sick, Willie. Doesn't it make you feel sad?"

"Well, rather; but, you see, it ain't so very bad—I ain't had to wash my face since he was taken ill!"

MR. ROBINSON: I'm a self-made man, I'd have you know, Mrs. Robinson.

MRS. ROBINSON: I hope so. I certainly don't want you to go about telling people I made you what you are!

QUERY.

SPORTSMAN: Here! what the dickens are you doing with my second horse?

VOICE FROM BOTTOM OF BLIND DITCH: Beg pardon, sir. What's 'e a-doin' with me, sir?

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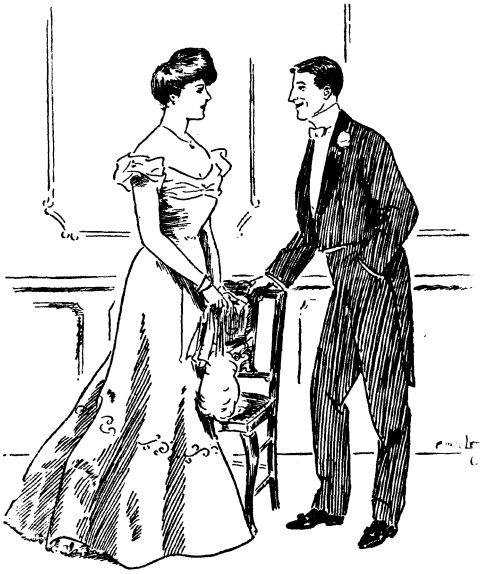

OUR AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

POLITE YOUTH: You acted awfully well, don't y'know.

SHE: The audience didn't seem to think so. They did not applaud a bit when I came off the stage.

POLITE YOUTH: Oh, but I'm sure they were awfully pleased!

"WHAT do you think of that cigar?"

"Don't, please! I am trying not to think."

"DID her father acquire his money honestly?"

"Oh, yes. (Sarcastically.) If he did not, I suppose you would not marry her."

"Not at all. If he acquired it dishonestly, he would probably be too clever to give any of it up."

"Do you use condensed milk in your family?"

"No. I rather believe that it is expanded in some way."

ART DEALER: Does this "nude" appeal to you?

MR. JONES: No, I'm hardened—I've got a wife and six daughters that are constantly needing clothes!

MAMMA: Goodness me! It's half an hour since I sent you round to the store to get those things, and here you are back without them!

LITTLE DICK: It was such a long time before my turn came to be waited on that I forgot what it was you wanted.

MAMMA: Then why didn't you come home and find out?

LITTLE DICK: I was afraid if I left I'd lose my turn.

EDITOR: Who was the first humourist?

AUTHOR: I really don't remember.

EDITOR: I thought you might; you have been bringing us in his jokes.

HE: I see it says Miss Astorbilt wore a piece of lace that was two hundred years old.

SHE: Two hundred years old! Well, think of it now, and them with all that money to buy new things!

ESTATE AGENT: Yes, sir, I can recommend the place to you. No malaria; chills unknown; healthiest locality in the county.

STRANGER: I'm afraid we can't do business—I'm a doctor.

TOMMY had been a town mouse all his little life up to the present year; but work had been plentiful with his father, and he was discussing with his wife the desirability of sending Tommy for a week into the country. Tommy listened thoughtfully and at length broke in—

"I don't want to go!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause I've heard they have thrashing-machines in the country, and it's bad enough here in town, when it's done by hand!"

HABIT IS SECOND NATURE.

VISITOR: Why don't you send your poor husband to bed, Mrs. Weight? He'll sleep so much better there.

MRS. WEIGHT: Not him, ma'am. Since he got the job of night watchman he's got so used to sleeping in a chair, he can't sleep in bed now.

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THE PAIN OF PARTING.

FROM THE PICTURE BY LADY ALMA-TADEMA, NOW IN THE ADELAIDE NATIONAL GALLERY.

"I can dee, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie."—BURNS.

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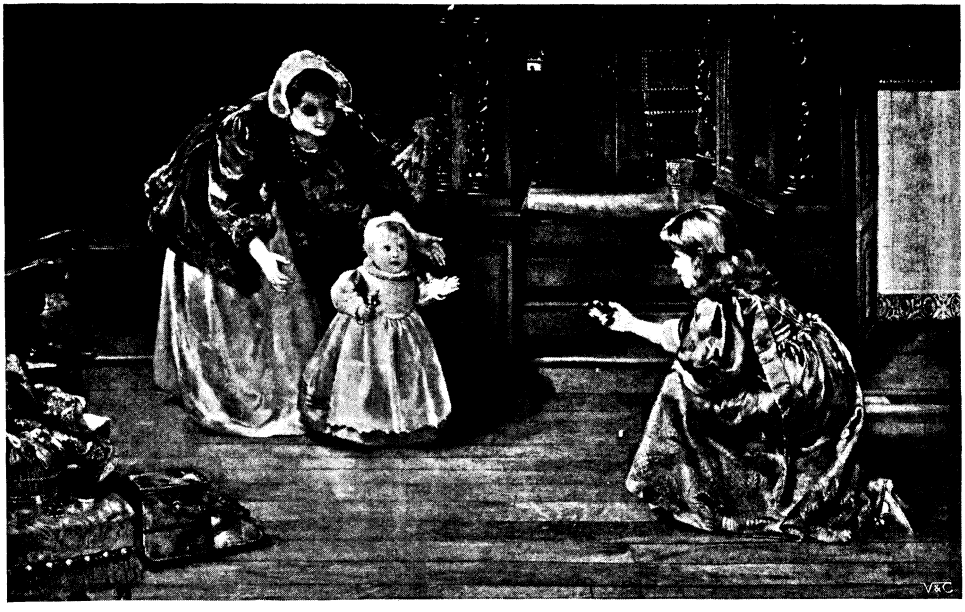

"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE." BY LADY ALMA-TADEMA.

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THE ART OF LADY ALMA-TADEMA.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

IF for no other reason than that she has added one to the extremely small brigade of women artists of the first rank, Lady Alma-Tadema has unquestionably earned the appreciation of every picture-lover in this country. The genius of Rosa Bonheur and of Lady Butler enriched the art of the Victorian Era after a fashion which we all admire and cherish to-day. The close of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century have laid us under a certain debt of gratitude to Lady Alma-Tadema, inasmuch as these years have witnessed her gradual rise to a position of real eminence in the world of art. Of her immediate contemporaries, the names of Miss Earl, Mrs. Jopling, Henrietta Rae, and Miss Kemp-Welch at once suggest themselves as representatives of the "art of the age" who have done much to remove the implied reproach that women artists of British birth have not loomed as large as might be on the artistic horizon. Lady Alma-Tadema has in a few short years struck out a line for herself which has invested her work as a painter with a pleasing individuality and a peculiar charm all its own.

The subject of this appreciation would doubtless be the first to insist upon the value of the benefit which her husband's teaching and criticism, as well as her observation of his methods, must have been to her. On the other hand, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema would, in all probability, stoutly aver that as the artist's soul is not an artificial growth, it is only by suggestion and by "implication" that he has directly aided his wife's inspiration for painting. Certain it is that Lady Tadema's work has progressed so far on the path to perfection that he might well feel proud who had been privileged to act as guide, philosopher, and friend in the earlier period of her art career. As a matter of fact, she became Sir Lawrence's pupil when she was a girl of eighteen. She is proud to affirm that she is his pupil still!

Lady Alma-Tadema has exhibited at the Royal Academy for twenty years.

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A PORTRAIT OF SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA.
From a photograph by Lady Alma-Tadema.

She was decorated by the Paris Universal Exposition, where her exquisite painting won her the Silver Medal in 1900. Four years earlier, however, she had won the Gold Medal of the Berlin Exhibition with her "Satisfaction" — a lady admiring herself in the looking-glass — which is now the cherished property of Sir Bruce Seton.

In the present year she exhibited in London both at the Royal Academy and at the New Gallery. "Love's Beginning" is the title of the Academy picture, which has been greatly admired. The New Gallery subject, "Sweet Industry," has been acquired by the Manchester Art Corporation.

Lady Tadema paints in her own studio at her beautiful home in St. John's Wood, and a very dainty apartment it is. Imagine a room designed by nature for a boudoir, by art for a studio, and by expediency for both. Its dominant and distinctive note is Dutch Renaissance, for the old oak woodwork and carving have been translated from Goude, in Holland, as the fruit of Sir Lawrence's desire to make his wife a studio after her own heart. The sixteenth-century oaken roof and carvings are effectively kept in countenance by the stained glass of the windows, delicately designed and finished, and shedding a restful and appropriate light. In short, a "workroom" to be proud of. It has a lovely little *a mere* in the shape of the quaintest of Dutch bedrooms, the date on the bedpost, "1606," telling you that the bed itself hails from Sir Lawrence's native Friesland. This small room is utilised by Lady Tadema as a storehouse of "ideas" to figure in her pictures when she is working.

It appears highly probable that before many years have elapsed, the "Lady Tadema girl" will have attained at least some such celebrity as either the "Du Maurier girl" or the "Dana Gibson girl." If the reader glances at several of the pictures reproduced with this article, he will perceive at once what I mean by this description. The artist seems to have been enormously attracted towards the contemporary styles of Dutch Renaissance and the Stuart period of English history. Her delineations of winsome cavalier maidens are things of beauty that set us thinking of a past age when fire and sword ruled England, and the spinning-wheel was frequently silent what time young heroes of the cape and sword were concealed in the castle keep. Lady Tadema has successfully caught the spirit of that time in bad old England, and her variations upon it are among the most successful of the romantic themes that she best loves to depict on canvas. "There is the same old-world air about many

IN THE GARDEN AT ELM TREE ROAD.
From a photograph by Lady Alma-Tadema.

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"THE CAROL." BY LADY ALMA-TADEMA.

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"IN WINTER." BY LADY ALMA-TADEMA.

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of her pictures that is shed upon one in the room she paints them in. Her quaintly dressed children and mothers," says Mr. Fred Miller, "suggest Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter'—Hester Prynne and Pearl . . . . . Her women and children are not dressed as if about to take the air in Hyde Park; but, then, their surroundings are not those of Kensington or Bayswater. There is no deep significance about her subjects, for though garbed after the fashion of other days, the story of their lives is such as we all understand. If there be pathos, it is the homely pathos of everyday existence, while the painter rarely touches the tragic note. That, to my thinking, gives Lady Tadema's pictures much of their charm, for the story element is not thrust upon the observer. So much in art that would be pathetic is only bathos, while drama, alas! becomes turgid melodrama; for both qualities are so easily overdone, which makes the judicious grieve. Some of the finest art in the world deals with everyday folk in the ordinary relations of life; and much art has been wrecked by the attempt to be forcible and untoward. The gentler passions which, fortunately for our happiness, most frequently move us, inspire Lady Tadema's brush and, the workmanship being all that it should be, her pictures would be delightful to live with—whereas one soon tires of work that pretends to too much."

Lady Tadema's work will stay. "Her touch is sure, her expression clear," and, better than all, she is not a pessimist. Mr. Henley would not have written of her pictures what might be written of so many—

> Where are the passions they essayed,
> And where the tears they made to flow?
> Where the wild humours they portrayed
> For laughing worlds to see and know?
>
> . . . .
>
> Into the night go one and all.

Her works mostly stand for brightness and grace, with no background of the gloomy or unnatural. It is not hers to "stand alone, in the darkness in front."

To turn to a few more of her leading pictures: Lady Tadema was represented in

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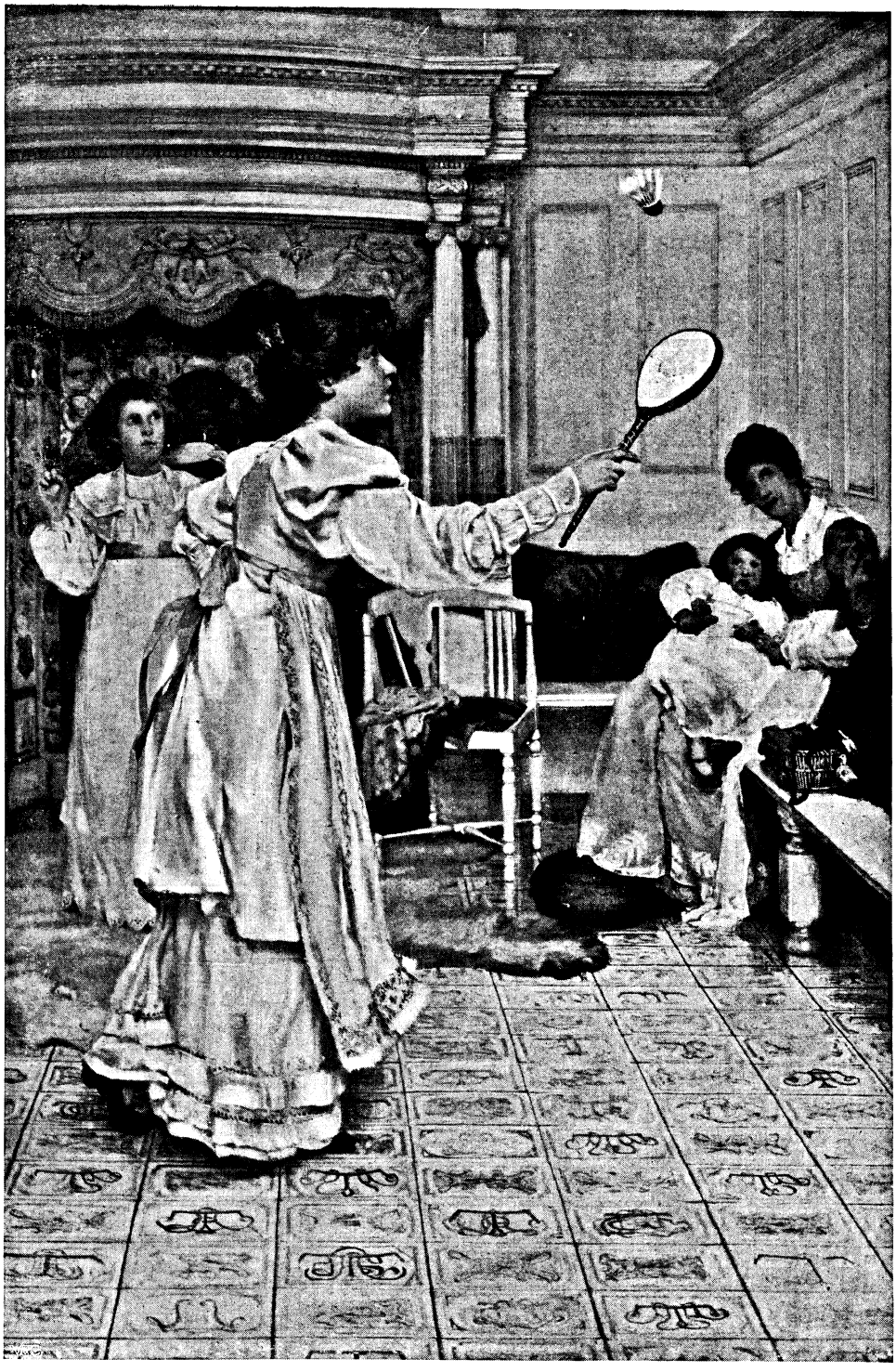

"BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK." BY LADY ALMA-TADEMA.

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"SISTERS."

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the Royal Academy of 1894 by the very dainty picture entitled "Persuasion," for the inspiration of which she took two familiar lines from Shakspeare—

> The silence often of pure innocence
> Persuades when speaking fails.

In 1895, this was followed by a very striking canvas, "Love's Curse," exhibited in the New Gallery.

In the Royal Academy and the New Gallery of 1896, Lady Tadema was represented by "The Carol" and "The Ring" respectively. The former subject owed its inspiration to the familiar Shakespearian lines—

> It was a lover and his lass,
> With a hey! and a ho! and a
> hey nonny-no!

Her two pictures of 1897 were entitled "A Ring at the Door" and "A Pledge." Of these, the first-named is exhibited this year at the St. Louis Exposition. "A Pledge" very quaintly and sincerely represents two young men drinking to the health of a girl.

In 1899 came "The New Book," chiefly remarkable for its wonderful colouring. Next year we had "The Poet's Flower," in which is shown a young girl reading a love-sonnet. In the Guildhall Art Exhibition of 1900—the exhibition in aid of the War Fund—was shown a very remarkable picture by Lady Tadema, "The Shadow of the Future." It was purchased by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

In the Academy of 1902, Lady Tadema was represented by "Early Discipline"—a delicious study of a child beating a doll—and last year by "The First-Born," which in some respects is her most notable picture. The technique, the tone-colouring generally, and the tenderness imparted to the attitude of the mother, combine, with other qualities, to render it one of the most noteworthy pictures of our time. On this picture was written a very charming poem by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema.

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"SILENT PERSUASION." BY LADY ALMA-TADEMA.

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"THE RING." BY LADY ALMA-TADEMA.

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The capital of South Australia is exceedingly fortunate in owning for its own Lady Alma-Tadema's "The Pain of Parting," which was exhibited first in the Royal Academy of 1895, and secondly in the Paris Salon of 1896. The artist explained its "true inwardness" by two delightful lines quoted from Burns, printed in the catalogue—

I can dee, but canna' part,
My bonnie dearie.

This picture shows its author at her very best.

Lady Tadema, whose Christian names are Laura Theresa, is a daughter of George N. Epps, M.R.C.S. The painting of her brother, Dr. Epps, is one of the most lifelike among Sir L. Alma-Tadema's numerous fine portrait-studies. The position which she adorns in the social life of artistic London is too well known to call for reference in an article which has been planned chiefly for the purpose of introducing the accompanying reproductions of her graceful work as a painter of picture-poems.

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THE DECOY.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.*

HIGH above the flat-spread earth, their strong wings driving them at tremendous speed through the thin, cold air of dawn, the wild-goose flock journeyed north. In the shape of an irregular *V* they journeyed, an old gander, wise and powerful, at the apex of the aerial array. As they flew, their long necks stretched straight out, the living air thrilled like a string beneath their wing-beats. From their throats came a throbbing chorus, resonant, far-carrying, mysterious—*honka, honka, honka, honk, honka, honk*—and seemed to be the proper utterance of altitude and space.

The flight was as true as if set by a compass; but the longer limb of the *V* would curve and swerve sinuously from time to time as the weaker or less experienced members of the flock wavered in their alignment. Flat, low-lying forests, and lonely meres, and rough, isolated farms sped past below the rushing voyagers—then a black headland, and then a wide, shallow arm of the sea. For a few minutes the glimmer of pale, crawling tides was everywhere beneath them—then league on league of grey-green, sedgy marsh, interlaced with little pools and lanes of bright water, and criss-crossed with ranks of bulrush. The leader of the flock now stretched his dark head downward, slowing the beat of his wings, and the disciplined array started on a long decline towards earth. From its great height the flock covered nearly a mile of advance before coming within a hundred yards of the pale green levels; and all through the gradual descent the confusion of marsh and pool and winding creek seemed to float up gently to meet the long-absent wanderers. At length, just over a shallow, spacious, grassy mere, and some thirty feet above its surface, the leader decided to alight. It was an old and favoured feeding-ground, where the mud was full of tender shoots and tiny creatures of the ooze. The wings of the flock, as if on signal, turned out and upward, showing a flash of paler colour, as they checked the still considerable speed of the flight.

In that pause, just before the splash of alighting, from a thick cover of sedge across the pool, came two sharp spurts of flame, one after the over, followed by two thunderous reports, so close together as to seem almost like one. Turning straight over, he fell upon the water with a heavy splash; and immediately after him dropped his second in leadership, the strong young gander who flew next to him on the longer limb of the *V*. The flock, altogether demoralised, huddled together for a few seconds with loud cries; then rose and flapped off seaward. Before the hunter in the sedge could get fresh cartridges into his gun, the diminished flock was out of range, making desperate haste to safer feeding-grounds.

Of the two birds suddenly smitten by Fate, the younger, shot through the heart, lay motionless where he had dropped, a sprawl of black and white and ashen feathers tumbled by the ripples of the pool. But the older bird was merely winged. Recovering himself almost instantly from the shock of the wound and the fall, he made one pathetically futile effort to rise again, then started swimming down the pond, trailing his shattered wing behind him and straining his gaze after the departing flock.

Immediately after the two shots, out from the shelter of the rushes had sprung a large, curly-coated, brown retriever. With a yelp of excitement he had dashed into the water and dragged ashore the body of the dead bird. Now the hunter, standing up stretching his legs, as if cramped from a long lying-in-wait, started on a sharp run down the wet shore of the pond, whistling the retriever after him. He had noted the splendid stature of the wounded bird and wanted to catch him alive.

Not without cause had the great gander achieved the leadership of the flock, for he possessed not only strength, but intelligence. When he saw that his trailing wing so hampered his swimming that he would presently be overtaken, he turned and darted into the

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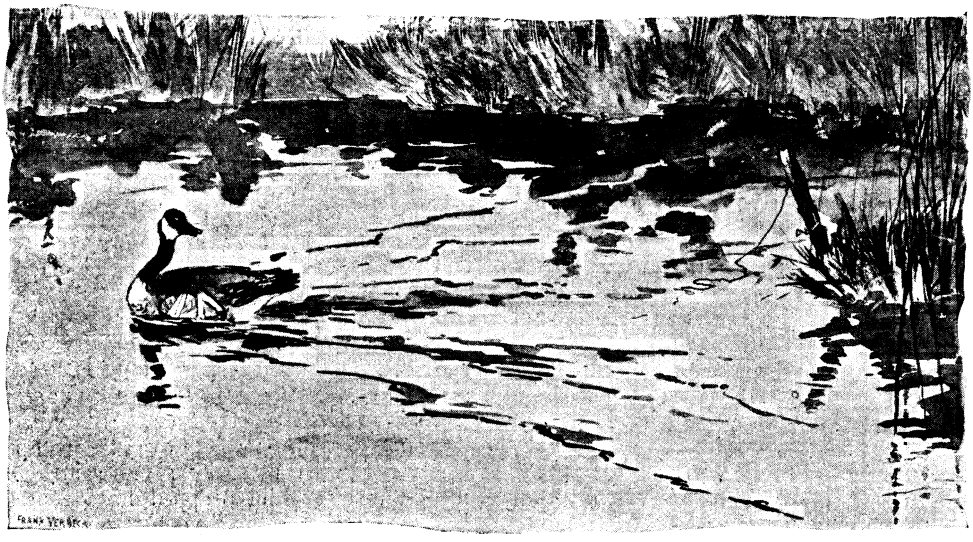

"It was as if something had clutched him by the leg."

sedges of the opposite shore, trusting to the difficulties of the swamp to protect him. He did not know that the big brown retriever was almost amphibious, and more cunning than himself.

The hunter stopped and pointed to the spot of waving reeds where the bird had disappeared.

"Fetch him, Pete!" he demanded. "But gently, boy, *ge-e-ently!*" And the wise old dog understood, either from the words or from the tone in which they were uttered, that this was to be a bloodless capture. Barking joyously, he tore around the pond to the place where the gander had vanished, and dashed splashing into the reeds. A few seconds later a great tumult arose, the reeds were beaten down, and the dog reappeared, dragging his prize by the uninjured wing.

The great bird, powerful and dauntless, made a gallant fight; but he was hopelessly handicapped. His most formidable weapons were the bony elbows of his strong, untiring wings; and of both these he was now deprived, one wing being shattered and the other in the grip of the enemy's jaws. He struck and bit and worried with his hard bill; but the dog, half shutting his eyes, took the mauling grimly and dragged his troublesome captive into the water.

Here, however, he made a mistake. The great bird was a mighty swimmer and indomitable, and in half a minute his captor was glad to drag him to land again. Then the hunter arrived on the scene; and the dog, gladly relinquishing so unmanageable a prisoner, sat back on his haunches with tongue hanging out, to see what his master would do. The dauntless gander bit furiously and pounded with his one undamaged wing, and earned his adversary's unstinted commendation; but in a minute or two he found himself helpless, swathed like a cocoon in a stout woollen hunting-coat, and his head ignominiously bagged in one of the sleeves. In this fashion, his heart bursting with fear and wrath, his broken wing one hot throb of anguish, he was carried under the hunter's arm for what seemed to him a whole night long. Then he was set free in a little open pen in a garden, beside a green-shuttered, wide-eaved, white cottage on the uplands.

The hunter was so kind to his captive, so assiduous in his care, that the wild bird presently grew almost indifferent to his approach, and ceased to strike at him savagely with his free wing whenever he entered the pen. The other wing, well cleaned and salved and bound in cunning splints, healed rapidly, and caused no pain save when its owner strove to flap it—which he did, with long, desolate, appealing cries, whenever a wild-goose flock went *honking* musically across the evening or morning sky.

At length, while the injured wing was still in bandage, the hunter took the bird in spite of all protest, tucked the long neck and troublesome head under his arm, and attached to one leg a little leather wrapping and a long, strong cord. Then he opened the pen. The big gander strode forth, with more

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haste than quite comported with his dignity. Straight down the slope he started, seeking the wide marshes where he expected to find his flock. Then suddenly he came to the end of his cord with a jerk, and fell forward on his breast and bill with a *honk* of surprise. He was not free, after all, and two or three violent struggles convinced him of the fact. As soon as he realised himself still a prisoner, his keen, dark eyes turned a look of reproach upon his gaoler, who was holding the other end of the cord and watching him intently. Then he slackened on the tether and fell to cropping the short grass of the lawn as if being tied by the leg were an ancient experience. It was a great thing, after all, to be out of the pen.

"He'll do!" said the man to himself with satisfaction, as he fixed the tether to a young apple-tree. When he had gone into the house, the bird stopped feeding, turned first one eye and then the other towards the empty sky, stretched his long, black neck and clean, white throat, and sent out across the green spaces his appealing and lonely cry—*honka, honka, honka, ho-onka!*

Very early the following morning, before the stars had begun to pale at the approach of dawn, the captive was once more wrapped up securely and taken on a blind journey. When he was uncovered, and anxiously stretched out his head, he found himself again on the edge of that shallow pool in the marshes where Fate had overtaken him. The brown retriever was sitting on his haunches close by, regarding him amicably. The man was fastening one end of his tether to a stake at the water's edge. And from the east a greyness touched with chill pink was spreading over the sky.

A moment later the surprised bird found himself standing among the wet sedge, close to the water. With a nervous glance at the dog, whom he shrank from with more dread than from the man, he launched himself into the water and swam straight out from shore.

This time, surely, he was free. Next to the spacious solitudes of the air, this was his proper element. How exquisite to the thin web of his feet felt the coolness of it as he pushed against it with strong strokes! How it curled away luxuriously from his grey, firm-feathered breast! This was to live again, after the pain and the humiliation of his captivity! And yonder, far down the mere and past those tall reeds standing shadowy in the pallor, surely he would find the flock which had moved on without him! Then, all at once, it was as if something had clutched him by the leg. With a startled cry and a splash he tipped forward, and his glad journey came to an end. He had reached the length of his tether.

Remembering his experience of the day before, he made no vain struggle, but floated quietly for a minute or two, stricken with his disappointment. The man and the big brown dog had disappeared; but presently his keen and sagacious eyes detected them both, lying motionless in a thicket of reeds. Having stared at them indignantly for a few moments, swimming slowly to and fro and transfixing them with first one eye and then the other, he ducked his head and began biting savagely at the leathern wrapping on his leg. But the uselessness of this soon appearing to him, he gave it up and sought to ease his despair by diving and guttering with his bill among the roots of the oozy bottom. In this absorbing occupation he so far forgot his miseries that all at once he tried to lift himself on the water, flap his wings, and sound his trumpet-call. One wing did give a frantic flap. The other surged fiercely against its bandages, sending a throb of anguish through his frame. And the trumpet-call broke in a single hoarse *honk*. After this he floated for a long time in dejection, while the level rays of sunrise stole mysteriously across the pale marshes.

The hunter, tired of his long stillness in the sedge, was just about to stand up and stretch himself, when from far down the sky to southward came a hollow and confused clamour. The hunter heard it, and the brown retriever heard it; and both crouched low behind their shelter, as motionless as stones. The wild captive, floating at the end of his tether out on the pink-and-gold mirror of the pond, also heard it, and stretched his fine black head aloft, rigid with expectancy. Nearer and nearer came the thrilling voices. Blacker and larger against the sky grew the journeying *V* as it approached the marshes. The heart of the captive swelled with hope and longing. Not his own flock, indeed, but his own kin, these free and tireless voyagers coming confidently to safe feeding-grounds! Forgetting everything but his great loneliness, he raised himself as high as he could upon the water, one wing partly outspread, and called, and called again, summoning the travellers to alight.

Hearing this kindly summons, the flock dipped at once and came slanting steeply towards earth. In their haste they broke rank, descending more abruptly than usual, their customary caution quite laid aside when

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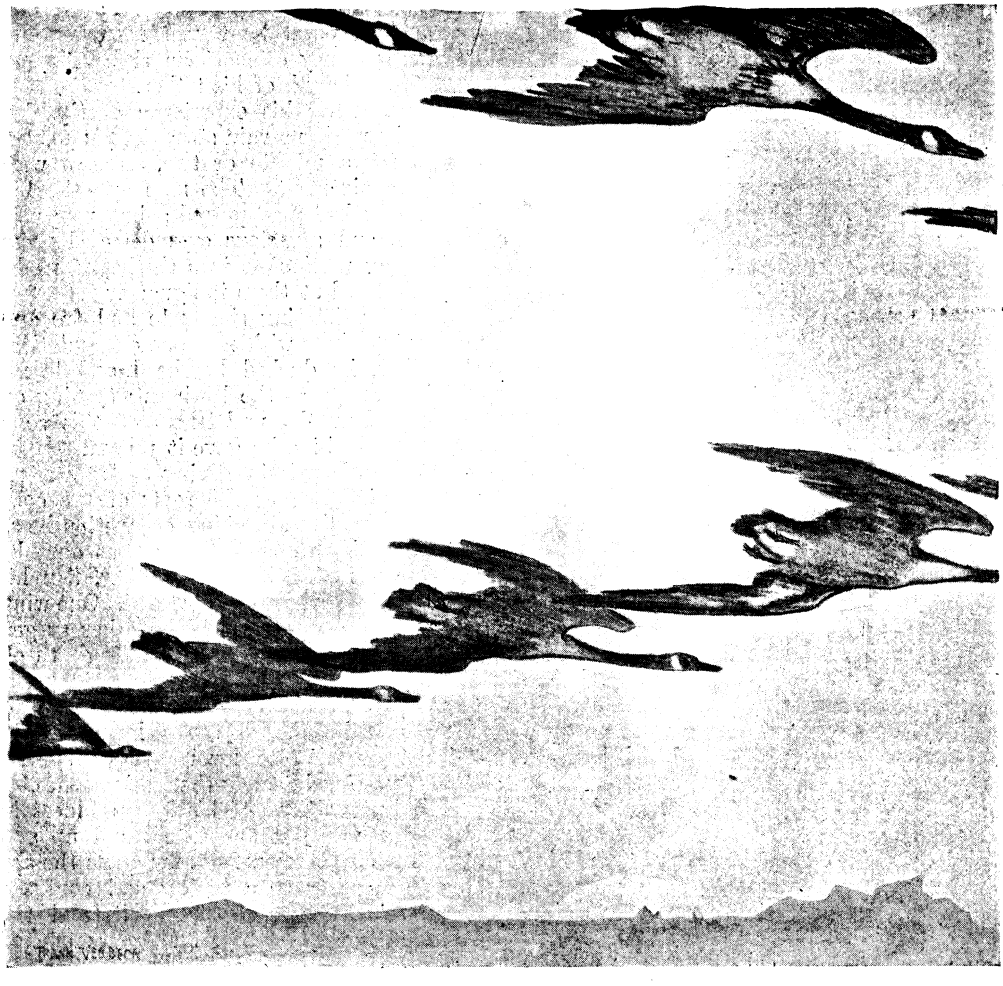

"Blacker and larger against the sky grew the

they saw one of their own kind waiting to receive them. The joyous captive ducked and bowed his head in greeting. In another moment the whole flock would have settled clamorously about him, and he would have been happy—but before that moment came, there came instead two bursts of flame and thunder from the covert of sedge. And instead of the descending flock, there fell beside the captive two heavy, fluttering grey-and-black shapes, which beat the water feebly and then lay still.

As the betrayed and panic-stricken flock flapped away in confusion, the captive tugged frantically at his tether, crying shrilly and struggling to follow them. In his desperation he paid no heed whatever as the big brown dog dashed out and triumphantly dragged the bodies of the two victims to land. He was horrified by the terrible noise and the killing; but his attention was chiefly engrossed by the fact that the flock had been frightened away, leaving him to his loneliness. For several minutes he continued his cries, till the flock was far out of sight. Then silence fell again on the marshes.

A quarter of an hour later, much the same thing happened again. Another flock, passing overhead, clamouring fearlessly down in response to the captive's calls, met the doom that blazed from the reed-covert, and left two of its members gasping on the surface of the pond. This time, however, the despair of the captive was less loud and less prolonged. As leader, for two reasons, of his own flock, he had necessarily learned certain simple processes of deduction. These pitiful tragedies through which he had just passed

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journeying V as it approached the marshes."

were quite sufficient to convince him that this particular shallow pond, though so good a feeding-ground, was a fatal place for the voyaging geese to visit. Further, in a dim way his shocked and shuddering brain began to realise that his own calling was the cause of the horrors. If he called, the flocks came fearlessly, content with his pledge that all was well. Upon their coming, the fire, and dreadful thunders, and inexplicable death burst forth from the sedge; and then the great brown dog appeared, to drag his prey to shore. The whole mischief, as it seemed to him, was the work of the dog; and it did not occur to him that the man, who seemed fairly well disposed and all powerful, had anything whatever to do with it. This idea gradually grew clear in the captive's brain, as he swam, very slowly, to and fro upon the brightening waters. In a vague way his heart determined that he would lure no more of his kindred to their doom. And when, a little later, a third flock came trumpeting up the sky, the captive eyed their approach in despairing silence.

As the beating wings drew near, stooping towards the silvery pools and pale green levels, the captive swam backwards and forwards in wild excitement, aching to give the call and ease his loneliness. The flock, perceiving him, drew near; but in his excited movements and his silence its leader discerned a peril. There was something sinister and incomprehensible in this splendidly marked bird who refused to summon them to his feeding-ground and kept swimming wildly backwards and forwards. Keeping well beyond gunshot, they circled around this smiling but

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"He raised himself as high as he could upon the water, summoning the travellers to alight."

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too mysterious water, to alight with great clamour and splashing in a little, sheltered mere some two or three hundred yards further inland. The hunter, crouching moveless and expectant in his ambush, muttered an exclamation of surprise, and wondered if it could be possible that his incomparable decoy had reached an understanding of the treacherous game and refused to play it.

"There's no smarter bird that flies than a wild gander!" he mused, watching the great bird curiously and with a certain sympathy. "We'll see what happens when another flock comes by!"

Meanwhile the new arrivals, over in the unseen pond behind the rushes, were feeding and bathing with a happy clamour. They little dreamed that a pot-hunting rustic from the village on the hills, flat on his belly in the cosy grass, was noiselessly worming his way towards them. Armed with an old, single-barrel duck-gun, the height of his ambition was to get a safe and easy shot at the feeding birds. No delicate wing shooting for him. What he wanted was the most he could get for his powder and lead. Big and clumsy though he was, his progress through the grass was as stealthy as that of a mink.

It chanced that the path of the pot-hunter took him close past the further shore of the pond where the captive was straining at his tether and eating his heart out in determined silence. The homesick, desolate bird would swim around and around for a few minutes, as a caged panther circles his bounds, then stop and listen longingly to the happy noise from over beyond the reed-fringes. At last, goaded into a moment of forgetfulness by the urge of his desire, he lifted up his voice in a sudden, abrupt, *honk, honk!*

The pot-hunter stopped his crawling and peered delightfully through the sedgy stems. Here was a prize ready to his hand. The flock was still far off, and might easily take alarm before he could get within range. But this stray bird—a beauty, too—was so near that he could not miss. Stealthily he brought his heavy weapon to his shoulder; and slowly, carefully, he took aim.

The report of the big duck-gun was like thunder and roused the marshes. In a fury the hunter sprang from his ambush across the mere and ran down to the water's edge, threatening vengeance on the lout who would fire on a decoy. The brown retriever, wild with excitement, dashed barking up and down the shore, not knowing just what he ought to do. Sandpipers went whistling in every direction. And the foraging flock, startled from their security, screamed wildly and flapped off unhurt to remoter regions of the marsh. But the lonely captive, the wise old gander, who had piloted his clan through so many hundred leagues of trackless air, lay limp and mangled on the stained water, torn by the heavy charge of the duck-gun. The whimsical Fate that seems to play with the destinies of the wild kindreds had chosen to let him save one flock from the slaughter and expiate his blameless treason.

THE GREEN TREE SWINGS.

THE brave trees toss their arms about,
The glad grass runs in waves;
The spirits of the wind are out,
They dance upon the graves.

Men are the only moaning things,
Theirs all the fret and care;
Up heart, beat high! the green tree swings,
And we are beckoned there.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DIAMONDS.

By ROBERT BARR.*

HEN I say I am called Valmont, the name will convey no impression to the reader, one way or another. My profession is that of private detective in London, and my professional name differs from that which I have just given you; but if you ask any policeman in Paris who Valmont was, he will likely be able to tell you, unless he is a recent recruit. If you ask him where Valmont is now, he may not know, yet I have a good deal to do with the Parisian police.

For a period of seven years I was chief detective to the Government of France; and if I am unable to prove myself a great crime-hunter, it is because the record of my career is in the secret archives of Paris.

I may say at the outset that I have no grievances to air. The French Government considered itself justified in dismissing me, and it did so. In this action it was quite within its right, and I should be the last to dispute that right; but, on the other hand, I consider myself justified in publishing the following account of what actually occurred, especially as so many false rumours have been put abroad concerning the case. However, as I said at the beginning, I have no grievance, because my worldly affairs are now much more prosperous than they were in Paris, my intimate knowledge of that city and the country of which it is the capital having brought to me many cases with which I have dealt more or less successfully since I established myself in London.

Without further preliminary I shall at once plunge into an account of the case which a few years ago riveted the attention of the whole world.

The year 1893 was a prosperous twelve months for France. The weather was good, the harvest excellent, and the wine of that vintage is celebrated to this day. Everyone was well-off and reasonably happy, a marked contrast to the state of things a few years later, when dissension rent the country in twain.

Newspaper readers may remember that in '93 the Government of France fell heir to an unexpected treasure which set the whole civilized world agog, especially those inhabitants of it who are interested in historical relics. This was the finding of the diamond necklace in the Château de Chaumont, where it had lain for a century in a rubbish heap of an attic. I believe it has not been questioned that this was the veritable necklace which the Court jeweller, Boehmer, hoped to sell to Marie Antoinette, although how it came to be in the Château de Chaumont, no one has been able to form even a conjecture. For a century it was supposed that the necklace had been broken up in London, and its five hundred stones, great and small, sold separately. It has always seemed strange to me that the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, who was thought to have profited by the sale of these jewels, should not have abandoned France if she possessed money to leave that country, for exposure was inevitable if she remained. Indeed, the unfortunate woman was branded and imprisoned, and afterwards was dashed to death from the third storey of a London house, when, in the direst poverty, she sought escape from the consequences of debt.

I am not superstitious in the least, yet this celebrated piece of treasure-trove seems actually to have exerted a malign influence over everyone who had the misfortune to be connected with it. Indeed, in a small way, I who write these words suffered dismissal and disgrace, though I caught but one glimpse of this dazzling scintillation of jewels. The jeweller who made it met financial ruin; the Queen for whom it was constructed was beheaded; that high-born Prince Louis René Édouard, Cardinal de Rohan, who purchased it, was flung into prison; the unfortunate Countess, who said she acted as go-between, clung for five awful minutes to a London window-sill before dropping to her death to the flags below; and now, a hundred and eight years later, up comes this devil's display of fireworks to the light again.

Droulliard, the working man who found

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the ancient box, seems to have prised it open and, ignorant though he was — he had probably never seen a diamond in his life before—realised that a fortune was in his grasp. The baleful light from the combination must have sent madness into his brain, working havoc therein as though they were those mysterious rays which scientists have recently discovered. He might quite easily have walked out of the main gate of the Château unsuspected and unquestioned with the diamonds concealed about his person, but instead of this he crept from the attic window on to the steep roof, slipped to the eaves, dropped and lay dead with a broken neck, while the necklace, intact, shimmered in the sunlight beside his body.

No matter where these jewels had been found, the Government had doubtless the first claim upon them ; but as the Château de Chaumont was an historical monument, and the property of France, there could be no question to whom the necklace belonged. The Government at once claimed it and ordered it to be sent by a trustworthy military man to Paris. It was carried safely and delivered promptly to the authorities by a young captain of artillery, to whom its custody had been entrusted.

In spite of its fall from the tall tower, neither case nor jewels was perceptibly damaged. The lock of the box had apparently been forced by Droulliard's hatchet, or perhaps by the clasp-knife found on his body. On reaching the ground, the lid had flown open and the necklace was thrown out.

I believe there was some discussion in the Cabinet regarding the fate of this ill-omened trophy, one section wishing it to be placed in a museum, on account of its historical interest, another advocating the breaking-up of the necklace and the selling of the diamonds for what they would fetch. But a third party maintained that the method to get the most money into the coffers of the country was to sell the necklace as it stood ; for as the world now contains so many rich amateurs who collected undoubted rarities regardless of expense, the historic associations of the jewelled collar would enhance the intrinsic value of the stones ; and this view prevailing, it was announced that the necklace would be sold by auction a month later in the rooms of Meyer, Renault and Co., in the Boulevard des Italiens, near the Bank of the Crédit-Lyonnais.

This announcement elicited much comment from the newspapers of all countries, and it seemed that from a financial point of view, at least, the decision of the Government had been wise, for it speedily became evident that a notable coterie of wealthy buyers would be congregated in Paris on the thirteenth, when the sale was to take place. But we of the inner circle were made aware of another result somewhat more disquieting, which was that the most expert criminals in the world were also gathering like vultures upon the fair city. The honour of France was at stake. Whoever bought that necklace must be assured of a safe conduct out of the country. Whatever happened afterwards we might view with equanimity, but while he was a resident of France his life and property must not be endangered. Thus it came about that I was given full authority to insure that neither murder nor theft, nor both combined, should be committed while the purchaser of the necklace remained within our boundaries, and for this purpose the police resources of France were placed unreservedly at my disposal. If I failed, there should be no one to blame but myself ; consequently, as I have remarked before, I do not complain of my dismissal by the Government.

The broken lock of the jewel-case had been very deftly repaired by an expert locksmith, who in executing his task was so unfortunate as to scratch a finger on the broken metal, whereupon blood poisoning set in, and although his life was saved, he was dismissed from the hospital with one arm gone, and his usefulness destroyed.

When the jeweller Boehmer made the necklace, he asked a hundred and sixty thousand pounds for it, but after years of disappointment he was content to sell it to Cardinal de Rohan for sixty-four thousand pounds, to be liquidated in three instalments, not one of which was ever paid. This latter amount was probably somewhere near the value of the five hundred and sixteen separate stones, one of which was of tremendous size, a very monarch of diamonds, holding its court among seventeen brilliants each as large as a filbert. This iridescent concentration of wealth was in my care, and I had to see to it that no harm came to the necklace or to its prospective owner until they had safely crossed the boundaries of France.

The four weeks previous to the thirteenth proved a busy and anxious time for me. Thousands, most of whom were actuated by mere curiosity, wished to view the diamonds. We were compelled to discriminate, and sometimes discriminated against the wrong person, which caused unpleasantness. Three distinct attempts were made to rob the safe,

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but luckily these were frustrated, and so we came unscathed to the eventful thirteenth of the month.

The sale was to take place at two o'clock, and on the morning of that day I took the somewhat tyrannical precaution to have the more dangerous of our own criminals, and as many of the foreigners as I could trump up charges against, laid by the heels, yet I knew very well it was not these rascals I had to fear, but the suave, well-groomed gentlemen, amply supplied with unimpeachable credentials, stopping at our fine hotels and living like princes. Many of these were foreigners against whom we could prove nothing, and whose arrest might land us into temporary international difficulties. Nevertheless, I had each of them shadowed, and on the morning of the thirteenth, if one of them had even disputed a cab fare, I should have had him in prison half an hour later, and taken the consequences; but these gentlemen are very shrewd and do not commit mistakes.

I made up a list of all the men in the world who were able or likely to purchase the necklace. Many of them would not be in person at the auction-rooms; their bidding would be done by agents. This simplified matters a good deal, for the agents kept me duly informed of their purposes, and, besides, an agent who handles treasure every week is an adept at the business, and does not need the protection which must surround an amateur who, in nine cases out of ten, has but scant idea of the dangers that threaten him, beyond knowing that if he goes down a dark street in a dangerous quarter, he is likely to be maltreated and robbed.

There were no less than sixteen clients, all told, who we learned were to attend personally on the day of the sale, any one of whom might well have made the purchase. The Marquis of Warlingham and Lord Oxtead, from England, were well-known jewel-fanciers, while at least half-a-dozen millionaires were expected from the United States, with a smattering from Germany, Austria, and Russia, and one each from Italy, Belgium, and Holland.

Admission to the auction-rooms was allowed by ticket only, to be applied for at least a week in advance, applications to be accompanied by satisfactory testimonials. It would possibly have surprised many of the rich men collected there to know that they sat cheek by jowl with some of the most noted thieves of England and America; but I allowed this for two reasons: first, I wished to keep these sharpers under my own eye until I knew who had bought the necklace; and secondly, I was desirous that they should not know they were suspected.

I had trusty men stationed outside on the Boulevard des Italiens, each of whom knew by sight most of the probable purchasers of the necklace. It was arranged that when the sale was over, I should walk out to the Boulevard alongside the man who was the new owner of the diamonds, and from that moment until he quitted France my men were not to lose sight of him if he took personal custody of the stones, instead of doing the sensible and proper thing of having them insured and forwarded to his residence by some responsible transit company, or depositing them in the bank. In fact, I took every precaution that occurred to me. All police Paris was on the *qui vive* and felt itself pitted against the scoundrelism of the world.

For one reason or another, it was nearly half-past two before the sale began. There had been considerable delay because of forged tickets, and, indeed, each order of admittance was so closely scrutinised that this in itself took a good deal more time than we anticipated. Every chair was occupied, and still a number of the visitors had to stand. I stationed myself by the swinging-doors at the entrance end of the hall, where I could command a view of the entire assemblage. Some of my men were standing with backs against the wall, whilst others were distributed amongst the chairs, all in plain clothes. During the sale, the diamonds themselves were not displayed, but the box containing them rested in front of the auctioneer, and three policemen in uniform stood guard on either side.

Very quietly the auctioneer said that there was no need for him to expatiate on the notable character of the treasure he had to offer for sale, and with this preliminary he requested them to bid. Someone said twenty thousand francs, which was received with much laughter; then the bidding went steadily on until it reached nine hundred thousand francs, which I knew to be less than half the reserve the Government had put upon the necklace. The contest advanced more slowly until the million and a half was touched, and there it hung fire for a time, while the auctioner remarked that this sum did not equal that which the maker of the necklace had finally been forced to accept for it. After another pause, he said that as the reserve was not exceeded, the necklace would be withdrawn, and probably never

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"'One million dollars.'"

again offered for sale. He therefore urged those who were holding back to make their bid. At this the contest livened until the sum of two million three hundred thousand francs had been offered, and now I knew the necklace would be sold. Nearing the three million mark the competition thinned down to a few dealers from Hamburg and the Marquis of Warlingham, from England, when a voice that had not yet been heard in the auction-room said, in a tone of some impatience—

"One million dollars."

There was an instant hush, then the scribbling of pencils, as each person there reduced the sum to its equivalent in his own currency: pounds for the English, francs for the French, marks for the German, and so on. The aggressive tone and the clear-cut face of the bidder proclaimed him an American, not less than the financial denomination he had used. In a moment it was realised that his bid was a clear leap of more than two million francs, and a sigh went up from the audience as if this settled it, and the great sale was done. Nevertheless, the auctioneer's hammer hovered over the lid of his desk, and he looked up and down the long line of faces turned towards him. He seemed reluctant to tap the board, but there was no further price bid against this tremendous sum, and with a sharp click the mallet fell.

"What name?" he asked, bending over towards the customer.

"Cash," replied the American. "Here's the cheque for the amount. I'll take the diamonds with me."

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"Your request is somewhat unusual," protested the auctioneer mildly.

"I know what you mean," interrupted the American—"you think the cheque may not be cashed. You will notice it is drawn on the Crédit-Lyonnais, which is practically next door. I must have the jewels with me. Send round your messenger with the cheque: it will take only a few minutes to find out whether or not the money is there to meet it. The necklace is mine, and I insist on having it."

The auctioneer with some demur handed the cheque to the representative of the French Government who was present, and this official himself went to the bank. There were some other things to be sold, and the auctioneer endeavoured to go on through the list, but no one paid the slightest attention to him.

Meanwhile I was studying the countenance of the man who had made the astounding bid, when I should instead have adjusted my preparations to meet the new conditions confronting me. Here was a man about whom we knew nothing whatever. I had come to the instant conclusion that he was a prince of criminals, and that some design, not at that moment fathomed by me, was on foot to get possession of the jewels. The handing up of the cheque was clearly a trick of some sort, and I fully expected the official to return and say the draft was good. I determined to prevent this man from getting the case until I knew more of his game. Quietly I removed from my place near the door to the auctioneer's desk, having two objects in view: first, to warn the auctioneer not to part with the treasure too easily; and secondly, to study the suspected man at closer range. Of all evil-doers, the American is most to be feared; he uses more ingenuity in the planning of his projects, and will take greater risks in carrying them out, than any other malefactor on earth. From my new station I saw I had two to deal with. The bidder had a keen, intellectual face, and refined, ladylike hands, clean and white, showing they had long been divorced from manual labour, if, indeed, they had ever done any useful work. Coolness and imperturbability were his beyond a doubt. The companion who sat at his right was of an entirely different stamp. His hands were hairy and sun-tanned; his face bore the stamp of grim determination and unflinching bravery. I knew that these two types usually hunted in couples—the one to scheme, the other to execute, and they always formed a combination dangerous to encounter and difficult to circumvent.

There was a buzz of conversation up and down the hall, and these two men talked together in low tones. I knew now that I

"'You must not give up the necklace,' I said."

was face to face with the most hazardous problem of my life.

I whispered to the auctioneer, who bent his head to listen. He knew very well who I was, of course.

"You must not give up the necklace," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am under the orders of the officials of the Ministry of the Interior. You must speak to him."

"I shall not fail to do so," I replied. "Nevertheless, do not give up the box too readily."

"I am helpless," he said with another shrug. "I obey the orders of the Government."

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Seeing it was useless to parley further with the auctioneer, I set my wits to work to meet the new emergency. I felt convinced that the cheque would prove to be genuine, and that the fraud, wherever it lay, would be disclosed too late to be of service to the authorities. My duty, therefore, was to make sure we lost sight neither of the buyer nor the thing bought. Of course, I could not arrest him merely on suspicion; besides, it would make the Government the laughing-stock of the world if they were to sell a case of jewels and immediately arrest the buyer when they themselves had handed his purchase over to him; and ridicule kills in France. A breath of laughter will blow a Government out of existence in Paris much more effectually than a whiff of cannon-smoke. My duty, then, was to give the Government full warning, and never lose sight of my man until he was clear of France; then my responsibility was ended.

I took aside one of my own men in plain clothes and said to him—

"You have seen the American who has bought the necklace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Go outside quietly and station yourself there. He is likely to emerge presently with the casket in his possession. You are not to lose sight of either the man or the jewels. I shall follow him and be close behind him as he emerges, and you are to shadow us. If he parts with the case, you must be ready at a sign from me to follow either the man or the jewels. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, and left the room.

It is ever the unforeseen that baffles us: it is easy to be wise after the event. I should have sent two men, and I have often thought since how wise is the regulation of the Italian Government, which sends out its policemen in pairs. Or I should have given my man power to call for help; but even as it was, he did only half as well as I had a right to expect of him, and the blunder he committed by a moment's dull-witted hesitation. Ah, well! there is no use in scolding. After all, the result might have been the same.

Just as my man disappeared through the two folding-doors, the official from the Ministry of the Interior entered. I intercepted him about half-way between the door and the auctioneer.

"Possibly the cheque appears to be genuine," I whispered to him.

"Certainly," he replied pompously. He was a man greatly impressed with his own importance—a kind of character with whom it is always difficult to deal. Afterwards the Government claimed that this official had warned me, and the utterances of an empty-headed ass, "dressed in a little brief authority," as the English poet says, were looked upon as the epitome of wisdom.

"I advise you strongly not to hand over the necklace as has been requested," I went on.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I am convinced the bidder is a criminal."

"If you have proof of that, arrest him."

"I have no proofs at the present moment, but I request you to delay the delivery of the goods."

"That is absurd!" he cried impatiently. "The necklace is his, not ours. The money has already been transferred to the account of the Government. We cannot retain the five million francs and refuse to hand over to him what he has bought with them"; and so the official left me standing there, nonplussed and anxious. The eyes of everyone in the room had been turned on us during our brief conversation, and now the official proceeded ostentatiously up the room with a grand air of importance; then, with a bow and a flourish of the hand, he said dramatically—

"The jewels belong to Monsieur."

The two Americans rose simultaneously, the taller holding out his hand while the auctioneer passed to him the case he had apparently paid so highly for. The American nonchalantly opened the box, and for the first time the electric radiance of the jewels burst upon that audience, each member of which craned his neck to behold it. It seemed to me a most reckless thing to do. He examined the jewels minutely for a few moments, then snapped the lid shut again and calmly put the box in his outside pocket; and I could not help noticing now that the light overcoat he wore had pockets made extraordinarily large, as if on purpose for this very case. And now this amazing man walked serenely down the room past miscreants who would have joyfully cut his throat for even the smallest diamond in that conglomeration; yet he did not take the trouble to put his hand on the pocket which contained the case, or in any way attempt to protect it. The assemblage seemed stricken dumb at his audacity. His friend followed closely at his heels, and the tall man disappeared through the folding-doors. Not so the other, however. He turned quickly and

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whipped two revolvers out of his pocket, which he presented at the astonished crowd. There had been a movement on the part of everyone to leave the room, but the sight of these deadly weapons confronting them made each one shrink into his place again.

The man with his back to the door spoke in a loud and domineering voice, asking the auctioneer to translate what he had to say into French and German. He spoke in English.

"These here shiners are valuable; they belong to my friend who has just gone out. Casting no reflections on the generality of people in this room, there are, nevertheless, half-a-dozen 'crooks' among us whom my friend wishes to avoid. Now, no honest man here will object to giving the buyer of that there trinket five clear minutes in which to get away. It's only the 'crooks' that can kick. I ask these five minutes as a favour, but if they are not granted, I am going to take them as a right. Any man who moves will get shot."

"I am an honest man," I cried, "and I object. I am chief detective of the Government. Stand aside; the police will protect your friend."

"Hold on, my son," warned the American, turning one weapon directly upon me, while the other held a sort of roving commission, pointing all over the room. "My friend is from New York, and he distrusts the police as much as he does the grafters. You may be twenty detectives, but if you move before that clock strikes three, I'll bring you down —and don't you forget it."

It is one thing to face death in a fierce struggle, but quite another to advance coldly upon it towards the muzzle of a pistol held so steadily that there could be no chance of escape. The gleam of determination in the man's eye convinced me he meant what he said. I did not consider then, nor have I considered since, that the next five minutes, precious as they were, would be worth paying my life for. Apparently everyone else was of my opinion, for none moved hand or foot until the clock slowly struck three.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the American, as he vanished between the spring-doors. When I say vanished, I mean that word and no other, because my men outside saw nothing of this individual then or later. He vanished as if he had never existed, and it was some hours before we found how this had been accomplished.

I rushed out almost on his heels, as one might say, and hurriedly questioned my waiting men. They had all seen the tall American come out with the greatest leisureness and stroll towards the west. As he was not the man any of them were looking for, they paid no further attention to him, as, indeed, is the custom with our Parisian force. They have eyes for nothing but what they are sent to look for, and this trait has its drawbacks for their superiors.

I ran up the Boulevard, my whole thought intent on the diamonds and their bidder. I knew my subordinate in command of the men inside the hall would look after the scoundrel with the pistols. A short distance up I found the stupid fellow I had sent out, standing in a dazed manner at the corner of the Rue Michodière, gazing alternately towards the Place de l'Opéra and down the short street at whose corner he stood. The very fact that he was there was proof that he had failed.

"Where is that American?" I cried.

"He went down this street, sir."

"And why are you standing there like a fool?"

"I followed him this far, then a man came up the Rue Michodière, and without a word the American handed him the jewel-box, turning instantly down the street up which the other had come. The other jumped into a cab and drove towards the Place de l'Opéra."

"And what did you do? Stood here like a post, I suppose?"

"I didn't know what to do, sir. It all happened in a moment."

"Why didn't you follow the cab?"

"I didn't know which to follow, sir, and the cab was gone instantly while I watched the American."

"What was its number?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You clod! Why didn't you call one of our men, whoever was nearest, and leave him to follow the American while you followed the cab?"

"I did shout to the nearest man, sir, but he said you told him to stay there and watch the English lord; and even before he had said that, both American and cabman had disappeared."

"Was the man to whom he gave the box an American, too?"

"No, sir, he was French."

"How do you know?"

"By his appearance and the words he spoke."

"I thought you said he didn't speak?"

"He did not speak to the American, sir,

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but he said to the cabman: 'Drive to the Madeline as quickly as you can.'"

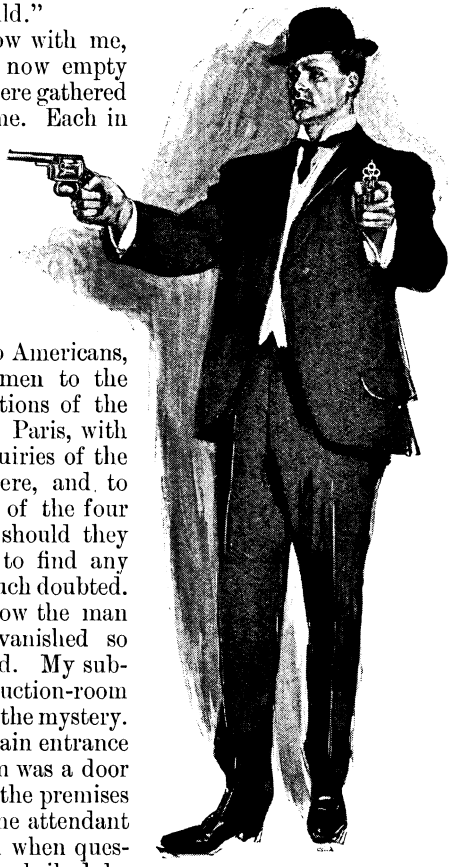
"Describe the man."

"He was a head shorter than the American, wore a black beard and moustache rather neatly trimmed, and seemed to be a superior sort of artisan."

"You did not take the number of the cab. Should you know the cabman if you saw him again?"

"Yes, sir, I should."

Taking this fellow with me, I returned to the now empty auction-room and there gathered all my men about me. Each in his notebook took down descriptions of the cabman and his passenger from the lips of my incompetent spy; then I dictated a full description of the two Americans, and scattered my men to the various railway stations of the lines leading out of Paris, with orders to make inquiries of the police on duty there, and to arrest one or more of the four persons described, should they be so fortunate as to find any of them, which I much doubted.



"'Any man who moves will get shot.'"

I now learned how the man with the pistols vanished so completely as he did. My subordinate in the auction-room had speedily solved the mystery. To the left of the main entrance of the auction-room was a door that gave access to the premises in the rear. As the attendant in charge confessed when questioned, he had been bribed by the American earlier in the day to leave this side-door open and to allow the man to escape by the goods-entrance. Thus the ruffian had not appeared on the Boulevard at all, and so had not been observed by any of my men.

Taking my spy with me, I returned to my own office and sent an order throughout the city that every cabman who had been in the Boulevard des Italiens between half-past two and half-past three that afternoon was to report to me. The examination of these men proved a very tedious business indeed; but whatever other countries may say of us, we French are patient, and if the haystack is searched long enough, the needle will be found. I did not discover the needle I was looking for, but I came upon one quite as important, if not more so.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when a cabman answered my oft-repeated question in the affirmative.

"Did you take up a passenger a few minutes past three o'clock on the Boulevard des Italiens, near the Crédit-Lyonnais? Had he a short, black beard? Did he carry a small box in his hand and order you to drive to the Madeline?"

The cabman seemed puzzled.

"He had a short, black beard when he got out of the cab," he replied.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I drive a closed cab, sir. When he got in, he was a smooth-faced gentleman; when he got out, he wore a short, black beard."

"Was he a Frenchman?"

"No, sir, he was a foreigner—either English or American."

"Did he carry a box?"

"No, sir; he had in his hand a small handbag."

"Where did he tell you to drive?"

"He told me to follow the cab in front, which had just driven off very rapidly towards the Madeline. In fact, I heard the man such as you describe order the other cabman to drive to the Madeline. I had come up to the kerb when this man held up his hand for a cab, but the open cab cut in ahead of me. Just then my passenger stepped up and said in French, but with a foreign accent: 'Follow that cab wherever it goes.'"

I turned with some indignation to my spy.

"You told me," I said, "that the American had gone down a side street. Yet he evidently met a second man, obtained from him the handbag, turned back, and got into the closed cab directly behind you."

"Well, sir," stammered the man, "I could not look in two directions at the same time. The American certainly went down the side street, but of course I watched the cab which contained the jewels."

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"And you saw nothing of the closed cab right at your elbow?"

"The Boulevard was full of cabs, sir, and the pavement crowded with passers-by, as it always is at that hour of the day; and I have only two eyes in my head."

"I am glad to know you had that many, for I was beginning to think you were blind."

Although I said this, I knew in my heart it was useless to censure the poor wretch, for the fault was entirely my own in not sending two men, and in failing to guess the possibility of the jewels and their owner being separated. Besides, here was a clue to my hand at last, and no time must be lost in following it up. So I continued my interrogation of the cabman.

"The other cab was an open vehicle, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"You succeeded in following it?"

"Oh, yes, sir. At the Madeline the man in front re-directed the coachman, who turned to the left and drove to the Place de la Concorde, then up the Champs Élysées to the Arch, and so down the Avenue de la Grand Armée and the Avenue de Neuilly, where it came to a standstill. My fare got out, and I saw he wore a short, black beard, which he had evidently put on inside the cab. He gave me a ten-franc piece, which was very satisfactory."

"And the fare you were following? What did he do?"

"He got out, paid the cabman, went down the bank of the river, and on board a steam launch that seemed to be waiting for him."

"Did he look behind or appear to know that he was being followed?"

"No, sir."

"And your fare?"

"He ran after the first man and also went aboard the steam launch, which instantly started down the river."

"And that was the last you saw of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time did you reach the Pont de Neuilly?"

"I do not know, sir; I had to drive rather fast, but the distance is seven or eight kilometres."

"You would do it under the hour?"

"Yes, certainly under the hour."

"Then you must have reached there about four o'clock?"

"It is very likely, sir."

The plan of the tall American was now perfectly clear to me, and it comprised nothing that was contrary to law. He had evidently placed his luggage on board the steam launch in the morning. The handbag had contained various materials which would enable him to disguise himself, and this bag he had probably left in some shop down the side street, or else someone was waiting with it for him. The giving of the treasure to another man was not so risky as it had at first appeared, because he instantly followed that man, who was probably his confidential servant. Despite the windings of the river, there was ample time for the launch to reach Havre before the American steamer sailed on Saturday morning. I surmised it was his intention to come alongside of the steamer before she left her berth in Havre harbour, and thus transfer himself and his belongings unperceived by anyone on watch at the land side of the liner. All this, of course, was perfectly justifiable, and was, in truth, a well-laid scheme for escaping observation. His only danger of being tracked was when he got into the cab. Once away from the neighbourhood of the Boulevard des Italiens, he was reasonably sure to evade pursuit, and the five minutes which his friend with the pistols had won for him gave him just about the time he needed to get as far as the Place Madeline, and after that everything was easy. Yet if it had not been for this five minutes secured by coercion, I should not have had the slightest excuse for arresting him. But he was accessory after the act in that piece of illegality—in fact, it was absolutely certain that he had been accessory before the act, and guilty of conspiracy with the man who had presented firearms to the auctioneer's audience, and who had interfered with an officer in the discharge of his duty by threatening me and my men. So I was now legally in the right if I arrested every person on board that steam launch.

With a map of the river before me, I proceeded to make some calculations. It was now nearly ten o'clock at night. The launch had had six hours to go at its utmost speed. It was doubtful if so small a vessel could make ten miles an hour, even with the current in its favour, which is rather sluggish because of the locks and the level country.

Sixty miles would place her beyond Meulan, which is fifty-eight miles from the Pont Royal, and, of course, a lesser distance from the Pont de Neuilly. But the navigation of the river is difficult at all times, and almost impossible after dark. There were chances of the boat running aground, and then there was the inevitable delay at the

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locks. So I estimated that the launch could not yet have reached Meulan, which was less than twenty-five miles from Paris by rail. Looking up the time-table, I saw there were still two trains to Meulan—the next at 10.25, which reached Meulan at 11.40. I had time to reach St. Lazarus station and there do some telegraphing before the train left.

"'When he got out, he wore a short, black beard.'"

With three of my assistants, I got into a cab and drove to the station, sending one of my men to hold the train while I went into the telegraph-office, cleared the wires, and got into communication with the lock-master at Meulan. He replied that no steam-launch had passed down since an hour before sunset. I then instructed him to allow the yacht to enter the lock, close the upper gate, let half of the water out, and hold the vessel there until I came. I also ordered the local Meulan police to send enough men to the lock to enforce this command. Lastly, I sent messages all along the river asking the police to report to me on the train the passage of the steam-launch.

The 10.25 is a slow train, stopping at every station. However, every drawback has its compensations, and these stoppages enabled me to receive and to send telegraphic messages. I was quite well aware that I might be on a fool's errand in going to Meulan. The yacht might turn before it had steamed a mile, and come back into Paris. There had been no time to learn whether this were so or not, if I was to catch the 10.25. Also it might have landed its passengers anywhere along the river. I may say at once that neither of these two things happened, and my calculations as to her movements were accurate to the letter. But a trap most carefully set may be prematurely sprung by inadvertence, or more often by the over-zeal of some stupid ass who fails to understand his instructions, or oversteps them if they are understood. I received a most annoying telegram from Denouval, a lock about thirteen miles above that of Meulan. The local policeman, arriving at the lock, found that the yacht had just cleared. The fool shouted to the captain to return, threatening him with all the pains and penalties of the law if he refused. The captain did refuse, rang on "Full speed ahead!" and disappeared in the darkness. Through this well-meant blunder of an understrapper, those on board the launch had received warning that we were on their track. I telegraphed to the lock-keeper at Denouval

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to allow no craft to pass towards Paris until further orders. We had the launch trapped in a thirteen-mile stretch of water, but the night was pitch dark, and passengers might be landed on either bank, with all France before them.

It was midnight when I reached the lock at Meulan, and, as I expected, nothing had been seen or heard of the launch. It gave me some satisfaction to telegraph to that dunderhead at Denouval to walk along the river-bank to Meulan and report if he learnt the launch's whereabouts. We took up our quarters in the lock-keeper's house and waited. There was little sense in sending men to scour the country at this time of night, for the pursued were on the alert and were not likely to allow themselves to be caught if they did go ashore. On the other hand, there was every chance that the captain would refuse to let them land, because he must know his vessel was in a trap from which he could not escape; and although the demand of the policeman at Denouval was quite unauthorised, nevertheless the captain must be well aware of his danger in refusing to obey that command. Even if he got away for the moment, he must know that arrest was certain and that his punishment would be severe. His only plea could be that he had not heard and understood the order to return. But this plea would be invalidated if he aided in the escape of two men who, he must now know, were wanted by the police. I was, therefore, very confident that if the men demanded to be set ashore, the captain would refuse when he had had time to think about his own danger. My estimate proved accurate, for towards one o'clock the lock-keeper came in and said the green and red lights of an approaching craft were visible, and as he spoke, the yacht whistled for the opening of the lock. I stood by the lock-keeper while he opened the gates; my men and the local police were concealed on each side of the lock. The launch came slowly in, and as soon as it had done so, I asked the captain to step ashore, which he did.

"I wish a word with you," I said. "Follow me."

I took him into the lock-keeper's house and closed the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To Havre."

"Where did you come from?"

"Paris."

"From what quay?"

"From the Pont de Neuilly."

"When did you leave there?"

"At five minutes to four o'clock this afternoon."

"Yesterday afternoon, you mean?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Who engaged you to make this voyage!"

"An American—I do not know his name."

"He paid you well, I suppose?"

"He paid me what I asked."

"Have you received the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"I may inform you, captain, that I am chief detective of the French Government, and that all the police of France at this moment are under my control. I ask you, therefore, to be careful of your answers. You were ordered by a policeman at Denouval to return. Why did you not do so?"

"The captain hesitated, turning his cap about in his hands."

"The lock-keeper ordered me to return, but as he had no right to order me, I went on."

"You know very well it was the police who ordered you, and you ignored the command. Again I ask you why you did so."

"I did not know it was the police."

"I thought you would say that. You knew very well, but were paid to take the risk, and it is likely to cost you dear. You had two passengers aboard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you put them ashore between here and Denouval?"

"No, sir, but one of them went overboard, and we couldn't find him again."

"Which one?"

"The short man."

"Then the American is still aboard?"

"What American, sir?"

"Captain, you must not trifle with me. The man who engaged you is still aboard."

"Oh, no, sir—he has never been aboard."

"Do you mean to tell me that the second man who came on your launch at the Pont de Neuilly is not the American who engaged you?"

"Oh, no; the American was a smooth-faced man, this man has a black beard."

"Yes, a false beard."

"I did not know that, sir. I understood from the American that I was to take but one passenger. One came aboard with a small box in his hand, the other with a small bag. Each claimed to be the passenger in question. I did not know what to do, so I left with both of them on board."

"Then the tall man with the beard is still with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, captain, is there anything else you have to tell me? I think you will find it better in the end to make a clean breast of it."

The captain hesitated, turning his cap about in his hands for a few moments, then he said—

"I am not sure that the first passenger went overboard of his own accord. When the police hailed us at Denouval——"

"Ah! you knew it was the police, then?"

"I was afraid after I left it might have been. You see, when the bargain was made with me, the American said that if I reached Havre at a certain time, a thousand francs extra would be paid to me, so I was anxious to get along as quickly as I could. I told him it was dangerous to navigate the Seine at night, but he paid me well for attempting it. After the policeman called to us at Denouval, the man with the small box became very much excited and asked me to put him ashore, which I refused to do. The tall man appeared to be watching him, never letting him get far away. When I heard the splash in the water, I ran aft, and I saw the tall man putting the box which the other had held into his handbag, although I said nothing of it at the time. We cruised back and forward about the spot where the other man had gone overboard, but saw nothing more of him. Then I came on to Meulan, intending to give information about what I had seen. That is all I know of the matter, sir."

"Was the man who had the jewels a Frenchman?"

"What jewels, sir?"

"The man with the small box."

"Oh, yes, sir, he was French."

"You hinted that the foreigner threw him overboard. What grounds have you for such a belief if you did not see the struggle?"

"The night is very dark, sir, and I did not see what happened. I was at the wheel in the forward part of the launch, with my back turned to these two. I heard a scream, then a splash. If the man had jumped overboard as the other said, he would not have screamed. Besides, as I told you, when I ran aft, I saw the foreigner put the little box in his handbag, which he shut up quickly, as if he did not wish me to notice."

"Very good, captain. If you have told the truth, it will go easier with you in the investigation that is to follow."

I now turned the captain over to one of my men and ordered in the foreigner with his bag and bogus black whiskers. Before questioning him, I ordered him to open the handbag, which he did with evident reluctance. It was filled with false whiskers, false moustaches, and various bottles, but on top of them all lay the jewel-case. I raised the lid and displayed that accursed necklace. I looked up at the man, who stood there calmly enough, saying nothing in spite of the overwhelming evidence against him.

"Will you oblige me by removing those false whiskers?"

He did so at once, throwing them into the open bag. I knew the moment I saw him that he was not the American, and thus my theory had broken down—in one very important part, at least. Informing him who I was, and cautioning him to speak the truth, I asked how he came into possession of the jewels.

"Am I under arrest?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Of what am I accused?"

"You are accused in the first place of having in your possession property which does not belong to you."

"I plead guilty to that. What in the second place?"

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"In the second place, you may find yourself accused of murder."

"I am innocent of the second charge. The man jumped overboard."

"If that is true, why did he scream as he went over?"

"Because, too late to recover his balance, I seized this box and held it."

"He was in the rightful possession of the box; the owner gave it to him."

"I admit that; I saw the owner give it to him."

"Then why should he jump overboard?"

"I do not know. He seemed to become panic-stricken when the police at the last lock ordered us to return. He implored the captain to put him ashore, and from that moment I watched him keenly, expecting that if we drew near to the land, he would attempt to escape, as the captain had refused to beach the launch. He remained quiet for about half an hour, seated on a camp-chair by the rail, with his eyes turned towards the shore, trying, as I imagined, to penetrate the darkness and estimate the distance. Then suddenly he sprang up and made his dash. I was prepared, and instantly caught the box in his hand. He gave a half-turn, trying either to save himself or to retain the box, then with a scream went down shoulders first into the water. It all happened within a second after he leaped from his chair."

"You admit yourself, then, indirectly responsible for his drowning, at least?"

"I see no reason to suppose that the man was drowned. If able to swim, he could easily have reached the river-bank. If unable to swim, why should he attempt it encumbered by the box?"

"You believed he escaped, then?"

"I think so."

"It will be lucky for you should that prove to be the case."

"Certainly."

"How did you come to be in the yacht at all?"

"I shall give you a full account of the affair, concealing nothing. I am a private detective, with an office in London. I was certain that some attempt would be made by probably the most expert criminals at large to rob the possessor of this necklace. I came over to Paris, anticipating trouble, determined to keep an eye upon the jewel-case, if this proved possible. If the jewels were stolen, the crime was bound to be one of the most celebrated in legal annals. I was present during the sale and saw the buyer of the necklace. I followed the official who went to the Bank, and thus learned that the money was behind the cheque. I then stopped outside and waited for the buyer to appear. He had the case in his hand."

"In his pocket, you mean?"

"He had it in his hand when I saw him. Then the man who afterwards jumped overboard approached him, took the case without a word, held up his hand for a cab, and when an open vehicle approached the kerb, he stepped in, saying 'The Madeline.' I hailed a closed cab, instructed the cabman to follow the first, disguising myself with whiskers as near like those of the man in front as I had in my collection."

"Why did you do that?"

"As a detective, you should know why I did it. I wished as nearly as possible to resemble the man in front, so that if necessity arose I could pretend that I was the person commissioned to carry the jewel-case. As a matter of fact, the crisis arose when we came to the end of our cab journey. The captain did not know which was his true passenger, and so let us both aboard the launch. And now you have the whole story."

"An extremely improbable one, sir. Even by your own account, you had no right to interfere in this business at all."

"I quite agree with you there," he replied with great nonchalance, taking a card from his pocket-book, which he handed to me.

"That is my London address; you may make inquiries, and you will find I am exactly what I represent myself to be."

The first train for Paris left Meulan at eleven minutes past four in the morning. It was now a quarter after two. I left the captain, crew, and launch in charge of two of my men, with orders to proceed to Paris as soon as it was daylight. I, supported by the third man, waited at the station with our English prisoner, and reached Paris at half past five in the morning.

The English prisoner, though severely interrogated by the judge, stood by his story. Inquiry by the police in London proved that what he said of himself was true. His case, however, began to look very serious when two of the men from the launch asserted that they had seen him push the Frenchman overboard, and their statement could not be shaken. All our energies were bent for the next two weeks on trying to find something of the identity of the missing man, or to get any trace of the two Americans. If the tall American were alive, it seemed incredible that he should not have made application for his missing property.

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All attempts to trace him by means of the Crédit-Lyonnais proved futile.

We made inquiries about every missing man in Paris, but also without result.

The case had excited much attention throughout the world, and doubtless was

"I raised the lid and displayed that accursed necklace."

published in full in the American papers. The Englishman had been in custody three weeks when the Chief of Police of Paris received the following letter :—

"DEAR SIR,—On my arrival in New York by the English steamer *Lucania*, I was much amused to read in the papers accounts of the exploits of detectives, French and English. I am sorry that only one of them seems to be in prison ; I think his French *confrère* ought to be there also. I regret exceedingly, however, that there is the rumour of the death, by drowning, of my friend, Eugène Dubois, of 375, Rue aux Juifs, Rouen. If this is indeed the case, he has met his death through the blunders of the police. Nevertheless, I wish you would communicate with his family at the address I have given, and assure them that I will make arrangements for their future support.

"I may say that I am a manufacturer of imitation diamonds, and, through extensive advertising, have accumulated a fortune of many millions. I was in Europe when the necklace was found, and had in my possession over a thousand imitation diamonds of my own manufacture. It occurred to me that here was the opportunity of the most magnificent advertisement in the world. I saw the necklace, received its measurements, and also obtained photographs of it taken by the French Government. Then I set my expert friend, Eugène Dubois, at work, and he made an imitation necklace so closely resembling the original that you apparently do not know it is the unreal you have in your possession. I was not nearly so much afraid of the villainy of the crooks as of the blundering of the police, who would have protected me with brass-band vehemence if I could not elude them. I knew that the detectives would overlook the obvious, but would at once follow a clue if I provided one for them. Consequently I laid my plans, just as you have discovered, and got Eugène Dubois up from Rouen to carry the case I gave him down to Havre. I had had another box prepared in brown paper with my address in New York written thereon. The moment I emerged from the auction-room, while my friend the cowboy was holding up the audience, I turned my face to the door, took out the genuine diamonds from the case and slipped it into the box I had prepared for mailing. Into the genuine case I put the bogus diamonds. After handing the box to Dubois, I turned down a side street, and then into another whose name I do not know, and there in a shop, with sealing-wax and string, did up my packet for posting. I labelled the package 'Books,' went to the nearest post-office, paid letter postage, and handed it over unregistered, as if it were of no particular value. After this I went to my rooms in the Grand Hotel, where I had been staying under my own name for more than a month. Next morning I took train for London, and the day after sailed from Liverpool on the *Lucania*. I arrived before the *Gascoigne*, which sailed from Havre on Saturday, met my box at the Customs-house, paid duty, and it now reposes in my safe. I intend to construct an imitation necklace which will be so like the genuine one that nobody can tell

the two apart; then I shall come to Europe and exhibit the pair, for the publication of the truth of this matter will give me the greatest advertisement that ever was.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN P. HAZARD."

I at once communicated with Rouen and found Eugène Dubois all right. His first words were—

"I swear I did not steal the jewels."

He had swum ashore, tramped to Rouen, and kept quiet in great fear as to what would happen.

It took Mr. Hazard longer to make his imitation necklace that he supposed, and several years later he took passage with the two necklaces on the ill-fated steamer *Burgoyne*, and now rests beside them at the bottom of the Atlantic. As the English poet says—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.

THE HIDDEN LAND.

IN the deepening dusk they swing their lights,
Where the lawns are dark and the dim tree stands;
For this is the Good Folks' night o' nights,
And they show you the way to the Hidden Land.

'And it's will you go with us?"—they sing;
"O the lights are lit on the shadowy way,
And the chime of the hare-bells ring and ring,
And sun-dust gold is the fare you pay.

"If you'd come, you must wear the Wonder-Cloak,
If you'd come, you must don the Magic Shoe;
And you must be fleeter than morning smoke,
And trip it deftly as moon-moths do.

"If you'd pass the Guard at the Lovely Gate,
You must carry a fern-seed in your hand,
And you must be wise in the lore—or wait
For ever withheld from the Hidden Land."

The lights swing close—"Will you go? Will you go?"
"Whither?"—you ask—"not there nor here?"
Haply 'tis farther than last year's snow,
Haply more near than the dark is near.

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

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THE TRIUMPH OF SANDY.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.*

"YOU want the moon. So do other infants, Sandy; but I have never heard that they had it handed down to them. Be reasonable; and admit that Miss Venour has a right to liberty of action."

Sandy, high upon the bank on which the camp was pitched, flipped a pebble into the most sacred river of India. The action expressed his attitude, at the moment, towards a contemptible world, and in it he plainly included the fellow-subaltern at his elbow.

"I want common, ordinary fair play. I'm no beauty; I haven't any points; but, hang it all! Chatty is *mine*. Haven't we been engaged since we were bits of things? Didn't Mrs. Macgregor ask her out for the cold weather so that we should be together? Don't we lo—aren't we—weren't we—fond enough of each other?"

"We-ell?" Arkwright drawled, surveying the speaker quizzically, and yet with an affectionate forbearance, like a big dog criticising the yapping of a puppy.

"Well? That's what I go upon. We were as festive as the flowers in May, until this Professor came along. It isn't my fault, and that proves it."

"It proves nothing of the sort," Arkwright said, swinging over on his side to see the evening sun glorify the river before it dropped behind the first purple ridges of the lower Himalayas. "The Macgregors came out camping in the forest, and you and I planted ourselves here, within ken of them, and you rode every day and saw Miss Venour and were happy. Then they heard of Helberg—(well, who hasn't? He's a celebrity)—and they discovered that he was on the river, too, four miles north of us, and so they asked him to come over. I don't say I care for him much myself—these scientific Johnnies are not my line; but a clever girl like Miss Venour would be interested in him; and because she is civil and nice—and she can't help being that to everybody—you get some idiotic crank into your head, and tell her she mustn't talk to him. Of course she goes on talking to him; talks nineteen to the dozen to him, in fact. My dear Sandy, your *fiancée* is a reasonable woman, and she expects to be treated reasonably. You gave no explanation, just '*hukum hai—bus!*' (That is the order—enough.) Naturally, she objected. You had no justification for being so *zabbardusti*, and it is your place to say you were wrong and to make friends again. The whole affair is childish; and you are a cantankerous young infant, who won't say he's sorry without a spanking."

"I read one of Helberg's books once, when I was hard up for literature. He's a brute—a bacillus-hunting brute. He doesn't believe in anything he can't dissect with his scalpel. His theories about human life and will are simply too revolting for words. He thinks a man ought to be sacrificed to Science—with a big S—if he has anything interesting about his works that scientists would like to pick to pieces. He doesn't believe in souls; and he carves up live animals in ways that would make you sick. I don't choose that he should be airing his disgusting methods to Chatty. And I don't choose to explain 'em to her, either. Monsters oughtn't to be talked about."

"Humph!" Arkwright said. "Now, how much of that fulmination is righteous indignation, and how much is jealousy of a man who can make scientific things absorbing to the female listener? You may rest easy, my son, about contamination of mind; he only talks of beetles and butterflies to Miss Venour, unless Mrs. Mac's ears have suddenly grown dull of hearing. No: what is rankling now is that, our camp being midway between his and the Macgregors', you have the pleasure of seeing your hated rival whirling down stream to Paradise every evening, and of knowing that you are shut out of it by your own stupidity."

"Beetles and butterflies!" growled Sandy, ignoring the last sentences. "Much he cares about beetles, except to run pins through their vitals. Scientific celebrities don't whisper their latest discoveries into young women's ears, either. I tell you he's fooling her. And if he isn't, I'll wring his neck."

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"Contradictory, but comprehensible," Arkwright laughed. But he rose from the ledge with a wrinkled brow, and mused as he descended to the rocks and jointed his fishing-rod. He had not brought Sandy Melville out into the jungles to nurse his jealousies; rather had he brought him that he and Chatty might forgather in sweet sentimentality, at the earnest request of Sandy himself. Now their promising love affair was tied into knots, and Arkwright the faithful was at his wits' end to know how to disentangle it.

They had only been in the Timli forest twelve days, and it was barely nine since the great rupture. Everybody liked Sandy; everybody adored Chatty. The disturbance of what had been the happiest engagement in Upper India was a calamity. Arkwright forgot to cast his fly, and stood staring at the darkening waters.

A speck, bobbing corklike past the banks, appeared upon the rapid above the camp. It grew swiftly into a small, oblong raft of interwoven cords stretched on a wooden frame, beneath which the bulging shapes of some inflated skins swam down the current. An amphibian riverside dweller, brown and gleaming, steadied it with his hand, the greater part of his body immersed, and his lank locks streaking his face. By contrast with this outlandish means of progression, the raft's solitary passenger bore an aggressively civilised air. It was Professor Helberg, spectacled, blue-eyed, Teutonic, who shot past presently, and acknowledged Arkwright's salute with the wave of a holland umbrella. He sat cross-legged upon the *sanai*, and he had prudently enveloped himself in a waterproof cloak. Arkwright swore softly; for he knew that he was on his way to the company of Miss Venour, and he knew that Sandy, overhead, had seen him go.

"Why doesn't he go by the road, where we can't see him?" Arkwright said. "I shall never be able to get the boy down there this evening after that."

His foreboding was justified by the events which followed. Melville, his countenance darkened as with a thundercloud, was not to be coaxed Miss Venourwards when they turned out upon the forest road for their after-dinner smoke. He had been monosyllabic at the meal; and Arkwright had talked himself hoarse. Only two miles away—what are two miles, or two hundred, to the ardent lover?—was the Macgregors' camp, nestling cosily among the trees, white tents gleaming, lamps lit, the tinkle of Mrs. Macgregor's banjo twanging from a semicircle before the heaped and blazing logs. Only two miles away; a centre of sweetness and light, with the velvety blackness of the forest night hung thick about it. Sandy turned doggedly upon his heel and, when he should have wheeled to the right, went slowly to the left. The two cheroots made red sparks, glowing against the background of the night.

The sandy road, all rutty and narrow, intersected here and there, as daylight could have shown, by procession of tiny cleft footmarks, or the heavier prints of some marauding beast, ran parallel with the river, behind an intervening belt of trees. The topmost twigs touched finger-tips above it; Arkwright, looking up, saw the glitter of the Indian stars through a black filagree of branches. It was not a thoroughfare, except to a few obscure villages; ultimately, far beyond Helberg's camp, it lost itself in goat-tracks among the lower hills. A European pedestrian was the last person who might have been expected to appear upon it; which accounted for the ejaculation of the star-gazer, as, bringing his eyes to earth, he glanced over his shoulder at the roadway he had traversed.

"Who's that?"

A man was almost upon them—a white man. He was plodding up the silent alley as stolidly as if Timli Forest were Cheapside.

"What the dickens——! It looks like a loafer," said Sandy, with a show of interest in outside matters at last. "At this hour! Alone! Now, is he a deserter, or a madman, or what? Can't be anyone from Macgregor's, can it, d'you suppose?"

"Too seedy-looking," Arkwright said, and had time then to say no more, for the man, snuffing the cheroot smoke as he approached, was upon them. He clicked his heels and touched a battered deerstalker.

Arkwright peered curiously at him. In that uncertain light, all he could see was a ragged figure, with a gaunt, unshaven face gleaming above it, and with the hunch of shoulders and the bulge of knees that spell failure. Looking more nearly, he saw that the man's eyes were strained and bloodshot, and that there was much dust upon his boots. The new-comer spoke first.

"Not a deserter, sir, I assure you," he said, almost as if he had heard Sandy's remark. "I've got my discharge; only India doesn't seem the same place to a man who's got back to it, time-expired, that it did to'm in cantonments. And it's thirsty work—not

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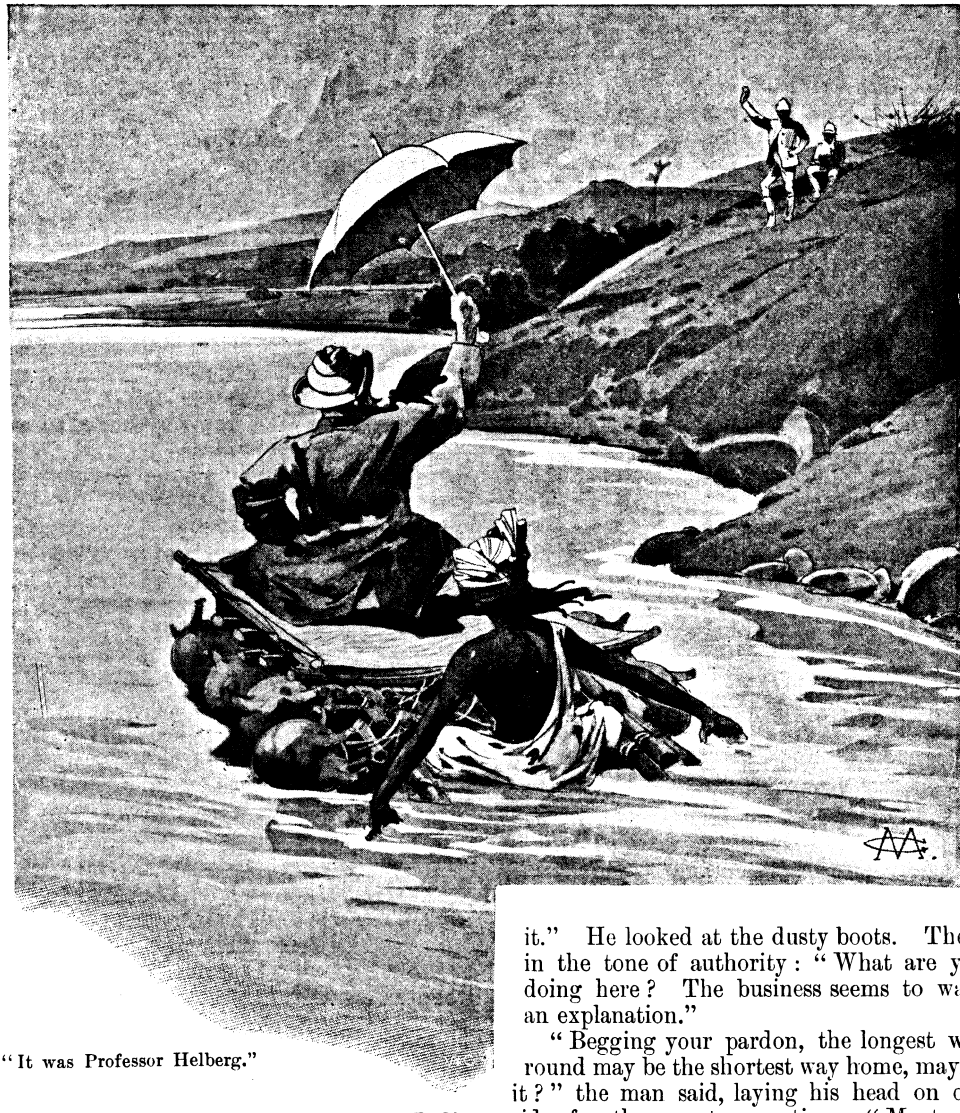

"It was Professor Helberg."

that that is your concern. Half over India I've been, and always thirsty. The woman—the folks I came out to look for was dead, too, which makes a man feel dried up. Half over India, and—dead. Now I'm on my way back to Landport, and a blessed fool I was to leave it, too, sir, if you'll believe me."

He was stupid with liquor, and he shuffled the sand under his feet, the soldier lost to sight in depths of disreputability.

"But this isn't the way to Landport—or to Bombay," Arkwright said, still scanning him. "This is the Timli Forest, and anything but a lively place to be taking the road in. Hadn't you better let us turn you back to the railway? You're walking away from it." He looked at the dusty boots. Then, in the tone of authority: "What are you doing here? The business seems to want an explanation."

"Begging your pardon, the longest way round may be the shortest way home, mayn't it?" the man said, laying his head on one side for the counter-question. "Must pay your passage in advance, you see, sir." He scraped a little sand-heap together with his feet, and he rocked as he did it. "I believe this is right for Professor Helberg's camp. And—you see—he's my man at present."

"Blackmail?" queried Sandy's eyebrows to Arkwright. "Humph!" he grunted audibly.

"The Professor is conducting some very important experiments, and he doesn't care about visitors when they are in progress. He is a good-sized person. Don't you know all that?" Arkwright said, still peering over his cheroot.

"Don't I? P'r'aps I do, better than you

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think, sir." He laughed shortly. "I'm not the man to go where I'm not asked for the sake of risking a row. It hasn't occurred to you gentlemen that the Professor and me might have an appointment, and that it might be a matter of dibs—passage-money—dibs and a nice sum over. No? There's risks in everything, and there's lots of things bought and sold that you couldn't bid for in the open market. Will that answer do? Because the rest don't belong to me. It's—his. Oh! it isn't a pretty world, and it likes its money's worth, as I find. There *are* angels, though; I met a pair of 'em back yonder, and the young one, take my word for't, was straight out o' heaven. Will you let me have the path, sir? . . . Lord! but it's a thirsty one! Thanks."

He tramped on, grew vague of outline, and faded into night. As his shuffling footsteps were lost among the myriad faint whisperings of the forest, Sandy turned upon Arkwright in angry triumph.

"I knew Helberg was a fraud. Where does that drunken scamp come in, in his grand researches?"

"Might have been romancing," Arkwright said, but he dropped the explanation slowly, as if it did not satisfy his own doubts. "Perhaps he wants a keeper for his wretched rabbits and monkeys, and this is the man who has taken on the job. We'll ride over to Macgregor's after dinner to-morrow night and see if he has had any dealings with the creature. He could hardly have passed the camp unnoticed. His talk of angels sounded like sense. Eh, Sandy?"

But Sandy was not to be seduced into Chatty's society by so simple a ruse. For she was unforgiven, and, still worse, unforgiving. But he grunted darkling suspicions of Helberg and his new *protégé* through the remainder of the walk.

Arkwright rode forth alone on the following evening and was entertained by Chatty with the most charming grace imaginable, mitigated by an apparent boundless indifference to Sandy's welfare when his friend dragged it to the front. Helberg was one of the party, and he gave an amusing account in his gutturals of the arrival of his new valet, Dasent, the ex-soldier, in the wilderness. The Macgregors had broached the subject, and Mrs. Macgregor had described, with an air of humorous tolerance towards Chatty's absurdities, how that young woman, touched by the lamentations of thirst on the part of the wanderer, had hurried to his relief with soda-water.

"He drank it, poor man, as if it were poison," Mrs. Macgregor said. "There's another tribute to the fascinations of our Chatty; for he finished it, and said: 'God bless you, miss!'"

Arkwright should have been satisfied with the explanation of the incident; but, somehow, he was not. In the first place, Helberg was only frank about the wayfarer when he was tackled; a moment before, while unconscious of the listeners' knowledge, he had painted a vivid picture of the stern resolve of isolation with which he had bound himself to live. He turned the conversational somersault remarkably well, but it caused uneasiness to Arkwright. Sandy's wild suspicions of everything connected with the man seemed suddenly justified by the contradictions into which an accident had jostled him. He was *not* going to continue to live alone in the camp. Then why had he, almost in the same breath, talked nonsense about his inability to work within sound of a human movement? Arkwright studied his broad German face, the massive brow that was bent upon Chatty's beauty, with a stirring of apprehension.

He said "Good-bye" early, and Mrs. Macgregor came out of the warm tent to see him mount and to speak alone with him.

"Well?" she said in interrogation.

"Pig-headed as ever," Arkwright said ruefully.

"Poor, dear Sandy! What a storm in a teacup it all is! And yet, Mr. Arkwright, it may be serious. Chatty's uncle comes to take her back to England next month. I know what will happen if the two silly children let their quarrel have official recognition. The Venours don't like her marrying a subaltern, even though he is Sandy, who adored her when he was in petticoats. She will go back with Sir James, and—they will marry her to an eligible *parti* at home, and spoil two lives. For she loves him; only she has taken this idiotic, young girl's enthusiasm for Mr. Helberg, and Sandy stupidly made a mountain out of a molehill. I don't care for the man myself—he comes too often, and Robert says he is a vivisector. But what can I do?"

"You have done all you can, Mrs. Macgregor. You are a brick," Arkwright said, as he gathered up his reins. "My idea is now to give 'em a solid week to sulk in, to keep 'em in ignorance of each other's daily doings, and to hope that one or the other will succumb to the strain. By the way, you heard me, too, say that we met Helberg's

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new servant on the road last evening. You were not particularly impressed by him, either, were you? Funny how the Professor contradicted himself over the business, wasn't it? A less likely-looking valet I never saw. He can't prefer him to the 'splendid isolation' he has been so fond of bragging about."

"No, indeed," Mrs. Macgregor agreed. "Yes, it was odd."

But her tone was vague; she was obviously thinking still of Chatty's wilfulness; and Arkwright rode away without further comment on the matter. He returned to find Sandy in bed; and he turned in, too, for the first time since the three camps had dotted the banks of the river, without a word of how and where he had spent his evening.

If the manœuvre caused tantalisation, the lover tormented thereby did not show it. Sandy made no inquiries after the Macgregor establishment, though he gave the rocks, when the Professor glided down the river on his raft, a fiery denunciation of Chatty's perfidy. The time dragged slowly by, filled by sporting excursions *à deux*. Arkwright went south once or twice and came back mum, bottling alike his exasperation at Chatty's nonchalance and his indignation at Sandy's mulish obstinacy. The Professor passed by the river or the road nightly, going early and returning late, and was very ready to tell Arkwright, when they met, amusing anecdotes of Dasent's *début* as a bodyservant. And thus the week went past.

* * * * *

Arkwright and Sandy were sitting outside their tent on the eighth day of the great silence, which was getting distinctly irksome to the strategist who had planned it. It was afternoon; they had returned from shooting, and a *shikarri* was laying the bag at their feet. The little white tent backed them; a glimpse of the road, visible through the infinity of the forest lands, behind it; in front the cliff-like banks leaned above the river, that licked at their foundations incessantly with a whisper of eddies. The far bank showed khaki and indigo—sand and trees—and a purpling background of hills to which the sun was dropping. The silence of the forest was stabbed, now and then, by the cry of a peacock, the snapping of twigs at some hidden beast's movement, and the voices of the young men's servants in their corner of the camp.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs grew suddenly out of the northern stillness and caused diversion.

"Somebody in a hurry," Arkwright said, removing his pipe from his mouth and bending in his chair to eye the road.

"Helberg, of course," said Sandy bitterly. "What d'you bet? Two hours earlier than usual, that's all; he has tortured enough rabbits for the day, and he is going south to amuse himself."

"I won't take the bet," Arkwright said, and he stood up and walked towards the road. "I saw his head as he rounded a corner. I wonder if there is something the matter? That hack of his hasn't been out of an amble for years, and here he is pushing her along as if Old Nick were after them. She'll burst if he doesn't—ah! All right. He's pulling up—and none too soon."

He went forward to meet a heaving mare, terribly out of breath, on whose back rolled a strangely agitated Professor. Helberg's cheeks were white, in spite of the heat and exertion of his ride; he was breathless, too, and he bent to Arkwright, clutching the pommel of his saddle to steady himself, with a face in which fear and anxiety worked together. He was, as Sandy had said, a great burly animal to look upon, and his pallor contrasted strikingly with the massive strength and contour of the man.

"Haf you seen Dasent?" he gasped.

"No," Arkwright said. "What's wrong with him?"

"He is gone! He was dere when I took his temperature; at four I go to the bed and he is not in it—his clothes are gone, and he is off with the strength of ten upon him." He wiped the perspiration from his face. "You are quite sure he has not been here?"

"Positive, as far as the last hour goes," Arkwright said, and Sandy, who had come up, nodded assent. "Got out of bed, you say, and disappeared? Has he been ill, then?"

"He is—not fery well." Helberg twisted his bull-neck to watch both sides of the road. "I was looking after him, and he was doing nicely—fery nicely. Now he is gone, and der Teufel himself knows where he can be. He must be found. Dere will drubble be if he gets among peoples."

Sandy put his hand on the reins. His face was set, with a look Arkwright had never seen before on it; a pale, furious determination that seemed to alter it. He stared hard at Helberg, and, boy though he was, the man winced at the understanding of his gaze.

"You have been trying a devilish experiment, Professor," he said. "There will be

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"A minute later he disappeared from view."

trouble, as you say, if you don't make a clean breast of it to someone. Confound it all! Do you think you can keep us from knowing? The man sold himself to you, and you have given him —what?"

Arkwright caught his breath and held it. The speech was as an electric flash to his mental darkness.

Helberg rocked helplessly like an Armada giant upon the rocks.

"It is de plague," he said. "*Mein Gott!* It is de plague, and he does not know it!"

"Perhaps he has hidden himself in the forest," Arkwright began, when Sandy struck his words aside.

"That is not all," he said with an inquisitor's sternness. "What is it you are so desperately afraid of? Not the risk to Dasent in the jungles, I know. Out with it!"

"*Ach!*" Helberg said. He moistened his dry lips. "Der Kerl—he does not realise what he does—he is in fever. But he remembers the peoples that were goot to him; and they are Mrs. Macgregor and the lovely Fräulein. They gave him kindness when he was on his way to me, and he thought they were like der angels. I fear—I *believe*—his delirium will take him back to dem. And he does not know what he does—and it is de most virulent form. . . . It is much more contagious dan de ordinary. . . . I haf proved it over and over. If he so much as looks on dem, dey may take it."

"Oh, you swine!" Arkwright said; and the Professor took the insult supinely. "Do you stop here jabbering to us with the fear of *that* upon you? Bearer, my pony—quick! The first thing to be done is to ride in and warn the Macgregors, and that I can

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do immediately. How much start has the man? How fast can he go?"

"It was some two hours before I missed him," Helberg said. "I inoculated him the day before yesterday. If it has taken, he will haf a high fever and perhaps energy of a bull—for a little. So he may be dere by dis time. But, on de other hand, he may haf wandered through the forest and be still on his way. Nobody has seen him, nobody tells me he has passed. Yet when a man is in such delirium, with one idea topmost, he will work for the one idea—dere I hold my opinion. . . . He will find his way to Fräulein Venour, if he can."

"I suppose your opinion ought to be worth having," Arkwright said. "I'll stand by it, anyway, and warn Macgregor."

His pony was trotted up, and he swung a leg hurriedly over the saddle. "What are we to do with the man if we catch him?"

"He must not be handled." The Professor gesticulated earnestly. "He breathes infection, dat is de druth. You must not go near him. Dis is my own private-bred plague that he carries; without disinfectants—a respirator—a carbolised cloth—he must not be touched at all."

"You have got those things? Then the best work you can do is to go back to your place and bring them along," Sandy said. "Ride on, Arkwright, for Heaven's sake, and get her—them—out of the danger the best way you can. He hasn't passed. I'll stop here and keep a guard over the road in case he eludes the Professor on his return journey. We will shepherd him somehow if he comes, carbolic disinfectants or not."

"But if I meet him——!" Helberg said helplessly. He seemed to have lost his manliness in his panic.

"The plague is no more than you deserve," Sandy said brutally. "Hope you'll get it, I'm sure. But mind, you German pig, if you funk him, I'll shoot you at sight when I see you again. There's a horse of mine ready over there. Leave your old screw and take it and go!"

The answer was the thud of Helberg's boots upon the ground. He was mounted again in an instant, and a minute later he disappeared from view, hurrying back to his safeguards with all the speed that Sandy's steed could muster.

Arkwright's last words echoed as he clattered away in the opposite direction.

"You'll keep a sharp look-out, old man, I know; but don't run any needless risks. I shall take the Macgregor party out to mid-stream in the flat-boat and see that they are there till we get *khabbar* of the poor devil. Dare say it's only a scare, after all! So long. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

Sandy was alone. He stationed pickets across the line that the fugitive might take, and he patrolled slowly up and down it, from river bank to the wall of forest, fiercely reviewing the situation.

He glared about him, stalking to and fro in a consuming passion of fear for her, and rage at the man whose covert cruelties, advancing suddenly to light, had caused the danger. He thought of Dasent with a sick pity. That he had sold himself with some knowledge of risk, Sandy did not doubt; that he realised the peril into which Helberg had bribed him, was not to be believed. And that peril, that loathsome thing, feared throughout the length and breadth of India with an intensity that sent cities mad, was at the moment, perhaps, closing upon his Chatty.

The river raced below, hurrying down the forest in rapids and intervening, calmer water. Timli district lay upon the last slope of the Himalayan watershed. Beyond its southern rampart of hills, the plains spread themselves out, flat and scorching, and Ganga lost his speed and spilled his strength upon them. But here he was still full of the impetuosity of the mountain torrents that gave him birth; he swirled and hurried and battered at the rocks about him.

Sandy scanned the river, and his heart stood still.

The Professor's raft commanded the middle stream and was rushing upon it past the camp. It should have been guided by the amphibious *sanai-wallahs* that he employed; instead, it was manned by one intent figure. He was oblivious to the dangers of the passage; he crouched on the framework above the bobbing skins like a fly upon a wall, and the paddle that he worked held him in mid-current with an uncanny dexterity. It was Dasent. Dasent having, as Helberg had said, the strength of ten upon him, dangled above annihilation by the Providence that watches over the fortunes of a madman. And he was tossing down stream faster than a man could run, borne by the current towards the Macgregors' pool, and bound to twirl into it, if nothing intervened, round the sudden corner of a two-mile distant bluff.

The *sanai* was not so far from the bank that Sandy could not see, and seeing, understand, the flaming, fever-swollen face of its

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occupant. He was a floating plague-spot. Helberg's inoculation had done its work thoroughly. He shouted, as the raft whirled on, delirious snatches of babble that came unintelligibly to the bank.

Sandy hesitated, but it was only for a moment. He calculated, in that brief fraction of time, the bitterness of a death that would not have Chatty's presence to soften it. They were both so very young. He knew—he *knew* that they would come together again. He longed for her with all the virility of his youth. She was light and colour, maddening sweetness and joy, and the weft of her life had been woven into his. And because she was so well worth living for, she was, paradoxically, worth a dying.

Then he plunged into the river.

The water swept over his head, and he fought an eddy that tried to suck him down to drown among the rocks, and conquered it. A great noise drummed in his ears, lights danced in his eyes, and Chatty's face flashed whitely out on him. He came up ten yards down the stream and struck out anew.

Ganga ran like a millrace, and was glacier-cold. The strongest swimmer in existence could not have battled long against his grip. Sandy had chosen his time well, and the Fates were kind. Half-a-dozen strokes took him out just as the *sanai* flitted by. He gripped the framework, spluttered the water out of his mouth, and scrambled up on to his knees beside the other passenger.

Dasent's gaze had been fixed upon the flying banks. If he saw Sandy's dive and reappearance, he took no notice of them. He was, perhaps, past comprehension of most things. But he turned his head without any manifestation of surprise as he felt the raft dip to the weight, and there was recognition in his eyes behind the glitter of the fever. For the rest, he was a sufficiently ghastly object. The flesh had fallen in upon his cheeks even in his short illness; his clothes were huddled upon him in disorder; the hands that worked the paddle were yellow and shaking, and a half-grown beard bristled about his jaws. He shifted his position to the extreme stern when he saw Sandy swing up a leg, and he motioned to him to put the length of the raft between them.

"Don't come near me—I'm dangerous!" he said, and he cackled as he said it. "Where's your disinfectants? Nobody must go near the Professor's pets without 'em. . . . There! You've come in time to take a message, sir. The lady must know, you know, and that is why I'm here."

"Quiet—quiet!" Sandy said soothingly, getting back his breath after his buffeting, and wondering, as he did so, at the apparent sanity of a madman. This was not the reception he had expected. He had been ready to grapple with the man and lock him into the death struggle that had seemed inevitable a minute before for both of them. He did not quite know how to deal with this semblance of reason. "Go easy with that steering-gear of yours, and put us both ashore at the first level strip of land." He marvelled again at the calmness of his own voice. "You're sick, and I've come to send you to bed. Doctor's orders—*ladies'* orders, Dasent."

"Presently!" The man nodded. "You'll do it better than me. Tell her Helberg is a devil, will you? That's all I wanted to say. That's what I came for. . . . Catch hold now and mind the corners. . . . This thing's like Helberg; it sweeps you into trouble before you know. . . . Go on your bended knees and kiss her blooming shoe-strings, and tell her that Dasent met the devil and tried to warn her against him. I'd have done it myself if you hadn't dropped down so handily. . . . Lord, how the river sparkles! Cool—clear—fit to wash a man o' his mortal sin. . . ."

He tossed the paddle to Sandy and leapt to his feet. He rocked upon them while a man could count five, and then he threw up his hands into the air, leapt out to the bosom of the water, and sank like a stone. Sandy Melville was conqueror, without a blow having been struck, without three minutes having elapsed. The only sign of the enemy was a face that bobbed up momentarily in the raft's wake, and that vanished with a joy upon it that was destined not to be forgotten by the man who could not help, and could only gaze, powerless, at it disappearance.

* * * * *

Sandy never clearly understood how the sudden climax took him. He had a confused recollection of a revulsion of feeling, in which he alternately cried "Thank God!" and "Poor soul!" and cried his thankfulness and his emotions to the ear of the river. He must have steered mechanically, helped by the unseen hand of the god of pluck; for when the bluff loomed in front of him, he found that he was making for it, and that he was obeying the shouted instructions of Arkwright, who had unexpectedly appeared, running and beckoning upon the bank. But when the strange craft ran its nose under a rock, and his friend flung himself waist-deep

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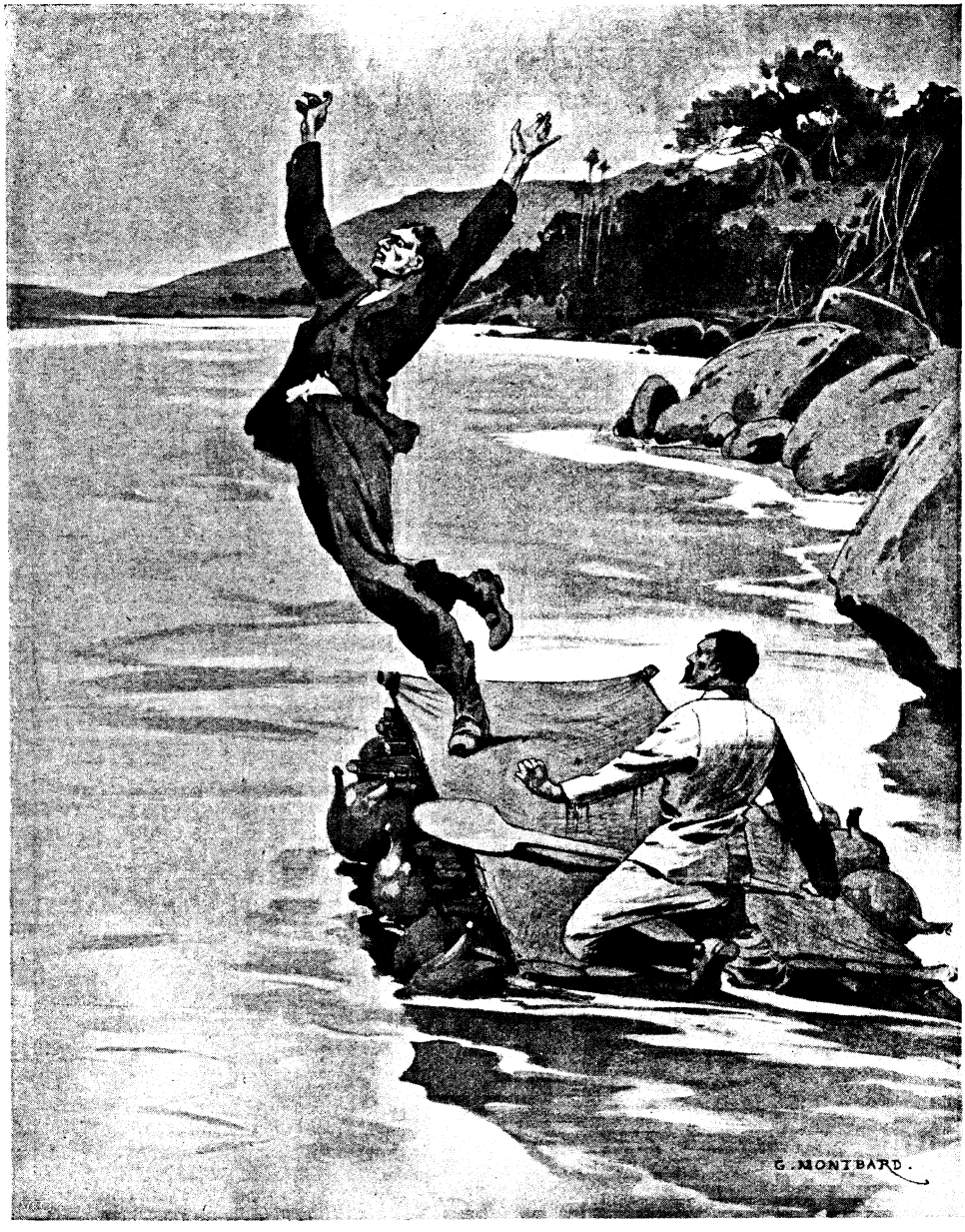

"Leapt out to the bosom of the water."

into the current in time to prevent shipwreck, Sandy had still wit enough to echo Dasent's words as he spurned the proffered hand and fought his own unaided way ashore.

"Don't touch me—I'm dangerous!" he said. "Only give me time, Arkwright, and I'll cheat the Professor and marry Chatty yet!"

He fell on his hands and knees amongst the lip-eddies of the stream, and Arkwright, disregarding his warning, clasped him and drew him to the firm, dry sand. He laughed a sobbing chuckle of relief as Sandy pulled himself together. Helberg's devilries seemed to recede to the background, things dim and incredible as the shattered influence of the Professor. The rocks above were suddenly spotted with people.

"Keep back!" waved Sandy again; and, looking up, gazed straight into the forgiving eyes of Chatty.

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"THE RUN HOME." FROM THE PICTURE BY H. S. TUKE, A.R.A.

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THE SMALL FARMER IN ENGLAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.*

Photographs from the Author's book, "Rural England," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
GOLDSMITH.

ONCE a very large proportion, if not most of the land in England was held in small-holdings. In the beginning, indeed, cultivation seems to have been carried on by the village community; the strips of soil, that may roughly have measured an acre, being annually assigned to individuals by lot, while all had the right to run their cattle on the common pasturage.

In after generations these strips were separately held and farmed. Now, except in one or two places, such as the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, of which I shall speak presently, such freeholds are very rare. They have for the most part been absorbed into the large estates—on the whole, not, as I believe, to the true interest of the country.

ANCIENT SMALL-HOLDER'S HOUSE, DOWNHAM, CAMBS.

The most perfect instance of this change that I can remember to have met with in all my journeyings in rural England was in the parish of Weston Colville, in Cambridgeshire. Here, Mr. Hall, who owns most of the land in that neighbourhood, showed me a map of it, dated 1612, which he had found hidden away in some cottage.

This parish contains about three thousand two hundred acres; and, as the map shows, in 1612, over two thousand acres of it were held by some three hundred or more small owners. Now that same land is owned by one man, and cultivated by three. The strange part of this case is that the soil is very light, in parts almost a "blowing sand" which, to produce anything, must have been heavily manured. Yet in the time of Queen Elizabeth hundreds of people would appear to have wrung a living from it, which is more than the large farmers of such country do every year in our generation.

Another case that I met with was that of Feckenham, in Worcestershire, of which I have also seen an ancient map. This map shows that, in 1591, nearly three thousand acres were held by fifty-three different owners. Now they are held by six.

How did this change come about? Doubtless the Enclosure Acts of the last century had something to do with it, since by taking away the common pasturage they rendered the little arable holdings almost valueless.

Another cause was the great increase in the value of land which occurred at certain periods during the last century. Land was then looked upon as the safest form of property, and one of which the possession conferred dignity and other social advantages. Therefore, it came about that most English county families which had the money set to work to increase the size of their estates by buying out the little yeomen and other small-holders who held freeholds or copyholds in their neighbourhood.

This, in a sense, was often fortunate for the small men, since the prices given, say about 1860, were for the most part very high, perhaps three or four times what could be obtained in 1904, if indeed, any purchaser were now forthcoming. But I do not think

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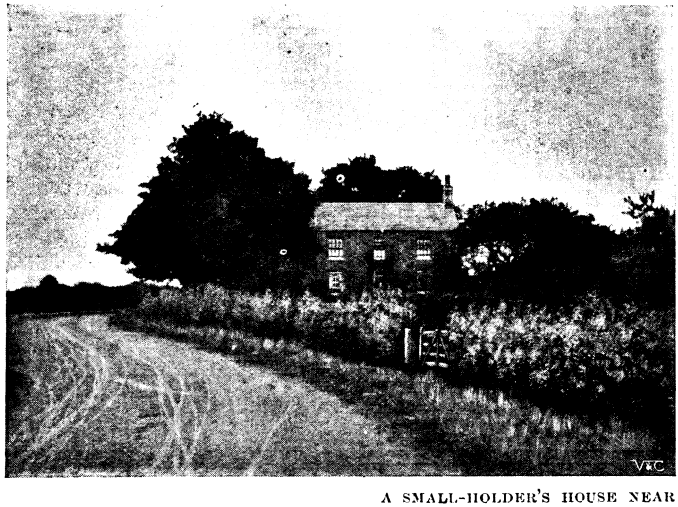
that it was fortunate for England, since it meant that the class of yeomen who owned their land has been gradually killed out. The Country was thus robbed of the very pick of its population—the sturdy and independent folk bred upon the soil, strong in body, brave and patient in character, who for generations were the backbone of the nation, and often in her story of war and struggle have enabled her to speak with her enemies in the gate.

In my opinion, perhaps the greatest evil which threatens the Britain of to-day is the desertion of the hamlets by their inhabitants, who are crowding into the populous cities, where they change in character and deteriorate.

But the labourers will not stop in the country merely to earn the small wage that the land can afford to pay them, which on an average does not amount to much more than sixteen or seventeen shillings a week. If they had a prospect of becoming owners of a piece of that land, or even farmers on their own account, some of them might stay. But there is no such prospect.

This, however, is not the case in every district, and I will try to explain how different things are in one or two localities where the small-holder still flourishes. Also, by way of example, I will set out a few details of the lives and positions of one or two such holders.

First, let us take the case of the Isle of Axholme. This is not an island at all, but a stretch of low country which lies in the north-west corner of Lincolnshire, and is bordered by the river Trent. Although it cannot be called beautiful, and very few gentry live there, it is, in my opinion, quite one of the most interesting tracts in England.



A SMALL-HOLDER'S HOUSE NEAR WAINFLEET.

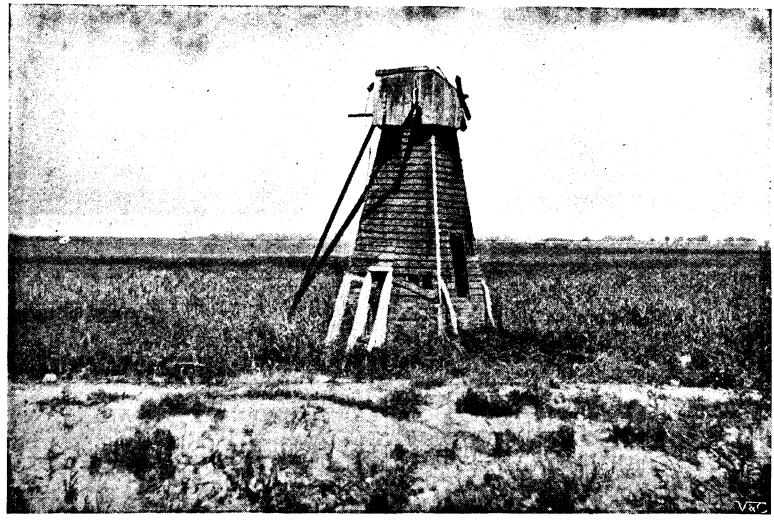
A SMALL-HOLDER AND HIS COWS, DAUNTSEY VALE.

All who read this will know how in Egypt the Nile annually overflows its banks, leaving behind it the slime which has been the wealth of that ancient land from the beginning of days. In the Isle of Axholme, something of the same sort happens, as I believe it does also in the case of certain rivers in America.

Here, in the Isle, the flood waters from the Humber and the Trent are let on to the land at the rise of the tide, and, at its fall, withdraw themselves through sluices, leaving behind a layer of mud, in appearance not unlike a sheet of brown paper, and of about the same thickness.

For a period of three years, or perhaps more, on certain days throughout the summer

months, the water is thus poured over the bed of poor peat, and withdrawn twice in the twenty-four hours. At the end of that time the level of the soil will have been raised from two to four feet. But now it is of beautiful quality, very rich and friable, and of a deep chocolate colour, capable also of growing splendid crops, especially of potatoes, wheat and celery.



DERELICT WINDMILL, USED FOR PUMPING PURPOSES IN THE PAST, NOW SUPERSEDED BY STEAM. ON THE BANKS OF BARWELL LODE, CAMBS.

This process is called warping, and the warp-land thus formed is much in request amongst the small-holders. It is easy to work, if somewhat dear to hire—say two pounds an acre, or even more—and unless the season is very wet, always gives a good return to the husbandmen.

In the neighbourhood of the town of Epworth, where the famous Wesley was born, and where may be seen the parsonage whence he was rescued from the fire as a boy, there are hundreds of acres of small-holdings, which lie in long strips, still called "selions"—from the old French word that means a furrow—or, more commonly, "lands." In summer they present a beautiful picture, covered as they are with crops of various hue.

Here the inhabitants are very industrious, because they all hope to hold land of their own one day, whilst those that are already in possession of it desire to improve their position by increasing their acreage. None of these small-holders seem to be afraid of the winter, when the ordinary labourer is sometimes thrown out of work, or of having to come upon the parish for relief.

TREE IN ESSEX UNDER WHICH TWENTY LABOURERS LIVE, WINTER AND SUMMER.

Indeed, many of them prosper well even in these days of narrow agricultural profits. Thus, near Epworth alone, I was told of twenty-three men now farming from five to a hundred-and-twenty acres, each of whom had begun life as a labourer.

In Norfolk, by

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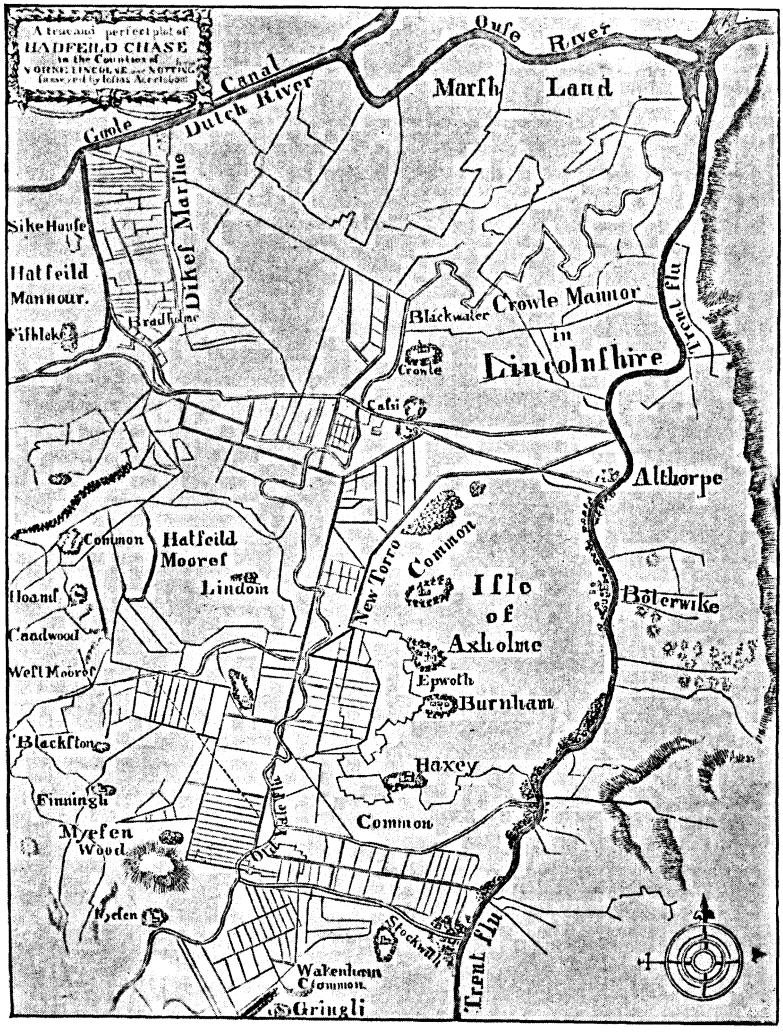
way of contrast, it is but rare to find a man who has risen from the position of a servant, owning or hiring land. There, and I am sorry to say throughout the most of England, the individual who begins as a labourer must expect to end as a labourer, and is fortunate if he escapes the workhouse or some other form of charitable relief in his old age.

There is, however, a great danger about small-holdings which are owned and not hired. The proprietor may be tempted to mortgage them, and thus have to pay a rent to the lender of the money which sometimes becomes heavier than he can bear. A good deal of this mortgaging goes on in the Isle of Axholme; but in the neighbourhood of Downham, near Ely, in the Cambridgeshire fens, the case is even worse.



THE ISLE OF AXHOLME.
From an old map.

There much of the mortgaging has its origin in the antiquated and evil custom of copyhold, which still so largely prevails in England. As some of my readers may be unacquainted with that tenure, I will explain it briefly as it prevails in Downham and elsewhere.

Once this soil was fen, of which, before the commencement of any general system of drainage, individuals of energy and resource reclaimed portions from the water by their own labour. But in the old days, the Prince-Bishop of Ely was lord of the manor, a position in which he has been succeeded by the present Ecclesiastical Commissioners. So it came about that when our industrious fenman died, the Bishop stepped in, and by right of the custom of copyhold, claimed, as lord of the manor, two whole years' estimated rent before the copyholder's son could be admitted to his holding; or, should he chance to sell his interest to another, one and a half years' estimated rent.

Now, small-holders are not as a rule people with much ready cash; so it happened, and still happens, that the son, or the purchaser, was, and is, obliged to go to some lender and borrow capital, at the rate of five per cent., wherewith to meet these charges. I believe that in the single parish of Downham to-day, some twenty thousand pounds has thus been borrowed by the copyholders, who, in order to live and pay the interest, have to work very hard indeed.

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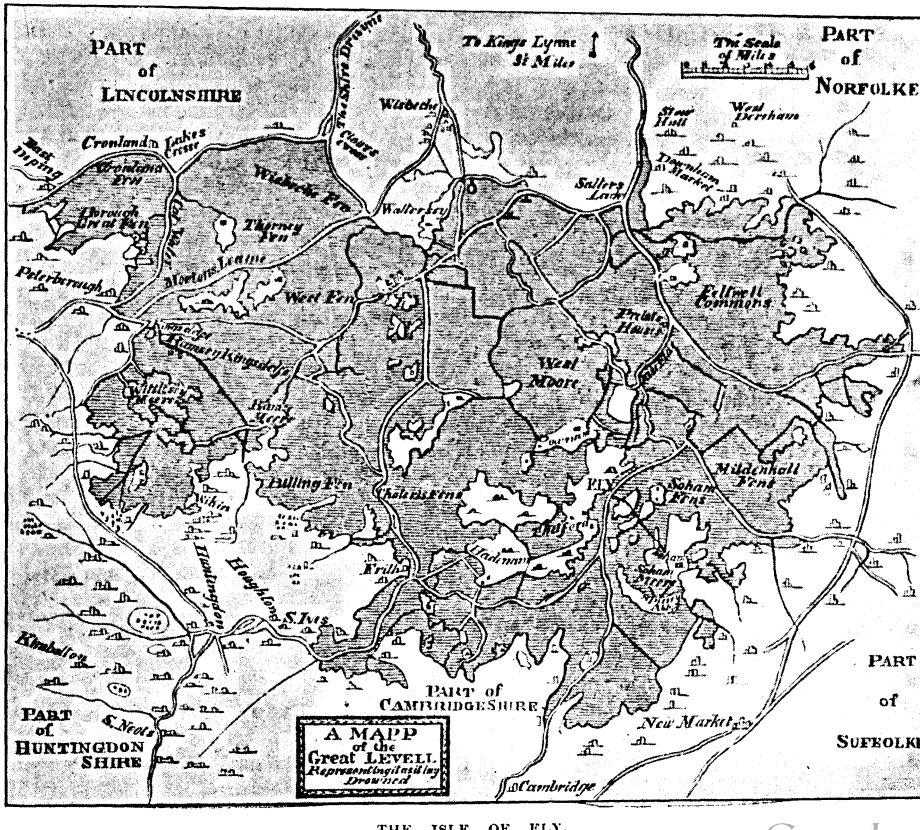
Yet the odd thing is—indicating as it does a curious land-hunger—that in many instances these small-holders of mortgaged land, if they acquire or save some money, do not use it to pay off the mortgage, but to buy more land.

Thus I spoke with one man at Downham who possessed about thirty acres. Over thirty years before he had purchased a house and some four acres for £250, of which sum he borrowed £200 at 5 per cent. interest. As opportunity offered from time to time, he increased his estate to the total of thirty acres, continuing to mortgage as he continued to buy. Indeed, it appears that he has never paid off the original £200 which he borrowed when he began life. Also he told me that all his neighbours were in much the same position.

The results are, of course, that these people have to work dreadfully hard in order to pay the interest on the borrowed money. The clergyman of the parish informed me that frequently they were quite brutalised by the severity of their labour, as is said to be the case among certain classes of the tillers of the soil in India and Russia who pass their lives in the cruel grip of the usurer. Yet, strangely enough, they love their homes; nor do their children appear to migrate to the cities in anything like the same proportion that is common in the case of the children of hired labourers.

I remember that when I asked one of them whether he would not be better off on a weekly wage, he replied: "I would sooner be on my own head than on a farmer's," by which strange saying he meant that he preferred to have no master but himself, even if he had to work twice as hard as does the ordinary farm-servant.

All of this suggests that the small-holder would, generally speaking, be better off if he employed his little capital in stocking hired land—which can be had cheaply enough in most parts of England—rather than in buying land. Yet for the most part he seems to prefer to buy, for here the natural instinct comes into play which causes a man to desire to possess something that he can call his very own.



THE ISLE OF ELY;
From an old map.

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I have seen this in various parts of England. Thus at Winterslow, in Wiltshire, where the soil is poor, the water supply deficient, and the climate cold, when a philanthropic gentleman in the neighbourhood gave the inhabitants the opportunity of acquiring plots of land and paying for them in instalments, all the area offered was taken up. When I visited the settlement after it had existed for a few years, I found that more than thirty houses, some of them very good ones, had been built on 110 acres. To do this, their owners had in all borrowed about £6,000 from Friendly Societies. Moreover, the people, nearly all of whom worked for farmers or in the woods in their spare time, seemed to be prospering.

Now mark the results on the population. Whereas on the original farm, before it was split up, three labourers only were employed, in 1901 fifty or sixty men with their families were, in this way or in the other, getting their living upon that identical piece of land.

There is another very striking instance in Dorsetshire. Here Sir Robert Edgcumbe sold a place called the Rew Farm, of 343 acres, in eighty lots. They were all taken up. In 1888, at the time of the sale, there lived upon the farm a total population of twenty-one people. In 1902, the population was about one hundred, and increasing, and the rateable value had risen sixty per cent. These are facts which speak for themselves. Could that story be repeated throughout England, it would go far to change the whole condition of the country.

In this connection I should have liked to say something about the Channel Islands, where the tenure of land is quite different from what it is in the rest of Great Britain, and where the people are so prosperous. But I have no space; indeed, to deal with them at all adequately would need a separate article.

I promised to give some short account of a small man who had worked his own way up into a good position. Here is a typical instance:

In one of the more northerly counties I lost my way, and took refuge from a storm in a very tidy and attractive farmhouse, where I was received by two well-dressed and good-looking young women, who were going about their work in an ancient, but scrupulously kept kitchen.

Presently their father, the farmer, came in off the land, of which he held about a hundred and fifty acres. He told me that he began life without a halfpenny, but by working hard had reached his present position in the world. He carried on his holding with the help of two sons and two hired men, and I have rarely seen one that was better managed.

Now, such a farm would take about fifteen hundred pounds to stock it; so it is evident that, beginning with nothing, he must have acquired that amount, which, in these bad times for English agriculture, is a circumstance whereof he might well be proud. Also, although he said that he was obliged to labour without cease, the character of his husbandry, the air of solid comfort about the place, and the refinement of his daughters, who evidently were well educated, showed that he was prospering.

Many similar instances of success are to be found in different parts of England, some of them much more striking in their details, especially where the land is good and not too heavy. But I am sorry to say that, taking the country through, they seem to be growing ever rarer.

Still, in suitable localities the small-holders can still prosper; and certainly they ought to be encouraged in the interests of the nation, so many of whose inhabitants are flocking from the land into the cities.

How are they to be encouraged? In my view, by the establishment of Credit Banks, from which small people can borrow on a principle of mutual liability; by State loans, to enable landowners to erect cottages and farm-buildings on small-holdings; by the promotion of co-operative Butter Factories and distributing Agencies; and, above all, by the inauguration of an Agricultural or Produce Post.

This post, as a beginning, should carry all sorts of goods, whether produced from the land or not, in packages up to at least a hundred pounds in weight, collecting and delivering them by motors, and where the railways will not transport on reasonable terms, competing with them.

These things, amongst others, would help to restore prosperity to the English land, and to keep its children in the villages where they were bred.

But our English Governments have no care for agriculture, which offers little profit to the party politician, and will not see that in this matter the future prosperity of the nation is at stake. Or, if they see, they turn their heads and look at something else—on the other side of the world, for preference.

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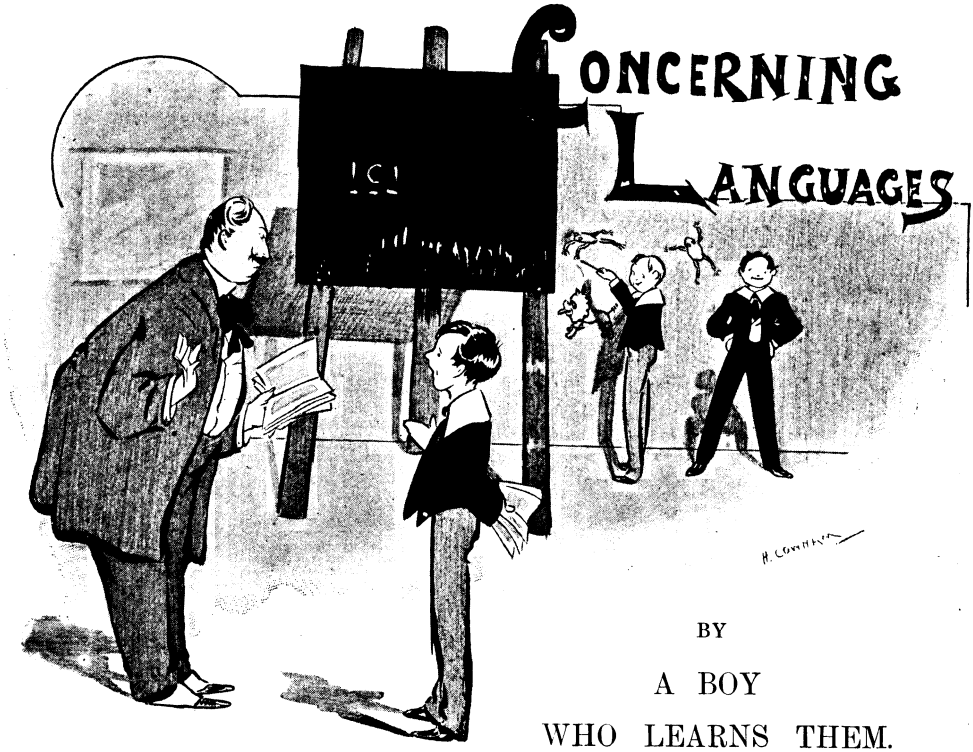

CONCERNING LANGUAGES

BY

A BOY

WHO LEARNS THEM.

"I tried once or twice, just saying, '*Oui*.'"

LANGUAGES, whether dead or alive, are a beastly nuisance. You never know where you are with them, because they are always turning out to mean something you don't expect them to mean, and, as you might say, going out of their way to mislead you.

I felt much sympathy with one of our chaps who said "*Jam satis*" at tea when he wished it to be understood that he had enough jam—a thing, by the way, that didn't often happen. But in the present article I mean to confine my remarks as nearly as possible to French, which, although easier in point of grammar, seems to me much more slippery in point of idiom, and harder in pronunciation, than either Latin or German. It is confusing for a boy of ten to learn all three at the same time, and it might be still more confusing for his readers if he attempted to criticise them all in the same article.

My relations are continually rubbing it into me that I ought to take every chance of talking to our French master in his own language, so I tried once or twice, just saying "*Oui*," or something equally harmless in one syllable; and after that I never got another word of sense or English out of Monsieur Paul. He insisted on speaking his rotten lingo to me on all occasions, and the rummiest part of it was that he talked so much and so fast himself that it was a long while before he found out that I couldn't talk back. By the time he *did* find out, I was beginning to understand a little of what he said, so he wasn't much discouraged, and went on gabbling as hard as ever. He was so energetic about it that I began to feel rather sorry for him; and I managed to get out a few words now and again, so that he shouldn't be disappointed.

It is a blessing that one can speak French without having to make signs for the accents, for I never remember which way they go. Brown has a tremendous pull over the rest of us in the matter of accents. He got an awful gash across his forehead at the beginning of the term, and it sloped from right to left—or was it from left to right?—I'm sugared if I can remember which way it sloped; but, anyhow,

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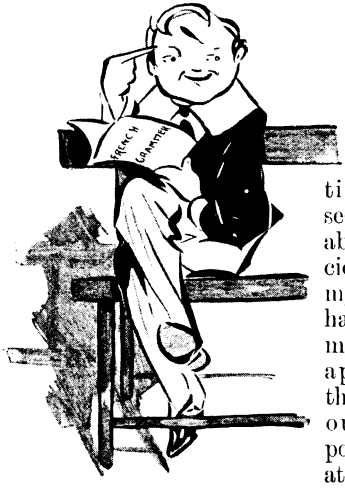
it was in the same direction as a grave accent, and M. Paul told him this, which helped Brown immensely; for, the gash being his own, he naturally remembered anything that was said about it. I rather thought of starting a gash myself, to get an equal chance with Brown in French dictation; but, on second thoughts about it, I decided not to annoy my mother, who has a care for my personal appearance that is sadly out of proportion to its attractions.



"He got an awful gash across his forehead at the beginning of the term."

It was just after the Easter holidays, when the sparrows were stuffing up the chutes round the roof of the schoolhouse with nests, that M. Paul went mad on the subject of bran pies. He raved about them continually. He was always telling me that there was a bran pie on the doorstep, or on the window-sill, or on the rosebush beside the porch, and that I must pick it up and throw it away, because it looked untidy. I never could find anything bigger than a little bit of straw or stick that the birds had dropped in building, and there was certainly nothing to be got out of *them*. It wasn't likely that I'd have been such a fool as to throw away a real bran pie if I could have found one on the doorstep. Brown, who gives himself great airs about French on account of his gash, wanted to make out that M. Paul said *brin de pail'e*, but I don't believe it, especially as I don't know what *brin de paille* means.

I don't think M. Paul is a particularly clever man, because, although he gabbles so fast when he has the conversation all to himself, he is decidedly slow in understanding other people—that is to say, in understanding me, which is inexcusable, for I always take great pains to speak very loud to him. Sometimes he has occasion to tell me that he isn't deaf; but that is hardly grateful, for of course it is no pleasure to me to howl at him, and I only do it to make him understand.

I find much difficulty in getting him to catch the drift of a remark or see the point of a joke, which is a pity, because he is such a good-natured old chap that one feels inclined to talk rather freely to him.

The other day, Dowson was trying to get some boys into trouble by making a rumbunctious complaint about something they did on Sunday that he considered wicked; and all the thanks he got was a long "impot"

"I rather thought of starting a gash myself."

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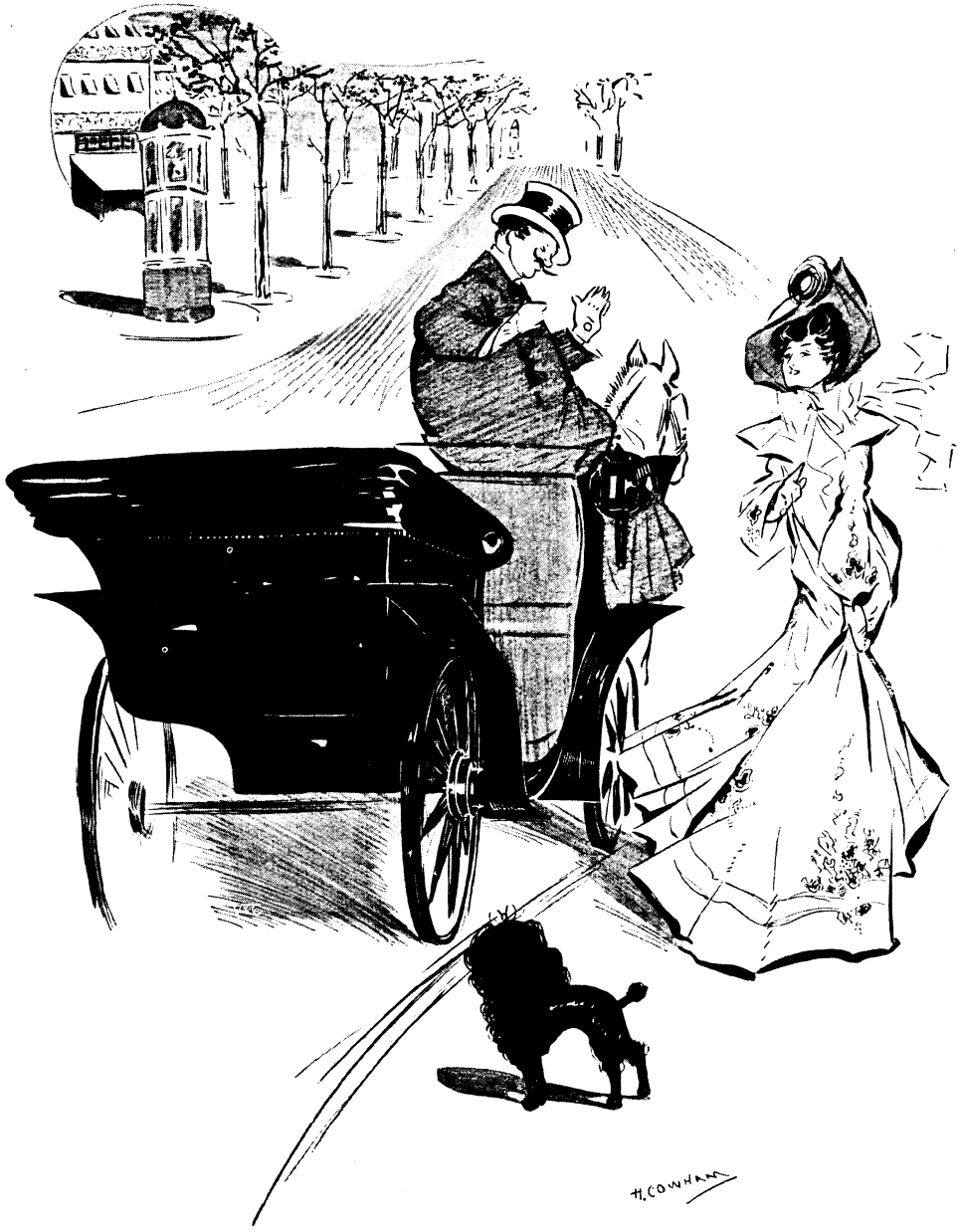

"There was once an English lady tourist who wanted to say to a Paris cabby: 'Driver, are you engaged?' and she said: '*Cochon, êtes-vous fiancé?*'"

for bothering Mr. Carden. I gave M. Paul a dig in the ribs (meaning to cheer him up, because he seemed rather low-spirited that afternoon), and said in a loud whisper into his ear: "*N'est-ce pas une alouette?*"

I put it to you fairly, could anything have been plainer than my meaning? But, instead of twigging, as even an average Englishman would have done, he looked all around the room, with his eyes and mouth wide open, and said: "*Où est l'alouette? Je ne la vois pas.*"

That disgusted me, and I changed my place as soon as possible. When a person can't see such a simple thing for himself, I don't think it worth while to explain to him; and M. Paul knew quite enough English to have followed the conversation between Dowson and Mr. Carden, which I'm sure he did, for I noticed that he looked

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interested, and even pleased, when Dowson was given the "impot." He doesn't like Dowson any more than the rest of us do, so really there was no excuse for his stupidity.

I'm thinking seriously of giving up trying to talk French, because, as I remarked before, I'm always finding that when I mean to say one thing, I say another, and that seems such a beastly waste of time that I think it's almost wrong to go on with it; but I know it is vain to hope that my relations will agree with me, and I foresee a contest of wills. I once heard my father remark to a friend (when he thought my attention was otherwise engaged) that I had immense strength of will and purpose. It seems to me that the present is as good a time as any other to prove the truth of his assertion. If he was right, and not merely taking a flattering view of my character, as fathers sometimes will, there may be a chance of victory for me.

To prove the truth of what I have already said twice about the impossibility of knowing where you are when speaking French, I should like to refer in passing to a story which I am afraid has been printed before—in fact, I'm sure it has, for I remember reading it somewhere, although I can't remember where the somewhere was—and I mention it, not as an infringement of copyright, but as an illustration of the difficulty of being sure of what you really are saying when you try to speak French in an easy, colloquial style (which I think I have now said for the fourth time; but that can't be helped, for when a thing is very much on my mind, I can't avoid repeating my sentiments).

This is the story: There was once an English lady tourist who wanted to say to a Paris cabby: "Driver, are you engaged?" and she said: "*Cochon, êtes-vous fiancé?*"

I asked M. Paul if he believed it was true, and he said it was. He said the cabby was a friend of his, and that he made a very polite answer to the lady tourist—all things considered.

I shouldn't be in the least surprised to find that I had made one or two blunders of the same kind myself, and on that point I shall insist very strongly when discussing the subject with my parents, for it is my opinion (not to be altered by foolish grown-up arguments) that anything likely to render one ridiculous is to be avoided in the course of education.

"Instead of twigging, he looked all around the room, with his eyes and mouth wide open."

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THE NEW PEGASUS.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

A POET, if major or minor,
Who lived in the earlier days,
Though he were a penny-a-liner,
Or a bard who wrote lyrics and lays,
Whenever he felt inspiration
To seek the Pierian fount,
Would shyly and with trepidation
His Pegasus mount.

'Twas a scholarly, sage band of brothers
Who rode on the classic old steed;
Yet some advanced more than the others
By urging the beast to top speed.
Will Shakespeare and Milton and Dryden
Were always seen far in the van,
While Browning like fury was ridin',
And Pope also ran.

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But all that's a long-ago story,
And Progress has brought it to pass
That a far quicker way leads to glory,
So they've turned the old horse out to grass.
They've adopted the prevalent fashion,
And, rolling on rubber-tyred wheels,
The poets now scale heights Parnassian
In automobiles.

These go at such speed that a Poet
Can throw off a mileage of verse
With scarcely an effort, and know it
Will fill to o'erflowing his purse.
Oh, they have advantages many
Over bards who were earlier born;
And perhaps as important as any—
They blow their own horn.

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THE LOOT OF CITIES:

THE ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRE IN SEARCH OF JOY.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.*

VI.—"LO! 'TWAS A GALA NIGHT!"

PARIS. And not merely Paris, but Paris *en fête*, Paris decorated, Paris idle, Paris determined to enjoy itself, and succeeding brilliantly. Venetian masts of red and gold lined the gay pavements of the *grands boulevards* and the Avenue de l'Opéra; and suspended from these in every direction, transverse and lateral, hung garlands of flowers whose petals were of coloured paper, and whose hearts were electric globes that in the evening would burst into flame. The effect of the city's toilette reached the extreme of opulence, for no expense had been spared. Paris was welcoming monarchs, and had spent two million francs in obedience to the maxim that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

The Grand Hotel, with its eight hundred rooms full of English and Americans, at the upper end of the Avenue de l'Opéra, looked down at the Grand Hotel du Louvre, with its four hundred rooms full of English and Americans, at the lower end of the Avenue de l'Opéra. These two establishments had the best views in the whole city; and perhaps the finest view of all was that obtainable from a certain second floor window of the Grand Hotel, precisely at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue Auber. From this window one could see the boulevards in both directions, the Opéra, the Place de l'Opéra, the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Rue du Quatre Septembre, and the multitudinous life of these vivid thoroughfares — the glittering *cafés*, the dazzling shops, the painted *kiosks*, the lumbering omnibuses, the gliding trams, the hooting automobiles, the swift and careless cabs, the private carriages, the suicidal bicycles, the newsmen, the toysellers, the touts, the beggars, and all the holiday crowd, sombre men and radiant women, chattering, laughing, bustling, staring, drinking, under the innumerable tricolours and garlands of paper flowers.

That particular view was a millionaire's view, and it happened to be the temporary property of Cecil Thorold, who was enjoying it and the afternoon sun, at the open window, with three companions. Eve Fincastle looked at it with the analytic eye of the journalist, while Kitty Sartorius, as was quite proper for an actress, deemed it a sort of frame for herself, as she leaned over the balcony like a *Juliet* on the stage. The third guest in Cecil's sitting-room was Lionel Belmont, the Napoleonic Anglo-American theatrical manager, in whose crown Kitty herself was the chief star. Mr. Belmont, a big, burly, good-humoured, shrewd man of something over forty, said he had come to Paris on business. But for two days the business had been solely to look after Kitty Sartorius and minister to her caprices. At the present moment his share of the view consisted mainly of Kitty; in the same way Cecil's share of the view consisted mainly of Eve Fincastle; but this at least was right and decorous, for the betrothal of the millionaire and the journalist had been definitely announced. Otherwise Eve would have been back at work in Fleet Street a week ago.

"The gala performance is to-night, isn't it?" said Eve, gazing at the vast and superbly ornamented Opera House.

"Yes," said Cecil.

"What a pity we can't be there! I should so have liked to see the young Queen in evening dress. And they say the interior decorations——"

"Nothing simpler," said Cecil. "If you want to go, dear, let us go."

Kitty Sartorius looked round quickly. "Mr. Belmont has tried to get seats, and can't. Haven't you, Bel? You know the whole audience is invited. The invitations are issued by the Minister of Fine Arts."

"Still, in Paris, anything can be got by paying for it," Cecil insisted.

"My dear young friend," said Lionel Belmont, "I guess if seats were to be had, I should have struck one or two yesterday.

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I put no limit on the price, and I reckon I ought to know what theatre prices run to. Over at the Metropolitan in New York I've seen a box change hands at two thousand dollars, for one night."

"Nevertheless——" Cecil began again.

"And the performance starting in six hours from now!" Lionel Belmont exclaimed. "Not much!"

But Cecil persisted.

"Seen the *Herald* to-day?" Belmont questioned. "No? Well, listen. This will interest you." He drew a paper from his pocket and read: "Seats for the Opéra Gala. The traffic in seats for the gala performance at the Opéra during the last Royal Visit to Paris aroused considerable comment and not a little dissatisfaction. Nothing, however, was done, and the traffic in seats for to-night's spectacle, at which the President and their Imperial Majesties will be present, has, it is said, amounted to a scandal. Of course, the offer so suddenly made, five days ago, by Madame Félise and Mademoiselle Malva, the two greatest living dramatic sopranos, to take part in the performance, immediately and enormously intensified interest in the affair, for never yet have these two supreme artists appeared in the same theatre on the same night. No theatre could afford the luxury. Our readers may remember that in our columns and in the columns of the *Figaro* there appeared four days ago an advertisement to the following effect: '*A box, also two orchestra stalls, for the Opéra Gala, to be disposed of, owing to illness. Apply*, 155, *Rue de la Paix*.' We sent four several reporters to answer that advertisement. The first was offered a stage-box for seven thousand five hundred francs, and two orchestra stalls in the second row for twelve hundred and fifty francs. The second was offered a box opposite the stage on the second tier, and two stalls in the seventh row. The third had the chance of four stalls in the back row and a small box just behind them; the fourth was offered something else. The thing was obviously, therefore, a regular agency. Everybody is asking: 'How were these seats obtained? From the Ministry of Fine Arts, or from the *invités?*' Echo answers 'How?' The authorities, however, are stated to have interfered at last and to have put an end to this buying and selling of what should be an honourable distinction."

"Bravo!" said Cecil.

"And that's so!" Belmont remarked, dropping the paper. "I went to 155, Rue de la Paix myself yesterday, and was told that nothing whatever was to be had, not at any price."

"Perhaps you didn't offer enough," said Cecil.

"Moreover, I notice the advertisement does not appear to-day. I guess the authorities have crumpled it up."

"Still——" Cecil went on monotonously.

"Look here," said Belmont, grim and a little nettled. "Just to cut it short, I'll bet you a two-hundred-dollar dinner at Paillard's that you can't get seats for to-night—not even two, let alone four."

"You really want to bet?"

"Well," drawled Belmont with a certain irony, slightly imitating Cecil's manner, "it means something to eat for these ladies."

"I accept," said Cecil. And he rang the bell.

II.

"LECKY," Cecil said to his valet, who had entered the room, "I want you to go to No. 155, Rue de la Paix, and find out on which floor they are disposing of seats for the Opéra to-night. When you have found out, I want you to get me four seats—preferably a box. Understand?"

The servant stared at his master, squinting violently for a few seconds. Then he replied suddenly, as though light had just dawned on him. "Exactly, sir. You intend to be present at the gala performance?"

"You have successfully grasped my intention," said Cecil. "Present my card." He scribbled a word or two on a card and gave it to the man.

"And the price, sir?"

"You still have that blank cheque on the Crédit Lyonnais that I gave you yesterday morning. Use that."

"Yes, sir. Then there is the question of my French, sir, my feeble French—a delicate plant."

"My friend," Belmont put in, "I will accompany you as interpreter. I should like to see this thing through."

Lecky bowed and gave up squinting.

In three minutes (for they had only to go round the corner), Lionel Belmont and Lecky were in a room on the fourth floor of 155, Rue de la Paix. It had the appearance of an ordinary drawing-room, save that it contained an office-table; at this table sat a young man, French.

"You wish, messieurs?" said the young man.

"Have the goodness to interpret for me," said Lecky to the Napoleon of Anglo-Saxon

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"Belmont had the ecstasy of paying the bill."

theatres. "Mr. Cecil Thorold, of the Devonshire Mansion, London, the Grand Hotel, Paris, the Hôtel Continental, Rome, and the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, Cairo, presents his compliments, and wishes a box for the gala performance at the Opéra to-night."

Belmont translated, while Lecky handed the card.

"Owing to the unfortunate indisposition of a Minister and his wife," replied the young man gravely, having perused the card, "it happens that I have a stage-box on the second tier.

"You told me yesterday——" Belmont began.

"I will take it," said Lecky in a sort of French, interrupting his interpreter. "The price? And a pen!"

"The price is twenty-five thousand francs."

"Gemini!" Belmont exclaimed in American. "This is Paris, and no mistake!"

"Yes," said Lecky, as he filled up the blank cheque, "Paris still succeeds in being Paris. I have noticed it before, Mr. Belmont, if you will pardon the liberty."

The young man opened a drawer and handed to Lecky a magnificent gilt card, signed by the Minister of Fine Arts, which Lecky hid within his breast.

"That signature of the Minister is genuine, eh?" Belmont asked the young man.

"I answer for it," said the young man, smiling imperturbably.

"The deuce you do!" Belmont murmured.

So the four friends dined at Paillard's at the rate of about a dollar and a half a mouthful, and the mystified Belmont, who was not in the habit of being mystified, and so felt it, had the ecstasy of paying the bill.

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III.

It was nine o'clock when they entered the magnificent precincts of the Opera House. Like everybody else, they went very early—the performance was not to commence until nine-thirty—in order to see and be seen to the fullest possible extent. A week had elapsed since the two girls had arrived from Algiers in Paris, under the escort of Cecil Thorold, and in that time they had not been idle. Kitty Sartorius had spent tolerable sums at the best *modistes* in the Rue de la Paix and the establishments in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, while Eve had bought one frock (a dream, needless to say) and had also been nearly covered with jewellery by her betrothed. That afternoon, between the bet and the dinner, Cecil had made more than one mysterious disappearance. He finally came back with a diamond tiara for his dear journalist. "You ridiculous thing!" exclaimed the dear journalist, kissing him. It thus occurred that Eve, usually so severe of aspect, had more jewels than she could wear, while Kitty, accustomed to display, had practically nothing but her famous bracelet. Eve insisted on pooling the lot, and dividing equally, for the gala.

Consequently the party presented a very pretty appearance as it ascended the celebrated grand staircase of the Opéra, wreathed to-night in flowers. Lionel Belmont, with Kitty on his arm, was in high spirits, uplifted, joyous; but Cecil himself seemed to be a little nervous, and this nervousness communicated itself to Eve Fincastle—or perhaps Eve was rather overpowered by her tiara. At the head of the staircase was a notice requesting everyone to be seated at nine-twenty-five, previous to the arrival of the President and the Imperial guests of the Republic.

The row of officials at the *controle* took the expensive gilt card from Cecil, examined it, returned it, and bowed low with an intimation that he should turn to the right and climb two floors; and the party proceeded further into the interior of the great building. The immense corridors and *foyers* and stairs were crowded with a collection of the best-known people and the best-dressed people and the most wealthy people in Paris. It was a gathering of all the renowns. The garish, gorgeous Opéra seemed to be changed that night into something new and strange. Even those shabby old harridans, the box-openers, the *ouvreuses*, wore bows of red-white-and-blue and smiled effusively in expectation of tips inconceivably large.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the box-opener who had taken charge of Cecil's party, as she unlocked the door of the box.

And well might she exclaim, for the box (No. 74—no possible error) was already occupied by a lady and two gentlemen, who were talking rather loudly in French! Cecil undoubtedly turned pale, while Lionel Belmont laughed within his moustache.

"These people have made a mistake," Cecil was saying to the *ouvreuse*, when a male official in evening dress approached him with an air of importance.

"Pardon, monsieur. You are Monsieur Cecil Thorold?"

"I am," said Cecil.

"Will you kindly follow me? Monsieur the Directeur wishes to see you."

"You are expected, evidently," said Lionel Belmont. The girls kept apart, as girls should in these crises between men.

"I have a ticket for this box," Cecil remarked to the official. "And I wish first to take possession of it."

"It is precisely that point which Monsieur the Directeur wishes to discuss with Monsieur," rejoined the official, ineffably suave. He turned with a wonderful bow to the girls, and added with that politeness of which the French alone have the secret: "Perhaps, in the meantime, these ladies would like to see the view of the Avenue de l'Opéra from the balcony? The illuminations have begun, and the effect is certainly charming."

Cecil bit his lip.

"Yes," he said. "Belmont, take them."

So, while Lionel Belmont escorted the girls to the balcony, there to discuss the startling situation and to watch the Imperial party drive up the resplendent, fairylike, and unique avenue, Cecil followed the official.

He was guided along various passages and round unnumbered corners to the rear part of the colossal building. There, in a sumptuous bureau, the official introduced him to a still higher official, the Directeur, who had a decoration and a long, white moustache.

"Monsieur," said this latter, "I am desolated to have to inform you that the Minister of Fine Arts has withdrawn his original invitation for Box No. 74 to-night."

"I have received no intimation of the withdrawal," Cecil replied.

"No. Because the original invitation was not issued to you," said the Directeur, excited and nervous. "The Minister of Fine Arts instructs me to inform you that his invitation

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to meet the President and their Imperial Majesties cannot be bought and sold."

"But is it not notorious that many such invitations have been bought and sold?"

"It is, unfortunately, too notorious."

"The box was already occupied."

Here the Directeur looked at his watch and rang a bell impatiently.

"Then why am I singled out?"

The Directeur gazed blandly at Cecil. "The reason, perhaps, is best known to yourself," said he, and he rang the bell again.

"I appear to incommode you," Cecil remarked. "Permit me to retire."

"Not at all, I assure you," said the Directeur. "On the contrary. I am a little agitated on account of the non-arrival of Mademoiselle Malva."

A minor functionary entered.

"She has come?"

"No, Monsieur the Directeur."

"And it is nine-fifteen! *Sapristi!*"

The functionary departed.

"The invitation to Box No. 74," proceeded the Directeur, commanding himself, "was sold for two thousand francs. Allow me to hand you notes for the amount, dear monsieur."

"But I paid twenty-five thousand," said Cecil, smiling.

"It is conceivable. But the Minister can only concern himself with the original figure. You refuse the notes?"

"By no means," said Cecil, accepting them. "But I have brought here to-night three guests, including two ladies. Imagine my position"

"I imagine it," the Directeur responded. "But you will not deny that the Minister has always the right to cancel an invitation. Seats ought to be sold subject to the contingency of that right being exercised."

At that moment still another official plunged into the room.

"She is not here yet!" He sighed, as if in extremity.

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"It is unfortunate," Cecil sympathetically put in.

"It is more than unfortunate, dear monsieur," said the Directeur, gesticulating. "It is unthinkable. The performance *must* begin at nine-thirty, and it *must* begin with the garden scene from 'Faust,' in which Mademoiselle Malva takes *Marguerite*."

"Why not change the order?" Cecil suggested.

"Impossible. There are only two other items. The first act of 'Lohengrin,' with Madame Félise, and the ballet 'Sylvia.' We cannot commence with the ballet. No one ever heard of such a thing. And do you suppose that Félise will sing before Malva? Not for millions. Not for a throne. The etiquette of sopranos is stricter than that of Courts. Besides, to-night we cannot have a German opera preceding a French one."

"Then the President and their Majesties will have to wait a little, till Malva arrives," Cecil said.

"Their Majesties wait! Impossible!"

"Impossible!" echoed the other official, aghast.

Two more officials entered. And the atmosphere of alarm, of being scotched, of being up a tree of incredible height, the atmosphere which at that moment permeated the whole of the vast region behind the scenes of the Paris Opéra, seemed to rush with them into the bureau of the Directeur and to concentrate itself there.

"Nine-twenty! And she couldn't dress in less than fifteen minutes."

"You have sent to the Hotel du Louvre?" the Directeur questioned despairingly.

"Yes, Monsieur the Directeur. She left there two hours ago."

Cecil coughed.

"I could have told you as much," he remarked very distinctly.

"What!" cried the Directeur. "You know Mademoiselle Malva?"

"She is among my intimate friends," said Cecil smoothly.

"Perhaps you know where she is?"

"I have a most accurate idea," said Cecil.

"Where?"

"I will tell you when I am seated in my box with my friends," Cecil answered.

"Dear monsieur," panted the Directeur, "tell us at once! I give you my word of honour that you shall have your box."

Cecil bowed.

"Certainly," he said. "I may remark that I had gathered information which led me to anticipate this difficulty with the Minister of Fine Arts——"

"But Malva, Malva—where is she?"

"Be at ease. It is only nine-twenty-three, and Mademoiselle Malva is less than three minutes away, and ready dressed. I was observing that I had gathered information which led me to anticipate this difficulty with the Minister of Fine Arts, and accordingly I took measures to protect myself. There is no such thing as absolute arbitrary power, dear Directeur, even in a republic, and I have proved it. Mademoiselle Malva is in room No. 429 at the Grand Hotel, across the road. . . . Stay, she will not come without this note."

He handed out a small, folded letter from his waistcoat pocket.

Then he added: "Adieu, Monsieur the Directeur. You have just time to reach the State entrance in order to welcome the Presidential and Imperial party."

At nine-thirty, Cecil and his friends were ushered by a trinity of subservient officials into their box, which had been mysteriously emptied of its previous occupants. And at the same moment the monarchs, with monarchal punctuality, accompanied by the President, entered the Presidential box in the middle of the grand tier of the superb auditorium. The distinguished and dazzling audience rose to its feet, and the band played the National Anthem.

"You fixed it up, then?" Belmont whispered under cover of the National Anthem. He was beaten, after all.

"Oh, yes!" said Cecil lightly. "A trivial misconception, nothing more. And I have made a little out of it, too."

"Indeed! Much?"

"No, not much! Two thousand francs. But you must remember that I have been less than half an hour in making them."

The curtain rose on the garden scene from "Faust."

IV.

"My dear," said Eve.

When a woman has been definitely linked with a man, either by betrothal or by marriage, there are moments, especially at the commencement, when she assumes an air and a tone of absolute exclusive possession of him. It is a wonderful trick, which no male can successfully imitate, try how he will. One of these moments had arrived in the history of Eve Fincastle and her millionaire lover. They sat in a large, deserted public room, all gold, of the Grand Hotel. It was

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midnight less a quarter, and they had just returned, somewhat excited and flushed, from the glories of the gala performances. During the latter part of the evening, Eve had been absent from Cecil's box for nearly half an hour.

Kitty Sartorius and Lionel Belmont were conversing in an adjoining *salon*.

"Yes," said Cecil.

"Are you quite, quite sure that you love me?"

Only one answer is possible to such a question. Cecil gave it.

"That is all very well," Eve pursued with equal gravity and charm. "But it was really tremendously sudden, wasn't it? I can't think what you see in me, dearest."

"My dear Eve," Cecil observed, holding her hand, "the best things, the most enduring things, very often occur suddenly."

"Say you love me," she persisted.

So he said it, this time. Then her gravity deepened, though she smiled.

"You've given up all those—those schemes and things of yours, haven't you?" she questioned.

"Absolutely," he replied.

"My dear, I'm so glad. I never could understand why——"

"Listen," he said. "What was I to do? I was rich. I was bored. I had no great attainments. I was interested in life and in the arts, but not desperately, not vitally. You may, perhaps, say I should have taken up philanthropy. Well, I'm not built that way. I can't help it, but I'm not a born philanthropist, and the philanthropist without a gift for philanthropy usually does vastly more harm than good. I might have gone into business. Well, I should only have doubled my millions, while boring myself all the time. Yet the instinct which I inherited from my father, the great American instinct to be a little cleverer and smarter than someone else, drove me to action. It was part of my character, and one can't get away from one's character. So finally I took to these rather original 'schemes,' as you call them. They had the advantage of being exciting and sometimes dangerous, and though they were often profitable, they were not too profitable. In short, they amused me and gave me joy. They also gave me *you*."

"Another official plunged into the room."

Eve smiled again, but without committing herself.

"But you have abandoned them now completely?" she said.

"Oh, yes," he answered.

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"Then what about this Opéra affair to-night?" She sprang the question on him sharply. She did her best to look severe, but the endeavour ended with a laugh.

"I meant to tell you," he said. "But how—how did you know? How did you guess?"

"You forget that I am still a journalist," she replied, "and still on the staff of my paper. I wished to interview Malva to-night for the *Journal*, and I did so. It was she who let out things. She thought I knew all about it; and when she saw that I didn't, she stopped and advised me mysteriously to consult you for details."

"It was the scandal at the gala performance last autumn that gave me an action for making a corner in seats at the very next gala performance that should ever occur at the Paris Opéra," Cecil began his confession. "I knew that seats could be got direct from more or less minor officials at the Ministry of Fine Arts, and also that a large proportion of the people invited to these performances were prepared to sell their seats. You can't imagine how venal certain circles are in Paris. It just happened that the details and date of to-night's performance were announced on the day we arrived here. I could not resist the chance. Now you comprehend sundry strange absences of mine during the week. I went to a reporter on the *Echo de Paris* whom I knew and who knows everybody. And we got out a list of the people likely to be invited and likely to be willing to sell their seats. We also opened negotiations at the Ministry."

"How on earth do these ideas occur to you?" asked Eve.

"'Managers don't go scattering five-hundred-pound bracelets for nothing.'"

"How can I tell?" Cecil answered. "It is because they occur to me that I am I—you see. Well, in twenty-four hours my reporter and two of his friends had interviewed half the interviewable people in Paris, and the Minister of Fine Arts had sent out his invitations, and I had obtained the

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refusal of over three hundred seats, at a total cost of about seventy-five thousand francs. Then I saw that my friend the incomparable Malva was staying at the Ritz, and the keystone idea of the entire affair presented itself to me. I got her to offer to sing. Of course, her rival Félise could not be behind her in a patriotic desire to cement the friendliness of two great nations. The gala performance blossomed into a terrific boom We took a kind of office in the Rue de la Paix. We advertised very discreetly. Every evening, after bidding you 'Good-night,' I saw my reporter and Lecky, and arranged the development of the campaign. In three days we had sold all our seats, except one box, which I kept, for something like two hundred thousand francs."

"Then this afternoon you merely bought the box from yourself?"

"Exactly, my love. I had meant the surprise of getting a box to come a little later than it did—say at dinner; but you and Belmont, between you, forced it on."

"And that is all?"

"Not quite. The minions of the Minister of Fine Arts were extremely cross. And they meant to revenge themselves on me by depriving me of my box at the last moment. However, I got wind of that, and by the simplest possible arrangement with Malva I protected myself. The scheme—my last bachelor fling, Eve—has been a great success, and the official world of Paris has been taught a lesson which may lead to excellent results."

"And you have cleared a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs?"

"By no means. The profits of these undertakings are the least part of them. The expenses are heavy. I reckon the expenses will be nearly forty thousand francs. Then I must give Malva a necklace, and that necklace must cost twenty-five thousand francs."

"That leaves sixty thousand clear?" said Eve.

"Say sixty-two thousand."

"Why?"

"I was forgetting an extra two thousand made this evening."

"And your other 'schemes'?" Eve continued her cross-examination. "How much have they yielded?"

"The Devonshire House scheme was a dead loss. My dear, why did you lead me to destroy that fifty thousand pounds? Waste not, want not. There may come a day when we shall need that fifty thousand pounds, and then——"

"Don't be funny," said Eve. "I am serious—very serious."

"Well, Ostend and Mr. Rainshore yielded twenty-one thousand pounds net. Bruges and the bracelet yielded nine thousand five hundred francs. Algiers and Biskra resulted in a loss of——"

"Never mind the losses," Eve interrupted. "Are there any more gains?"

"Yes, a few. At Rome last year I somehow managed to clear fifty thousand francs. Then there was an episode at the Chancellory at Berlin. And——"

"Tell me the total gains, my love," said Eve—"the gross gains."

Cecil consulted a pocket-book.

"A trifle," he answered. "Between thirty-eight and forty thousand pounds."

"My dear Cecil," the girl said, "call it forty thousand—a million francs—and give me a cheque. Do you mind?"

"I shall be charmed, my darling."

"And when we get to London," Eve finished, "I will hand it over to the hospitals anonymously."

He paused, gazed at her, and kissed her.

Then Kitty Sartorius entered, a marvellous vision, with Belmont in her wake. Kitty glanced hesitatingly at the massive and good-humoured Lionel.

"The fact is——" said Kitty, and paused.

"We are engaged," said Lionel. "You aren't surprised?"

"Our warmest congratulations!" Cecil observed. "No. We can't truthfully say that we are staggered. It is in the secret nature of things that a leading lady must marry her manager—a universal law that may not be transgressed."

"Moreover," said Eve later, in Cecil's private car, as they were separating for the night, "we might have guessed much earlier. Theatrical managers don't go scattering five-hundred-pound bracelets all over the place merely for business reasons."

"But he only scattered one, my dear," Cecil murmured.

"Yes, well. That's what I mean."

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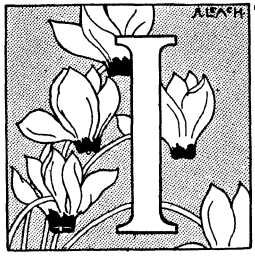
THE WHITE MARBLE SPHINX.

By ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.*



IT was summer-time in the Little Boy's garden, and they were all busy shelling peas on the broad lower lawn, under the shadow of the big may-tree. The midday sun was shining on the smooth grass and the flower-beds full of red and white roses; and which sounded the sweeter, the soft, rippling whisper of the fountain, or the blue-tit's odd little song as he flitted in and out between the cherry-tree boughs, it would have been difficult to tell. They were all very busy; that is to say, the Little Boy and his Mother were scooping the pearly green peas out of their pods and dropping them with a little, rattling sound into a big, blue-and-white bowl; while Tony, the Little Boy's small, smooth, white dog, and Toutou, his large, black, fluffy cat, and Francis, his friend, and the Sphinx, were busy watching them. They had not been speaking for at least two minutes when the Little Boy said: "I can't make out what other thing it is he says, Mummy. First he says: 'Yes—it—*is*, yes—it—*is*, yes—it—*is*,' just as though someone we can't hear was keeping on contradicting him; but the other bit is longer. There, he's singing it again!"

"It sounds very like something that is true sometimes, just now and then, about you," said his Mother, smiling in rather a funny way; "but that isn't true to-day."

"I know what it is," broke in Francis; "it's '*Naughty* Dickie, *Naughty* Dickie, *Naughty* Dickie!' and I suppose that's what they mean by 'tell-tale-tit.'"

"However did you guess?" asked the Little Boy. "But he's wrong to-day, anyhow, for I haven't been the least littlest bit bad ever since I woke up this morning; have I, Mummy?"

"No, dear, not the very least; you've been as good, and almost as quiet, as the Sphinx all the morning."

"Oh!" groaned Francis, rolling over on to his back among the daisies, "I only wish I felt half as cool as the Sphinx looks; even here in the shade it's hot—it's hot everywhere." It certainly was hot; so hot that the families of dingy brown sparrows who were busily taking their midday bath all round the rim of the fountain could talk of nothing else. And the white marble Sphinx did look beautifully cool, sitting so calm and still under the may-tree, with its great wings that looked, to the Little Boy, always ready to take flight, as if it might spread them at any moment and sail off into the sky. He would not, he thought, feel in the least surprised if it did. It sat there always with that wise, quiet smile on its beautiful face, looking as if it knew all about everything in the world, and felt rather pleased with it on the whole. "It could tell me all sorts of wonderful things, I am sure, if it liked," he said to himself, as he softly popped the last shining green pod between thumb and finger; but he did not say this out loud, because he never told other children his thoughts about the Sphinx, for fear they should laugh and think him silly.

He carried the big, blue-and-white bowl over the sunny lawn and gave it to Cook through the kitchen window, and Cook said: "Thank you, Master Dickie. What a useful boy you do get! Whatever we should do without your help, I'm sure *I* don't know!" And when he got back to the may-tree and plumped down on the cool grass again, he found that Francis had moved his place and was sitting in front of the Sphinx.

"Whatever has it got round its neck?" he was asking, "and whatever for? Whoever can have been goose enough to go putting a wreath on a silly stone image?"

The Little Boy turned rather red, but he did not say anything, only as he looked at the marble face he could have declared that it smiled at him. Just for the tiniest part of a second it seemed—no more; or perhaps it might only have been a twinkle of sunlight falling between the thick hawthorn boughs as a blackbird flew clucking out and dashed across his garden into the next.

The Little Boy's Mother looked up and smiled very much the same kind smile as

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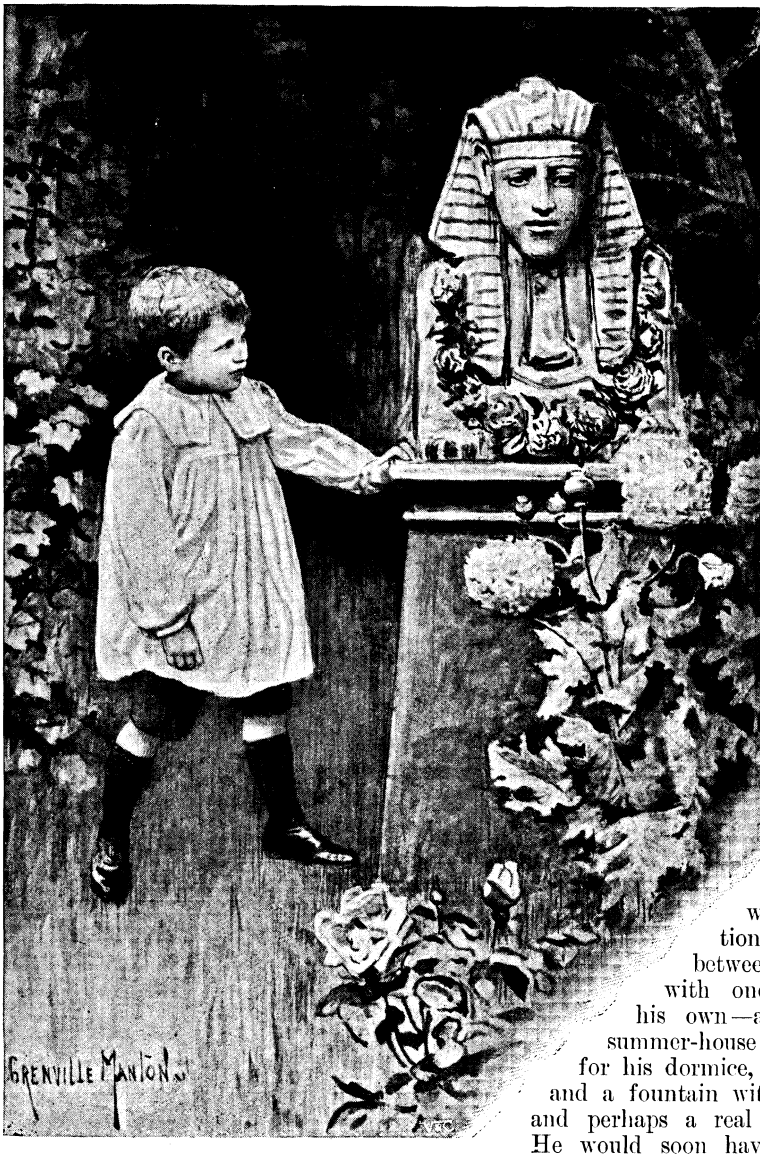
the Sphinx. "Dick has always been very fond of it," she said. "When he was quite a tiny baby, we used to wheel him out here in his perambulator and let him sleep beside it



"'Was it you that spoke?'"

in the shade; and later on, when he used to crawl about on rugs and cushions, he seemed to like being here best. Yes, and the very first time he ever stood upright of his own accord, he pulled himself up by its left wing and said something most triumphantly in his own language. So you see, Francis, the Sphinx is really an old friend, and must not be made fun of!"

And the next minute the two boys had raced off to the fountain to look at the one gold-fish who wouldn't turn golden like the rest, but obstinately remained a dull purple with two white spots, which, of course, was a serious matter; and even Francis could not think what had better be done. "A boy I know," he said sternly, "used to give his the yellow gelatine off crackers when he had any; but I don't remember if it did them any good."

The shadows were long upon the lawn, and the sun was low when the Little Boy came down the garden to the may-tree again.

Francis's Fräulein had taken him home some time since, and the Little Boy felt just comfortably tired with the pleasant, long day of play. He was rather pleased, too, with some new inventions they had hit upon between them, and especially with one—an idea strictly of his own—about making a little summer-house in the orchard-garden for his dormice, with a wee flower-bed and a fountain with real water in front, and perhaps a real radish-plot behind it. He would soon have to go in, he knew, for it was getting near bedtime; but the evening air was so soft and cool, and the thrush was singing such a sweet "Good night" from the very topmost bough of the towering green pagoda of the deodar, that he felt happy all through and just as good as gold. The roses in the garland that hung about the Sphinx's neck were drooping now, and the great, white wings behind the

beautiful head glimmered strangely in the dim, blue twilight, almost as though they were moving, he thought. It was altogether too peaceful and pleasant to go in, even to the comfortable night-nursery and the smooth, white bed. "Mummy and Daddy are going out to dinner to-night," he remembered; "and I expect Emma is helping her to dress, and will come to call me in when she wants me." So he loitered to and fro and sang to himself as he went. He sang out of sheer contentment, without much thought of either the words or the tune, in much the same way as the thrush sings just before going to sleep. The words were out of a little song his Mother had made for him a few days ago, and went something like this—

O, when I was a little child, I had a golden tree,
With golden boughs and blossoms overhead;
And there were golden chimneys to my house that used to be,
And a sound of golden wings about my bed.

And the tune was a very pretty one.

"What is that you are singing?" said a low, clear voice just behind him. "It sounds sweetly . . . it reminds me——"

The Little Boy took both his hands out of his pockets and stared round him in bewilderment. It certainly was not Emma's voice; and, besides, Emma was nowhere to be seen. There was a yellow light in Mummy's bedroom window, and every now and then a dark figure would flit across the orange-coloured square of it; but there was no one at all on the lawn but himself and—yes—there was the Sphinx. The sun was quite gone now, and the early stars were coming out one by one.

"Was it you that spoke?" said the Little Boy; and now he felt sure, for the Sphinx smiled at him through the soft starlight—there could be no possible mistake about it this time—and slightly bent its head towards him. "But why have you never spoken to me before?" he asked.

"Why have you never stayed out here after sunset before on this day of the year?" replied the same quiet voice.

"I don't know," he said, still a little bewildered. "I suppose Mummy didn't allow me to. And what do you mean by this day of the year? and how did you come alive? I've often and often wanted to tell you things, but I was afraid it wouldn't be any use——"

"Well, you can tell me anything you like now," said the Sphinx. "And how comes it

"'Oh, Master Dickie! what a turn you have given me!'"

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that you do not know what day this is? Can you truly be so ignorant as not to know that this is what some people call Old Midsummer Eve, and others St. John's Eve? It had another name in days gone by, but that you would not understand. Why, it is the most important time in all the year—the one evening when I and many others of my kind are able to speak and move and live, and are free to go where we will. If you were to go into the drawing-room now, you would not find the white stone lady (as I have heard you call her) on her pedestal in the corner by the window; and—look over at the fountain—where is the cherub with the fish's tail (as you call him)? Can you see him?"

The Little Boy rubbed his eyes and peered through the gathering dusk. "N–no," he said after a pause. "I can't exactly make him out; but it's getting rather dark, you know, now. How I wish I didn't have to go to bed! Emma is sure to be here in a minute, and I did so want to stay and talk to you."

"Look out of your window before you jump into bed," said the Sphinx. "The stars will be giving plenty of light by then; and see if you can make *me* out here."

Its smile was more mysteriously sweet than ever as it spoke, and its wide wings rustled softly, as though it were going to spread them.

"Oh, don't fly away!" cried the child, so dolefully that the Sphinx looked almost sorry. "Oh! where are you going? and what for? and will you perhaps never come back again?"

"Hush, hush!" said the winged, white creature—and this time it seemed to smile in quite a kind, comforting sort of way—"they are calling you from the house. Don't you hear them? Go now, or they will be displeased; and perhaps—perhaps—who knows?—you may see me presently." And not a word more would it say.

Sure enough, they were calling him from the house; and as he turned slowly to go in, he could catch the whitish glimmer of Emma's apron far down the gravel walk. He must certainly hurry; she was actually coming to look for him, although he knew how she never could bear the garden at any time, and especially when it was dark.

"I'm coming, Emma," he called. "You need not come to fetch me."

"Oh, Master Dickie!" she said, as they went up the steps into the house, "what a turn you have given me, to be sure! I thought you were safe in the study with your new picture-book; and when I went to look and found you gone—well, there! I called Cook and Emily; and Cook said there never was no telling what you'd be up to next; and Emily, she said there was some horridlike-looking gipsy women selling bootlaces and tapes and pins come round to the back door about tea-time, and did I think they could have run off with you for your clothes? And I'm all of a tremble still. However you could have stayed out so late in that nasty, dark garden, with all them great, ugly bushes and trees all round you, is more than I can tell; but anything for a bit of mischief, I suppose."

They were upstairs in the nursery by this time, and Emma stopped for want of breath, for she had been talking very fast, as she did sometimes when she got excited.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to frighten you, Emma. And don't you remember you said I could stay out there a little longer, as it was so warm?"

"Well, well, let's hear no more about it," said Emma quite nicely; "but you can't have your bath to-night now—Cook's let the fire out, and there's no hot water. I'll just wash your face and hands, and brush your hair, and you must tumble into bed double quick. It's goodness knows what's o'clock already, you young Turk!"

The Little Boy never could quite remember whether he had just dozed off to sleep for a little while or not. But he thought not; in fact, he was almost sure about it when he came to think of it afterwards, for it seemed to him that no sooner had Emma bidden him "Good night, and be a good boy and go to sleep at once," and taken away the candle, than he began to notice how very brightly the full moon was shining into the room—so brightly, indeed, that he lifted his head from his pillow to look. And while he was looking, and wondering half drowsily at the golden light of it, he saw something that made him feel wide awake in an instant. He was out of bed the next moment, with both casements thrown wide open—for the latch was quite an easy one—looking out eagerly into the moonlit garden. Just outside his window there grew a tall, dark pine-tree, and it was between the thick plumes of this that he had thought to see a flutter of great white wings and to hear the wind of them. And again he was not mistaken; for as he watched and wondered, kneeling on the wide window-seat in his little, white nightgown, the great,

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white Sphinx wheeled slowly through the moonlight with wings outspread, and hovered outside above the nursery window-sill with its scented garland of pale, clambering roses. Its face looked radiant with happiness, and the drooping garland round its neck, which the child had made and hung there early that morning, was as fresh and dewy as when he had gathered the flowers.

"You see, I have kept my promise," it said; "and now I must leave you—I have far to go."

"Do tell me where, dear Sphinx!" cried the child wistfully. "I do wish you were not going, but would stay and talk to me instead. You can't *think* how dull it is to be in bed when you don't want to be asleep, and they won't let you get up."

"No," said the Sphinx thoughtfully; "I don't think I can. But are you not sleepy?"

"Not a bit?"

"Well——"

"Oh, what? Mummy nearly always is thinking of some pleasant kind of plan when she says 'Well,' like that!"

"I was only considering," said the Sphinx slowly, as it crouched on the broad sill, fanning its wings gently in the still air—"I was thinking whether you would like to go with me to-night. In a very few years you will be too old for me to take you; and there might not be such another chance for you as this."

"Oh, could you really, really take me with you? Could you, could you?" cried the Little Boy, bouncing up and down on the cushions with excitement.

"Be careful," replied the Sphinx, turning about as it spoke. "Don't leave go of the casement-frame until you are safely settled between my wings, and take a firm hold of the chaplet of roses round my neck. Then you will be quite safe. Now we are going to start——"

And suddenly they were sailing smoothly, but more swiftly than the child had ever been carried before, even in trains, through the warm blue and golden summer night—blue with the deep skies and golden with the broad, round moon. The strong pinions beat the air so fast that they scarcely seemed to move in their steady flight, and the child was so happy and so comfortable that he did not feel in the least afraid, although they were so far above the earth that the cities below as they flew looked no bigger than those little towns and dwelling-places that you build with your blocks. The Sphinx's back was just like white velvet to lean against; and once when the wing-feathers accidentally brushed his face, the Little Boy was reminded of a soft, fluffy boa his Mother used to sometimes wear. On and on they sailed, and always with the same steadfast swiftness; and sometimes there would seem to be land and mountains and rivers far down beneath them, and sometimes the restless sea.

"Where are we going?" said the Little Boy, speaking for the first time since they had started.

"We are there," the Sphinx answered. "Hold fast!"

And down, down, down they sank, slowly and still more slowly, until they alighted with a soft shock on a great, grassy space that seemed to be upon a hillside, and was thickly grown with the strangest, loveliest flowers the child had ever seen, while some of the trees seemed made—leaves, stems, and all—of the purest silver, and others stood all starred with scented, white blossom, and hung with golden globes of fruit.

The child sat upon the sweetly smelling grass and looked about him in silence. Gradually, as his eyes grew more used to see through the blue night and the golden light of the moon, he could make out the wide sweep of a bay and a quiet sea lapping along the shores of it; and then looking behind him, the oddest city, he thought, that could ever have been. Narrow marble streets, and marble houses with courtyards and sparkling fountains, and white terraces, and glowing pictures painted on the walls. It certainly was the most wonderful place in the world. There did not seem to be any staircases to the houses, and very few roofs; but it was lovely all the same, he said in his heart, as he turned to the Sphinx, and was just going to say so out loud, but—"Hush!" it whispered. "Listen and look, for this is what you can never see again."

And suddenly, to sweet, wild music, blown on pipes and reeds, came flocking a troop of creatures as strange as the place itself. Beautiful ladies all in floating white, and decked with clustering, trailing garlands; little, naked, winged baby boys, some with bows and arrows and quivers, and others with torches; young men with short, curly, golden hair, and leopard-skins about their shoulders, older men with ivy-wreaths about their brows, and hairy, goatlike legs and hoofs—all these, and many more that he could never rightly remember, came dancing as lightly as fairies or fireflies over the flowery sward. Now drifting apart, now

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"On and on they sailed."

clustering all together, like snowflakes in the beginning of a long fall, they came and went, mingling and separating till the child could scarcely tell one being from another; but all at once it broke upon him that there was one there that he surely knew—the white, stone lady from his Mother's drawing-room who stood always in the corner near the window. He glanced at his companion, who nodded and smiled, and then—just as suddenly as it had begun—the strange dance ended and the figures vanished from the slope. The

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Sphinx sighed deeply. "We must be gone," it said. "Climb upon my back between my wings and hold fast to the rope of roses." And as the child, half in a dream, unwillingly obeyed, it sighed again more heavily still and rose slowly into the brightening heavens.

"I never could have thought of anything so beautiful. But why are you so sad? Are you very tired? And am I too heavy?" asked the Little Boy after a long silence.

"That is my country," said the Sphinx—"my own home, where I lived always under the blue skies and the sunshine until the old lord saw me and had me carried to his ship and brought over the sea."

"What lord? And how unkind of him!' said the child. "Who was he?"

"They said he was a brave sailor, and fought well for his country; but I know nothing of that. He had a white palace with pillars not far from where your house is now, and he put me in the garden of it under an ilex-tree; but the ilex died one cold winter, and then they planted the may-tree instead. I was sorry when the ilex died. And then, one day, the old lord himself died, and they pulled down his palace and made the old, big garden into many new, small ones."

"But ours isn't small," said the child. "Everyone who comes says to Mummy: 'How fortunate you are to have such a large garden so near London!' And she says: 'Yes, I think we are.'"

"Don't talk any more; I have to hurry," said the Sphinx suddenly. "I had no idea the time had gone so fast. If the sun were to rise——" And it flew faster than ever, so fast that its little rider had to shut his eyes and hold on without thinking of anything else. But at last—"Swish! whirred the great wings—and there were the dark pine-trees with their waving fingers, and the Little Boy's nursery window, wide open, just as he had left it.

"We are only just in time," he heard the Sphinx saying in his ear. "Climb in quickly, for I have but one half-second to get back to my pedestal on the lawn."

And after that he must have fallen asleep very quickly indeed, for the next thing he heard was Mummy's voice, and she was saying: "Oh, Dickie, how bad of you to be sleeping on the window-seat, with the casements open! Tell me how it happened, dear?"

The morning sun was shining in his eyes so brightly that it made him blink, and he felt very, very drowsy; but he jumped up briskly and stretched his little body and, after a big yawn or two, managed to tell her all about it. "So you see, Mummy, darling," said he in conclusion, "Francis really was all wrong in what he said about our Sphinx being silly. But perhaps he would only laugh even if I told him. I don't think I shall tell him—would you?"

He was sitting on his Mother's knee, and her arm was round him, and she just gave him the kind of gentle little hug that he liked so much as she answered: "No, dearie, I don't think I should tell Francis. He mightn't understand."

LOVE'S PARTING.

GO—for we go together . . . where you are
There must I be, being yours beyond control . . .
All have I given you, heart and thought and soul,
And asked one recompense—to be no bar
Across your path of life, nor ever mar
Your strange free genius, rounded, strong, and whole.
For you the larger life, the farther goal.
The great world-striving . . . Let me watch afar

And love, and serve, and wait . . . and keep always
The feeling of your presence, there as here.
For all the bitter distance of earth's ways
Is nothing, from that Heaven where without fear
Our souls have met and spoken, these last days.
Now . . . go . . . for love itself goes with you, dear.

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

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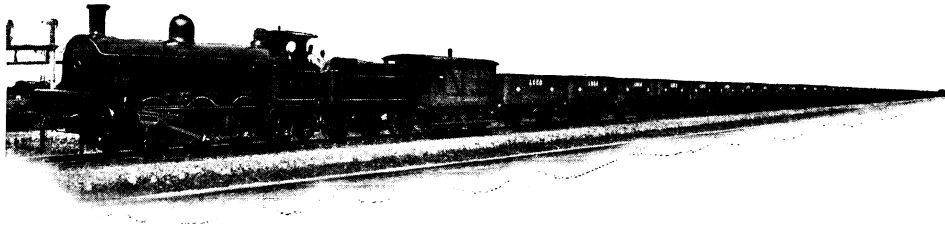

TRAIN OF "EMPTIES" RETURNING TO THE COLLIERIES, L. AND N. W. R.
This train is composed of sixty 20-ton coal-wagons.

THE WAYS OF OUR RAILWAYS.

By CHARLES H. GRINLING.

No. VI.—THE WORK OF THE WAGONS.

THE work of the goods departments of our railways does not bulk so largely in the public eye as that of the passenger branch of the organisation. Everybody is interested more or less in the running of the "crack" expresses, and everybody has a grievance, more or less acute, anent the unpunctuality, slowness, or inconvenient timing of some passenger train by which he or she is wont to travel; whilst the arrangements of stations, the intricacies of timetables, and the behaviour of guards, porters, and ticket-collectors vie with the weather as subjects of conversation when casual acquaintances meet. The doings of the "luggage-trains," on the other hand, do not interest the general public, except so far as they interfere with the passenger working, when their presence on the lines is sometimes regarded as a highly censurable lapse on the part of the management. To the attention of people who look at railways from this point of view, I must again commend the fact—briefly noted at the commencement of my last article—that the goods traffic of our railways brings in more revenue to the companies than the passenger business. Of the total of just upon 111 million pounds which formed the gross receipts of the railway companies in the United Kingdom in 1903, 55 millions came from the carriage of goods (including minerals, general merchandise, and livestock), 48 millions was from passengers (including parcels and mails), and the remaining eight millions was revenue from steamboats, canals, harbours, docks, hotels, and other miscellaneous sources. From the carriage of minerals alone the receipts for the year amounted to £25,350,000.

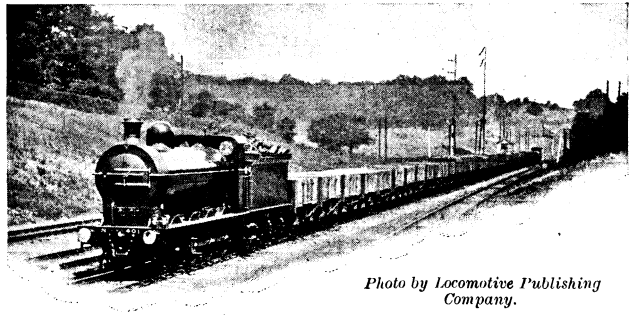

Photo by Locomotive Publishing Company.

BRICK-TRAIN, G. N. R.
It is the aim of every traffic manager to haul the goods in as long trains as possible.

It was, indeed, for the carriage of coal that railways were first promoted in this country. The promoters of the first public line—the Stockton and Darlington—did not in their original estimates calculate upon any revenue worth speaking of from passenger traffic, and it was not until several weeks after the railway was opened that they took the trouble to run a single passenger-coach. Later on, however, when the possibilities of developing highly remunerative long-distance passenger and general goods traffic began to be realised, the owners of the pioneer trunk lines, such as the London and Birmingham, looked upon

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minerals with something like disdain. It is on record that when coal-trucks first passed over this line, they were sheeted down, that their contents might not be recognised, and that at Weedon, where coal was transferred to the railway from the barges of the Grand Junction Canal, there stood for many years a high screen, erected to conceal the nature of the business carried on.

The directors of the Stockton and Darlington line, when seeking Parliamentary powers for the construction of that railway, fixed the rate for the conveyance of coal at 4*d.* per ton per mile. The coal-owners of the district, whilst acquiescing in this proposal so far as "land-sale" — *i.e.*, locally consumed — coal was concerned, asked for a much lower rate—*viz.*, 1½*d.* per ton per mile—"for all coal shipped in the river Tees for exportation." Parliament granted this request, much to the annoyance and discouragement of the promoters of the railway, who thought that such a charge could not possibly be remunerative. Experience soon proved that the directors were wrong; indeed, the success of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company was largely due to the immense volume of mineral traffic for export which was developed under the stimulus of the low rates charged. At that time practically the whole of the coal supply of London was drawn from the Durham and Northumberland fields *viâ* the ports of the North-East coast, the Midland and Yorkshire collieries being too far from the sea to compete successfully. When, a few years later, the Leicestershire and Derbyshire coal-owners got railways constructed to their pits, they endeavoured to make a bid for the London trade; but, as already stated, the directors of the London and Birmingham line—then the only railway running into London from the North—were not disposed to fill their rails with coal-trucks to the detriment of better-paying passenger and merchandise traffic. They therefore refused to haul the Midland coal at the low rate of ¾*d.* per ton per mile, which was all it could pay if it were to compete successfully with the sea-borne coal from the Tyne, the Tees, and the Wear. It was not until the Great Northern Railway was opened to London in 1850 that the metropolitan consumer began to receive a regular rail-borne supply. The Great Northern from that date not only

GENERAL RAILWAY CLASSIFICATION OF GOODS, 1904. 75

	Class.
Meat Pies	4
†Meat Safes	4
Medals, *metal, not gold, silver, or plated*	3¶
Megass—	
Hydraulic or steam press-packed	C
Machine-pressed	1
Not hydraulic or steam press-packed, or machine-pressed, in full truck loads, or in consignments of 20 cwts.	3
E.o.h.p.	4
Melons (*not hothouse*), *packed*	2
Menhadden Oil—	
In casks or iron drums, round or tapered at one end	1‡
E.o.h.p.	3
Mercury, *Bichloride or Perchloride of* (Corrosive Sublimate)—(*see* Special Classification, p. 215).	
Mercury, *Fulminate of*—(*see* Special Classification, p. 191).	
Merinos, *in bales, packs, or trusses*	3
Merinos, *e.o.h.p.*	4
Metabisulphite of Potassium	2
Metal Cement, *in slabs, packed*	1
Metal Dross	C
Metal Polish (Liquid)—(*see* Special Classification, p. 199).	
Metals, *Anti-Friction*	2
†Meters, *Electric*	3
†Meters, *Gas*	3
Meters, *Water*	3*y*
Methylated Spirit—(*see* Special Classification, p. 203).	
Mexican Fibre—	
Hydraulic or steam press-packed	C
Machine-pressed	1
In hand-pressed bales	2
Not hydraulic or steam press-packed, or machine-pressed, in full truck loads, or in consignments of 20 cwts.	3
E.o.h.p.	4
Mica	3
Middles, *Wood Pulp*	1
Middlings	C*g*
Mile Posts, *cast iron*	C
In less lots than 2 tons	1
Military Ornaments, *except gold, silver, or plated*	3¶
Military Ornaments, *e.o.h.p.*	5
Milk, *e.o.h.p.*	3
Milk, *in bottles packed in straw, in cases*—(as Preserves).	
Milk, *condensed*—(*see* Preserves).	
Milk Cans and Pans, *tinned iron*	2
Milk Cans and Pans, *e.o.h.p.*	3
Milk, *dried, in casks*	2
Milk Food, *dried, in tins, packed*—(as Preserves).	
Milk Substitute, *for feeding Cattle*	1
Millboard	1
(*Exceptional rates for Paper apply.*)	
Millboard Rollers or Tubes (*for winding Paper*), *in cases*	3
Mill Cinder or Tap	A
Mill Scale or Smudge	B
Mill Sweepings, *Oily* — (*see* Special Classification, p. 227).	
Millet	C*g*
Millinery	5
Mills, *Bone Crushing*	2
Mills, *Coffee, small Hand*	3¶
Mills, *Corn*, (*Portable*)—(*see* Agricultural Engines, &c., p. 131).	
Mills, *Hand, e.o.h.p.*	4
Mills, *Mortar*	1
Mills, *Oil Cake*—(*see* Agricultural Engines, &c., p. 131).	
Mills, *Sugar*	2
Millstones, *in the rough*	C
" *finished*	2
Mincing Machines	3¶
Mineral Black (Hydrated Oxides of Manganese)	1
Mineral Black (Ground Coke), *in casks or bags*	C
Mineral Oils, including Paraffin and Petroleum—(*see* Special Classification, p. 204).	
Mineral White	C

† If not properly protected by packing to be only accepted at Owner's risk.
‡ Grocery List No. 1. ¶ Hardware List.
g. Grain List. *y.* Reduced rate at Owner's risk.

A PAGE FROM THE "WORKING CLASSIFICATION BOOK."

This book begins with "Acacia" and ends with "Zoedone."

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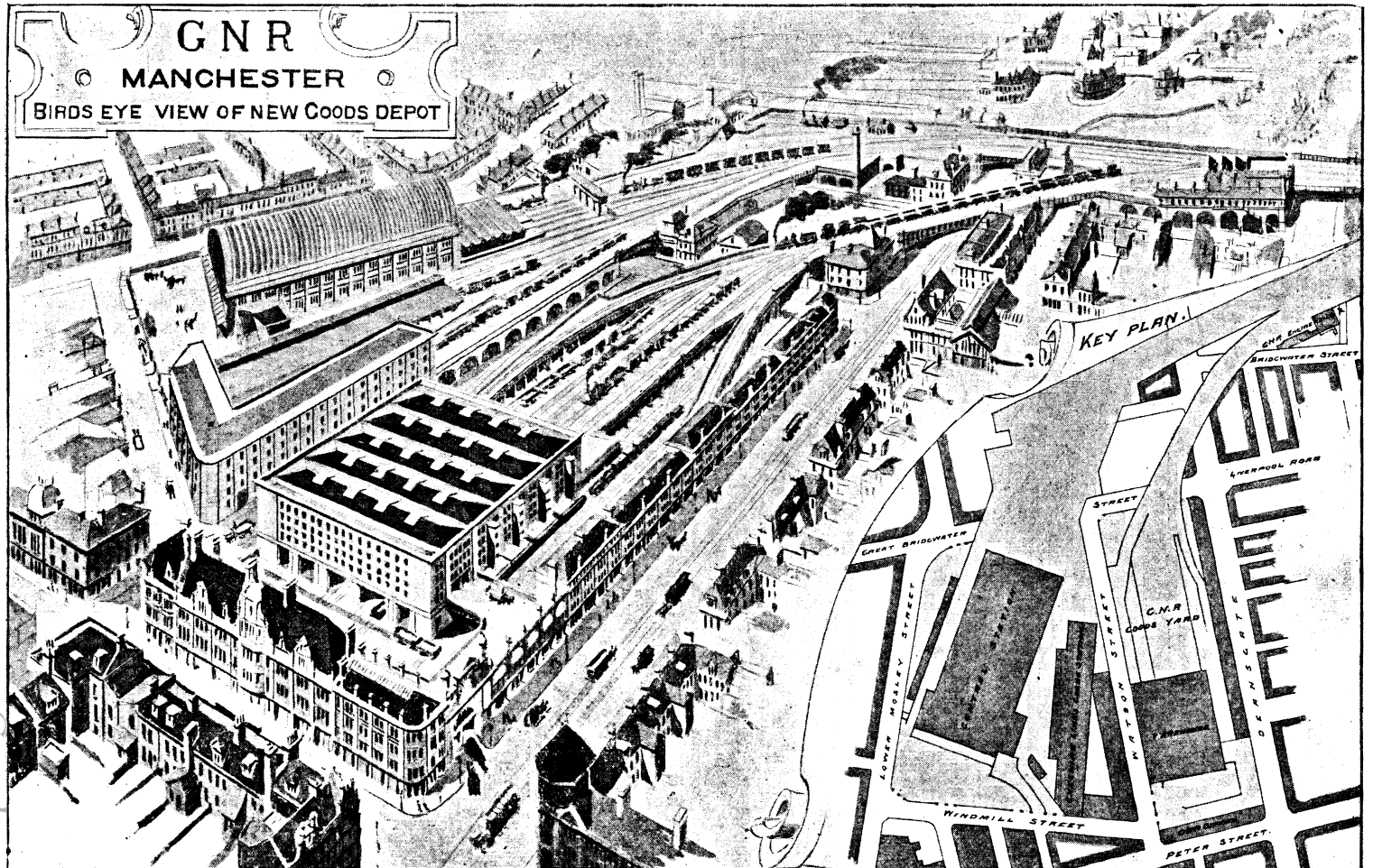

G. N. R. GOODS STATION, MANCHESTER.

A depôt which covers about nine acres, formerly occupied by streets and houses.

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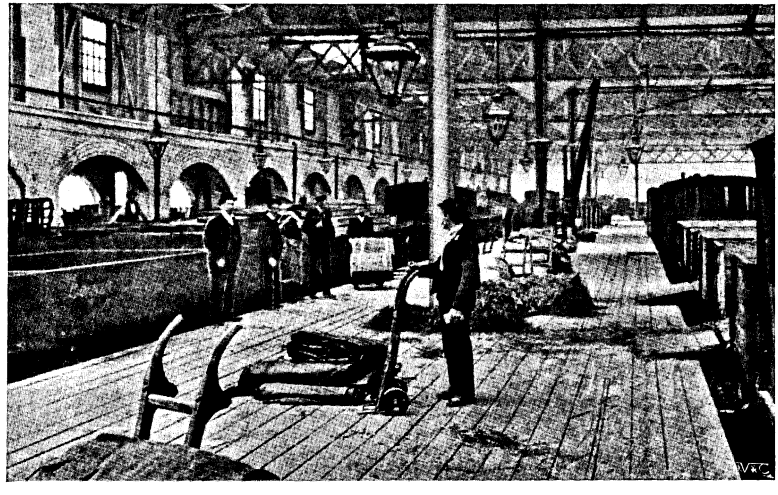
hauled coal from the South Yorkshire pits to London at the then unprecedentedly low rate of ½*d.* per ton per mile, but undertook the duties and responsibilities of coal merchants at King's Cross.

Mr. Herbert Clarke, a name destined to be widely known in the London coal trade (whose brother, Mr. Seymour Clarke, was then general manager of the Great Northern), was appointed about that time "sole agent for the sale of the coals carried by the company," and it was not until about eight years later that the system of the railway company acting as coal merchant through his agency was abolished — the other northern lines having in the meantime developed a similar business—and the present method brought into vogue, whereby a number of firms rent depôts on the companies' premises and act as middlemen between the public and the collieries, the railway authorities restricting themselves to their proper business as carriers.



A "BANK" AT KING'S CROSS GOODS STATION, G. N. R.
Every package received is cleared away the same day.

The mineral traffic of the railways of the United Kingdom in 1903 reached the huge weight of 342,563,000 tons out of a total of 443,830,000 tons of goods of all kinds carried. The Midland Railway is the largest individual coal-carrier amongst the companies, its main line to London having been primarily constructed, as stated last month, for the development of coal traffic to the Metropolis from the Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire fields. In 1871, soon after the opening of the Midland line, a great war in coal rates raged between that company and the Great Northern, in the course of which the charge for bringing coal from the South Yorkshire and Midland pits to the Metropolis was brought down to below a farthing per ton per mile. It now averages about a halfpenny. In fixing the rates to be charged on coal traffic, it is necessary for the railway companies to depart to a large extent from the mileage principle, so as to equalise the charge from the various producing fields to a common centre; otherwise, the collieries nearest the market would have a monopoly of the trade. For the same reason it is necessary to fix what are known as "group" rates between all the collieries in a field and the adjacent ports or markets. Otherwise, it would not be profitable to work pits which happened to be a few miles further than their competitors from the place of export or "land sale."

Coal traffic, in short, affords an excellent example of the basis upon which all charges made by railway companies have to be regulated, and which is expressed in the phrase "charging what the traffic will bear." Coal is the life-blood of modern industry, and by facilitating its carriage the railway performs one of the greatest of its public services. But were the rates to be charged on the hard-and-fast principles advocated by some theorists, many collieries now worked at a profit would be inexorably shut out from the markets, to the advantage of those producers possessing the best geographical situations, but to the serious detriment, not only of the other would-be producers, but also of the whole body of consumers, to whom the price would be raised in proportion as the supply was restricted. By adjusting their rates on a free commercial basis, without rigid subservience either to the distance covered or to the cost of the individual service rendered, the railway companies are in a position to keep open all available sources of supply. One thing, however, they are bound by law not to do,

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and that is to give an "undue preference" to one customer over another by charging him a lower rate "for the same or similar services." But, paradoxical as it may appear, this does not prevent a company from charging different rates on coal, or other merchandise, carried from the same collieries or place of production to a common destination, supposing the one consignment be for export and the other for home consumption. In a recent case heard before the Railway Commissioners, it was proved that a higher rate was charged on coal destined to be made up into briquettes for export than on coal carried the same distance over the same line for shipment in its raw form. Yet the Commissioners held that the difference between the rates did not amount to an "undue preference." In short, the Legislature has given the railway companies of the United Kingdom a fairly free hand in carrying out the principle of "charging what the traffic will bear"; and such is the competition between the companies, and such their keenness to increase their revenues, that every effort is made to "tap new strata" by quoting special rates below their maximum charging powers.

Everyone at the present day is acquainted with the fact that the population of the United Kingdom is very largely dependent upon producers abroad for its supply of foodstuffs and other commodities. It follows from this that there is a very large import traffic flowing from the ports to the great centres of population, and it is, of course, the aim of every railway company to attract as much of this traffic as possible on to its lines. This business is all the more desirable from the railway companies' point of view because it arrives in large consignments, and strongly and handily packed, having already performed a journey by sea, and probably also over some foreign railway. Many of the large centres of population in this country are themselves ports—London, Glasgow, and Liverpool, for example—and are therefore in a position to obtain their foreign supplies by an all-sea route. But the railway companies owning lines from other ports to these centres—especially if they are also owners of the docks—naturally make special efforts to compete with the all-sea carriage, and this they can only do by quoting rates which, when combined with the shorter sea-freight, shall not be higher than the freight by the all-sea route. These special import rates

INTERIOR OF CREWE TRANSHIP SHED, L. AND N. W. R.
All goods received here are transhipped without delay to make up full wagon-loads.

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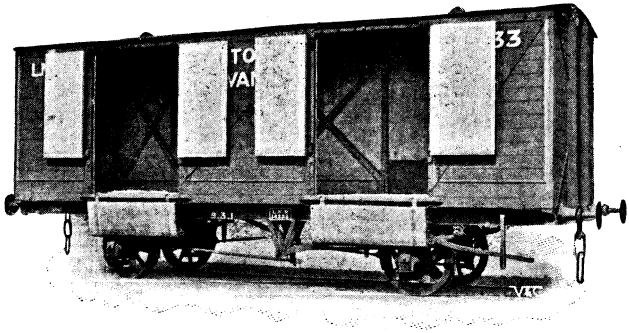
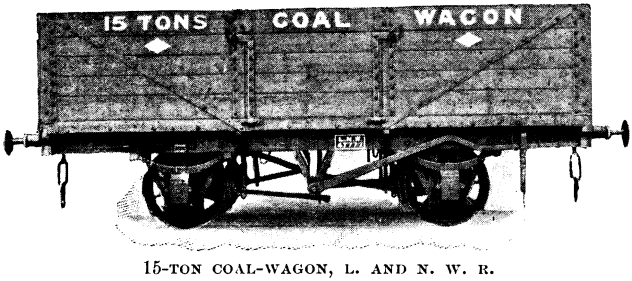
are in some cases less than half those charged to the home producer for the carriage of the same description of goods over the same or a shorter section of the line.

For example, it was recently proved in the Railway Commissioners Court that whereas a charge of 6*s.* a ton only was made for the conveyance of foreign produce from Southampton Docks to London, a distance of seventy-six miles, a charge ranging from 13*s.* 11*d.* per ton from Southampton Town, to 8*s.* 4*d.* per ton from Woking, twenty-three miles, was charged for the conveyance of home merchandise of the same description. This, on the face of it, looks like a gross injustice to the English agriculturist. Nevertheless, the Commissioners held that the difference in charge did not amount to an "undue preference," for two reasons—first, because the foreign produce reached the railway in so much larger consignments and so much more handily packed; and, secondly, because the special import rates were necessary in the interests of the public to keep open a convenient alternative route for the conveyance of foodstuffs to the Metropolis.



15-TON COVERED GOODS VAN, L. AND N. W. R.



15-TON COAL-WAGON, L. AND N. W. R.

Special import rates, in short—obnoxious though they must be to the home producer—stand on the same footing as special export rates—which the home producer, of course, applauds. They are necessary to keep open distant markets.

It is, as was pointed out in our last article, practically impossible for the most expert general manager to be sure whether any one branch of the business of his line is "paying" or not. But the object of his labours is to earn a fair dividend on the whole, and with this view he naturally seeks to secure the highest attainable of proportion of those classes of freight which he thinks the most remunerative. One class of traffic may seem desirable because of the high charges it can bear, and another because, though low rated, it can be carried in full loads, conveniently packed. Neither of these attractive features are, unfortunately, at the present time possessed by most of the agricultural produce sent by rail by the home producer. But wherever our farmers have taken any pains to study the conditions of economical railway transport and to consign their products in large loads, suitably packed—which can usually be done only by combination amongst themselves—the railway companies haveshown themselves ready to grant specially low rates for the sake of opening up new markets. Not that traffic in small consignments is despised. The Great Eastern Company, for example, has made special arrangements to carry by passenger train from ninety-eight different stations on its line to London, farm produce, packed in boxes supplied by the railway company, at the extremely low rate of 4*d.* for any weight up to 20 lb. including free delivery within the ordinary limits—another 1*d.* being charged for every additional 5 lb. up to a maximum of 60 lb. It is difficult to see how such an arrangement can be remunerative to the railway company, except indirectly by increasing the prosperity of the agricultural districts which it serves; and there are critics who allege that the system favours agriculturists at the expense of other customers of the line.

For the purpose of fixing charges for railway conveyance, Parliament has classified the goods liable to be so conveyed into eight divisions, the classification being based partly upon the character and partly on the value of the commodities. Three of the classes are distinguished by letters, A, B, and C, and

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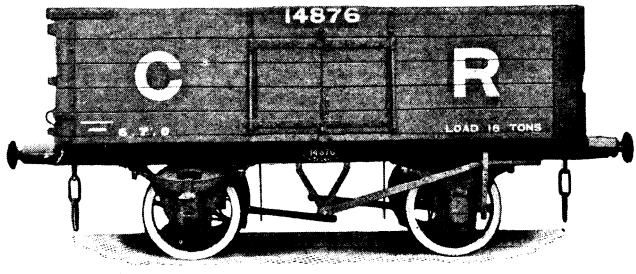
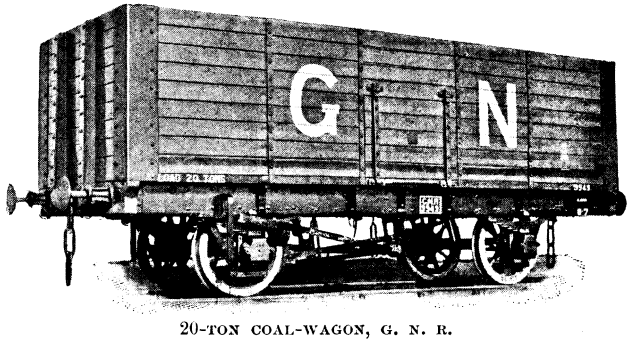
the others by numbers, 1 to 5. "Class A" traffic, which includes coal and other minerals in their raw state, is carried at the lowest rates, whilst the highest scale of charges is made for the goods belonging to "Class 5," which includes the most expensive, fragile, and least easily transportable of manufactured articles. Most of the goods in the lettered classes do not require to be carted by the railway companies, and are accordingly carried at what are known as "S. to S."—*i.e.*, station to station—rates. The numbered classes, on the other hand, have, as a rule, to be collected and delivered by cart at either end of their railway journey, and their normal rates are known as "C. and D." rates. The cartage department, by the way, is an exceptionally interesting and characteristic branch of the work of our railway companies, with which I hope to be allowed to deal in a supplementary contribution to this magazine.

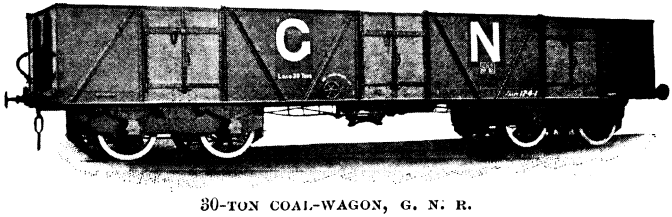


16-TON COAL-WAGON, CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.



20-TON COAL-WAGON, G. N. R.

The Parliamentary classification of goods carried by rail contains approximately 2,300 entries, which might be thought comprehensive enough to embrace all conceivable articles of traffic. The railway companies themselves, however, have found it necessary to draw up, by the agency of their Clearing House, a much more detailed catalogue, known as the General (or Working) Railway Classification, which at the present time embraces nearly 5,000 items, and is growing at the rate of about 100 new entries yearly. The edition dated 1st January, 1904, contains 123 pages in double columns, similar to the one reproduced on page 672. Even the most encyclopædic knowledge must discover its limitations when glancing through this stupendous list of marketable commodities, which begins with "Acacia" and ends with "Zoedone." In addition to the ordinary classification, there is a special classification of explosives and other dangerous goods carried by merchandise trains, comprising upwards of 100 pages of matter, and showing the charges and conditions under which they are carried. The practice of the railway companies, before deciding the classification of such commodities as these (or, indeed, of any article where there is a doubt as to its composition), is to consult their official chemists, the usual arrangement being for these officers to meet periodically at the Railway Clearing House, where they draw up a report for the Goods Managers' Conference, giving the result of their investigations and making their recommendation as to the class to which the new commodity belongs.



30-TON COAL-WAGON, G. N. R.

The law provides that all articles not specified in the Parliamentary classification may be charged "Class 3" rates; but sometimes the goods managers decide that new articles of an easily transportable character are entitled to be put into a lower class. On the other hand, it is occasionally necessary for the companies to apply to the Board of Trade for permission

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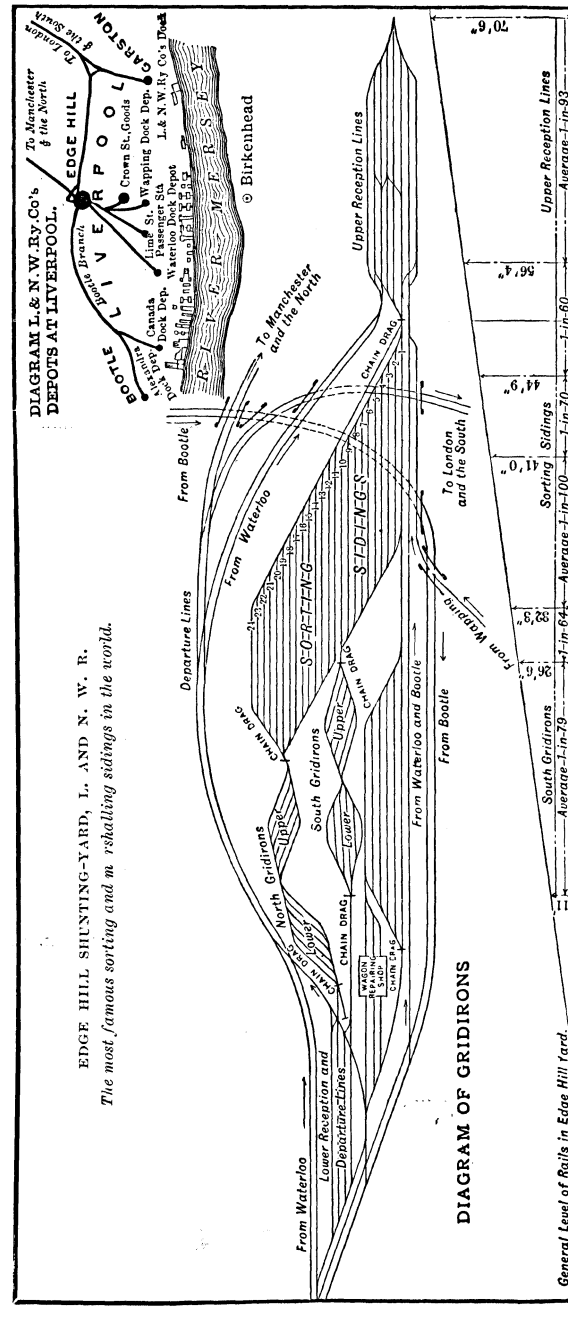
to charge a higher scale on articles of a fragile or combustible character. Recently this had to be done in the case of gramophone records—to give one example of the newly invented commodities which constantly come up for classification. The complications connected with the charging of freight give opportunities to unscrupulous traders to defraud the companies by consigning their goods under false and misleading descriptions. To prevent this, the railway companies now employ a staff of special inspectors, whose duty it is to open packages and compare their contents with the description entered by the consignor on the consignment note. Numerous instances of attempted fraud have in this way been discovered, and the parties having been prosecuted, heavy fines have been imposed.

For the information of the customers of the railways, a rate-book is kept at every station, in which all rates in force from that place are entered. This book is open to every trader who wishes to inspect it, and with the guidance of the classification book he is able to ascertain from it exactly what he will have to pay for any consignment he desires to send. The London and North-Western Company, for example, has about 1,500 of these rate-books distributed throughout its system, containing nearly thirty million different rates; and, of course, every other company has millions of local rates of its own, in addition to the through and competitive rates which are common to several companies. It will be readily understood from these figures that the work of the "rates office" (which is a branch of the goods manager's department) is no sinecure. The number of new cases which arise each day in most of the principal railway companies' rates-offices amount to upwards of 500, to say nothing of another two or three thousand letters to be attended to about matters already in hand. Necessarily this work requires a very large staff of experienced clerks.



EDGE HILL SHUNTING-YARD, L. AND N. W. R.
The most famous sorting and marshalling sidings in the world.

In our chapter on "The Control of the Trains," we saw that it was the aim of every railway traffic manager to haul the goods in as long trains as possible, in order to economise locomotive power and occupation of the running lines. To this end it is the duty of the officers in charge of the goods stations to see to it that not only each engine has its full load to draw, but also that each wagon is filled with the best load attainable. This would at first sight

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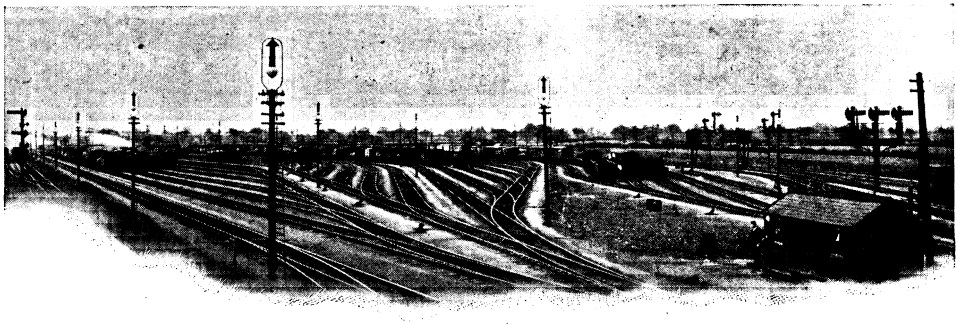
appear to be an object not very difficult of attainment—at least, as between the more important centres; but on looking into the matter a little more deeply, we come upon one of the great drawbacks, from an economical point of view, of a highly competitive railway system such as that of the United Kingdom. Were all the traffic between London and Manchester, for example, to be carried by the company possessing the shortest route—to wit, the London and North-Western—it would be comparatively easy for it to be dealt with in full train- and wagon-loads. But as a matter of fact, no less than five other companies actively compete for this one branch of business—the Great Eastern, the Great Northern, the Midland, the Great Central, and the Great Western. The best attainable loads are thus divided by six, whilst in the keenness of competition a standard of celerity is set up which makes it impossible for any one of the companies to delay consignments for the purpose of avoiding sending away a train light or a wagon three-parts empty. Mainly from this fact it has come about that the average loading of the goods wagons even on the best-managed lines does not exceed three tons, which figure is in itself a marked improvement upon what was done ten years ago, before the question of wagon- and train-loading received special attention. As, generally speaking, the wagons used on our lines for general merchandise have a tare of six tons (with a capacity of eight tons), this means that the average "live" load hauled per wagon is only about one-half the dead weight. The waste of locomotive power which results therefrom, and which is incurred also in hauling goods over circuitous competitive routes — such as the Great Western's or Great Eastern's to Lancashire, for example—is a very serious set-off against the advantages which accrue to the trading community from railway competition in respect to speed and "facilities" generally.

The despatch with which goods traffic is conducted on our railways, though wasteful in respect to the haulage of dead weight, is in some other respects not uneconomical. The great expense of providing terminal accommodation for goods traffic in large towns is a big item in the railway companies' capital accounts. The large goods station recently constructed by the Great Northern Railway Company at Manchester, for example, cost no less than a million sterling. To provide the site, which cost about two-thirds of the whole expense, about nine acres of streets and houses, including a brass-foundry, a chapel, a burial-ground, a school, and quite a number of public-houses, had to be either swept away or bridged over. For the foundations about 100,000 tons of soil had to be excavated, and for the erection of the building 25,000,000 bricks, 50,000 tons of concrete, 12,000 tons of mild steel, and about a million and a half granite setts and hardwood blocks were required. The rivets used, if laid end to end, would reach a distance of sixty-five miles.



CREWE SORTING-SIDINGS, L. AND N. W. R.
The groups of short lines are expressively termed "gridirons."

In London, each of the great companies has several goods stations of about the size of the one just described. Spacious as these depôts usually are, however, there is a constant tendency for the business to outgrow the accommodation. If, in addition to serving the purposes to which they are already put, these goods stations had to be used as sorting-centres for the accumulation of freight sufficient to make up full wagon-loads to every town on the line, their area would have to be very greatly enlarged. As things are, the motto is: "Keep everything moving." Practically every package received during the night from the "inwards"

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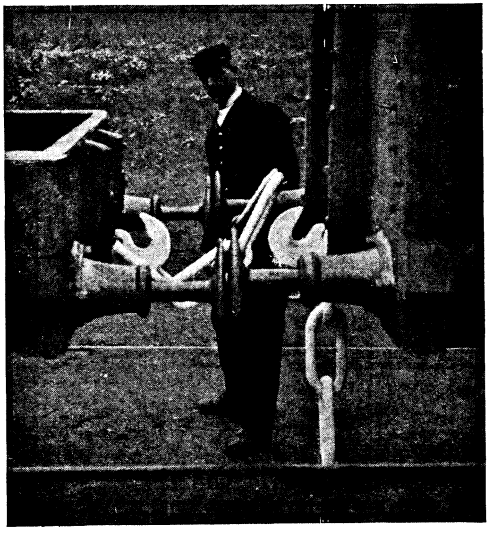
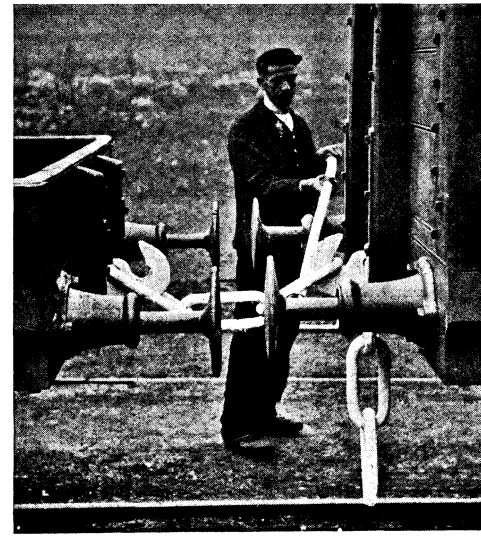


COUPLING UP.
The use of the coupling-stick.

trains is cleared away by the company's vans by noon the next day, and the "banks" are then free for the accommodation of the outward-bound freight, the first trains conveying which are due to depart about three or four o'clock. The "outwards" departures continue until about midnight, soon after which hour the first "inwards" train is due again, and so the work goes round. Walking about the Camden (London) goods station of the London and North-Western Company the other morning, I was shown a very small pile of goods in one corner of the huge shed. "That is all we have left undelivered of last night's consignments," said the foreman. His remark did not, of course, embrace the "warehoused" goods, which I subsequently saw in a spacious building of wide floors and many storeys adjoining the shed. These goods are specially consigned to wait the orders of the traders, an extra charge being made by the railway company for their storage.

Not very long ago, one of our railway managers had a careful observation made of the work done at one of the largest town goods stations on his line. He found that on the day selected, the total number of consignments was 985, consisting of 4,427 packages, weighing 123 tons, to be despatched to fifty-three different destinations. The average weight per consignment was thus only 2½ cwt., and the average weight per package 62 lb. These statistics illustrate the very retail character of the general goods traffic on British railways, and the extreme difficulty of making economical use of wagons of large capacity in the conveyance of that traffic under a system which requires that every consignment should be dealt with immediately it is received. In the instance under notice, in order to get the 123 tons to the fifty-three different destinations, seventy-two separate trucks had to be used, the average load per truck being only 34 cwt. To carry 34 cwt. in a truck having a tare of 6 tons is wasteful enough; but to use trucks of the American type, with 40 or 50 tons capacity, and 15 to 20 tons tare, for the conveyance of consignments of 34 cwt., would be too ridiculous for words.

In order to facilitate the carriage of general merchandise in fuller wagon-loads, a system was introduced on the London and North-Western a few years ago which is likely to be generally adopted on our railways. It consists of having what is called a "tranship shed" at some central point of the system—not a large town—to which place all consignments, not in themselves sufficient to make a good wagon-load to their ultimate destination, are in the first instance despatched. Here all goods are "transhipped," and the accumulation thus gathered from the different parts of the system enables good wagon-loading to be made to all important places, whilst for the minor stations "road-vans" are made up to travel at the tail of the goods trains and be dropped at a succession of small places not sufficiently important to each receive a



UNCOUPLING.
The use of the coupling-stick.

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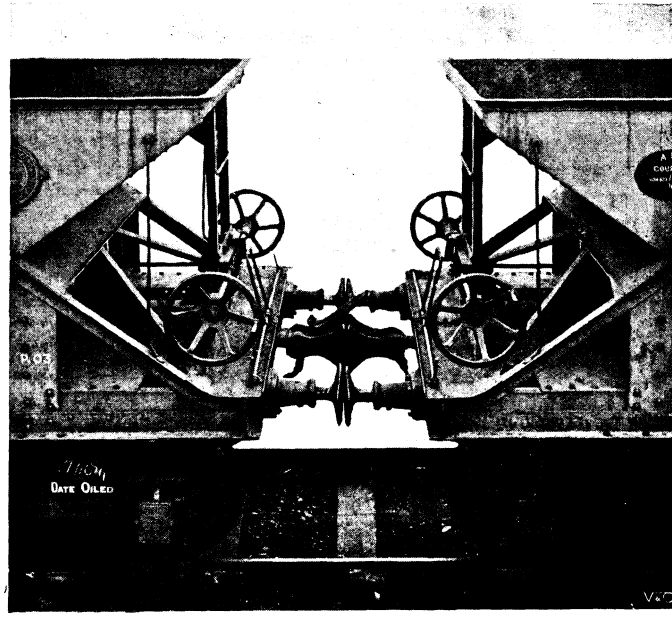
separate wagon. The London and North Western Company's chief tranship station is at Crewe, where a large shed, thoroughly equipped with all necessary appliances, has been erected near the junctions of the various lines converging upon that centre. The system has been most successful in improving the loading of wagons and reducing the number of vehicles required to be hauled; and as everything is cleared up daily, the same as at the ordinary goods stations, no delays of any consequence are entailed. As this system is developed, the average loading of general merchandise in railway wagons will, no doubt, be still further improved, and trucks of larger size than those at present in general use may ultimately become economical. Probably the ideal to be aimed at for this class of traffic is the general employment of covered vans having a cubic capacity of about 1,500 feet each and equipped with continuous brakes. These vans could be loaded up at the principal goods stations and conveyed at high speed to the transhipping points, and thence, with sorted loads, to the ultimate destinations of the consignments.



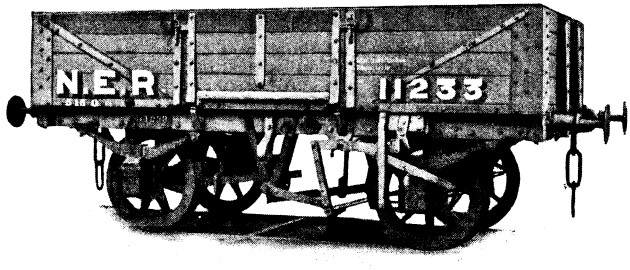
N. E. R. HOPPER COAL-WAGONS AUTOMATICALLY COUPLED.
The Allison Smith Automatic Buffer-Coupler.

As regards that part of their traffic which is of a wholesale character, every effort is being made by our railway companies to reduce the cost of conveyance by dealing with it in large train- and wagon-loads. The beginning has been made in most cases with the company's own coal conveyed from the collieries to the engine-depôts for use as locomotive fuel. This traffic is now usually conveyed in trucks of twenty or thirty tons capacity, and so, too, are bricks, sand, iron ore, etc. It might be thought an easy matter to arrange for the whole of the coal which is brought to London and other large towns to be conveyed in similarly large vehicles; but this is not the case. Although very large in total weight, the house-coal trade of the country is dealt with in surprisingly small consignments, on account of the very large number of depôts distributed throughout London and other towns, and the necessity for keeping at each depôt a supply of, perhaps, a dozen different sorts of coal to suit the varying requirements of the customers. Observations made recently showed that on an ordinary day at one of the London coal-depôts, eighty-three small wagons of coal were received, of which thirty-two were single consignments of one truck apiece from different collieries, whilst there were eleven consignments of two trucks, four of three trucks, three of four trucks, and only one of five trucks. For only eight, therefore, out of a total of fifty-one consignments would it have been possible to use thirty-ton wagons; and the London and North-Western authorities estimate that eighty per cent. of the house-coal carried on their line is consigned in loads of less than twenty tons. Moreover, when the Great Northern authorities attempted to introduce twenty-ton wagons for this class of traffic, they found that at only twenty collieries out of 140 served by their system would wagons pass under the screens, on account of their greater height as compared with the stock hitherto employed.

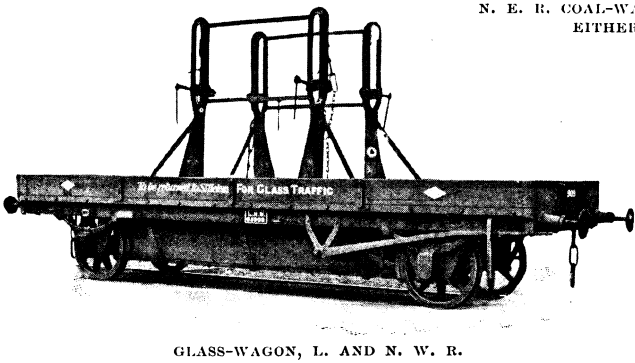
The bulk of the coal conveyed by our railways is carried in trucks belonging not to the companies, but to their customers, the colliery owners and coal merchants. The ordinary rates charged for the conveyance of minerals are merely for haulage and terminal

accommodation, an extra payment being exacted for wagon-hire if the truck be provided by the railway company. The North-Eastern is, indeed, the only railway company in the United Kingdom which is bound by statute to provide wagons for mineral traffic. This system undoubtedly restricts the possibilities of economy in conveyance, and in 1881 the Midland Railway authorities decided to become the owners, as far as possible, of the whole of the wagon-stock running over their system. They accordingly spent a large sum in buying up the traders' stock. Having done this, however, the company, unfortunately, did not make its charge for wagon-hire sufficiently low to induce the traders to use the railway wagons, and there are now almost as many private owners' vehicles running over the Midland as on any other line. Traders' wagons have to be built to specifications drawn up at the Railway Clearing House, and they must each bear a registration-plate testifying that all the requirements of the companies have been duly complied with. But although they guard themselves in this way from having to haul improperly constructed vehicles, the companies have to depend upon the traders for selecting the most economical types, and they also have to perform a large amount of shunting and empty haulage arising out of the private ownership of the wagons. From the point of view of economy in working, it would undoubtedly be a great gain if the use of traders' wagons could be abolished. It is really a relic of a past age, when a different notion of the functions of a railway company prevailed. There is also room for improvement in the arrangements made between the companies for user of each other's wagons, the present system being responsible for a great deal of empty haulage to avoid the "mileage" and "demurrage" charges which are incurred on "foreign" wagons not returned to their owners within a very limited time.

Until a few years ago the ten-ton wagon was the largest size used for mineral traffic on our railways. Efforts are now being made by the leading companies to introduce, and to induce the traders to adopt, fifteen-ton wagons, which can be built with a tare of about seven tons, thus more than equalising the live and dead weight hauled, even when allowance is made for the empty return journey. A further advantage of this type of truck is that it can be built with the same wheel-base as the old-fashioned vehicle, thus getting rid of the difficulty as to turn-tables and tips at docks, most of which would have to be altered if the American type of eight-wheeled "bogie" vehicles were adopted in this country. A great deal of the coal traffic on our railways goes to the ports for shipment, and the arrangements of the tips, staithes, etc., govern the size of the vehicles used for this class of work. At some of the ports on the North-East coast it has been found possible to utilise eight-wheeled wagons for the conveyance of export coal; but generally speaking, the four-wheeled vehicle is a necessity of the situation. In the past, undoubtedly, too little attention has been paid to the relation of tare to carrying capacity in the design of British railway wagons, and as improved types are gradually introduced, very considerable economies are certain to result. It is very desirable also that more width should be allowed for



N. E. R. COAL-WAGON WITH BOWLES' PATENT EITHER-SIDE BRAKE.



GLASS-WAGON, L. AND N. W. R.

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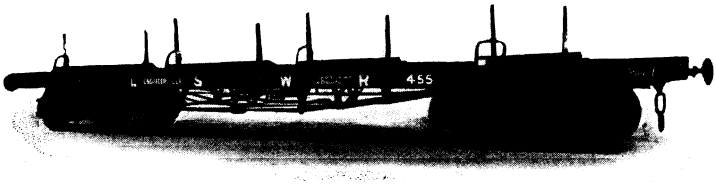


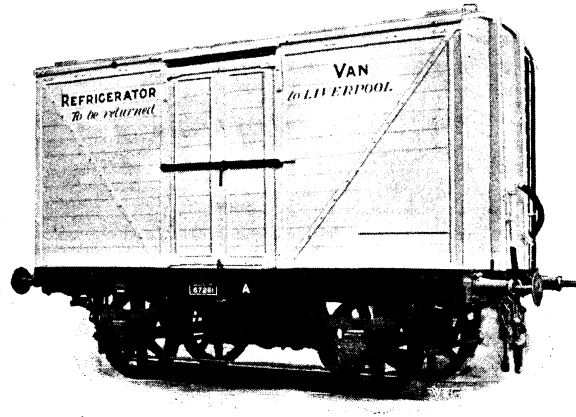
Photo by] [*Locomotive Publishing Company.*

RAIL-WAGON, L. AND S. W. R.

wagons in yards, sheds, and depôts generally. Owing to the narrowness of the loading-gauge in these places, it is impossible, in the ordinary way, to use wagons more than 8 ft. 1 in. wide, although vehicles nine feet wide can pass over most of the running lines.

Another matter intimately related to the question of the size of railway wagons is the problem of siding accommodation. Railway companies are constantly obliged to extend their siding accommodation in and around London and other large towns, where land is very dear. The use of larger types of wagons would greatly relieve this difficulty by reducing the length of train required to accommodate a given load. A train of fifty-two ordinary four-wheeled coal-wagons, carrying eight tons of coal each, occupies 936 feet of siding. The same load of 420 tons could be put in a train 614 feet long if fifteen-ton wagons were used, thus saving one-third of the siding accommodation. We have seen that it is the practice on our railways to haul mineral traffic in as heavy train-loads as possible, and, therefore, the necessity is the greater to reduce as much as possible the length of the train by employing fewer vehicles to carry the loads required. A great saving would also be effected in capital cost and repairs by utilising a larger class of vehicle than the eight-ton or ten-ton trucks now generally employed.

Sidings have to be provided by the railway companies, not only for the accommodation of waiting trains and for terminal purposes, but also for the sorting of wagons and their marshalling into proper train order, according to the various destinations to which they are consigned. The most famous sorting and marshalling sidings in the United Kingdom — and, indeed, in the world — are the great "gravitation" yard laid out by the London and North-Western Company at Edgehill, near Liverpool. Every afternoon and evening from 2,000 to 2,500 wagons are brought to Edgehill from the various docks, quays, and depôts in and near Liverpool. They are brought there as soon as they are loaded, and without reference to the trains which they will ultimately form, and in which they will run to all parts of the United Kingdom. They are first placed on the reception-lines at the summit of the series of sidings, where the engines leave them. They are then sorted by gravity into the upper group of storage sidings, consisting of twenty-four parallel lines, each of which receives the wagons destined for a particular train. Shortly before the time a train is required to commence its journey, the vehicles forming it are passed into one of the departure lines through two groups of short lines expressively termed "gridirons." The use of the gridirons is to enable any change



REFRIGERATOR-VAN, L. AND N. W. R.

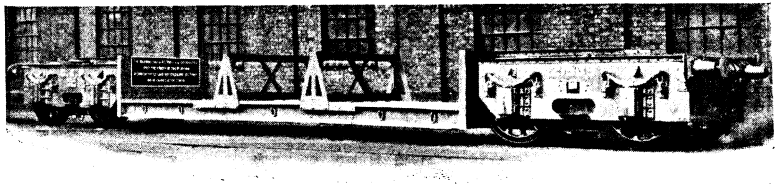


Photo by [*Locomotive Publishing Company.*

PLATFORM-WAGON, G. E. R.

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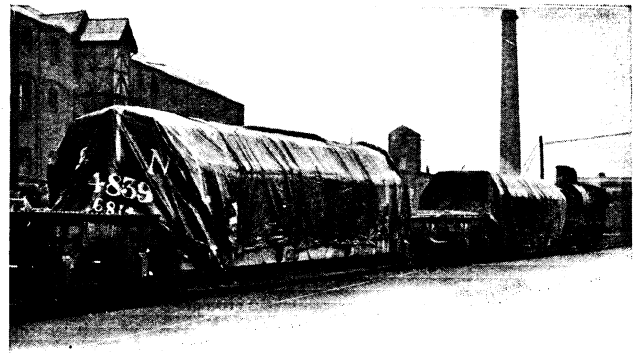
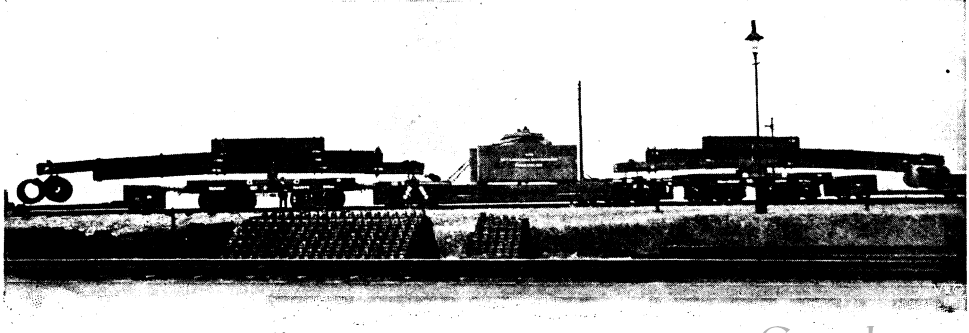
to be made in the relative positions of the trucks which may be necessary to allow every train to leave on its journey with the wagons so placed that each one can be detached at the station for which it is intended, with the least possible amount of shunting. The whole work is done by gravity, without the use of any method of haulage, the sidings being so arranged that the release of the hand-brake is sufficient to start each wagon on the course it is desired to follow. Should any truck run away too fast, it is stopped by a sand drag situate at the neck of each group of lines. The sending of wagon after wagon through a neck into a series of parallel sidings is known as "fly" shunting, and demands considerable dexterity in the manipulation of the points so as to ensure the truck going on to the right line. Where a suitable incline is not available, a shunting-engine or a horse is employed in marshalling wagons into trains. In the goods stations themselves the work of moving the wagons in and out is done by ropes operated by hydraulic or electric capstans, or by horses, whilst turntables are employed to get them from one line to another, and hoists for conveyance between the two storeys of which many modern stations consist. Both goods stations and marshalling sidings are brilliantly illuminated by electric light, as a great deal of the work has to be done at night.



CONVEYANCE OF GLASGOW DISTRICT SUBWAY CABLE BY L. AND N. W. R.
A rope seven miles long coiled on two reels.

It is a matter for deep regret that, whilst so high a degree of safety has been attained in the conveyance of passengers on railways, the goods traffic still exacts a mournful toll of fatalities and accidents from amongst the *employés* of the companies. Every effort is made by the authorities and by the Board of Trade inspectors to diminish the dangers of work in the shunting-yards, but in too many cases "familiarity breeds contempt" of the regulations laid down, while a certain number of the accidents belong to the class which seem inavoidable even with the exercise of the utmost care. In former days a great many casualties resulted from the shunters having to go in between the buffers to couple and uncouple the wagons; but by the use of the coupling-stick with which every shunter is now supplied, the necessity of going between is avoided, except in the case of tight-coupled passenger stock. The ingenuity of inventors has long been directed to the evolution of a type of automatic coupler which shall be suitable for the four-wheeled side-buffered wagons employed on British railways, the American coupler being only practicable with "bogie" stock, which allows free play in going round curves. It is by no means certain, however, that automatic coupling is really safer than the use of the coupling-stick with the present loose-link arrangement. The provision of hand-brakes capable of being applied and released from either side of the wagon is



90-TON CASTING LOADED ON G. C. R. WAGONS.
This casting was supported by cantilever arrangements.

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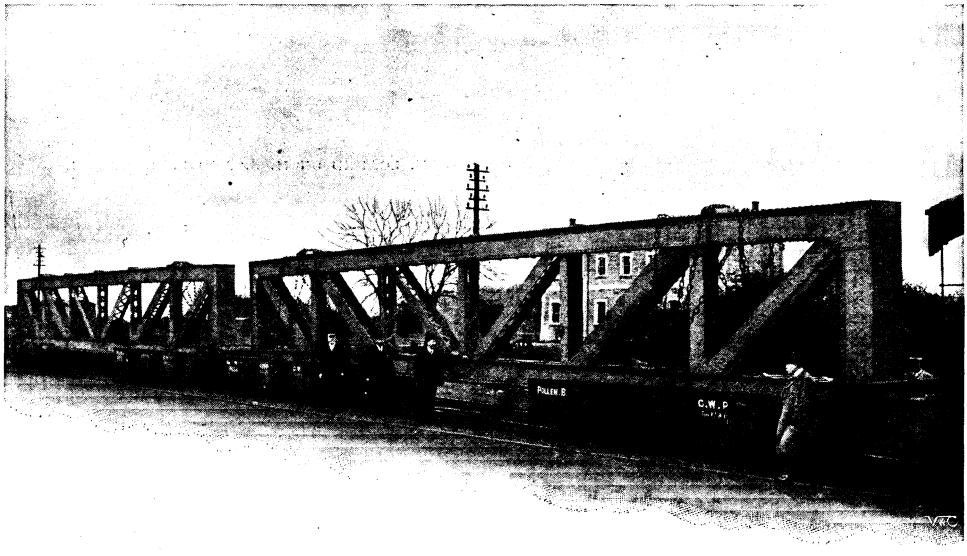
another improvement which has been strongly agitated for in the interests of the safety of the men, as many accidents are said to arise from the necessity of shunters running round wagons in order to apply or release the brakes. This problem is at the present moment engaging the attention of the companies and the Board of Trade, and it is hoped that a satisfactory type of either-side brake will be evolved.

For a reason already explained, the Midland has the largest wagon stock of all our railway companies, the number of vehicles provided by that company for the conveyance of minerals, general merchandise, and live-stock being not far short of 120,000. The North-Eastern comes next with nearly 100,000, whilst the London and North-Western has over 76,000. In addition to open wagons and covered vans, many special types of vehicles are kept on every large railway. There are beer-vans, butter-vans, cattle-wagons of various sizes, furniture-wagons, glass-wagons, gunpowder-vans, meat-vans (including a number specially fitted with refrigerating appliances), rail-wagons, timber-wagons, tool-vans, and trolleys of various kinds.

For the conveyance of very heavy articles, special types of vehicles are employed, one of which is known as a platform-wagon, the platform being suspended between two four-wheeled "bogie" trucks, as shown in the illustration given on page 683. When the Glasgow District Cable Subway was constructed, some years ago, it was necessary that a rope, seven miles long, made in one unjointed and unspliced length, should be conveyed by rail from Warrington, where it was made, to Glasgow. It was originally coiled over one immense reel, 12 ft. 6 in. long by 8 ft. 6 in. diameter, the total weight being sixty-eight tons; but it being considered unsafe to convey so great a concentrated weight over the railway bridges, the rope was re-coiled on to two reels for conveyance by the London and North-Western Railway Company, as shown in the illustration (page 684). The Great Central Railway authorities have on several occasions succeeded in arranging for the conveyance over their line of castings weighing as much as ninety tons, of one of which feats we also give a picture (page 684). This casting was loaded on a fifty-ton trolley and supported by cantilever arrangements over two forty-ton "bogie" wagons, with a small well-trolley at each end to guard the balance weights. It was worked through specially on a Sunday at a speed limited to fifteen miles an hour. An illustration on this page shows two girders weighing twenty-one tons each, 66½ ft. long and 9 ft. 8 in. high, loaded on Great Western trolley-wagons; whilst yet another picture (page 686) shows a gun-coil, or hoop, brought up from Manchester to King's Cross by rail, for the Royal Naval Exhibition of 1891. It was carted to the Exhibition by a team of twenty-five horses.



TWO LARGE GIRDERS LOADED ON G. W. R. TROLLEY-WAGONS.

Difficulties of a different kind present

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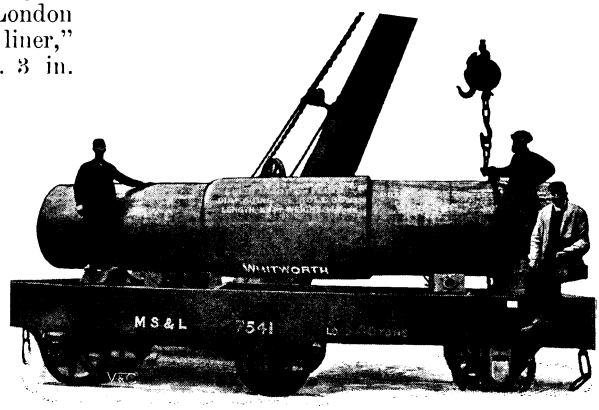
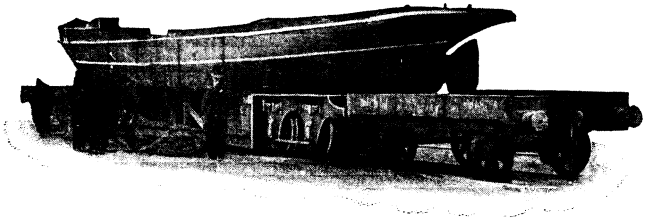
themselves when articles of exceptional width are offered to railway companies for conveyance. No railway company likes to refuse traffic; yet when the width of the commodity concerned is greater than that of the loading-gauge of the line, it would seem, at first sight, to be an impossibility to meet the wishes of the would-be customer. Quite recently it was desired to send from London to Liverpool, to catch a departing "liner," a gunboat 75 ft. 3 in. long, 6 ft. 3 in. deep, and 9 ft. 8 in. wide. As already stated, nine feet is the extreme width permissible to vehicles passing over the main lines of our railways, whilst in many of the sidings and depôts the loading-gauge is only 8 ft. 1 in. Nevertheless, the London and North-Western Railway authorities succeeded in getting the gunboat safely to Liverpool, albeit they had only a day or two in which to make the necessary arrangements. The work was carried out on Sunday, 31st July, 1904—which, being the Sunday before August Bank Holiday, was not a very convenient day. The gunboat was mounted on a trolley 3 ft. 8 in. above rail level, so as to clear the sides of the station platforms. During the whole of its transit over the 194 miles between London and Liverpool the section of line adjoining the track on which it was running was kept closed, so as to prevent collision with any passing train. In short, single-line working was put into force, section by section, over the whole of the company's main line to Liverpool, so that this very bulky consignment might be got through safely without any risk of damage to itself or danger to the other traffic of the railway. Such exceptional work as this entails a large amount of extra labour and anxiety upon the officials concerned, and while willing to oblige their customers in every possible way, the railway companies are not in the least anxious to increase the traffic in very bulky or heavy articles such as those above referred to. They would distinctly prefer them to be sent by other routes.



GUN-COIL LOADED ON M. S. AND L. R. WAGON.


BOAT LOADED ON L. AND N. W. R. WAGONS.

Very curious are some of the consignments which railway companies have to carry at times. Forty tons of silkworms' eggs were once sent by the London and North-Western for shipment to Japan, and great care had to be taken to keep them cool, lest they should hatch on the journey. At one of its London warehouses, the same railway company holds at this day an undelivered consignment, consisting of a stone figure in human form, about twelve feet high, which is believed to be the fossilised remains of an Irish giant, excavated near the Giants' Causeway. The figure has been in the possession of the railway authorities for no less than twenty-eight years, and they are unable to sell it—as is usually done with unclaimed goods—because the original consignee is dead, and his effects have been put into Chancery. The question to whom the supposed fossilised giant really belongs has never been settled, and the railway company has the figure still on its hand, with a claim for warehouse rent which now amounts to over £175. Prior to being consigned by rail from Manchester to London on the 28th of August, 1876, the giant was exhibited in America and in Ireland. Should the Court of Chancery eventually allow it to be put up for sale at the annual salvage auction held by the railway company, it will be probably the most unique article ever offered even at these sales, where the most heterogeneous collection of lost property is disposed of year by year. Quite lately the North-Western

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had a baby-incubator left on its hands, which, when sold, realised a very small sum.

A corpse is a very expensive consignment to send by rail, the uniform charge made by our railway companies for the conveyance of dead bodies being one shilling per mile. Several cases have occurred in which the attempt has been made to evade this heavy expense by a concealment of the nature of the consignment. In one case the body of an actor who died on tour was consigned to his home by the surviving members of the company as "theatrical effects," and the fraud being detected, legal proceedings were taken against the responsible parties for the recovery of the balance of the railway charges. In another instance, a bereaved but thrifty husband, having the misfortune to lose his wife when they were taking a holiday away from home, consigned the body by goods train under a false description, whilst he himself returned home in the usual way. On arriving at his destination, great was his concern to find that the remains of his lamented spouse did not come to hand. Inquiry of the railway officials was rendered difficult by his reluctance to furnish a description of the missing consignment, but eventually anxiety got the better of meanness, and he made a clean breast of his misdemeanour. The telegraph-wires were soon set to work, and the errant corpse was found in a siding near a neighbouring town.

When goods are received at their journey's end without an invoice giving particulars of their destination, it is customary to open the package with a view to tracing the missing information. A large box thus opened at a London goods station revealed what appeared to be a dead body, and this being reported to the official in charge of the station, he thought it wise to communicate with the police. The officers of the law decided that it must be conveyed to the nearest mortuary, where in due course it was "sat upon" by a coroner, assisted by twelve "good men and true." They decided that the contents of the box were undoubtedly a corpse, but that it had been dead some years, and that its discovery did not point to any recent crime. The body was then buried, but subsequently the invoice turned up, and it was found that the box had contained a mummy, and that its destination was a museum in Belgium. The remains eventually reached the museum, but in a rather damaged condition. Some time afterwards the railway company received a very indignant letter from a lady in Peru, who stated that she had been to very considerable trouble and expense in obtaining the mummified remains of a Peruvian Inca for the Belgian museum, but that, owing to the negligence of the railway authorities, the mummy had reached its destination in a condition not fit for exhibition. The railway company denied liability on the ground that if the box had been properly addressed and its contents indicated upon it, the mistake could not have occurred. The Courts decided against the railway company, who had to pay heavy damages to the aggrieved consignor of the mummy, and the official whose action led to the inquest being held on a body which had been dead thousands of years has now no further ambition to walk in the footsteps of Sherlock Holmes.

GARDEN SONG AFTER ROGER MILES.

"WERE I the gardener of the skies
I'd bring thee from the starry cluster
Such jewels as would charm thine eyes,
Were I the gardener of the skies,
As would enhance thy beauty's lustre
And wake the pallid night's surprise—
Were I the gardener of the skies.

Were I the gardener of the heart
I'd gather nothing but caresses
And hold each day thy feast apart,
Were I the gardener of the heart,
And bring unspoken tendernesses
Twined into nosegays by my art—
Were I the gardener of the heart.

But songs are all my garden bears—
Take if thou wouldst before they wither;
God for the nest the bough prepares,
And songs are all my garden bears;
Come, bring thy timid love-dreams hither;
Our hearts shall barter joys and cares,
But songs are all my garden bears.

THOMAS WALSH.

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A Windsor Foreword.

Nine years have elapsed since **"THE WONDERFUL WINDSOR"** (as no less an authority than "The Times" has called it) first established the

Record in Christmas Number Enterprise.

That record still stands unrivalled—even unchallenged; but the tenth of these SUPERB DOUBLE NUMBERS will be much more than a mere repetition of former triumphs. It will have new features which for importance and attractiveness will eclipse even its own predecessors.

Some idea of the sheer bulk, amazing variety, and qualities of this

Magnificent Double Number

may be gained from the fact that it will include Stories by the following famous Novelists:—

Rudyard Kipling	**H. Rider Haggard**	**Egerton Castle**
I. Zangwill	**Eden Phillpotts**	**E. P. Oppenheim**
H. B. Marriott Watson	**Fred M. White**	**Hamilton Drummond**
Robert Barr	**H. C. Bailey**	**Frank Richardson**
E. Nesbit	**Barry Pain**	**Justus Miles Forman**

An important feature of this GREAT DOUBLE NUMBER will be the inauguration of the new serial programme for 1905. This will include the long-expected

SEQUEL TO "SHE,"

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

a romance even more wonderful for sustained fascination than the original history of "She-who-must-be-obeyed."

More than seventeen years have elapsed since the world was first spellbound by the wonderful romance which led them through Kôr, with its haunted tombs of a thousand ages, to the feet of Ayesha, the strange and beautiful, whose supernatural beauty and wisdom involved the whole great riddle of immortality, yet seemed to perish in the flames. How far that passing was from real extinction the author now sets forth to show in a narrative which will enthral public attention even more completely than the original "She."

The other new serial feature will be a delightful narrative told in episodes, each complete in itself, yet forming a connected story as a whole, by those masters of romantic craft,

AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

Complete in this double number, though longer than anything the author has lately published, will be given

RUDYARD KIPLING'S

latest story, "A Tour of Inspection." This deals with the fortunes of a trio of characters that will be as popular as the author's famous "Soldiers Three."

In all this splendid abundance of fiction by THE GREAT NOVELISTS, however, the world of fact will not be forgotten, for it is intended that the special articles shall prove the most varied, the most entertaining, and the most valuable that even a "Windsor" Christmas Number has yet compassed. Among the Contributors to this department will be:—

The Duke of Argyll	**Miss Ellen Terry**	**The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P.**
Harry Furniss	**J. Holt Schooling**	

An elaborately printed fine-art feature will deal with

The Art of Sir Edward J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.

and will include some *FOURTEEN REPRODUCTIONS OF THE ARTIST'S PICTURES.*

A remarkable article on a subject of unique interest to students of Shakespeare and to every playgoer will be contributed by England's greatest actress,

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

The whole number will be illustrated by some of the most distinguished of living artists, in the interests of whose work a special art-paper will be used almost throughout the double issue.

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CHARLES EDWARD.

By HARRISON RHODES.*

No. VI.—WITHOUT REHEARSAL.

HIS is not a love story; yet if Miss Nancy Scott had been willing to accept Mr. Charles Edward Austin, it would never have happened. Young men are in the habit of saying, when Miss Scott rejects them, that their lives are for ever changed; but the immediate consequences have not usually been particularly interesting. And, indeed, if one is to adhere strictly to the truth, it must be admitted that none of Charles Edward's first fourteen proposals led to anything startling or adventurous. He himself said at the time that the habit was growing duller as it grew more confirmed, and that he sometimes felt a change was needed. Either he must be accepted or he must stop proposing. However, it was at that period what one might almost call a point of honour with young men of fashion to be suitors for the hand of Miss Scott, and Charles Edward said that he preserved at least that remnant of respect for the conventions of life.

The fifteenth proposal, as well as several of those immediately preceding it, took place in England, where the young actress was spending the holidays which she had earned by a long, forty weeks' tour over the United States. Charles Edward was in London for a few days, on his way from America to join his mother at Carlsbad, and he was not wasting his time. One result, at least, had been an invitation for the week-end in a house in Kent to which Miss Scott was going. It was a kind of unwritten law or custom at the time that when one invited Nancy, one also invited whoever at the moment was by way of proposing most often to her. Charles Edward owed his Saturday to Monday to his temporary numerical excellence, and the old-fashioned garden in which the tea-table was laid one Saturday afternoon just out of the sun, and by the trailing skirts of a copper beech, was delightful enough to make one believe that his reward was in itself sufficient. But Charles Edward was a prey to disappointment, and in characteristic fashion he precipitated a discussion of the whole affair while he munched a currant bun.

"It seems to me ridiculous," he said to the assembled party with a detached air, "that Nancy will not marry me."

"I don't see why I should," protested that young woman, too busy with tea to be anything but concise.

"Of course, I can see he has many virtues," began their hostess.

"Oh, surely we needn't discuss them!" broke in Charles Edward; "I *admit* them. The thing to talk of is Miss Nancy Scott's faults. Now, to my mind, her greatest fault is——"

"That she doesn't fall in love with you, I suppose?" interpolated their hostess.

"Precisely," said Charles Edward.

"My greatest fault is, perhaps, that," said the young woman under discussion; "but the next greatest is that I am interested in my career, that I love my profession, and that I wouldn't give up acting for any man I've yet seen."

"But if you married me, you wouldn't need to give it up. That is, not altogether; you could always go back to it for a flyer now and then—that's easy enough."

"Pardon me——" began a young gentleman in grey flannels. Then for at least half an hour he and Miss Scott, growing more excited as they talked, explained to Charles Edward how laborious and exacting was the career of acting. You couldn't "go back to it for a flyer" it appeared. It was with the extremest difficulty you could in the beginning get any parts to play. And even when you had had some success, you must keep constantly before the public, or you were forgotten. Every word that they said was true, as the reader knows. One may add, as Charles Edward knew. But there were special circumstances which modified his public attitude and undoubtedly caused him to adopt a

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tone of bravado not usual with him. The young gentleman in grey was an actor, or, to be more exact, what is commonly termed a promising young actor. This meant that he had a gentlemanly appearance, agreeable manners, and no great talent. He had, to judge from his conversation, considerable difficulty in getting such engagements as pleased him. And an additional fact of importance was that, having made Miss Scott's acquaintance, he was behaving in the usual way. It is not probable he had at this period made more than his fourth proposal; still, it is not difficult to understand that the inevitable rivalry of male creatures lent a note of acrimony to Charles Edward's remarks.

"In short," said Mr. Austin, "I feel that you exaggerate. I believe that I could go on the stage at once. And I believe that one could get an engagement in almost any company he liked if he knew how to ask for it."

"You might try," said the young gentleman in grey.

"I will," said Charles Edward.

"By the strangest chance, Henry Trevelyan is playing for this one night at Chatham. His company is fairly difficult to get into. You might take a train over after dinner and get an engagement in it."

"I will," said Charles Edward.

He rose and took Miss Scott's cup from her. Then, having disposed of it, he sat down next to her.

"You'll never do it, you know!" she said.

"What will you bet?"

"What you like."

"You know what I want," said Charles Edward, lowering his voice.

Miss Scott looked at him. It is not right that a girl who does not intend to marry should have such attractive eyes.

"You are absurd," she said. "Well, if you have an engagement in Henry Trevelyan's company by lunch to-morrow, you can—you can propose again. Good Heavens! no; I shall unquestionably refuse. But you seem to like doing it."

II.

THAT a story in which Henry Trevelyan figures should have its scene at Chatham is a kind of geographical paradox, for from a theatrical point of view the place is not important enough to be upon the schedule of the dignified provincial tour of his company. It may be remembered, however, by those who follow affairs of the stage closely, that a few years ago, on the occasion of the opening of a new theatre, Trevelyan, probably for some private reasons, on account of some old personal friendship with the family of the manager, did go to Chatham for one performance. The evening's entertainment was what is called a "mixed bill," to which the great actor contributed a one-act play, in which he requires the assistance of only two others. Mr. Trevelyan journeyed down without scenery, secretary, or general manager—it was quite unlike the usual stately movement of the company on tour—and it just happened that he was left to return to London alone by a late train of notably uncertain habits.

There is nothing of special interest to record concerning the evening at the theatre. The local newspapers of the following morning were amply justified in the usual extravagance of praise for Trevelyan's performance—which was, suffice it to say, his usual performance. The opening of the new playhouse was, indeed, exactly what the distinguished gentleman from London had expected, even to the usual pile of letters from unknown people.

Upon one of these this story hangs, yet it would be impossible to describe it as other than the usual letter. Only those who are habitually bombarded by communications from total strangers realise how often it is an elusive something in the writing, a mere trick of phrasing, seeming to betray personality, which draws attention to one letter rather than another. Among the various missives which he hurriedly read, Mr. Trevelyan felt vaguely interested by one; and when, a few minutes after the curtain had fallen upon "The Heights of Elba," Mr. Austin's name was brought to his dressing-room, he remembered some pleasant impressions he had had from the young man's letter. He sent a message that while he could not see Mr. Austin at the theatre—there were the manager and his friends to be received—he would be glad if he would wait and drive with him to the station; there might be a chance, before the train left, for a few minutes' talk.

The vehicle which conveyed the two from the theatre did no credit to Chatham. It rattled and banged along in a way that would have interfered most seriously with a conversation. But it had not gone ten yards before Trevelyan, availing himself of the kind of privilege accorded to royalty and to prominent members of the theatrical profession, announced abruptly that it was no use trying to talk until they were out of the confounded cab. At the station his mind

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"'I wouldn't give up acting for any man I've yet seen.'"

turned at once to the necessity of hunting up the stationmaster and discovering whether the train were on time or not. Mr. Austin must have felt that precious moments were slipping away from him; but as he flew to make the necessary inquiries, he seemed to have lost nothing of the brisk and eager air which, together with an attractive smile, had

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been what Trevelyan had so far been able to note in his companion. When he returned to the dismal and ill-lighted waiting-room where the elder man had established himself, the briskness and eagerness of his air and the attractiveness of his smile seemed in no way diminished by the fact that he brought news that the train was twenty minutes late. Trevelyan growled inarticulately, but the young man fairly beamed. Frankness appeared to be one of his qualities.

"I won't pretend to be sorry," he said. "Instead of five minutes, I shall have twenty-five to talk to you in—that is, if you will let me," he added as a graceful concession.

Trevelyan smiled a little grimly.

"There isn't any way of escape for me, is there?"

"Frankly, I don't believe there is."

Trevelyan seated himself resignedly.

"Very well, Mr. Austin, go ahead and talk. You want something from me, I take it. Got a play you want to read to me?" Mr. Trevelyan's air was scarcely encouraging. It was a comfort hurriedly to disclaim any pretension to authorship.

"Oh, no, not that! I wanted——"

"An engagement in my company, I suppose," interrupted the great actor.

His directness was a trifle disconcerting. They had come to the point, although somehow Charles Edward felt that they were not likely to dwell upon it long. Still, it was a relief to be there.

"Yes; I was going to ask for that," said he, seating himself. But the fusillade continued.

"Can you act?"

"I'm sure I can."

"But have you acted?"

The applicant leant forward in his chair. "A lot as an amateur, and, although perhaps I'm not the one to say it, I was thought——"

He looked at Trevelyan, whose hand was raised in horror and warning.

"No? Then I won't," he said, after a moment, with a little laugh. "I see that doesn't count."

"No," agreed Trevelyan; "it just doesn't count. Especially as I don't frequent amateur performances. If I've engagements to offer, I like to give them to someone I know can act."

"But I suppose people begin somehow,

"'You give me a black eye.'"

sir," protested Charles Edward. "You won't give me an engagement until I show you I can act, and I can't show you I can act until you give me an engagement."

The dilemma appeared to make Trevelyan cheerful.

"Very well put, my boy; very well put," he murmured encouragingly. "Then why act?"

"Why, indeed?" thought Charles Edward. At the moment he felt how foolishly boastful he had been at tea-time. He was face to face with facts, and chance, which usually showed him a way out of every dilemma, was failing him now.

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"It's difficult to explain," he said. "But I must act. I must get an engagement at once."

"Are you so poor?"

"No, it's not that. There are special reasons which I can't well explain."

Charles Edward was conscious of the lameness of these explanations, and of their unworthiness of his own inventive genius. He fancied that Trevelyan looked almost suspiciously at him, and for a moment he was tempted to tell the whole story of his afternoon's bravado. But his companion went on—

"If you are thinking of it as a career, don't—that's my advice. It's always my advice. You don't know"—and a note of deeper feeling crept into his voice—"what a hard, ill-paid, ungrateful profession it is. You envy me. Well, yes, now that I'm pretty well towards the top it's not so bad. But you don't know what I've been through. And then it's one of a thousand that succeeds. You don't know the actors who have been discouraged, beaten, killed by failure." His voice was solemn now, and Charles Edward felt somehow that he had no right to arouse such memories in the interests of a joke.

"I've known them," continued Trevelyan. "They were friends of mine in the old days, and better actors than I shall ever be."

For a moment he seemed in a kind of reverie, and then started afresh, briskly enough.

"It's no good, my boy; leave it alone. There's my advice." Then with a humorous air of resigned comprehension: "But you won't take it, I suppose."

Charles Edward's spirits rose, and he made a characteristic reply.

"Well, if I can't take the advice, there's the other thing I wanted."

"Eh?"

"The engagement in your company."

"Oh!" said Trevelyan, with a chuckle, and then suddenly his manner became more formal. "Let us talk business seriously for a moment. At present there is no vacancy in my company, nor is there likely to be for a year, so far as I know. What you ask me to do is to give notice to one of the young men already with me. Some of them are very good actors; some of them, between you and me, very bad ones. Now, you might be better than any of them, or you might be the worst of the lot. To be quite frank with you, a long experience teaches me that the latter is what you'd most probably be. I'm sorry, but there it is. I can't engage you, because I've no means of knowing that you're a good actor."

"And I've no means of proving it."

"No. You see my point?"

Now that his young companion did see the point, Trevelyan had the air of feeling that the conversation had been brought to a singularly neat and definite end.

Charles Edward could not bear to retire, confessing defeat, and he disliked to remain, seeming impudent and importunate. Yet, as he had planned to take this same train back to where he was staying, it would have seemed affectation to leave the waiting-room now. There was a pause, which Charles Edward gloomily thought was only the beginning of twenty minutes of anti-climax; and then chance sent an interruption.

The door from the platform opened, and a man dressed in sailor's costume appeared, carrying a bundle and accompanied by a woman. He went to the side of the room, put down the bundle, and, either unabashed by the presence of others or unaware of it, proceeded with a conversation already begun. The voice, manner, and appearance of the pair rendered superfluous the information which their talk afforded, that the danger there had been of missing the Dover train had been caused by delays in the last public-house.

"If I 'adn't give you the push," remarked the wife in a superior manner, "you'd 'a' missed your ship altogether, let alone the train."

The superiority grated.

"You're in a bloomin' 'urry to get me on to my ship."

"No, I ain't, Ed," she protested, her voice suddenly softened. "I'm fair sorry to see you go. I am, straight."

"Garn!" was the retort. "Don't come it over me with your 'fair sorry.' I didn't ought to go away at all; ought to stay at 'ome and keep a eye on you and your bloomin' lodger."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Ed," the woman said drearily, "you ain't ever goin' to begin that again!"

"I ain't rightly touched on the matter at all," growled her husband.

"I dunno what you call touched on it," she retorted bitterly. "You give me a black eye."

"Well, you've got another I might 'ave blacked, ain't you, same as I did the first?"

The possible victim of this second assault was reduced to tears, through which she protested that the stories a certain Mrs.

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Mason had told Ed about his own wedded wife and a certain Captain Jackson "was a pack o' dirty lies"—then her spirits rose a little.

"I've always took in lodgers, ain't I?"

"Yes; but this bloke was all right, 'e was, with 'is snacks of fish and 'is egg to 'is tea, and what not. And what about the presents 'e give you?"

"'E only give me a photo-frame," she protested.

"Ah!" said her husband, with a mixed air of slyness and virtuous indignation. "Were it made of plush, or were it not?"

A deprecatory movement on her part confessed the incriminating richness of the gift, and her accuser continued—

"Ah! there you are. And of course, when 'e twigged I was comin 'ome, 'e slung 'is bloomin' 'ook."

From this point definite facts became for a time less prominent in the discussion, and strong feeling and vituperation more so. Yet it appeared that the chief grievance against Captain Jackson was his departure owing two pounds for rent. In vain did his landlady protest that the gentleman "just offed it and ain't come back." Her husband suspected her of some complicity, and asserted that she had "took a fat lot o' trouble." He should never see "what sort of face 'e 'ad on 'im."

"Where's 'is blooming money?" he continued to demand, and: "What do I blooming well make a 'ome for?"

An outsider might have supposed that one of the reasons was that he might beat his wife in it, for this seemed to suggest itself to the sailor with increasing force as the only possible relief to his present feelings. And the waiting-room seemed on the whole to be as good a place as the home. The woman's shrill and hysterical defiance began to betray her real terror, and the scene, which, though sordid, had at first had its humorous side for the two spectators, now inspired in them feelings of revolt. The sight of a woman ill-treated rouses the blood of men of many races, but tradition has it that it is peculiarly intolerable to those of Anglo-Saxon birth. Trevelyan and his companion turned to each other as if by a common instinct and read the same thought in each other's eyes.

"We can't stand this; we can't let this go on," said Trevelyan, half rising out of his seat. The other put a restraining hand upon the elder man's arm and said quietly—

"Let me, sir. It's my place."

The sailor had not as yet laid hands on his wife. She stood nervously putting her hands up to her hair. As he lurched heavily towards her, she suddenly gave a piercing scream, and even before he touched her cried—

"Oh! 'e's killing me."

The drunken man paused a moment.

"Yes, I will," he said; "and who's a-going to stop me?"

From the farther corner of the room Mr. Trevelyan's companion stepped briskly forward.

"I am," he said.

The sailor faced the new-comer.

"Oh! you are, are you?" he growled. "And who the dickens are you?"

"I," said the young man, "am Captain Jackson."

Trevelyan, who is a connoisseur in such matters, admits the genuine dramatic quality of the moment. It fetched him well out of his corner. The wife-beater paused, dazed, muttering an oath under his breath. The woman seemed to grow pale and stared with big, wondering eyes at Charles Edward. Her husband recovered himself and made a vague movement towards the interferer. Then his wife spoke hurriedly.

"That ain't 'im, Ed; that ain't Captain Jackson." She put her hand on her husband's arm. "I dunno who 'e is. Come away, dearie."

"Thanks very much," said Charles Edward; "but I'm not afraid of him. I don't want you to try to deceive him as to who I am. I'm very much obliged, of course, but there's no need for you to try to protect me." He turned to the sailor with an air of appealing to masculine comprehension. "Don't mind her."

The reply was not exactly in response to this.

"You pay me the money you owe me."

Charles Edward's hand went confidently to his pockets. He was in the habit of always carrying plenty of money, in spite of the fact that it tends to spoil the fit of one's trousers. But to-night he had changed in a hurry after dinner—his face fell for a moment as Trevelyan observed him, and his hand stole tentatively into his waistcoat pocket.

"Two pounds, wasn't it?" he murmured meditatively, as he seemed to be trying to make out the total of the sum in the palm of his hand.

"It were a matter of two pounds ten," growled the sailor, and muttered: "Shut it!"

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"'I,' said the young man, 'am Captain Jackson.'"

to his wife, who had made a movement as if to speak.

Charles Edward seemed for a moment to deliberate whether it were worth while protesting, and then turned to Trevelyan.

"Two pounds ten, he says now. Could

you let me have a sovereign? I've barely two pounds, and it would take every penny."

Trevelyan, who gives enormously to all the theatrical charities, has extraordinary views on private borrowing; and when he tells this story, as he sometimes does of a Saturday night at the Garrick Club, his friends are accustomed to say chaffingly that his action as reported at this point invalidates the whole story. So it speaks volumes for the force of the unknown young man's personality that the great actor's hand went hesitatingly to his pocket. But there it stopped.

"I—I don't understand. Are you actually going to give him the money?"

"A captain in His Majesty's Army must pay his debts," was the reply, given in rather grandiloquent tones.

"I do not," said the older man drily, "make it a rule to lend money to total strangers. But here it is."

Charles Edward took the money and handed it to the sailor, unconscious that Mr. Trevelyan was regarding them both with an enigmatic, if not suspicious look. Then, having in a way secured for himself a freer hand, he proceeded to give assurance of the injustice of any suspicions against a Chatham landlady. This, to tell the truth, seemed only to bore the sailor, until he bethought himself afresh that he might avenge his honour in a fight. In spite of his wife's entreaties, he got his coat off.

"Don't attempt anything foolish," said Charles Edward, looking rather young and slight in comparison.

"What are you going to do to stop me?"

"I am going to thrash you well first, and then call in the policeman from outside the station and give you in charge."

"All right!" roared the sailor. "Come on!"

Then suddenly he stopped.

"'Ere, 'arf a mo'," he said, and reaching for his coat, began to put it on. "Call in the police, will you?" he remarked scornfully. "Can't think what made me forget 'em."

He turned to Trevelyan, who was half way to the door.

"All right, go on," he said. "I gives you your chance. I ain't got nothing against you. If the coppers wants you as bad as they wants this 'ere friend of yours, the Captain, you'd better 'ook it and look pretty slippy, too."

There is no dignity in modern life equal to that of the actor-manager. Trevelyan paused in horror and consternation at such a mode of address.

"What do you mean?" he asked severely.

"Mean?" said the sailor. "'E knows what I mean," with a twist of his thumb towards Charles Edward.

"What has Captain Jackson done?" pursued Trevelyan.

"Done? Done everybody! Give cheques when 'e 'adn't got no money. Got goods on credit because of his being a bloomin' gentleman, then put 'em up the spout. Never pay for nothing. I don't just rightly know what 'e done, but 'e done a bit before 'e come to Chatham. Leastways, so the 'tec said as came to find out about him. Oh, 'e's well known, 'e is, though he ain't always Jackson, nor yet a captain! 'E may be one thing or 'e may be another; but whatever 'e is, 'e's always doing somebody. What name's 'e travellin' under now?"

"How about all this, Mr.—Mr. Austin?" inquired Trevelyan.

"Austin!" guffawed the sailor.

Charles Edward frowned a little. His idea would have been that Trevelyan should have pretended to know him merely as Captain Jackson. It really became very complicated if he treated him as Jackson pretending to be Austin; still, doubtless dramatic experience made this easy for Trevelyan. An amateur finds improvising his lines a trifle difficult.

"Austin was—— Well, that was my idea of a stage name I would take instead of Jackson. I should really like to go on the stage—and I am clever at acting."

"Too clever, I should say, Captain Jackson!"

"Thank you, sir; I shall remember that you said that."

This polite conversation bored the sailor. He started for the door.

"Now, then, none of your larks!" he said. "I got my eye on you!"

"I will see that the man doesn't escape," came from Trevelyan, in his most dignified manner.

"You'd just better," was the sailor's comment.

As chance would have it, the station policeman almost at that moment came along the platform. In a moment the sailor had explained. Captain Jackson was wanted, that was evident. The informant beamed, and then, as if to spoil his enjoyment of the very best of the evening, the train for Dover pulled into the station. Reluctant and blas-

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phemous, he was led away by his wife, who cast one final, wondering look upon Charles Edward.

This young gentleman threw himself into a chair.

"This is great!" he said, with a laugh. "Really I call this the best ever——"

"'I'm afraid you couldn't have done it.'"

"Do you?" responded Trevelyan.

There were signs of impatience on the part of the policeman.

"In a moment, constable, in a moment we'll explain the joke," said Charles Edward jauntily. Then turning to Trevelyan: "Of course, just for this once I had a better part than you. But you played splendidly. The way——"

"Look here," began the policeman.

"Sorry you're impatient, constable, for I'm going to do you a great honour. This," with a wave of the hand, "is Mr. Henry Trevelyan. You've heard of him. He is England's greatest comedy actor!"

The result was, perhaps, a little disappointing.

"Yes, I've heard of him," said the policeman. "But I ain't never seen him. I don't know who this gentleman is. Looks to me like another of your games."

The great actor rose somewhat uneasily.

"But I am Henry Trevelyan."

"So you say. If you are, what are you doing here with Captain Jackson? Birds of a feather, I say."

"This is intolerable stupidity!" cried Charles Edward. "He is Henry Trevelyan, do you see?"

Trevelyan turned upon the young man a face dark with anger.

"Don't let me depend on your word, sir, to establish my identity. I could explain everything in a moment to anyone of intelligence."

"You come along and explain it at the station," interrupted the policeman, a little viciously. "They are intelligent there, if I ain't."

"I shall certainly not come," said Trevelyan decisively and with dignity.

"Prove who you are, then," said the policeman sullenly.

"Certainly, certainly," said the great actor, a trace of nervousness showing in his manner. as he hastily hunted through his

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waistcoat pockets. He was genuinely irritated when he spoke again.

"Confound it, I haven't a card with me!"

"I should think not," commented the policeman sarcastically.

Trevelyan turned to his young companion.

"I have to thank you for this, sir. I shall not forget it."

The policeman put his hand on Trevelyan's shoulder. "Come along!" he said.

The managerial shoulder quivered under the insult laid upon it, when "Stop!" cried out Charles Edward, while he wildly hauled a magazine out of his pockets and feverishly began running through its pages.

"Here," he said at last, thrusting an open page into the policeman's very face. "You can read, I suppose, and tell a portrait when you see one. Look at this—'Mr. Henry Trevelyan.' Now look there," pointing to Trevelyan. "You can see who it is, can't you?"

"Let him take his hat off, so as I can tell," said the officer.

"Nonsense!" spluttered Trevelyan.

"Take your hat off!" came the sharp command. Meekly the great actor obeyed.

"Now," put in Charles Edward triumphantly.

"Yes," admitted the policeman. "It's him, or his twin. Proud to meet you, sir. But——" And he turned as if anxious to vent his anger upon somebody, "what does it matter to you if it is him?"

"Don't be impertinent," he was told. "It matters that he can explain that I'm not Captain Jackson; that I only pretended to be for a joke, to show that I can act."

"What about this, Mr. Trevelyan; can you go guarantee that this ain't Captain Jackson?"

"No," rapped out Trevelyan, "I certainly cannot. I know nothing whatever about him."

Charles Edward's face had at first been blank with amazement; then he recovered his assurance.

"Don't keep it up, Mr. Trevelyan. We don't need to, now they've gone. And I hear that English prisons are far from comfortable—even for a night."

"You should doubtless know," replied Trevelyan drily; "and perhaps you'll be out to-morrow, if——'

"Surely you can't possibly think——"

"How can I know anything? You seemed as natural to me as Captain Jackson as you were as Mr. Austin; and if you wanted to get out of the way, to become a member of my company—for the American tour would be——"

"You thought me good, then, as Jackson?"

The London train was called by a porter with a raucous voice.

"I've no time to discuss that, or your interpretation of Austin, either," said Trevelyan "And you've given me a very unpleasant half-hour. Whatever it may mean to you, the prospect of a night in gaol did not please me."

Upon this Charles Edward made a speech compact of frankness, of the kind which so often astonished people.

"I'm really Austin. And I'm awfully disappointed not to get the engagement. It was a kind of bet. If I'd got it, I was to be allowed to propose to a girl to-morrow at lunch. Now I shall probably end by marrying the gaoler's daughter."

"Of course," said Trevelyan, as he turned to go, "if you are Austin, perhaps you could learn to act. Rehearsal Tuesday, eleven, Regent's Theatre. If you're not in gaol, you might turn up. And as to that girl, why don't you wire?"

This, ultimately, is what Charles Edward did. As the morrow was Sunday, there were delays of a tiresome kind over identification and release. So he telegraphed: "Got engagement, so am now looking for another. Trevelyan insisted on my staying in Chatham over to-day. Hope to be at dinner to-night for your answer."

At dinner, Miss Scott took refuge in a quibble. She had said he might propose, but she had not guaranteed an answer. She is still unmarried, so perhaps we must forgive her.

As to the other engagement—the one at the Regent's Theatre—Charles Edward turned up, but only to tell the story. In the country he made an offer to the young man in grey flannels. This young gentleman had evidently been proposing a few times to Miss Scott while Charles Edward was away, and there was, perhaps, a touch of ill nature in the latter's phrasing.

"I turn it over to you, and it's a good engagement. If you're any sort of an actor, you will make up as me and go there at eleven for rehearsal."

This was repeated later to Miss Scott, and her comment must endear her to admirers of Charles Edward, who might otherwise resent her refusing him.

"You're a very good actor, I know; but, after all, I'm afraid you couldn't have done it. For Charles Edward really is inimitable."

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BULLS AS ACTORS.

By J. BERNARD.

Photographs by Messrs. Clarke and Hyde.

GIVEN some Spaniards, two bulls, and an arena, one naturally expects to see a bull-fight or some variation thereof. Nothing, however, could be less like the traditional Spanish pastime than the performance presented in this country some time ago by Hunyadi Janos' performing bulls.

Bulls are proverbial for their clumsiness, especially when in china-shops or other limited areas. The writer witnessed a striking and amusing illustration of this trait in bovine character some time ago, when a bull sought refuge from pursuit in a well-known hotel in Bedford, climbed the stairs, to the consternation of everybody, and having forced his way into the proprietor's bedroom, proceeded to amuse himself by smashing up the furniture.

READY TO START THE PERFORMANCE.

Though Mr. Janos' bulls are remarkably docile, they have not, fortunately, up to the present developed any such marked domestic instincts as the above-mentioned. The animals themselves are two exceptionally fine specimens of Hungarian breed, and are of gigantic proportions. So large are they, indeed, that it seems well-nigh incredible that the prescribed limits of a music-hall stage should suffice for them to go through a performance which, for such enormous and usually intractable beasts, is certainly a marvel of agility and intelligence.

They have been taught many of the tricks with which one inevitably associates the circus-horse. In the first place, they have been broken into saddle, and are bestridden by two handsome young ladies in typical Spanish boys' attire, who guide and control them by means of a bit and bridle similar to those used for their equine brethren of the ring. The saddles are capacious, and fashioned somewhat after the Mexican style.

The ladies career round the ring on their strange steeds, putting them through a series of intricate evolutions which include the leaping of miniature hurdles; the agility displayed by the cumbersome animals in this item is remarkable.

Stout tubs are then placed in position, and the bulls mount them with apparent ease. It must have taken a clever trainer and an infinite amount of patience to induce the massive brutes to entrust their ponderous forms upon so frail a pedestal, offering, as it does, but a very insecure foothold.

Though far too heavy to support themselves on their hind-legs as horses are often taught to do, yet one of them, with the assistance of a second tub, raises himself into an almost upright position.

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As one naturally expects, all these tricks were not taught in a day; in fact, Mr. Janos informed the writer that he had been over three years training these animals before he brought them to a sufficient state of proficiency to perform before the public.

Bulls are remarkably difficult to train, as they do not possess the highly strung nervous system that is of great assistance to the horse-trainer. They are apt to resist any attempt to coerce them, and are very slow to comprehend what is required of them, and are also subject to fits of sulkiness and obstinacy, which generally cause less patient trainers than Mr. Janos to abandon the attempt in despair.

To teach a bull to lie down at the word of

DON CÆSAR MAKES HIS BOW TO THE PUBLIC.

command is no easy matter, yet this difficult feat is only one of many similar ones.

The training of animals has been brought to such a pitch of perfection within recent years, since the universal demand for novelties on the stage has greatly increased, that it is only by accomplishing something that has hitherto not been successfully attempted that a trainer can create a sensation.

It was this desire to produce a novelty that caused Mr. Janos to look about him for some creature that had not hitherto been introduced to the public. Pigs, goats, sea-lions, geese, even camels, had been taught to perform, and one enterprising individual, at least, has introduced crocodiles on to the stage. To what beast, he asked himself,

A DIFFICULT FEAT.

then, could he turn his attention? For a time he was at a loss to solve the problem.

Though he has produced an entertainment totally dissimilar to a bull-fight, it was whilst a spectator at his national pastime that the inspiration first came to him. On one occasion he was so struck by the tactics and agility of a particularly wary animal that it occurred to him that a beast that displayed such a marked amount of intelligence under such trying circumstances could have been

LYING DOWN AT THE WORD OF COMMAND.

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POSED AS A BACKGROUND WHILST THE RIDERS DANCE.

taught to amuse the public in a less sanguinary manner. True, bulls were not remarkable for their tractability; but, nothing daunted, he procured one and experimented for months. The result was failure from a showman's point of view, as the animal proved dull and unsuitable, and had to be abandoned. From a trainer's point of view, however, the experiment was encouraging, in that it revealed to him possibilities of success, provided he could procure a more intelligent pupil.

MOUNTING TUBS.

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He then procured two, and found that with a companion the task was more hopeful. So he persevered till eventually his efforts were crowned with success, and to-day it is his proud boast that such another pair could not be procured throughout the world, and, better still, he has succeeded in a task that many of his friends and also several rival trainers assured him was impossible.

Another great difficulty he had to encounter was that after he had been training a pair for over twelve months, one died, and the remaining one, Don Cæsar, evidently overcome with grief, refused point blank to do anything by himself. To procure another animal to match him was no easy matter, for Don Cæsar is an exceptionally large animal. However, a suitable animal was found at last, but their first introduction to one another proved both exciting and disastrous in its result, for they were no sooner brought within sight of one another than they broke loose from their keepers and a battle royal ensued.

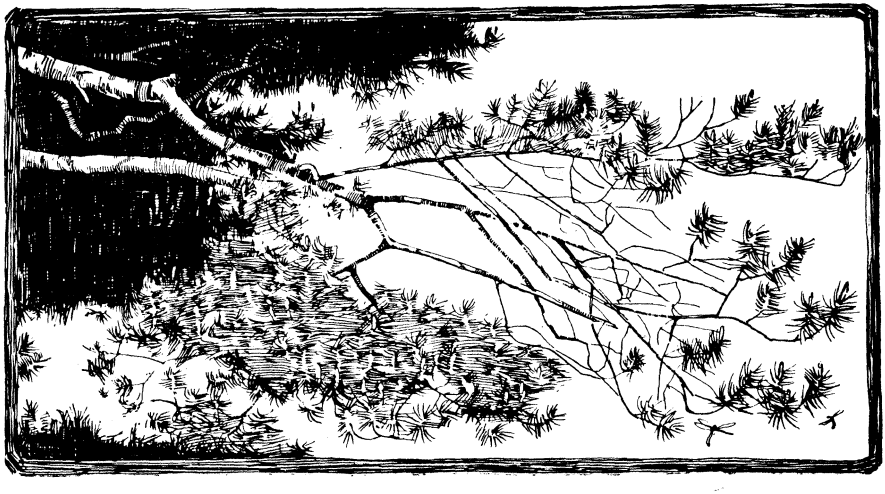
Don Cæsar had the best of it from the first, and hustled his smaller opponent round the yard, finally forcing him back against a wooden gateway; the latter gave way beneath the strain, and a moment later the two bulls were fighting desperately out in the streets of Seville. It happened to be market-day, and the scene that followed baffles description. In their blind rage the animals overturned stalls and barrows, sending the contents, mostly fruit, rolling in all directions, to the great glee of innumerable urchins.

The crowd entered into the fun of the thing and cheered lustily as one or other of the animals gained a temporary advantage, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the keepers at last managed to separate the combatants.

Ever since they have been firm friends, and never once shown any inclination to resume hostilities.

However, amusing as the incident may have been to the crowd who witnessed it, to Mr. Janos it was a serious matter, as he had to face a long string of vociferous vagabonds with long faces and still longer bills, for damage, real and imaginary, the latter predominating.

As an instance of the difference in disposition between the two animals, one may mention that while the photographs that illustrate this article were being taken, a stray dog appeared upon the scene, and just as the animals had been posed on the tubs. Don Cæsar surveyed the yapping intruder with serene disdain, the personification of imperturbable bovine dignity; his companion, on the other hand, descended from his point of vantage, despite all efforts of his rider to restrain him, and with lowered horns gave battle and, much to our amusement and the lady's discomfort, chased the intruder round the yard till he beat a precipitate retreat. Only when he had apparently assured himself that the enemy had been effectually routed did he condescend to return and proceed with his performance in obedience.



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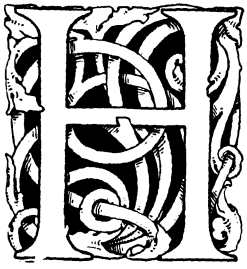
CALYPSO.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,*

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Monsigny," "Journeys End," etc.



HARTLAY dropped another lump of sugar into his tea, and scowled out across the valley where the Mönch and the Eiger loomed to the cold skies, and the Mettenberg squatted beside them.

"It's a delicate question, this rope-cutting," said he; "and once in a way it comes to be a jolly momentous one, too, for most of us. If there were no other way, I expect I should take to the knife."

Feltham shook his head.

"No, you wouldn't, either," he said. "None of us would, I fancy. There's some excuse for a novice. He may lose his head and have a fit of panic; but we're old stagers, and—well, there was Reeves-Davis. He cut the rope when young Powell fell on the Lyskamm. Reeves-Davis'll never live it down."

"Reeves-Davis is a common coward," said Lady Feltham, with a sniff. "It was murder."

"Ah, now," persisted Captain Hartlay, "the difference between murder and legitimate self-preservation is sometimes very narrow. Isn't it?" he demanded, of the other woman.

Miss Arbuthnot hesitated.

"I don't know," she said, frowning across the table at him. "I'm not sure, but I rather think I agree with Alice. I rather think I should call it murder. Maybe it's throwing away one's life to refuse to save oneself at another man's expense—granting, of course, that the other man is beyond help; anyhow—still—well, I'm afraid the price is too high. I'm afraid one's life isn't worth quite that much."

Hartlay shook a stubbornly unconvinced head.

"That's the conventional view," he protested. "You all have an eye on the gallery. You're all afraid people will call you cowards. I expect I should be quite as silly if the trial came, but I insist that it's wrong."

He leaned forward over the porch-rail—they were sitting on the high-covered porch of the Eiger Hotel—to look down the little street.

"By Jove!" he cried. "Here comes a man who knows more about it than all of us put together. Here comes Tommy Catherwood. I didn't know he was in Grindelwald."

Miss Arbuthnot sat forward in her chair with a sudden little cry—an excited, exultant little cry, which made Lady Feltham turn towards her curiously. But Hartlay did not heed. He was watching the young man who came up the narrow street from the village.

"Tommy Catherwood is a fancy climber!" he went on. "He sneers at the things we boast of. He's always climbing peaks from the wrong side—the side the books say is impossible, and he revels in the Ober-Gabelhorn, and the Lyskamm, and all such horrors."

The young man in the street waved a hand in greeting and ran up the steps of the porch. He was a rather handsome young man, tall and fair, and very well set up, and he had just the sort of eyes and chin that a man given to climbing the impossible sides of mountains might be expected to have.

"Hallo, all of you," he said. "May I have some tea? No, one lump. I say, Hartlay, what you doing here? I thought you were in America. They told me at the Bear that the Felthams were here—Alice, you're lookin' fit as can be—but they didn't mention you." He turned about towards Miss Arbuthnot, and a slow flush spread up over his cheeks.

"They told me," he said, in a different tone, "that *you* were here, too. We—seem to meet—everywhere, don't we?"

The girl gave a rather odd little laugh, not stirring her eyes from his, and Lady Feltham, watching her, frowned suddenly

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and rattled the tea-things, for she happened to know that Tommy Catherwood was engaged to a very nice girl of whom she was particularly fond.

"Sit down, Tommy," she said irritably. "Don't fidget about. Here's your tea. It's very bad, I expect. It's been standing half an hour. We're all fighting about a point of morals. Tell him, Dick!"

"Ah, yes!" cried Hartlay, dragging his chair nearer. "You're just the chap we want. Would you cut a man free if he'd fallen and you couldn't get him back? Would you save yourself?"

"No, of course I wouldn't!" said Catherwood indignantly. "You wouldn't, either. Nobody would."

"Reeves-Davis did, last year," said Lady Feltham.

"Ah?" said Catherwood, in an expressionless tone.

"Well, I say," cried Hartlay, "that a man who won't is a silly ass! He's deliberately throwing away his life, and doing nobody any good by it."

"Whymper said to me a couple of years ago——" began young Catherwood, but Hartlay interrupted—

"Never mind Whymper. We know what Whymper thinks. What I wanted was your opinion, and I'm disappointed in you. You're just as much afraid of the gallery as the rest of them. What good does it do to sit on an ice-saddle, holding up a man who has fallen and whom you can't save, till your strength gives out and you go down two or three thousand feet with him? He was done for when he fell. You can't help him at all."

"Ah, that's just the point!" said young Catherwood. "You never can know positively that the man is done for. Something might turn up at the last moment—some resource, some lucky accident. Now, I know about a case of that sort. It was on the Petit Dru at Chamonix. There were three climbers, Oxbridge—he was Cecil Calthrop then—a Frenchman, Paul Hervé, and another Englishman, with two guides.

"Calthrop fell at a very nasty bit—the rope was slack—and dangled over a cornice, with the rope fraying at every swing. He'd hit his head so that he was stunned and couldn't move a finger——"

"Still, with five people——" objected Lord Feltham.

"Ah, but there weren't five," said Catherwood. "He was roped to only one man. The other three were ahead, fussing over a bit of rock that had to be scaled, and they heard nothing. Well, this one man was being slowly dragged over the saddle, and he couldn't sing out—you never can at such a time—but he hung on all he was able. In fact, he fainted away hanging on."

"Well?" cried Hartlay. "Well? What then? Get on with it."

"Oh, the others came back just in time," said young Catherwood lightly. "So, you see, it was worth while for that chap to hold on, wasn't it, even if it did look impossible? There's always that little chance, you see. That chap would have been a murderer—sort of—if he'd cut Calthrop free."

"Who was the man?" demanded Lord Feltham. "By Jove! that was plucky! Fainted away from exhaustion, eh? Who was the man?"

Miss Arbuthnot gave a little, gentle laugh.

"Why don't you admit that it was you?" she said. "You're spoiling the story. Oxbridge told me all about it last summer."

Young Catherwood went red.

"Oxbridge is a silly ass!" said he. "It's nothing to talk about. It was merely a case in point. I wanted to show Hartlay that you never can be sure a man is gone." He shook his head very positively.

"I'm afraid I've no sympathy with a coward," said he. "Maybe I lay too much stress on it, but it's the one thing I can't put up with—cowardice. If ever anybody cuts a rope when I'm at the other end of it, and, by some miracle, I pull through—well, I shan't go about seeking that chap's society." He looked towards Miss Arbuthnot with a little smile of deprecation, and the girl nodded back at him approvingly.

"That's what I thought you'd say," she said. "And you're right, too. I don't care for cowards."

Lord Feltham laughed and rose to his feet.

"You're such a fire-eater, Tommy!" he complained. "I dare say if one of us should cut you loose, up on the Mönch yonder, you'd cut our acquaintance ever after."

"I dare say I should," agreed young Catherwood. "Where you off to?"

"Oh, we're going back to the Bear," said Lady Feltham. "We're all quartered there but Captain Hartlay. This is *his* tea-party. Are you coming?"

Young Catherwood met Miss Arbuthnot's eyes for an instant.

"Why—er—no, not just now, I believe," said he. "I was thinking of a bit of a stroll up the valley to finish the afternoon—

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"Lady Feltham frowned suddenly and rattled the tea-things."

up towards the Upper Glacier—that is, if I can persuade Miss Arbuthnot to go?"

The girl nodded to him, and they went down the steps and across the street to the path which leads toward the Lütschine.

"See you at dinner!" he called back over his shoulder.

Lady Feltham stood frowning after the two.

"I can't make that out," she said. "It's very odd. Why isn't he at home, where he belongs, and where Dolly is? What is he trailing that girl about Switzerland for? She's a vampire, if you should ask me."

"Arabella," said the earl, "if I let other people's affairs worry me as much as you do, I'd be in a retreat before now. Come home to the hotel. That girl isn't a vampire; she's a very nice person. She let me hold her hand, last evening, for a quarter of an hour."

But Catherwood and Miss Arbuthnot went on down to the Lütschine, and crossed by the bridge which is near the saw-mill, and, on the other side, turned to the left along the pretty, wooded path which mounts among firs and pines towards the Upper Glacier.

They did not speak for a long time, not until they had left the path at a certain point and had made their way up the slope to a little clear space where the firs stood thick about, and a great, mossy rock, shelving from the hillside, made a seat. Then the girl turned to young Catherwood with an odd, nervous little laugh, holding his eyes with hers, as she had done to Lady Feltham's annoyance and uneasiness, half an hour before.

"So you—came?" she said, holding his eyes. "You came when I called you?" And as before, a slow flush grew up over young Catherwood's cheeks, and his hands twisted together behind him.

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"Came?" he said, half under his breath. "I'd have come from the bottom of the sea! Oh, girl, you gave me such a week of it when you left Berisal! I've been trying to trace you all over Switzerland."

"I was running away," she said. "I thought it was—better. Then I—couldn't stand it. I—had to send for you."

"I got your telegram at Geneva," said he. "I've not lost any time by the wayside." He took a little turn away from her and stood for a moment, with his back turned, stripping the twigs from a low-hanging pine-bough.

"What's to come of it all, Nora?" he asked presently, and his voice seemed a bit tired, overwrought.

"Ah, I don't know." she said. "What's to come of anything, for that matter? We're living to-day, Tommy. Who'll dare say there'll be a to-morrow?"

Young Catherwood turned on her half fiercely.

"Something's got to come of it!" he said. "There's always a to-morrow. We can't go on like this for ever. We can't go on much longer. You know where I ought to be. I ought to be at home, if I'd any sense of—honour left in me; but I—can't seem to go." He sat down on the edge of the great, mossy rock and took her hands in his, holding them against his face as she stood before him.

"I can't go," he said again in a whisper.

"Do you wish you could, Tommy?" said she, very low.

"Sometimes," said young Catherwood slowly—"when I'm away from you, when I've a chance to think, to look ahead, to forget what your—eyes look like." He moved his face restlessly under her hands.

"When I'm with you," he said, "I'm a—child, helpless. I can't think of anyone else—oh, it's no use trying to tell! You—hypnotise one, sort of. It starts a panic in me to think of what living would be away from you. What is it?" he cried, staring up at her with a sort of fierce resentment. "What's there about you, girl, that makes one weak? I'm not a weak lot. I've never been a fool over women. I've never trailed about after a woman before. What is it? You look at me, and I begin to shake. You touch me, and my blood jumps. It's uncanny! What is it?"

"I don't know, Tommy," said the girl. "I expect we just belong. That's all. I expect we belong."

"We don't!" cried young Catherwood. "You know where I belong; and you know, as well as I do, that I'm a blackguard to be here." But the girl turned on him with a little flash of anger.

"Why don't you go, then?" she said. "Did I send for you to come to me? Well, I release you. Go back where you belong. Oh, it's all very brave and manly of you, isn't it, to blame me alone, as if I were a kind of siren, who lured you away from your duty? What have I done to you? Have I *made* you fall in—love with me? Have I begged you to follow me about—save that one telegram? Go back if you wish. I'll say no word to hold you. You're quite free."

"Free?" said young Catherwood, looking up at her with wide eyes. "I'm bound hand and foot, Nora, and you can't loose me. I wish I could leave you, for this sort of thing can't go on much longer. I wish you'd do something to make me hate you"—he laughed miserably—"but I'm afraid you couldn't. Ah, what's to come of it all?"

Then, after a time, while he sat watching her, the trouble and resentment and bitterness died out of his face, and his breathing came faster. He put out his arms and drew the girl nearer to him.

"I don't care," he said in a whisper. "You're here, and I'm here, and that's all that seems to matter. I expect I'm altogether a blackguard now, but I don't care what comes of it. Oh, girl, girl, you're very beautiful!"

But an hour later he stood in the window of his room in the Bear, and he held a letter in his hand. The window looked east towards the head of the valley, where the beautiful three-peaked Wetterhorn rose magnificently to the skies, pink and blue and pale gold in the sunset which had long since left the valley.

"Dolly, Dolly!" said young Catherwood to the open letter.

And, after a time——

"Oh, you blackguard!" But that, probably, didn't mean Dolly.

At *table d'hôte* Lady Feltham attacked him.

"Do you know where there's any edelweiss?" she demanded. "It's rather late for it. I promised mother to send her some edelweiss that I'd picked with my own pretty hands. The poor old dear has the idea that it grows only at the summit of the most inaccessible peaks. No, I mustn't buy it. I must pluck it."

"There used to be plenty of it on the

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slopes of the Mettenberg," said young Catherwood, "above the Bäregg. I dare say it still grows there. Yes, of course, it's late. The tourists will have picked all that was accessible last month. I'll ask the Kaufmanns this evening, and, if there's any to be found, we'll have a maying party—in September—to-morrow, all of us."

The Kaufmanns, in mild wonder, said that there was still plenty of edelweiss on the Mettenberg, and the "maying party in September" set out early the next morning. They walked up the footpath to the Bäregg Châlet, a matter of an hour and a half, and, after a rest there, put on the ropes—Miss Arbuthnot with Catherwood, and Lady Feltham between her husband and Captain Hartlay.

Now, hunting edelweiss on the Mettenberg is hardly proper mountain-climbing, but neither is it child's play. It is scrambling about on steep grass-slopes at a height of from two to three thousand feet above the Grindelwald Valley, and a slip or a fall would be quite as disastrous as if one were a mile higher up on the Schreckhorn, which looms above. Moreover, these grass-slopes are dry and terribly slippery.

After half an hour, Catherwood and Miss Arbuthnot halted, breathless, on a bit of level rock and sat down to rest. The girl had a handful of the furry little edelweiss-blossoms safe in her knapsack, and Catherwood as many more in one of his pockets.

"Where are the Felthams and Hartlay?" she asked.

"Around that bit of an *épaule*, I think," said the girl. "I saw them not far away just as we turned. They're working in this direction."

Young Catherwood laid down his axe and stretched his stiffened legs out before him, for this careful creeping about on grass-slopes cramps the muscles cruelly.

"We might wait here a bit till they come," he said. "It'll give us a chance to get our breath." He turned, smiling, to the girl beside him.

"Fagged?" he asked.

"No," said she. "Oh, no, not at all. I'm not sure that I enjoy being ordered about, though," she added resentfully.

Young Catherwood laughed aloud.

"Have I ordered you about?" said he. "I didn't know. Ah, well, someone must give orders in this sort of thing."

"I don't think I like it," said the girl, frowning. And she looked at him with a certain new and half-troubled interest.

"You're—you're different up here, somehow," she said at last. "I don't believe I know you."

Young Catherwood laughed again with an amused tolerance. Her words conveyed nothing to him beyond a rather childish petulance at taking unaccustomed orders, but he felt vaguely that "up here," as the girl had said, there *was* a difference. He felt a certain fine elation, a freedom as of release from something cloying. He felt curiously strong and calm and sure, and he was dimly conscious that, for the hour at least, the girl beside him had none of her old power, none of her queer, hypnotic control of his mind. He was his own man. He looked down at her with the same cheery friendliness that would have been in his eyes and smile if Lord Feltham or Captain Hartlay had sat there. It was as if sex had no meaning at this height from things earthly.

The girl turned a bit impatiently away and leaned forward, looking down into the gulf below.

"There would be a fine leap," said she, "if one were tired of things—nearly three thousand feet, isn't it?"

The valley lay spread out beneath them like a coloured map. They could see the stream, a very tiny thread, and the village straggling along beside it, with the sawmill and the church and the hotels; and, down still farther, the railway. A train was crawling up from Burglauenen. Far over beyond the valley the Faulhorn range twisted, low and black and squat. From somewhere near at hand—the Bäregg probably—an Alpine horn sang, thin and faint and sweet in that high air. It was the only sound that could be heard. Mountains are wrapped in stillness.

"There's a beautiful cluster of edelweiss," said the girl, "down on the edge of that bit of a terrace below us. Do you see? It's finer than anything we have. Do you think you could get it? I'm afraid I daren't try. It's not more than a dozen feet from here."

"I see," said young Catherwood. "Oh, yes, I can get it, I think, if you're careful with the rope. I must leave the axe behind; it would be no use there. Sit like this and brace your feet well. So! Now, pay out the rope slowly—no, both hands! Keep it taut always. Don't let it slacken. So!"

He made his way slowly down the steep bit of turf, planting his spiked boots with care, and the girl payed out the rope, bit by bit, as he had told her, and finally held him fast when he had reached the edge of the

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little terrace where the flowers grew. He plucked them swiftly with both hands and stuffed them into the pockets of his jacket. Then he called out to the girl and turned to make his way back. What followed came so quickly that it was over in a flash. The rope at his waist tugged for a moment, then Miss Arbuthnot, above him, screamed twice, and it slackened with a run. Young Catherwood threw himself upon his face and caught at the turf, but his fingers tore through it, and in an instant he was over the edge of the terrace, swinging free, and striking from time to time against the precipitous wall behind him.

He had a moment's swift realisation of what had happened. The girl had somehow lost her hold on the rope, and, with his weight at its end, it had run through her fingers till it was all out. It held, though. He could see that. He was not dragging her down with him. She must be well braced, and she was large and strong.

Then, curiously, after this had gone through his mind in one swift, lightning flash, it went from him utterly, and the coloured map spread out below, with its wall of distant mountains, blurred away from his eyes, and he saw a girl sitting beside a tea-table on a green lawn which sloped to a river.

The picture was so unexpected that he felt a sort of mild wonder over it, despite its odd reality. He found himself thinking how very strange it was that Dolly should come to him at such a time—very strange, but very sweet. It was, somehow, as if there were two of him: one who watched a very beautiful young girl beside an English tea-table—watched her so deliberately, with such leisure, that he could have told every detail of her dress, could have named everything on the tea-table—the other who swung over a precipice at the end of a rope, and wondered dully at the man beside him.

Strangely, he had—this second man at the rope's end—no hope that he was to be saved. He was quietly and calmly certain that in a moment he was to die, but the fact roused in him absolutely no fear. He wondered, in his dull, apathetic fashion, how the girl on the terrace above was faring, but he felt no concern for her. He was as certain that she was safe as that he himself was to die. Chiefly he was interested in the other man, who watched another girl beside a tea-table.

She was in something white, the girl—white, with little sprigs of flowers, and there were roses at her breast. She had finished a cup of tea, and was nibbling sweet biscuits and tossing bits of them to a suppliant Persian cat—also in white. A nice, gentle, little, old lady, in a cap, rose from her chair across the table and strolled down the lawn towards the river, and the girl, so soon as she was alone, pulled out from the bosom of her gown an old and shabby letter and began to read it.

The man who watched stretched out his hands — or thought he did so — and he thought he called—

"Dolly! Dolly!" Probably his lips did form the words.

But just then the rope gave way very suddenly, and the man fell, turning and twisting, to a second terrace beneath, and rolled a short way down that, and fell again.

* * * * *

There was a darkened room filled with the smell of liniments and drugs. There was a fierce, burning pain in one's head, and there were lowered voices that came and went. This endured for several months—or so it seemed. Really, it was a day and a night. Then there was a morning, with proper light, and Captain Hartlay reading a book beside the window. The room appeared to be Catherwood's old room in the Bear. The pain in one's head was much better. It waked only when one moved.

"Ah!" said Hartlay cheerily, and came over to the bed. "Pretty fit?"

"Hurt much?" whispered young Catherwood.

"Lord, no!" said the other man. "Crack on head—nothing broken. D'you remember?"

Young Catherwood considered.

"Oh, yes!" said he weakly. "The rope parted."

"Yes," said Captain Hartlay briefly, and turned away. "Yes, the rope parted." But something in its tone made young Catherwood's eyes sharpen. He walked backwards and forwards across the room twice or three times, scowling. Then he went to a corner and came back with a bit of rope, which he laid across the bed.

"I've a certain amount of chivalry in me," he said grimly, "but I'd like you to have a look at that. It's better for you to know, I think—better for several people. What?"

Young Catherwood took the end of the rope in a shaking hand, and a dull flush went up over his cheeks and died again, leaving him very white.

"This was cut," said he.

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"'I can't go,' he said."

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"Exactly," said the other man, looking out of the window.

"Was there——" began young Catherwood, and stopped to moisten his lips. "Was there any—excuse? Was she in—in danger? Was I dragging her after me?" He spoke almost in the tone of one who pleads.

Captain Hartlay, still looking out of the window, shook his head.

Then, after a long time—

"Will you give me," said young Catherwood, "a certain letter, with an English stamp, that you'll find on the table yonder?"

"You oughtn't to read, Tommy," said the other man. "Your head's not good enough yet."

"I'm not going to read it," said young Catherwood. "I just want to hold—I just want it."

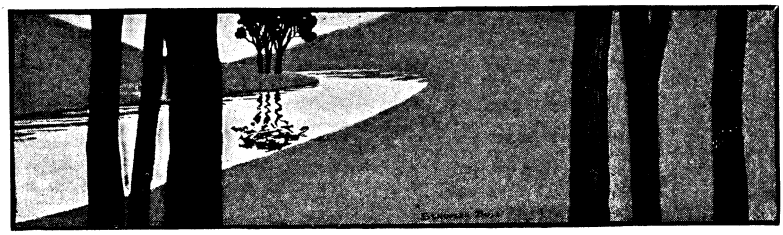
After another long time—

"How long before I'll be about?"

"Oh, a couple of days," said Hartlay.

"I'm off for home so soon as I can crawl," said young Catherwood; and when Hartlay was gone, he said—

"Dolly, Dolly!"



WOOD-SICK.

I'M weary for the woods; I want to hear
The lusty rushing of the early spring,
Wind-winged, among the sycamores; the clear
Slow sound of weedy waters whispering.

I'm famishing for scents of forest birth—
Of reaching root and dawning mist of grass;
The smell of wet green lichen and of earth—
Of haw and willow-bud and sassafras.

I pine to see the dog-wood's creamy barge,
Clear-cut against the sunset's orange stain,
Or bent and shaken by a sudden charge
Of silver-pointed bayonets of rain.

My heart is wood-sick—thirsty for the things
That only one who loves the forest knows—
The gracious grandeur of the strong old kings,
The golden fires that cuckoo-buds disclose.

My day-dreams lead me in the dappled ways
Where sunlight spatters down in yellow spots,
And set me revelling in phantom sprays
Of hyacinths and blue forget-me-nots.

HARRIET WHITNEY DURBIN.

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THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

ALL THE SAME.

"An ounce of tobacco, please."
"Which sort?"
"It doesn't matter; it's for a blind gentleman.

REMINISCENCE.

WHEN many years we'd been apart
I met Sad Jim ashore,
And set to talkin' heart to heart
About the days o' yore.

"Do you recall them happy days?"
"I don't," says Jim; "do you?"
I speaks up hearty, and I says,
"Be jiggered if I do!"

"Then why are you recallin' of
The joyful days gone by,
The songs and girls we used to love?"
"What songs and girls?" says I.

"I guess I have fergot," says Jim,
And started N. N. E.
It seems I had the best of him
And him the best of me.

Wallace Irwin.

WILLIE (just home from school and very much excited): What do you think, pa? Johnny Smith, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about a question in grammar.

FATHER: What position did he take?

WILLIE: His last position was across the chair, face down.

"I AM sorry Jack is coming to see me to-night, for I am going to the theatre with Harry."

"But, my dear, you are engaged to Jack."

"I know it; but since we have been engaged we can't afford to go to the theatre."

HE: Your friend, Miss Peachblow, is very pretty.

SHE: Fred, you must be a thought-reader.

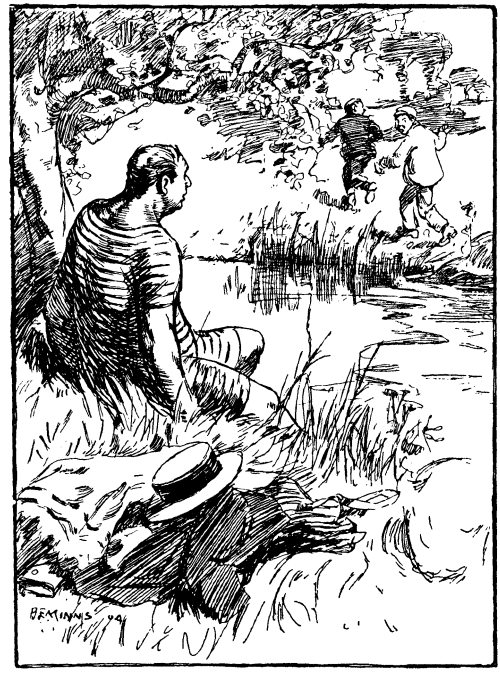
HE: Why?

SHE: That's exactly what she thinks.

SHE (ecstatically): Oh, he wrote a beautiful poem to me. It began—

When you would know why men go mad,
Go look into your mirror.

HER BEST GIRL FRIEND: What nonsense! You're not as plain as that!



DANGER!

VISITOR: Can you tell me if it's safe to bathe in this pool, my boy?

THE BOY: No, no, mister! the howner be a-comin' with his gun.

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WHEN THE PLAY WENT ON WITHOUT HIM!

FAVOURITE ACTOR: Did you see my *Cæsar?*
FAIR CRITIC: Oh, yes. It was lovely!
FAVOURITE ACTOR: And what part of it did you like the best?
FAIR CRITIC: The part where you get stabbed, of course.

SMALL GIRL: Give me a bite of your candy, Jimmy?

SMALL BOY: No fear! but you may kiss me while my mouth's sticky.

WIFE: My dear, we have been married twenty-five years. I will kill a goose for dinner.

HUSBAND: But the poor goose wasn't to blame, my dear!

"HASN'T Mr. Brightly a wonderful face? Have you noticed how it lights up from time to time?"

"Well, it's not so wonderful that it should light up. You see, he's *lantern-jawed.*"

"GEORGE, you once said you would risk your life for me."

"Well, dear?"

"There's a great, horrid mouse somewhere in the room. Would you set a trap for him?"

A CLERGYMAN met a man the other day loudly declaiming against foreign missions.

"Why," said the objector, "doesn't the Church look after the heathen at home?"

"We do," said the clergyman quietly, as he handed the objector a tract.

"I THINK Rambler is one of the best friends I ever had. That man, sir, borrowed five pounds of me four years ago."

"And paid it back?"

"Oh, no. But whenever I meet him in the street, he's always just as cordial as ever."

EDITOR: Dr. Emdee has sued us for libel.

ASSISTANT: What for?

EDITOR: I wrote: "The doctor took the patient's pulse before he prescribed for him," and the intelligent compositor set it up "purse."

"CHARLIE has discharged his valet."

"What for?"

"The man took his clothes to be pressed to the wrong shop, and the tailor wouldn't give them back until his bill was paid."

"YOU say you can only be a sister to me. Very well—just give me back my presents, then!"

"Foolish boy! Who ever heard of a sister giving back presents?"

"I PAID fifty pounds for this terrier."

"Skye high, eh?"

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REALISM.

BOBBY: Mind the fire-engine, mother!
MOTHER: You must not run so quickly; you are making yourselves too hot.
BOBBY: It's not running that makes us hot, mother; we're firemen, and it makes us hot putting fires out.

"WHAT in the world shall I do with the baby, John? She's crying for the moon."

"That's nothing. Wait till she's eighteen, and she'll want the earth."

THE BEADLE (to new minister): A didna like the sermon for three rizzins: first, ye read it; secondly, ye didna read it weel; thirdly, it wisna worth readin'.

"WHAT'S this I find, my butler helping himself to my best port? I'm surprised!"

"So am I, mum; I thought you was gone out!"

RESIDENT: Healthy? I should say it was. Why, there's only been one death here in ten years.

VISITOR: Who was it died?

RESIDENT: Our doctor—died of starvation.

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